

young children, as the doctor is of opinion that if they can keep the teeth of the children from the earliest age in good condition many maladies will be averted. "Prevention" is the motto of the Children's Welfare in Dunfermline. We also were taken to see a small but well-appointed maternity home.

It was now 1 p.m., so we were driven to the City Hotel, where the members of the Carnegie Trust Fund entertained us to lunch, the Provost of Dunfermline occupying the chair. At the finish of lunch, which we all greatly enjoyed, the Provost made a nice speech of welcome in the name of the Trust members, saying how pleased they were to see so many members of such an important body of women as the National Council of Women. He added that we were not to go away thinking we had seen all the activities of Dunfermline, for they could not show us even half! Mrs. Cadbury (member of the Executive Committee of N.C.W.) suitably replied, thanking the Trust for the splendid way we had been entertained. We then started our afternoon of sight-seeing. First we returned to the College, where the pupils gave us an exhibition of physical training and dancing. Some of the dances were charming, especially one called "Nymph and Echo." The rest of our visit had to do with the places of interest. It would take too long to tell you of them all, and of the wonderful views that we came on every now and then, as we mounted higher and higher. The whole town is full of lovely vistas. Finally we reached the Abbey. It is of absorbing interest, especially to a Scottish woman. The shrine of St. Margaret, wife and queen of Malcolm Canmore is in the old part of the Abbey. A new church has been built which is the Parish Church, and under the pulpit is the tomb of Robert the Bruce. Space will not permit me to mention all the historical interests of this fine old Abbey, but anyone paying it a visit should take special notice of the old Norman doorways. With the exception of the one in Durham Cathedral, they are the only specimens in Britain.

Too soon, alas! we were hurried off to tea in the lovely gardens which belong to the town. After tea we took leave of our kind hosts. Charabancs were waiting to take the "old ladies" to the station, but it was found that the "young" ladies occupied them, the old ones preferring to walk through, and admire, the lovely gardens with their riot of colour.

Thus ended a most interesting and instructive day; we all felt we should like to return and see the rest of the activities of Dunfermline.

A. CARSON RAE.

WORDS FOR THE WEEK.

"Hard is the price of living truly for any good thing."

All rising to great place is by a winding stair.—*Bacon.*

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

APPLES OF GOLD.*

This old-world romance is full of charm.

It is the story of the illegitimate son of a lady of position who, in his infancy, placed her unwanted child with a fencing master and his wife, who showered upon him the love of their childless hearts.

Tom Nando was sitting on a stool in front of the kitchen fire roasting an apple on the point of an old sword.

His wife had lit a candle and was settling herself to a comfortable hour with a couple of sheets and her darning needle when she thought she heard the sound of a knock.

The door opening into Spaniards' Court was barred, and before raising the bar she challenged the visitor.

"Is anyone there?"

A voice answered her like a little moan.

"Mary—Mary Nando."

"Miss Rachael—you!"

"Don't speak, let me in. O, Mary!"

Miss Rachael had not come alone to her former maid. She had brought with her the babe, who is the subject of this story. Mary pleads with her husband.

"She says she will see we are not the losers by it."

Her husband made a sweeping gesture with his right hand.

"Mary, I do no such thing as this for money."

She made a quick yet gliding movement and showed him the child.

It was a quiet and happy child, one small red hand tried to explore Nando's nose.

That, and his wife's.

"I am hungry, man, hungry," finished Tom Nando's conquest he bowed to Miss Rachael.

"Madam," he said, "I ask no questions. But if we keep the child it must be for good. One cannot chop and change with a child."

And so it came to pass. Jordan grew up with the Nandos, and learned his foster father's skill in the fencing school, in the days when duelling rendered the knowledge of that art necessary to all fashionable gentlemen. The high, open-roofed school lay beyond the kitchen. It had a gallery at one end of it, reached by a winding stair and here sometimes pretty ladies would sit and watch the work below.

Mary Nando and her girl would carry up cups of chocolate to them, for 'Nando's' had ways of its own, and a fashionable reputation.

Everything was very clean. The walls were freshly whitewashed each year.

Jordan had a stool of his own in the gallery.

He admired his father, the poise and dignity of him, his grave skilfulness, his sudden smile when something amused him.

Jordan never quite lost his thrill of Nando putting himself on guard with a quiet "Now, Sir!"

* Warwick Deeping. Cassell & Co.

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