

It always seemed to Jordan that his father was the greatest gentleman of them all.

Sometimes his real mother, unknown to him, would sit there too, but she did not watch the fencing.

A pretty picture is given of the Nandos and Jordan in their garden, an old-world, restful garden in the heart of London, which bricks and mortar have long since obliterated.

They would spend Sunday afternoon in this pleasant place. Mary, happy as a brown thrush, which she somewhat resembled, while her man took off his coat and hung up his wig in an apple tree.

The garden was not far from the house of the Rev. Sylvester St. Croix, a hard, narrow Puritan, with a pretty little daughter, Douce, who should have been Jordan's one love, but somehow or another missed fire.

He was fifteen when he first became aware of her, and she was some years younger.

Her very littleness, an exquisite and airy littleness, appealed to the big boy. She stood there very solemnly watching him with her dark eyes like sloes in the soft pallor of her little face. Her hair had a wonderful red lustre and Jordan was fascinated by it.

Douce was Mary Nando's godchild and became a frequent visitor at the fencing master's house, and big Jordan the subject of her girlish devotion.

She was a self-restrained girl, trained in the rigid school of repressed emotion, so that Jordan's protective affection for her was never encouraged or enkindled by her austere little ways.

He grew to a fine, handsome man, with the simple, unaffected manners learned from the Nandos, but his superior breeding stamped him with an additional attraction.

The love of his manhood was the beautiful and fashionable Mrs. Merris, the great lady who seemed beyond and above his reach. A fascinating and cultured woman of the world, albeit of good reputation and sweet character.

But chivalry and pity led to his marriage with narrow little Douce, whose very devotion and love accentuated the defects of her upbringing and turned her into a querulous and jealous little wife.

Her jealousy of Mrs. Merris, although unfounded, became a frenzy with her.

One of her hands struck Jordan in the face, but he drew her to him till her poor, wild little face was close to his.

"Douce, my darling, you are killing me. I am yours, all yours."

"Jordan, Jordan, my Jordan."

"There, there. Why I love you."

But he was conscious of bewilderment, pain and disillusionment. Douce was near her time and she died and the child with her.

With her dying breath she claimed the assurance of his love.

His eyes grew hot and heavy.

"No one but you, Douce."

He endeavours to be faithful to his promise that he would not re-marry, but wise Mary Nando over-

rules him and the book ends with a prospect of Jordan's happiness with the woman of his choice.

H. H.

## OUTSIDE THE GATES.

### LOCAL LEGISLATION.

In a special report issued last week the Select Committee on Local Legislation state that most of the Bills which they have considered during this, as in previous sessions, contained provisions relating to public health, sanitation, and other matters. The Committee emphasises that, as many of these powers are now usually sought, a consolidation and extension of the Public Health Acts, 1875-1907, so as to include such powers under general legislation, would be extremely beneficial to Local Authorities.

### ELIZABETH FRY HOME.

The Dowager Lady Buxton reopened the Elizabeth Fry Home, 18, Highbury Terrace, N., after its amalgamation with the Manor House Home for Girls, Dalston. Women and girls on discharge from prison and on probation from police courts are received and trained at the home, which was founded by public subscription as a memorial to Elizabeth Fry. The speakers at the opening ceremony included the Bishop of Peterborough, a great-grandson of Elizabeth Fry. Lady Buxton said that no more fitting memorial could have been founded to the memory of Elizabeth Fry, for the home carried on her life-work.

### COMING EVENTS.

November 21st.—National Milk Conference. Council Chamber, Guildhall, London, E.C. 10 a.m. to 1 p.m., 2.30 p.m. to 5.30 p.m. Fee £1 1s.

November 22nd.—Registered Nurses' Parliamentary Council Meeting. 431, Oxford Street, London, W. 5 p.m.

November 24th.—West Middlesex Hospital Nurses' League. Winter Reunion. Tea 3-5 p.m. Dinner 7 p.m.

November 24th.—Royal British Nurses' Association. Lecture by Dr. Letitia Fairfield: "Combating Venereal Disease." 3 p.m.

November 26th.—Royal Sanitary Institute. Address on "Sanitary Relief Work in Russia," by Miss Muriel A. Payne. Dr. Louis C. Parkes in the chair. 90, Buckingham Palace Road. 5 p.m.

December 1st.—League of St. Bartholomew's Hospital Nurses. General Meeting. Clinical Theatre. 3 p.m. Social gathering in the Great Hall.

December 5th.—Trained Nurses' Annuity Fund. Sale of Work. Royal British Nurses' Association Club. 194, Queen's Gate. 2 p.m.

December 7th.—Annual Reunion and Dinner, Nursing Staff, Royal Infirmary, Glasgow. Trades House, Glassford-Street, Glasgow. Reception 6.45 p.m.; Dinner 7.45 p.m.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)