

"SUSANNE."

At 11, Spring Street, near Paddington Station, we recently paid a visit to the antique shop of Madame Susanne, where we picked up some very desirable trifles at very reasonable prices, and as reasonable prices for first-class goods are something quite unique in these profiteering days, we determined to tell our readers of our find. We have been much interested in visiting hospital Matrons' and Sisters' rooms to find how widespread is the love of antique furniture and *bric-à-brac* amongst them, and how many charming "bits" decorate their homes. This always delights us, as our excuse to our own conscience, in sometimes succumbing to temptation in this particular, is that we must all do our best to retain in this country the lovely and precious handiwork of the great artists and craftsmen of the past, who put so much life into their productions, and prevent these precious and beautiful things being snapped up by the foreigner. We feel sure those who pay "Susanne" a visit will be delighted with the variety of charming things to be seen there—china, blue pottery, glass, lacquer tea trays (one painted green, very fascinating), and nice little bits of furniture.

"Madame" is the most genial of connoisseurs and is always pleased to show her collection even to those who are not sure they want to buy for the moment.

COMING EVENTS.

October 31st.—Quarterly Meeting of the Matrons' Council. The President, Miss M. Heather-Bigg in the chair. 431, Oxford Street, London, W.1. 3 p.m. Tea 5 p.m.

November 3rd.—Central Midwives Board (One Portal) Examination, London, Birmingham, Bristol, Manchester, Newcastle-on-Tyne. Oral Examination a few days later.

November 6th.—National Council of Trained Nurses' Annual Meeting, 431, Oxford Street, London, W. 4 p.m.

November 7th.—Professional Union of Trained Nurses (Registered under the Trades Union Act). Mass Meeting, King George's Hall (London Central Y.M.C.A.), Tottenham Court Road. 2.30 p.m.

November 12th.—Central Midwives Board. Monthly Meeting. 1, Queen Anne's Gate Buildings, Westminster, S.W.1. 2.30 p.m.

November 13th.—Central Midwives Board. Penal Cases. 10.30 a.m.

November 15th.—Meeting of the Central Committee for the State Registration of Nurses, Council Chamber, by kind consent of the British Medical Association, 429, Strand, W.C. 2.30 p.m.

WORD FOR THE WEEK.

It is a constantly recurring danger to religion to worship religion instead of God.—*The Rev. F. R. Barry.*

BOOK OF THE WEEK.

"SONIA MARRIED."*

Mr. McKenna says in his preface "Sequels are admittedly failures, but I look on this book less as a sequel than as an epilogue or a footnote." Be that as it may, those who have either not read "Sonia," or having done so have in a great measure forgotten many of its incidents, and much of its detail, cannot appreciate this its successor to the fullest extent. This, however, is not to be avoided, for Sonia is Sonia, and if her history is to be elaborated it must be done in this form. Sonia herself, is, we hope, a not very common specimen of her type, though we fear she is by no means unique.

A vain, heartless, selfish little coquette, she uses to the full all her practised weapons of beauty and charm.

Married to David O'Raine, the passionate lover of his fellowman, with his deep conviction of responsibility towards them and their needs—which the terrible sacrifice of his sight during the war had only served to accentuate—Sonia in marrying in an hysterical impulse as Mr. McKenna admits, sowed the seeds of instant disaster.

David, at the time the story opened, was still little more than a boy—a remarkable and arresting personality—and had been married little more than a month. Already Sonia was jibbing at the open house that David insisted on keeping at their residence, the "Sanctuary," near the Tate Gallery. We give the locality, because the story is permeated with the atmosphere of Westminster, and the house, of which David and several other characters introduced were members. His household was truly a motley one, and in common justice to Sonia it must be admitted that it was trying to a young bride with very up-to-date tastes.

His employment of Hilda Marion as his secretary was as yet an unuttered grievance to Sonia and an example of David's chivalry. She was young and pretty, and into his voice came a throb of anger as he lightly touched upon the life she had once from force of circumstances been driven to lead. Though he adored his wilful young wife, he was as adamant where his principles were concerned. He was not at all jealous nor disturbed by her flagrant flirtations, nor of the devotion she deliberately inspired in other men. She was a woman to whom admiration was meat and drink, and as she apparently had no moral sense, she indulged this passion to the full. David was no doubt to blame in that he was blind to the danger of his wife's conduct.

Sonia's incessant chatter is often very amusing, as, for instance, when she tries to placate an admirer after calmly ignoring an engagement to dine with him.

"Don't go away when I'm talking to you ;

* By Stephen McKenna. London: Hutchinson & Co.

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