

University of Zurich; and another has published papers on scientific subjects, and is now D.Sc. and a member of the college staff. The demand for rooms in the college is often in excess of the accommodation, and about four-fifths of the students are scattered about London. The corporate life of the students is very vigorous, there being literary, debating, musical, architectural, Shakespeare, sketching, photographic, chemical, and natural science societies; also boating, tennis, hockey, gymnasium, and fencing clubs.

## A Book of the Week.

### AT SUNWICH PORT.\*

Everyone who has not already followed the delightful courtship of Jem Hardy in the pages of the *Strand Magazine* has a regular treat in store for the forthcoming holidays.

There is many a slow, sunny old sea-going town in which one might, with little effort, sit on the beach and imagine that one was in Sunwich itself; and fancy the absolutely enchanting Mr. Swann coming smiling down to greet his old friends after his serious illness, or the countenance of Captain Nugent, as he encountered his scapegrace son going into Mr. Kybird's old-clothes shop.

There is not a creature in the tale for whom one does not feel a real personal glow, either of like or dislike. One actively sides with Wilks, the steward, against the onslaughts of the egregious Mrs. Silk; and one feels a deep and sincere satisfaction at the crimping of the captain in place of his reprehensible but loveable son. The glory and crown of the tale is, of course, the be-fooling of the Kybirds and the rescue of Jack Nugent, by those charming and altogether unique partners, Swann and Hardy, shipbrokers.

Kate Nugent is a thoroughly nice girl, and one has a true sympathy for Hardy's infatuation. Around all the actors in the simple scene hangs that atmosphere of humour, that quiet unforced drollery, that exact hitting-off of the foibles of a certain section of the British nation, of which Mr. Jacobs holds a kind of monopoly.

The whole tale teems with bits of dialogue which one would like to quote. The difficulty is to make a selection, for Mr. Jacobs scatters his good things through the book with impartiality, and you cannot find them all in one place. Perhaps the first encounter between Amelia Kybird and Jack Nugent will give some idea of the peculiar quality of the author's humour. Jack Nugent, hard up and disowned by his father, goes into Kybird's shop to pawn something with a view to getting a night's lodging.

He smiled affably at Miss Kybird, who was in charge. At his entrance she put down a piece of fancy-work which Mr. Kybird called his sock, and with a casual glance at his clothes regarded him with a prejudiced eye. "Beautiful day," said the customer; "makes one feel quite young again."

"What do you want?" inquired Miss Kybird.

Mr. Nugent turned to a broken cane chair which stood by the counter, and, after applying severe tests, regardless of the lady's feelings sat down upon it and gave a sigh of relief.

\*By W. W. Jacobs. George Newnes, Limited.

"I've walked from London," he said in explanation. "I could sit here for hours."

"Look here——" began the indignant Miss Kybird.

"Only people would be sure to couple our names together," continued Mr. Nugent, mournfully. "When a handsome young man and a good-looking girl——"

"Do you want to buy anything or not?" demanded Miss Kybird, with an impatient toss of her head.

"No," said Jack; "I want to sell."

"You've come to the wrong shop, then," said Miss Kybird; "the warehouse is full of rubbish now."

The other turned in his chair, and looked hard at the window.

"So it is," he assented. "It's a good job I've brought you something decent to put there."

He felt in his pockets, and, producing a silver-mounted briar pipe, a battered watch, a knife, and a few other small articles, deposited them with reverent care upon the counter.

"No use to us," declared Miss Kybird, anxious to hit back; "we burn coal here."

"These'll burn better than the coal you buy," said the unmoved customer.

"Well, we don't want them," retorted Miss Kybird, raising her voice, "and I don't want any of your impudence. Get up out of our chair."

Her heightened tones penetrated to the small and untidy room behind the shop. The door opened, and Mr. Kybird, in his shirt-sleeves, appeared at the opening.

"Wot's the row?" he demanded, his little black eyes glancing from one to the other.

"Only a lover's quarrel," replied Jack. "You go away; we don't want you." G. M. R.

## What to Read.

"The British Journal of Nursing." Weekly, 1d.

"The American Journal of Nursing." Monthly, 10d.

"Dwellers by the River." By Mrs. Campbell Praed.

"Reconciled. A Romance of Kashmir." By Alan Macdonald.

"John of Gerisau." By John Oxenham.

"A King's Woman." By Katharine Tynan.

## Coming Events.

July 12th.—Princess Henry of Battenberg visits Dr. Barnardo's Homes.

July 15th.—Princess Louise (Duchess of Argyll) attends a tournament and fête at the London Hippodrome in aid of Charing Cross Hospital, under the immediate patronage of the Queen and Princess of Wales.

July 16th.—London School Nurses' Society Meeting, at 54, Mount Street, W. By kind permission of the President, the Lady Windsor, 5 p.m.

July 17th.—Princess Henry of Battenberg presents the prizes at the annual festival of the Royal Normal College for the Blind.

July 18th.—Society State Registration of Nurses' Meeting, Sub-Committee, 4 p.m., 20, Upper Wimpole Street, W.

July 23rd.—Princess Christian opens the bazaar for the Essex and Colchester Hospital at Colchester.

July 24th.—Annual Meeting of the Registered Nurses' Society, 20, Upper Wimpole Street, W., 5 p.m.

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