

will soon be translated and take its place among those intensive studies of personality which have been the great achievement of the twentieth century in fiction—Jean Christophe, Pelle, Christian Wahnschaffer. In *The Home and the World* Mr. Tagore has undertaken to give a sketch of young intellectuals occupied with the problem of preserving the social framework in an India disturbed by western competitive civilization and shaken by the ideal of Swaraj. It reminds us of the picture of the revolution in *Smoke* and other novels of Turgenev. In *The Wreck* Mr. Tagore has no announced purpose; he calls the novel a Hindu Romance; but one cannot doubt that in the gentleness, the serenity, the simplicity, the moral elevation of his characters he is enforcing what he sees as the eternal difference between East and West.

The Wreck shows its primitive quality in the predominance of the story. Ramesh, a law student in Calcutta, in love with Hemnalini, is summoned home by his father to marry. He dares not resist, but takes so little interest in the matter that he does not even look at his bride. As the wedding party is returning from the bride's home in boats a storm sweeps over the Padma, the boats are overwhelmed, and Ramesh is cast up by the waves on a sandy island. The only other survivor is a girl in the crimson dress of a bride whom Ramesh takes to be his own. Some time later he finds out the truth that there was another wedding party on the stream, and that Kamala was the bride of a man whom she had never seen, whose name she had never heard, and whom she naturally supposed to be Ramesh. Ramesh without undeceiving her sends Kamala away to school, and revives his old friendship with Hemnalini, to whom he becomes engaged. But Kamala returns to Ramesh for the holidays, and in his perplexity between his responsibility to her and his engagement to Hemnalini he finds himself utterly passive—and in his compromising situation, an easy prey to his rival for Hemnalini's favor. He flees from Calcutta and voyages with Kamala up the Ganges, intending to settle in some small town and practice as a pleader. Kamala, however, is made suspicious by the uncertainty of Ramesh's behavior, and learning the true situation from a letter which he had written to Hemnalini and characteristically failed to send, she runs away, and finally becomes a servant in the household of Nalinaksha, whose mother is seeking to marry him to Hemnalini. It is needless to say that Nalinaksha is the husband from whom Kamala was separated by the storm which gave her to Ramesh.

The story in its symmetrical series of complications, in its reliance on the devices of mistaken identity and recognition, in the idealism of the characters recalls vividly those Greek romances which represent the transition of fiction from the East to the West in the early centuries of the Christian era. In its realistic detail, however, *The Wreck* reminds one of a Russian novel; on the steamer to Benares, with Kamala setting up her kitchen on deck, we might be with Gorki on the Volga. Human nature, as in primitive stories, is extraordinarily simple; the problem in the story is moral, not psychological, and the characters remain quite uncomplicated by it. They are as pellucid as spring water and we see down to their very depths. Hemnalini, Nalinaksha, Kamala, are strong, noble in their renunciation. Uncle Chakrabartti, who is the god out of the machine, is utterly benevolent. Ramesh, the hero, is weak, but the author is not in the least ashamed of him. His complete good will is sufficient heroism, and his failure in action, which in a hero of western fiction would be an affront, rather serves to establish the poetic

justice of his marriage to Hemnalini. All the characters are idealists. The situation is never influenced by physical passion. Even Ramesh's rival, Akshay, is a perfectly pure villain. Although he is fully conscious of Hemnalini's rejection and knows that there is nothing in it all for him, he pursues Ramesh about the country—and it is to his obsession that Hemnalini shall marry someone besides Ramesh that we owe the introduction of Nalinaksha. But with this simplification of humanity we get an extraordinary effect of beauty of human attitudes and relations, the truth of human emotion. In the static, passive mode of their association the characters show the essential quality of eastern fiction.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

The Old Man's Youth

The Old Man's Youth, by William De Morgan. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

LOVERS of De Morgan will be glad to find in this final effort the discerning amplitude of the novelist's earlier work. The story of *The Old Man's Youth*, written as the recollections of a lonely waif in a work house infirmary has effective continuity of design and an arresting illumination which is both vital and delicate. The novel was incomplete at the author's death, but the unobtrusive setting by Mrs. De Morgan links the disjointed chapters and rounds out the narrative.

The employment of Eustace John's point of view gives an engaging intimacy and at the same time provides for that leisurely development whereby the best De Morgan characters live and breathe before the reader. Tinged with ineffable sadness, the story possesses also a high and simple courage, somewhat as the ruthlessness of observation is balanced by a very human warmth. The too casual reader may be fretted at the slow movement, but it is by this very fullness of conception that the author achieves much of his sense of verity. There is not much detached, sensuous description, but characters and scenes are vividly objectified through action and comment. Eustace John's family and friends, his misdirected art studies and his youthful loves and wonderments are set forth with a richness of significance which is never forced. If the book, as the publishers announce, is largely autobiographical, it reveals a brave and sensitive spirit capable of the self-analysis which becomes impersonal through the author's own breadth of perception.

R. H.

Contributors

ANDREW FURUSETH is president of the International Seamen's Union of America. He was instrumental in bringing about the passage of the Seamen's act, and is an authority on the American merchant marine.

ANNE MARTIN was former chairman of the National Woman's party and Independent candidate for United States Senator from Nevada in 1918 and 1920.

JOHN DEWEY, professor of philosophy at Columbia, is at present in China.

PADRAIC COLUM, the Irish poet and dramatist, is the author of *Asgard and the Sword of the Volsungs*, and *The Girl Who Sat by the Ashes*.

MOISSAYE J. OLGIN, a Russian writer who came to America a few years ago, has recently returned from a six months' visit to Russia. He is the author of *The Soul of the Russian Revolution* and *A Guide to Russian Literature (1820-1917)*.

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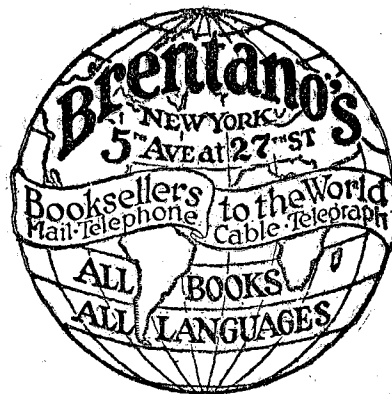
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From the book, *Fragments of a
Life*, by A. Zimmerman

My sadness 's not the sadness deep
of a poet,
A homeless sufferer my sorrow tell
you could,
And a little bird deprived of free-
dom and of light
As I can often brood;
And often at night in a desert cold
and wild,
As I, a wolf cries in woe and pain
and deep fear,
Though he knows that helped would
not be by the Lord far,
And pitied 's n't by men near.

There are thoughts that 're born
only in the mind

Of the poor, homeless, shelterless
one,
In the minds of those that 're
alone,

O, many of them were born in my
mind.

There are thoughts that 're born
only in the mind

Of the one that 's out in rain and
storm,

And feels as on a rock, a worm.

O, many of them were born in my
mind.

There are thoughts that 're born
only in a mind

That can not see a world in need
And wants for others cry and plead.

O, many of them were born in my
mind.

—Adv.

A. ZIMMERMAN.

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