

the average Britisher at that time to the appearance of women on public platforms that fervent appeals were made for the withdrawal of the ladies, and ultimately the "dreadful American women" were excluded, the scene being witnessed from behind a bar, in a little back gallery screened from observation, by such women as Mary Howitt and Elizabeth Fry. She returned to America more determined than ever to devote her energies to the woman cause, and, happily, lived to see much that she had worked for accomplished. We who benefit by her work can hardly realise how much she endured. May the brave, unselfish spirit which inspired her remain with women to-day, for there is yet much work to be done to place our sex in a self-respecting position.

A Book of the Week.

FUEL OF FIRE.*

This is a book to make one sigh. It tells us the sad fact that we have got to the end of our Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, and that the hand that threw off the first chapters of "Isabel Carnaby" gave us then its best work.

"Fuel of Fire" is a series of jests scraped together and strung in a haphazard kind of way upon a somewhat tragic thread of story. Some of these jests are very amusing; some are strained; some are slightly vulgar. If any should start at the presumption of the reviewer in making this charge, it need only be asked that they turn to p. 83, and read Nancy's account of the Sunday game of Christians and Heathens.

Lawrence Baxendale, the hero, is the impoverished owner of a house he is too poor to live in. Nancy and Nora Burton are the two witty young women of the book, daughters of a well-to-do father and mother.

Lawrence's small means are yet further handicapped by the possession of a phenomenally silly mother—at whom Nancy, in spite of her feeling for the son, has the incredibly bad taste to poke fun continually. We think of the way in which the witty and incomparable Elizabeth Bennett received the unintentional insolence of Lady Catherine; and we are sorry for Nancy by contrast.

In fact, Nancy and Nora are not shown from beginning to end to be the possessors of any more excellent gift than the capacity to amuse people.

There is also a certain old Mrs. Candy, caretaker at Baxendale Hall, to whose share fall some of the witticisms. She also lacks spontaneity.

She is supposed to talk in Norfolk dialect, and the result cannot be said to be convincing to those who know their East Anglia.

Baxendale Hall has lain for centuries under the curse of being three times burnt down. Since this has already happened twice, the family nervousness seems well founded, and Lawrence is compelled, by the terms of his grandfather's will, to keep up the enormous premiums necessary to insure it for £100,000.

First by the King, and then by the State,
And thirdly by that which is thrice as great
As these, and a hundredfold stronger and higher,
Shall Baxendale Hall be made fuel of fire.

* By Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler. Hodder and Stoughton.

When, about half-way through the book, the third burning takes place, there is a suspicion of incendiarism, and Lawrence declines to apply for the insurance money, which would enable him to marry Nancy. The discovery of the real way in which it was done shows ingenuity, and is never guessed at till the end, the reader imagining it to be the work of a dreary religious maniac, called Rufus Webb.

Neither he, nor the vicar, nor Lawrence himself, can be called successful character drawing. They are puppets all, dance they never so vigorously. But people who like jokes will find plenty in these pages.
G. M. R.

Lullaby.

Sleep soft and long, no morn is worth the waking;
The world has tears for waking eyes to weep.
Beat soft and strong, dear heart too small for breaking,
Little one, gentle one, sleep!

Out in the rain lies one who will not waken.
Out in the night lies one whose dreams are deep.
What can it mean to you, the word "forsaken"?
Little one, fatherless, sleep!

A. L. G. H.
- *St. James's Gazette.*

What to Read.

"A Romance of the Tuileries." By Francis Gribble.

"A Literary History of Persia from the Earliest Times until Firdawsi." By Edward G. Brown, M.A., M.B.

"The Reign of Queen Anne." By Justin McCarthy.

"Patriæ Lux." By the Duke and Duchess of Touraine and Douglas.

"Problems of Modern Industry." By Sidney and Beatrice Webb.

"A Lady's Honour; a Chronicle of Events in the Time of Marlborough." By Bass Blake.

"The Dream and the Man." By Mrs. Baillie Reynolds.

"The Deeps of Deliverance." By F. Van Eeden.

"The Son of the Wolf. Tales of the Far North." By Jack London.

"Lavinia." By Rhoda Broughton.

"The Children of Silence." By John Cleveland.

"The River." By Eden Phillpotts.

"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." By Alice Caldwell Hegan.

Coming Events.

November 5th.—"The State Registration of Trained Nurses." Address by Mrs. Bedford Fenwick, Women's Institute, 92, Victoria Street, S.W., 4 p.m.

November 6th.—General Meeting and Social Gathering, the League of St. John's House Nurses, St. John's House, 2, 30—President in the chair.

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