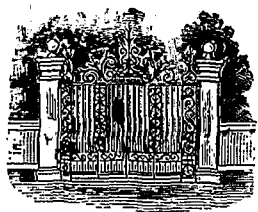


Outside the Gates.

WOMEN.



The Home Secretary's reply to the "Phossy jaw" deputation is far from satisfactory. Sir Matthew White Ridley appears to have made up his mind not to prohibit the use of yellow phosphorus in the making of matches; and the suggestion to appoint another woman inspector is quite useless, so long as the present factory regulations apply, whereby the women inspectors are deprived of all real power to effect reforms.

An Industrial Law Indemnity Fund has been started under influential support to protect poor women and children who are dismissed for giving evidence to inspectors of factories, sanitary inspectors, and shop hour inspectors, of infringements of the laws securing their health and well-being.

The fund, if adequate, will help to remove the predicament in which many of these women now stand. If obedient to the commands of some employers to deceive the inspectors, they are liable to a heavy legal penalty; if in spite of those commands they speak the truth, and admit the infringements as to which they are questioned, they are liable to instant dismissal. The public announcement of a large employer of labour, quoted at the meeting. "I will keep no one in my employment who tells the truth to an inspector," was supported by the immediate dismissal of one of the workers. Several recent Government prosecutions have been followed by the dismissal from their employment of the workers who were called upon to give evidence; and similar action has been taken by firms convicted under the Shop Hours Acts.

The need, therefore, for the industrial Law Indemnity Fund is proved. Dismissal is a powerful weapon, which not only inflicts hardships upon the individual worker so punished, but by intimidating other workers tends to paralyse the administration of the law in whole districts.

With the passing of Mrs. Lynn Linton, one of its leader writers, *The Queen* newspaper has much to be thankful for, that is, if it cares to circulate amongst intelligent women. It is interesting to compare the obituary notices of this irascible old lady from a man and woman's point of view. Sir Walter Besant offers five stanzas of eulogy in *The Queen*, of which these are two:—

"She fought for Women, and for all the gifts
Which consecrate her Priestess of Mankind:
Eternal Priestess, she who leads and lifts
The man who, but for her, crept dark and blind.
"All womanly—brave woman!—was thy task,
Thy life-long battle waged the life-long day.
Farewell! Thy work shall live, as thou would'st ask,
Wherever women live in God's own way."

In the opinion of Sir Walter Besant, the Editor of the *Woman's Signal* evidently is not one of these women who "live in God's own way," if appreciation

of Mrs. Lynn Linton is essential to the favour of the Deity. The *Woman's Signal* says: "In Mrs. Lynn Linton there has passed away the most bitter and scurrilous enemy of the women who have worked to improve the laws and customs of modern times, and the most envenomed opponent and detractor of her own sex. She was, in fact, the first of a new type, of whom it were to be wished that she were also the last, but in which it is only too certain that she will find followers. She was a new type in that she took the fullest advantage of modern opportunities and modern freedom, and that she claimed personally to be reckoned as an equal of men, while at the same time she toadied to men as a sex by her loud assertion that other women were unfit for such exclusively "manly" freedom and incapable of "manly" virtues or achievements. The incongruity of her career found its climax in the fact that this woman who preached so loudly the necessity of restraint of women, and promulgated so ardently the theory that no matter what an individual woman might suffer from the traditional limitations of her sphere or from her subjection to men, still in her sphere and under the closest subjection she ought to stop—this talker was herself a separated wife. She did not get married till she was quite elderly, and her marriage was so complete a failure that at the end of a very few years she and her husband separated for ever, he even going to America in order, as he frankly told his friends, that he might never see her or hear her voice again. That a woman so conspicuous a personal failure should lecture fortunate wives and beloved mothers on their departure from tradition was no less preposterous than that one who boasted (as she did once to me) that she had maintained herself and been entirely free from parental or other control from the time that she was sixteen years old, should have raved about "revolting daughters" and "wild women" to those who combined domestic virtues with public efforts, and personal independence with womanly grace."

Sir Walter tenderly enquires on whom Mrs. Linton's mantle is to fall? Women, having at last escaped from her venomous invective, sincerely hope that there is not another woman journalist in the ranks, who is willing to earn money by such disloyalty to her sex.

A Book of the Week.

"THE THOUGHT-ROPE."*

Remembering the immense interest which was taken by all the readers of THE RECORD, in the reviews of stories which treated of the occult, last year, I feel that I must urge upon them all, that they should read Miss Coleridge's book. Some of us may remember that she has already written an extremely clever novel,—"Waynflete," which treated of the same kind of subject, in a most fascinating way.

This tale is about a girl named Annora Lyte, who was, without knowing it, a member of a family endowed with that special sixth sense, which, for want of a better name, we call thought-transference.

Annora has no knowledge of her mother, who died at her birth, and she has grown up in complete ignorance of her mother's family, even her mother's maiden name being unknown to her; for her father also died when she was quite a child, and she was left in charge

*"The Thought-Rope." By Christabel Coleridge.
Hurst and Blackett.

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