

Esther Gould's Book Corner

"THE LITTLE GIRL"
By Katherine Mansfield. Alfred A. Knopf.

For the many who have been charmed, amazed, delighted, with the work of Katherine Mansfield, "The Little Girl" will be an interesting study. It will not be another "Bliss," another "Garden Party," but it will be a very interesting preface to these.

If Katherine Mansfield were alive it is doubtful whether she would have allowed this volume to be published—since she is not perhaps you will feel that it is taking an unfair advantage of her to do so.

It seems to me that there are two justifications for this. First, since there is no possibility of our ever having anything more from her pen, we cannot help feeling that everything is significant. As the barest sketch of a great painter becomes valuable after his death.

Secondly, this publishing of the early works as they lead up to her more perfected form gives us an unusual opportunity of studying the development of that form.

It is a long way from the not very remarkable little story "The Tiredness of Rosabel" to the hard polished brilliance of "The Fly." The first was written when Miss Mansfield was eighteen years old, the latter when she had reached the highest perfection which she was ever allowed to reach, in the months before her death at thirty-four.

In "The Little Girl" we have Kezia and her incomparable grandmother appearing for the first time. There is a suggestion of the subtlety of the later "Prelude" or "At the Bay" and yet the strength is not there. These early stories have not been lived through enough.

Tracing this wonderfully sure crescendo of power, both of spirit and of form makes us realize only more clearly how much we missed when the projected novel which was to grow out of "At the Bay" was never written.

"NINA"

By Susan Ertz. D. Appleton Co.

In "Nina" we have a character not only unusual in fiction but in life, a woman for whom love goes beyond pride or even, we often feel, beyond commonsense. And yet, the author's sympathy of portrayal is shown by the fact that we never lose patience with Nina, nor quite, because we see him too much through Nina's eyes, with Morton, the object of her love.

Nina's aunt has adopted Morton on whom she lavishes all her very selfish affections, and he two are brought up as brother and sister. Finally the aunt's jealous opposition forces them into a youthful and ill-considered marriage, which brings little but unhappiness to Nina. While Morton loves her, yet she realizes even on her honeymoon, that he is no happier with her than with other women. He is constitutionally inconstant. Lovable and charming, but unable to return the kind of devotion which he arouses.

Then comes a struggle which is an unequal one mainly between you and Nina, you urging her to shake free of Morton and have a life of her own, she and Morton presenting an unshakable front behind which is guarded Morton's happiness.

The book is interesting for it arouses controversies in almost every mind on the never solved question which many a philosopher in less readable form has tried to solve for us, the question of how far a human being can lose his identity in serving another human being without injury to that other human being and to himself.

Susan Ertz, as in her last book, "Madame Claire," has proved that she can write interestingly, with sympathy and a good deal of humour.

"THE WIDOW'S HOUSE"

By Kathleen Coyle.
E. P. Dutton & Co.

"The Widow's House" is a powerful book. We could say "By this book Kathleen Coyle steps into the front ranks of English Novelists," but we would rather say "By this book Kathleen Coyle shows herself to be a woman who has thought, who has felt, who has become."

She has built a book which is a thing of absolute unity, a structure which might be indeed a house.

Annie Capgrave is a woman in whose life there have been but two realities, one her father, who is now dead, the other her husband who did not come

back from one of his fishing voyages. She never thinks of him as dead until one day in answer to the reluctant sign in her window, "Apartments to let," a young man walks into her house. And then she knows that Harry will never come back.

A terrible weight of desolation settles down upon her. She lies awake that first night until "the dawn came with quiet cruelty making visible the familiar things that were as clues to the men who had gone out of her life." And then as solace to her grief she plunges into the care of this dark serious young man. But always there is a secret struggle between his living presence and that of Harry who has lived so completely once that he can never die.

She does not realize how great is the struggle until he tells her one December day that he will be going away for the holidays. "She experienced a marvelous sense of relief, like having something you valued and had lent, given back to you." But she finds that the silence brings her only pain, pain which is almost more than she can bear.

Yet in the end she finds that there is no hope in illusions, that one must face the terror and the loneliness, that only upon reality can life be founded.

In the style there is remarkable freshness, subtlety, and beauty. "The moon shone clear now, a gong-like disc upon a carpet of space. The soft white balls of the clouds rolled up against it, and passed, drawing nothing from the moon but the silvery rays that turned them into spun metal and sent them spinning upon their windy journey. The village of Rising Sleppe lay silvered in the hollow, pointed roofs and chimneys tall as stairs rose into the cold, cold air."

Good Books

The Story of Mr. Doolittle. Lofting. Black Eyed Puppy. Pyle. Poppy Seed Cakes. Clark. Summer at Cloverfield Farm. Orton. Japanese Fairy Tales. Williston. Dr. Doolittle's Circus. Lofting. Heidi. Spyrk.

Book of Birds for Young People. Olcott.

Book of the Stars for Young People. Olcott.

Lions 'N' Tigers 'N' Everything. Cooper. Castle Blair. Shaw.

Thomas the Lambkin. Claude Farrere. The Devonshire. Honore Willise Morrow.

St. Martin's Summer. Rafael Sabatini. Sard Harker. John Massfield.

Joseph Conrad: A Personal Remembrance. Ford Madox Ford.

The Glory of Don Ramiro. L. B. Walton.

My Brother's Face. Dhan Gopal Mukerji.

For the Artistically Inclined:

Ariel. Andre Maurois.

My Life in Art. Constantin Stanislavsky.

Clyde Fitch and His Letters. Moses and Gerson.

Outline of History and Art. Drinkwater and Orpan.

23 Stories by Twenty and Three Authors.

These Charming People.

Straws and Prayer Books. James Branch Cabell.

The Green Bay Tree. Louis Bromfield.

The White Monkey. John Galsworthy.

Nina. Susan Ertz.

Julie Cane. Harvey O'Higgins.

Elaine at the Gates. W. B. Maxwell.

The Old Man of the Sea. W. B. Maxwell.

The Colour of Youth. V. H. Friedlaender.

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SEEN IN THE CITY

'Twas the day after Christmas and all through the house not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse. But how did that happen? We always supposed that the day after Christmas—Why no! You see, the day after Christmas is really the very best time to pick up bargains in the shops, what with everything marked down, no crowds about, and a spirit of peace and good-will prevailing throughout the city. Besides there is always the restless Christmas cheer, burning in the pocket and spilling to be spent. So away—away to the fascinating sales.

Red Tag Sales At Taylor's

There is Taylor's, you know—Taylor's, the aristocratic bag and luggage shop at 28 East Randolph St. On the day after Christmas, at Taylor's begins a sweeping Red Tag Sale. That means reduced prices marked on Red Tags, of course—travelling bags, suit cases, fitted travelling cases and dressing cases, reduced in price from 20 to 35%, and every hand bag in the house reduced one third in price. Good looking, of course, they all are; for no one has such elegant luggage as Taylor's. Take, for example, a black leather suit-case, tray fitted with a shirred lining of moire silk. Formerly these ran \$25 to \$150—but now, at the present reductions—well, figure it out for yourself. What luck, eh? A sale like that, just at the beginning of the winter travel season. As for shopping bags, they come in all sorts of styles. There are the new gate frame bags, smart, capacious and convenient, and the large flat type of bag to tuck under the arm. All these, as I've said, are reduced one third in price. Ah, yes, you must not fail to see the bags at Taylor's this week.

Furs—At Cost

And then furs! If your Christmas check is a pretty one you will surely like to think about furs. At Henning's, 220 in the Stewart Building, just across from Field's on State St., all fur coats are now reduced to cost price in a clearance sale to make room for the New Year's stock. And I think I never saw handsomer coats than you will find here. Very likely you have known Henning's of old; a reliable, conservative concern, established twenty years or more ago. Yes, it is important to buy furs from people who are well known. And here everything is of the very best. There are, for instance, handsome dyed ermines, collared, cuffed and trimmed in deep fox, astrakans trimmed in deep fox, seal-skins, mink coats—even raccoon. And, for evening wear, collars of white fox. Everything in stock reduced to cost price! If you have any need for furs, and who has not, go by all means to look at them at Henning's.

Hats—to Order

After a coat—what? Why, a hat of course? Or perhaps, even before a coat, a hat. For surely the soul of a woman sits on the rim of her hat. Yet how often it sits miserably, out of place. Now, at 332 in the Republic Building, State St. at Adams, you will find a remarkable milliner—Mrs. McClellan,

formerly with Henri Bendel of New York. I know of no one else like her in the city. Mrs. McClellan makes hats to order, exquisite hats, of exquisite materials, moulding the frame itself to your head, building crown and brim to suit the lines of your face. Her tailored felts are really a revelation. The materials she uses are imported from Italy and France.

As For A Body Glove

Perhaps you don't know what it is—a Body Glove.—But can't you guess? It is exactly what the name implies. And the brilliant Englishwoman who invented it has also invented the Figure Binder and the Brassette. These three—the Body Glove, the Figure Binder and the Brassette—surely you will find the garment you have been longing for among them. In these days of glove-like gowns and glove-like coats the ordinary, old fashioned corset will hardly do, you know. But Florence Lund is a graduate nurse and she knows what she's doing. Go to her, at 332 in the Republic Building, and inquire. Her secret is really one that you ought to know.

Gowns From Lane Bryant

And then there's the interesting question of Lane Bryant's. Have you thought of this exclusively as a shop for stout women? Well of course, in a sense, it really is that. But stout women doesn't mean exactly what you think. It means you perhaps; perhaps it means me. It means the woman who isn't comfortable in the ordinary 38 or 40 dress. Do you find that stock sizes in dresses bind in the arms? Do you find that they're a little tight about the hips? At Lane Bryant's gowns are designed to obviate these difficulties. There are models with extra room in the bust, and some with extra room in the hips. Of course they run up to 54. But, on the other hand, they begin at 38. Lane Bryant's is at the corner of Washington and Wabash. New York and Paris styles are to be found here.

The Samovar

Now for dinner! But where? Well, I suggest the Samovar. "Rendez-vous of the particular" is the Samovar slogan—The Samovar, Russian Restaurant par excellence, which has the unique distinction of having attracted practically every celebrity to visit Chicago within the past two years.

Take, for example, the World's Fliers. While the whole city was clamoring for the honor of entertaining them, Captain Lowell Smith expressed his preference for an evening at the Samovar and here, together with Lieutenants Arnold, Nelson and Wade, dined and dined from early evening until near dawn the following day. Previously Major Fred Martin, original leader of the flight, told at a dinner in The Samovar, his story of his thrilling—~~escape~~—death.

As for stage stars, if there is one appearing here who does not know the fame of The Samovar—there isn't! Mitzel gave numerous parties here while at the Illinois Theatre in "The Magic Ring." Gilda Gray dined in the restaurant ever since her appearance in "The Police" for Pauline Jr., the vivacious little star in "Plain Jane," now at the Illinois, has his regular table here. What a setting for a New Year's Eve supper, eh? The time to make reservations for that is now. You'll find the Samovar a few doors north of the Blackstone, at 624 S. Michigan.

Southern Oceans

But enough of winter! Christmas is over; the New Year will soon be here. The weather-man is full of dour prediction. A pessimist, if ever was—that man! Why linger in a land coated with ice, and slush and ice, and snow and ice, and slush. Somewhere, they say, the nightingale is singing. Somewhere the palm trees are sighing in the breeze.

It is the White Star Line that tells about these things. The White Star Line—which has planned wonderful cruises in southern seas. One South, straight south out of the port of New York, into the islands of the Caribbean Sea. That is called the West Indies Cruise. It lasts a month. And during that month there are fourteen ports of call. The other cruise leads away to the Mediterranean Sea. It plays with such words as Gibraltar, Palestine, Greece. Do these names awaken a responsive echo in your heart? Would you like to be amused and cared-for for seven weeks, and bathed in sunshine and lead to enchanted spots? Then inquire for details at the White Star Line in Chicago. The address is 127 S. State St.

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