

BOOKS THAT MAY HAVE ESCAPED YOU

"Ulug Beg" — this long satirical poem by Leonard Bacon is lopsided if you enjoyed *"Don Juan"*. If you don't like satirical poetry, avoid it.

"Mårbaka" — Selma Lagerlöf's autobiographical narrative has beauty and tenderness.

"Raw Material" — a collection of Dorothy Canfield's sketches, in which she does some of her very best writing.

"Yankee Notions" — New England poems of wisdom touched with humor. Written by G. S. B., famous to readers of *"The Conning Tower"*.

"Beggars of Life" — Jim Tully's story of tramping days has recently appeared in England. It is, perhaps, a book for men.

Defeated Love

THERE are several reasonably new novels that would be included in this department had they not been capably reviewed elsewhere in the magazine. Of these, I should like to mention *"Arrowsmith"*, Sinclair Lewis's best novel, in my opinion; Ellen Glasgow's lovely *"Barren Ground"*; the already much discussed *"Constant Nymph"*; and Maugham's *"The Painted Veil"*. All of them are worth a first reading, and some of them, a second.

Donn Byrne has added another short novel to the distinguished list that includes *"Messer Marco Polo"* and *"Blind Raftery"*. *"O'Malley of Shanganagh"* (Century) is a technical performance of rare skill. It shows an

old broken man, in various moods of forgetfulness and keen remembrance, and at the same time pictures the reasons for his breaking. The theme of the story is the old one of spiritual and physical love in conflict, of the world struggling in the mind of a girl against her vision of heavenly bliss. Perhaps there is not so much beauty of phrase and of conception as in other stories of Mr. Byrne's, but he has given us two characters of power and clarity. He is always interesting, and, in this case, unusually tender. De Bourke O'Malley is a dreamy figure, but nevertheless a real one. He is as moody as the moodiest Irishman, and so is Sister Ursula who dared Heaven and reaped her reward in unhappiness for herself and her lover. No single picture in the book is quite so fine as that of Dublin in the early pages, a Dublin where old men sit in corners, forgotten and sad old men, happy in their barroom moods, and accepted for what they are, with no attempt to lift the whiskers and pry out a former existence. They are good drinking companions — what else matters?