

LEGAL MATTERS.

FASCINATED BY THE GOODS.

Helen Maud Eliza Hawkins, a trained nurse, pleaded guilty at Marylebone on December 11th to stealing two yards of crepe de chine and two notebooks from Messrs. William Whiteleys, Ltd., Queen's road, Bayswater.

As reported in the local Press, Mr. Hay Halkett, the magistrate, said it was remarkable that this was the first prosecution for larceny that he remembered to have had from Whiteleys. Did it mean that they were very fortunate among traders?

Mr. Charles Griffin, an inquiry agent, said that they got a certain amount of shoplifting, but it was trifling.

Mr. Halkett: It is reported that you do not prosecute people at all for larceny?—Mr. Griffin: Oh, we do if it is worth while. But it is generally such a trifling amount.

Do you think that the amount stolen is the criterion, because I don't. Not prosecuting people who go shoplifting because the amounts stolen are small, is encouraging dishonesty?—Mr. Griffin: We don't get a lot.

Mr. Halkett: It is a very remarkable thing, with a great shop like that, if you do not. It is not my business to tell you how to conduct your business, except this, that you are not acting in the interests of the public if you do not prosecute people who steal.

The accused nurse urged that she was fascinated by the goods. She was placed on probation.

The name of Helen Maud Eliza Hawkins appears on the State Register of Nurses for England and Wales for 1931.

AN INVETERATE LIAR AND A JEWEL THIEF.

Grace Tinsley, of Mannon House, Moreton-in-the-Marsh, aged 21, was recently sentenced at Marylebone by Mr. Hay Halkett to six months hard labour for the theft of a number of articles from Messrs. Selfridge & Co., value £2 19s. 11d., to which she pleaded guilty. The accused was described by the police as "a nurse at the Hertford-Ware Joint Hospital" an inveterate liar and a jewel thief. She had been employed at various houses in Herne Bay, had been bound over at Canterbury for theft, and sentenced to six months' hard labour at Sutton for stealing jewellery worth £152.

A member of the nursing staff of the Hertford-Ware Hospital told the magistrate that they had no knowledge of Tinsley's criminal record but had found her to be "a thorough good girl."

How was it that the authorities of the Hertford-Ware Hospital had no knowledge of the criminal career of this thief? What enquiries did they make before putting the lives and possessions of sick people at her mercy?

A WARDMAID WHO DEVASTATED HOSPITALS.

Phyllis Ruth Gordon, aged 23, a wardmaid, who stole the possessions of fellow-workers at hospitals, was recently sent to prison for 12 months in the second division by Mr. Fry at Bow Street Police Court. In sentencing her the magistrate said:

"You have devastated these hospitals by taking everything of value you could lay your hands on."

Detective Atkins said that Gordon was engaged as wardmaid at St. Peter's Hospital, Covent Garden, W.C. After four days she absconded with jewels and cash belonging to Sister Florence Whiley. She had also stolen jewellery and money from Leyton and District Isolation Hospital, the Chiswick and Ealing Isolation Hospital, and an hotel at Westcliff-on-Sea. She had even robbed her mother.

Surely enquiries must be very perfunctory, if a person with such a record is able to find employment in hospital after hospital.

L'HOTEL DIEU, ANGERS.

BY EUPHEMIA TORREY.

The history of the Hotel Dieu at Angers is so interesting (a huge book has been written about it) that the visitor almost forgets the present in thinking of the past. Not so the Angevins. Ask for the Hôtel Dieu and everyone knows it. Ask for the Hôpital S. Jean—the historic buildings—and you are met with surprise if not ignorance.

Angers is specially interesting to the English because it is the home town of our Henry II, who was also Count of Anjou. Henry, and his Seneschal, Stephen de Marchai (said to be an Englishman) founded the hospital.

Other buildings in the town also date from his time, many of them being in what the local people call "Plantagenet style" or, more properly, transitional, that is, having Norman arches and pointed vaulting.

The most famous building in the town is the magnificent Castle, now only a shell, for nothing but the walls remain, but these are complete and fully equipped with towers and buttresses.

The ward, chapel and cloisters of the hospital (built in Henry's time) still exist and are therefore the oldest hospital buildings in France, for the Hôtel Dieu of Paris, an older foundation, has nothing of the original building left. Angers has another unique distinction. It was the first provincial hospital to be reorganised by Mlle. Le Gras, the organiser of the Sisters of Charity.

The great ward covers an area of no less than 1,350 square metres and is divided in three by 14 detached columns supporting a fine vaulted roof, while twenty-two more columns are placed against the walls. A visitor in 1645 saw near the entrance the sarcophagus of Stephen de Marchai and described the ward as being divided in three, the centre empty, men occupying 110 beds in cubicles on one side and women similar beds on the other. Now, alas, not one sarcophagus but many monuments and glass cases occupy this famous apartment which, since 1841, has been used as an archaeological museum. At about the same time the patients were moved to modern buildings near by.

It is rather an abandoned museum, for it stands on the unfashionable side of the river and the few tourists who penetrate to Angers are generally content to see the City Museum with its famous tapestries, the Cathedral and the Castle. A charming old couple are in charge and try to make up by their enthusiasm for the dreariness. Perhaps I am prejudiced, for my visit took place on a wet Sunday morning, and on Sundays the museum is officially closed. I met the kindly couple just locking up and going out for a walk together and persuaded one of them to return and show me round. The old lady consented with a good grace, but neither her enthusiasm nor my gratitude could counteract the effect of the glass cases, so painfully like a morgue.

Beyond the ward is a chapel with Norman arches and pointed roof. This also contains artistic treasures, far too many in my opinion, for the result is confusion and the beauty of the architecture is lost. Out of the chapel open the cloisters. Not even the cold and rain could mar my enjoyment of their beauty. Only two sides remain, but they alone are worth the journey to Angers.

With regret I parted from my elderly friend and pursued my way to the new Hôtel Dieu, passing the medical school on the way. The approach was by a fine avenue of limes, and simply "Hôtel Dieu" was written over the gateway, though the correct title of the institution is: Hôpital Saint Jean l'Evangeliste aujourd'hui Hôtel Dieu, et des Penitentes, des Renfermés et des Incurables, aujourd'hui Hospice Sainte Marie.

It is, perhaps, worth analysing this cumbersome title for it epitomises in some sense the history of the foundation

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