

co. Dublin in 1883, she has been known to the police for thirteen years. She was first married to a journeyman carpenter in 1901, and has since that date committed bigamy three times. She was in jail for theft in 1907, and upon release "turned nurse." Her patient became rapidly worse, and removed to Royal Infirmary, Edinburgh, a bedroom was fired, and "Gloria" arrested for theft. The next appearance of "Gloria" in the limelight was in the employment of a lady at Reigate, as "Nurse Leslie." Three days after her arrival fire broke out in one of the bedrooms, and a few days later a second outbreak of fire mysteriously occurred. In October, 1910, she secured an appointment under a doctor in Reigate to an elderly lady, and lived at the doctor's house, where fire broke out in one of the bedrooms. Back in Edinburgh in 1911 she was arrested for being in possession of a quantity of clothing and jewellery, but dismissed. "Sister Mary Leslie, M.A.," now arrived on the scenes. She was arrested on two charges of bigamy, pleaded guilty to both charges, and was sentenced to six months' imprisonment in April. In November, 1911, she was sentenced for swindling a hotel keeper at Glasgow; prison again for three months. In February, 1912, cards which she had printed testified that she was "Sister Leslie, General, Fever, and Maternity U.C.H.," although she modestly alluded to herself as Sister Mary Leslie, M.A., of Edinburgh University, and anxious to obtain an appointment in the Military Nursing Service. Once more "Gloria" looked wistfully on a marriage bond. She married a student at Rochdale in April, 1912, where she succeeded in establishing a good impression among the doctors and nurses of the town. Once more, however, the long arm of the law clutched hold of her, with the result that in July, 1912, she was sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment at Edinburgh for bigamy for the third time.

In this year of grace, 1914, "Gloria" is once more free, and restored to the bosom of the nursing profession and the sick public! We may rest assured that she will continue to shed such lustre upon us as arson, theft, and bigamy are calculated to reflect. Is it to be wondered at that there is a shortage of reliable women eager to associate themselves professionally with criminals of this class?

Surely it is the duty of the Home Secretary to protect the public from exploitation during sickness from such fraudulent ministrations! As his police seem helpless, why not give trained nurses the responsibility of keeping their own profession clean? Once State Registration was in force there would be short shrift for the "Queenies" and "Bettys" and "Glorias," and their bogus qualifications. It is appalling to contemplate the domestic misery resulting from the crimes of one masquerader alone, let loose in private houses during times of sickness and distress. No wonder women clamour for power to re-organise social conditions.

## BOOK OF THE WEEK.

### "CHANCE."\*

The manner of the telling of this story is not the least attractive part of it. It is told throughout in narrative form, partly by Mr. Marlow and partly by Mr. Powell, both of whom are mercantile officers. It is when these men meet for the first time, and become reminiscent, that the story, past and present, of Flora de Barrel is related. You see she afterwards married Captain Anthony who was Powell's skipper—and Marlow had come across her in the days before ever she had seen him.

She was the daughter of the fraudulent financier and afterwards convict. His conviction came at the most impressionable time of her young life, and she was more than commonly sensitive. She tasted to the full the inexpressible bitterness of friendlessness and the contrast of the daughter of the millionaire and the convict. It was at that period in her desolation that she fled to the Fynes.

The Fynes are the wonderful creations of Mr. Conrad's pen.

Mrs Fyne is described as possessing a something which was not coldness or indifference, but a sort of peculiar self-possession which gave her the appearance of a very trustworthy, very capable and excellent governess; and as if Fyne were a widower and the children not her own, but only entrusted to her calm, efficient unemotional care.

Flora was one of a series of "girl-friends" over whom Mrs. Fyne seemed to possess a curious and unsatisfying influence. This friendship ran the usual course until Captain Anthony, brother to Mrs. Fyne appeared on the scene. The white faced pathetic girl with the deep blue eyes appealed to the seaman's chivalry and compassion. It was just when life seemed to her too cruel to be endured that he told her of his love.

"Don't you believe me?" he asked in infuriated tones.

"Nobody would love me," she answered in a very quiet tone. "Nobody could."

"You'll have to be shown somebody can. I can, nobody. . . ." He made a contemptuous hissing noise. "They've done something to you. Something's crushed your pluck. What made you like this. No use! No use! You dare stand there and tell me that—you white-faced wisp, you wreath of mist, you little ghost of all the sorrows in the world. You really think that I can go to sea for a year or more leaving you behind. Well then, trust yourself to me—to the sea, which is deep like your eyes."

Her disclosure of her real name, and her father's unenviable notoriety does not shake his purpose. Knowing his sister's inflexible and managing character, he persuades Flora to follow him to London and marry him secretly.

The restrained indignation of the excellent Fynes is a wonderful piece of work.

\*By Joseph Conrad. Methuen & Co., London.

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