

LEGAL MATTERS.

Charged with obtaining a drug—morphine sulphate—by means of a forged doctor's order, Gertrude Violet Carroll (34), a nurse, of Elmhurst Mansions, Clapham, appeared at the South-Western Police Court last week.

Mr. Barker, prosecuting, said the defendant obtained the drug from a chemist by presenting an order purporting to be signed by Dr. H. Smith, of Streatham.

Dr. Smith said the document was a forgery. He was acquainted with the defendant to the extent that she nursed a patient of his for two months last year.

Detective-Inspector Parker said he had ascertained from inquiries that within a few months the woman had obtained 188 tubes of morphine by forged orders.

Mr. B. Nicholls, on defendant's behalf, said she began taking the drug five years ago, and the craving got the better of her.

As a lady was prepared to look after her the magistrate accepted recognisances for her to surrender for judgment if called on.

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

"THE VEHEMENT FLAME."

The love story of a boy of nineteen and a woman of thirty-nine in skilled hands is bound to be full of interesting possibilities.

Maurice Curtis married the lady of his choice; indeed, the first page paints their bliss when it was but fifty-four minutes old. She was a handsome, tender creature, with a glorious voice which had "played the deuce" with her young lover. Her long silences which he had glorified into mystery turned out to be sheer stupidity, but so far he had not discovered that terrifying fact, and did not believe that of which she herself was aware.

"You don't talk because you are always thinking, that's one of the most fascinating things about you, Eleanor; you keep me wondering what on earth you are thinking about. It's the mystery of you that gets me." She was jealous, she told him.

"It would only mean that you loved me. I hope you'll be jealous. *Promise* me you'll be jealous."

This all sounded very well for two lovers sitting together in a meadow an hour after their runaway marriage, but, of course, it turned out not to be workable.

It took Maurice nearly two years to discover his mistake, but Eleanor was aware of it in a subconscious way from the very beginning.

The desert island where at first they would have been content to live, when he had vowed to himself with boyish solemnity that he would always be enough for her, soon receded, and in its place there

rose up in the boy's heart the exceeding irksomeness of the life to which he had committed himself.

Her jealousy was colossal, but it was the jealousy of youth that gave her no peace.

One cannot wonder that young Maurice, tied to such a wearisome woman, went astray temporarily, with the result that common little Lily Dale became the mother of his child.

He did not love her, was not even interested in her, and from henceforth his candid truth-loving nature was overshadowed by his act of treachery.

This very long story covers little ground, and it is really surprising how the intimate affairs of so few people are expanded to hold the reader's interest. But there is a fresh crispness about the style that is wholly American.

Life is not improved for Maurice by his falling in love with Edith, who was something of an *enfant terrible* in her downright way of probing to the heart of a matter.

Poor Eleanor, old and tired while her husband was in his manhood's prime, suffered the flames of jealousy in full. Her death, of course, was the only way out for Maurice.

Edith's loyalty and devotion to him was on the way to be rewarded as the story closes.

"I can't be happy, Edith," Maurice told her, "don't you see?"

She looked straight into his eyes, her own eyes terror stricken.

"You shall be happy," she said. "Oh, it's *artificial* to refuse to be happy."

This story will find favour with those of our readers who are out for human interest, and they will discover why it was that Maurice found it impossible to marry Jacky's mother, which his sense of duty urged him to do. To do so would, indeed, have started another tragedy, and so we leave Maurice with sensible, capable Edith with relief.

H. H.

WORD FOR THE WEEK.

"The English language is the richest in the world for monosyllables. There are four words of one syllable each—words of salvation for this country and the whole world—and they are: Faith, hope, love, and work. No Government in this country to-day that has not got faith in the people, hope in the future, love of its fellow-men, and that will not work and work and work, will bring this country through into better times and better days, or Europe through, or the world through."—*The Right Hon. S. Baldwin, M.P., in House of Commons.*

COMING EVENTS.

March 10th.—The Matrons' Council of Great Britain and Ireland. Meeting, Prince of Wales' General Hospital, Tottenham, N. 3 p.m.

NOTICE.

We regret we are unable to award a prize in our Prize Competition this week.

* By Margaret Deland. (John Murray.)

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