

toy bowl, and chicken stewed with I know not what. They also dumped down various bean paste cakes, and other sweetmeats, which looked much better than they tasted. A Japanese meal is a lengthy affair, and before I could tear the "Chipmunk" from that apartment the clock stood at 4 o'clock. With difficulty we shod ourselves, hung on our damp frocks, which resembled wet blankets, and, having paid our bill, not forgetting to tip the nesans (waitresses), we started to wend our weary way home. It was still raining, so we accepted the services of two antiquated jinrikisha coolies (mine had cross eyes and a voice like a graveyard). Through many rutty, muddy roads we splashed till we arrived at a breakneck lane down which we were requested to walk. Devonshire lanes in the wet season compare favourably with that quagmire; it was a veritable slough of despond. However, we eventually reached Kamakura Station, and as usual the train was late because we were early.

Perhaps it was the effects of the unusual tiffin and the dampness combined, but we both thought sad thoughts. I prognosticated a telephone call summoning me to a case without delay, while the "Chipmunk" scornfully demanded as to whether I considered the foreign population could not dispense with my services for a few hours, and prophesied "chills and fever" for us both.

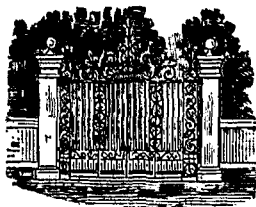
Two dirty, dishevelled, chilly, and sad persons, we trailed into the Nurses' Home to find my worst fears were realised, for the old amah bade me change those "tired" (unclean) boots, don a clean uniform frock, and make quick tracks for Yokohama. The worthy old dame had concluded that I should require neither food nor bath, alack and alas! The "Chipmunk," forgetting her real and imaginary ills, rose to the occasion brilliantly. By the time I had struggled into a fresh outfit a goodly meal of tea and toast was ready to cheer my drooping spirits, and I sallied forth feeling a refreshed giantess in spite of minor drawbacks encountered during our "day off."

M. C.

## Outside the Gates.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

THE RIGHT STUFF.\*



Career of a North Briton."

From the first page the attention is rivetted, and one feels the keenest interest in the career of

The author, in selecting a title for his book, undoubtedly chose the right one, for assuredly it is the "right stuff" both in regard to the hero, and also the writing. The sub-title runs: "Some Episodes in the

the young Scot, Robert Chalmers Fordyce. His life story is told by an English M.P., Adrian Inglethwaite, whose private secretary he becomes.

The work cannot come under the objectionable category of "a funny book," but it is teeming with quiet humour, the effect being produced more by the entertaining manner in which the tale is told than by any really humorous situations.

We have ordinary every-day life presented us, but all the characters introduced are likeable and natural. It is quite a relief to find a book without a villain in it, no intricate plot of evil-doing, and no tragedy.

Mr. Inglethwaite's family circle is a really charming one, composed of his wife, her twin sisters, and his one small daughter, Phyllis, a most amusing and lovable little person, described by her father as being compounded of equal parts of "angelic innocence and original sin."

Having decided to engage a secretary he gives an amusing description of the various failures who arrive in answer to the advertisement; then, at the British Museum, where he has gone to do some research work, he meets Robert Fordyce once more, some seven years after a first accidental meeting in a railway carriage, when Robin had rendered him a slight service. It seems rather an unlikely venture to introduce this young Scot into his family, but the fact is told with conviction and in such an easy natural way that the improbability is lost sight of.

Robin's acceptance of the post which relieves him from a hard fight for existence is characteristically told. "I looked at Robert Fordyce and his face was the face of a man who has gone through deep waters, but feels the good solid rock beneath his feet at last. He turned dumbly to me and held out his hand. The worst of these inarticulate, undemonstrative people is that they hurt you so."

Naturally the book deals largely with politics, but throughout the subject is treated with a light touch, the apparently frivolous method covering great, and carefully thought out truths.

Robin's love story furnishes the romantic side, as in everything else his methods are whole-hearted, and certainly quite original. His definition of modesty *versus* conceit is admirable: "Modesty consists not in taking a low estimate of one's own worth, but in refraining from the expectation that the world will take a high one."

We have a capital account presented of an election, the arduous side of canvassing, cleverly, and not too lengthily portrayed.

The twin sisters are delightful girls and play a large part in the story.

We leave Robin as the Honourable Sir Robert Fordyce, Privy Councillor and Secretary of State, in the anomalous position of bringing in his mother's sheep to the homestead. He has by merit of his sterling qualities risen to a proud position, and these same qualities keep him faithful to the memory of the old farm which was his early home.

E. L. H.

\* By Jan Hay. (William Blackwood.)

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