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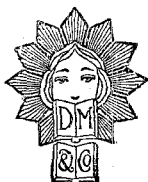
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blossoms too brilliantly for her foliage, and her convenient rencontre with Walter is another offense against the actuarial probabilities that a good novelist is likely to respect.

But the compliances at the end of *The Job* should not annul it. It is extremely seldom that a novelist is sufficiently free from convention and sufficiently interested in life itself to see a new subject first-hand. This Mr. Lewis has done. He has not only made a woman who works for her living the central figure of his story, he has insisted on doing so without sentimentality or melodrama or false pathos. He has kept the spotlight of the novelist on her without giving her a spotlight-life. The honesty and imaginativeness of the presentation are nowhere so well shown as in the various Jews who appear in this New York novel. Mr. Lewis is able to see the Jew much less conventionally than some of the eminent writers who have the stage Jew always in mind and who insist on tempering the wind to the shorn Christian. It is the fulness of Mr. Lewis's emancipation from the ordinary outsider's view of office-work that gives him his own possession of New York facts. He is near the heart of things most of the time.

Best of all, however, is the unprecipitated feminism of *The Job*. Where David Graham Phillips was a hysterical amateur in Susan Lenox, Mr. Lewis is a calm realist; and not led to make a bugaboo of sex. *The Job* is just the answer to those who give too much importance to business as it is, and too little to workmanship and economic independence.

F. H.

Poland

Poland's Case for Independence, by the Members of the Polish Relief Committee. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$3.00.

OF all the Slavonic peoples the history of the Poles has been the most tragic. Like the Czechs, the Poles were the progressive wing of the early great division of the Slav race. On one side grouped the South Slavs, the Russians and the Ruthenes, with their adhesion to the Orthodox Church and their strong bias towards the unworldliness of the Orient. On the other side—roughly the Poles and Czechs—was an equally vigorous impulse towards participation in the more solid achievements of western civilization. Yet except for the Czechs, who for a long time were under the Austro-Hungarian domination, the liberal group of Slavonic peoples has been largely under alien Russian control. In the long history of badgering and persecution, the handing of a whole people from sovereignty to sovereignty like a private possession of a feudal prince, the series of partitions, dismemberments and conflicting administrations, the idea of Polish nationality has steadily endured. When the war broke out not all the clumsy autocracy of Russia nor all the "intensive" colonization of Prussia had been successful in establishing a spiritual split between the Poles of Warsaw and Posen. So far as the emotional appeal of a unified race goes, unified even in the misfortune which made the Polish people on one side of the Vistula fight their brothers on the slopes of the Carpathians, the present volume is almost a work of supererogation. But if it is not an emotionally sympathetic attitude towards Poland's case for independence that we need, we certainly

do require a knowledge of the facts which can give solid justification for that sympathy.

That knowledge the present book of essays supplies in authoritative and scientific fashion. The thrill of responsive approbation to President Wilson's bold demand that the world give Poland the autonomy so long unjustly denied it here has its sanction of plain fact. We had always suspected, of course, that Polish art and literature and intellectual achievement were distinctive; had we not always associated Copernicus and Chopin and Sienkiewicz? Even the high school student had heard at least of Paderewski and of *By Fire and Sword*. Yet to defend the thesis that all these activities emerged from the same national source, that there was an imperishable integrity of spirit and blood weaving them into a single racial pattern, needed just the careful and detailed historical background supplied so tersely yet so straightforwardly in Poland's Case for Independence. Nothing is more illuminating than, for instance, the simple percentages of population in the Grand Duchy of Posen. Here, from 1890 to 1910, in spite of all the pressure exerted by the Prussian Church and School and Government, the territory with a Polish majority increased by 850 square miles. There is no extermination of a race so resistant and dogged as that. Even in East Prussia it is in the towns where the administrative officials live rather than in the agricultural backbone of the land that German is the real language of the people. And as an economic unit, too, Poland stands like an embattled self-sufficient nation. It has coal and ore and fertile fields. How difficult to realize that Lodz alone is more populous than Liverpool or Manchester, or that as a manufacturing center it can already compete with Glasgow?

Yet what can "autonomy" mean for a nation the geographical buffer between two fundamentally hostile nations, both so mighty and overwhelming? What can it mean to a nation denied even a direct economic outlet to so cramped a sea as the Baltic? Can she ever be more than a vassal state enjoying a certain measure of local freedom at the price of attaching herself internationally and militaristically (with her two million possible soldiers) to the empire that protects her? One answer is certain. If the peace that we so hope for leaves Europe as the war found it, then most certainly she can never be anything more. But let us suppose a negotiated peace in which Poland becomes a principal instead of a pawn. Then the inexorable logic of the probable military situation, when such a conference takes place, will of itself suggest a realistic solution which is as close as well to the ideal one as we can rationally desire. H. N. Brailsford has outlined such a solution. Briefly, the old Russian Kingdom of Poland and Galicia would unite in a separate kingdom under Austro-Hungarian auspices, but with the same measure of autonomy granted to the new kingdom as is already possessed by Hungary. A chastened Germany and a liberal Entente could perhaps agree on certain of the frontier sections of Posen being incorporated into the new Kingdom. A free passage up the Vistula to and out of Danzig would likewise have to be guaranteed. Probably a complex system of tariff arrangements and economic barriers would be necessary for a short recuperative period. More flexibility in the trade relations with Russia than perhaps the Central Powers might wish would to a certain extent soothe Russia's pride and at the same time act as a check to the new military Teutonic power of the new kingdom. At least from the Polish point of view such a solution would be the hap-

A Fable

Once there was a famine in the land and all the beasts and flying things gathered to decide what to do. After long discussion, the squirrel, being practical, said that he could easily spare the song-birds as they did no work at harvest time. The other beasts agreed that this was a sensible idea and so the birds were killed.

The next year the crop was good but the animals did not prosper, for as the ass said, with no lark to call them and no thrush to sing to them, there was nothing to work for. So the harvest was lost and things fared ill with them.

The Moral

If you would strive for the happiest of ends, do not overlook the things that are worth working for. In rating high the artisan, do not fail to prize the poet.

Reflections

This fable is capable of divers morals, but if no other, do you take this one from it, namely, not to overlook the value of inspiration in the will to serve. Do you turn often to the nation's poets, who by some are held to be its true owners.

If you come from the South, do you look to your William Alexander Percy¹. So be it you come from the West, turn to Frederick Mortimer Clapp², who has sung of your world. If it befall that you belong in the less far West you should listen to J. H. Wallis³. Has chance or the affairs of life placed you in the Metropolis, do you look to William Rose Benét⁴. Or if a New England up-bringing has been yours, read of what you know and love as writ by Pierce⁵, or Hooker⁶.

Or, should you be of that breadth of interest that you count not from the compass or by seasons, do you turn to the treasury of American verse⁷ chosen out by Professor Lounsbury and enhanced by "A Word About Anthologies" from his pen, which could have come from none other.

If your thoughts be of a warlike turn, read of the chivalry of yore in a poem of cheery couplets: "Gawayne and the Green Knight."⁸

In brief, work hard, but never fail to think and read and feel.

¹SAPPHO IN LEVKAS, AND OTHER POEMS. By William Alexander Percy. (Second Printing). \$1.00 net.

²ON THE OVERLAND, AND OTHER POEMS. By Frederick Mortimer Clapp. \$1.00 net.

³THE TESTAMENT OF WILLIAM WINDUNE, AND OTHER POEMS. By J. H. Wallis. \$1.00 net.

⁴THE FALCONER OF GOD, AND OTHER POEMS. } By William Rose Benét.
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⁵JORDAN FARMS. An Epic in Homespun. By Frederick E. Pierce. \$1.00 net.

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⁷YALE BOOK OF AMERICAN VERSE. By the late Thomas R. Lounsbury. (Fourth Printing). \$2.25 net.

⁸GAWAYNE AND THE GREEN KNIGHT. By Charlton M. Lewis. (Second Printing). \$1.00 net.

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piest. For in Galicia the Poles have enjoyed more freedom than in Russian Poland. Austria-Hungary is an old hand at keeping divergent nationalities satisfied—at any rate, older and fairer than Germany. If the Entente really is true to its nationality principles and is in a position to compel or persuade Germany to help Poland, it will not be thwarted by the fear that the Kingdom of Poland weights the "balance of power" too heavily in favor of its former enemies. Let us hope such a conception will be scrapped. For even Germany has shown consideration of Poland's national ambitions, as Leon Litwinski in this volume himself admits. Referring to a speech in the Reichstag on August last, Mr. Litwinski says: "He (Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg) knew perfectly well that from a Polish point of view he was paying the Poles the greatest tribute they could crave for themselves." A dictated peace means a Europe still dominated by fear. And in such a Europe the case for Poland's independence is utterly hopeless. Like so many other nations, her fate depends on a liberal peace—on both sides.

H. S.

Rolland as Critic of Music

Händel, by Romain Rolland. Translated by A. Eaglefield Hull. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$1.25.

ROMAIN ROLLAND is critic of music by the grace of a passionate love of it. It is the intensest passion of his life. To one section of Jean-Christophe he prefixed a few lines from Schubert's song *An die Musik*. One of them, *Du holde Kunst, ich danke Dir*, might fittingly serve as the motto of Rolland's own existence. As, in a moment of exquisite lucidity, one might turn to a woman, a friend, and thank them for unfailing solace and help and comradeship, so Romain Rolland turns to music. His critical work, slowly filtering over to us, intimates something of what it has been to him all his days. There, we see him carrying its banner, laboring for its victory as one would labor for a religion, struggling to save France by the might of art. In his novel we feel his love even more directly. He dreams himself Beethoven come to Paris to give France and Europe an heroic democratic art. In the person of Olivier, the French genius, he calls the spirit of the German music that he loves across the Rhine, to erase the international boundary, and bring comradeship between Frank and German to be. And, in the monstrosity of his fiction, he holds high before us music the revealer of life, music the regenerator, music the hero-savior blessing man. Beside the radiance of such a love, most human passions flicker dully.

And so, when he writes of music, Romain Rolland writes as a great literary artist realizing a deep experience. Each of his musical studies is the fruit of an adventure, spiritual, perhaps, but doubly real. Just that quality of a thing lived that informs it gives his criticism its value. It is no nice and scholarly arrangement of facts, such as the average aesthetic document is prone to be, that he offers us. His criticism has the quick form, the personal impress, of creative work. The data has been correlated, it is obvious enough, with Rolland's own experience. It is a fragment of his own life that each of his works on music offers us. No critic since Schumann's time has written so humanly of music. The difference between Händel, for instance, and Jean-Christophe, is purely a difference of medium. Both serve to express Romain Rolland. Into