

## An Epic Story

THE RISE OF MODERN INDUSTRY. By J. L. and BARBARA HAMMOND. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1926. \$3.

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MR. AND MRS. HAMMOND now need no introduction to the student of history. They have shown a power unsurpassed in this generation to make the dry bones of fact the flesh and blood of a living reality. With wide knowledge of the facts, they have combined a deep and generous philosophy. They make of history not merely a narrative but also an example. They have the gift of showing, not only what was the sequence of events, but also what those events meant in the lives of the men and women affected by them. At a time when the predominating temper of English historiography is conservative, we are peculiarly fortunate in the possession of writers who do not forget the claims of the disinherited to a place in the record.

The present volume is one of peculiar importance and fascination. Mr. and Mrs. Hammond are concerned to discuss the features which distinguish modern industrial organizations from its predecessor, and to inquire both how it arose and the consequence of its birth. Large-scale production and capitalism are not, as they show from the history of Rome and Venice, in any way unique in the history of civilization. Gibbon's second chapter is a classic description of the world-market of the Roman empire; and the reader of Juvenal's fourteenth satire could easily imagine that he was reading of London or New York. The difference, as Mr. and Mrs. Hammond point out, is that whereas these phenomena in the ancient and medieval worlds were organized mainly to satisfy the needs of the rich, today it is the ordinary citizen who lives by the mechanism of a world-market. Our production, as they point out, differs from that of Rome in being mass production; and it is the nature of mass production to involve popular consumption as its consequence.

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It is well pointed out here how the change occurred. The influence of the geographical discoveries, which effected a revolution in the scale of commerce, the improvement of shipbuilding, the rise of economic individualism, all coincided to prepare the way for a revolution in the technique of production. Why, then, Mr. and Mrs. Hammond inquire, did the change take place first in England? They point out that Columbus transferred the centre of maritime importance from the Mediterranean to the Atlantic. Of that change England was peculiarly fitted to take advantage. Her climate, the nature of her colonies, the character of her government and civilization, all made for industrial development. Distrust of state regulation—the consequence of Stuart despotism—gave business men a free hand. Religious toleration provided the necessary craftsmen, often from among persecuted peoples abroad. The comparative freedom of intellectual speculation enabled the fullest advantage to be taken of the great discoveries in natural science. The stagnation of politics,—Walpole's *quieta non movere*—turned men's minds from the business of politics to the politics of business; a situation interestingly comparable to that of America at the present day. England was changed from a land of peasants into the workshop of the world so swiftly that to men like Cobbett the character and size of the change, even as it reached its apogee, was matter for indignant amazement.

Mr. and Mrs. Hammond then give an admirably succinct account of some of the characteristic industries the revolution in which illustrates the total transformation. If there is nothing novel in this part of the book, it is difficult to see how it could have been better done, and it is written with that graphic simplicity which places the writers among the leaders of English literature today.

The third part of the work is, if not the most important, at least the most moving of all. In it is described the philosophy which underlay the change. Readers of Mr. and Mrs. Hammond's earlier books will recognize many of their illustrations, but it is very useful to have the general argument stated as a succinct whole. Roughly, as they point out, there was a struggle between the yearning to produce a well-ordered society and the passion for production which made riches for the

few possible upon a scale undreamed of in the past. Midas was victorious; and a whole people was made the instrument of his tragic curse. But from the confusion of this world there began slowly to emerge a new order. A widespread protest was engendered by the miseries it provoked. The trade unions, the civil service, even the legislature, combined with aristocrats like Shaftesbury, and economists like Owen and Bray to lay down at least the outlines of a different system. From the misery of outraged human nature came men like Lovett in one class and age, William Morris in another, to acclaim the creative impulse in man and to protest that room must be found in social systems for the expression of its purpose and its hope. Slowly, maybe, yet surely the age which forged gum fetters for itself found them rust upon its limbs; and new dreams became prophetic of a nobler aspiration.

It is the fine achievement of this book that it sets the industrial revolution in the perspective of world-history. No other volume in the language is quite like it. The late Professor Knowles's volume, the classic work of Mantoux, those great lectures of Professor Gay which have been the parent of so many books by others, have never analyzed the change quite from this angle. There may well be differences about the emphasis of the facts; there will certainly be differences about the value of the achievement. But no one can doubt that the story to be told is of epic quality; or that it is here narrated with an insight that is worthy of its substance.

## A Mystic Utilitarianism

CREATIVE FREEDOM. By J. W. T. MASON. New York: Harper & Bros. 1926. \$4.

Reviewed by L. C. HAM

MAN is a speculating animal with a *flair* for rationalization and a loyalty to his origin that has made life difficult for him. There is no getting away from Spirit; no separation into departments of life, where Spirit is more conserved by one specialized form than another. Man never has been satisfied to grow away from what he conceives to be his origin, and what he believes, in face of every denial or doubt, to be his end and re-beginning. This book is a strict rationalization of what is. A logical development of thought from Bergson's "Creative Evolution" is clear. It will be a comfort to those who know intuitively that Pure Spirit is the beginning and the end, but who are not able to make powerful use of this intuition in a world bent upon utilitarian progress. "Creative Freedom" does provide a spring-board for creative thinking. For convenience I quote its thesis: "Humanity is Pure Spirit, self-projected as the creative impetus into the environment of matter, seeking self-creative progress by means of utilitarian productivity." This is a fair statement of life originating in spirit, and coming now after ages and ages of evolving processes, to the understanding that matter is not matter; that it is, on the contrary, immateriality, and that we have Spirit on our hands to deal with, after all.

Mr. Mason rationalizes the processes. It is difficult to summarize his opinions because his terms are used in an uncommon sense, and it requires close attention to avoid the conventional philosophic and general scientific connotations. For example, Extinction as a pre-beginning, is quite clear in Mr. Mason's mind and in my own; but he uses the term to mean, not annihilation so much as a disintegration of parts. We cannot easily conceive of pre-beginning, and when it comes to Pure Spirit no one can define it. That is why there have been so many man-created gods.

Let me try to report what I understand Mr. Mason to think. He postulates Pure Spirit as a device by which Extinction is avoided. Everything begins in Pure Spirit, and he believes that this is also Absolute Freedom: that is, the first and only deterministic factor there has been in life was the choice by Pure Spirit, that human evolution should be through self-creative freedom.

In other words: here was deliberate choice. Pure Spirit could have determined that life should consciously remain within a spiritual envelope, without power to create spontaneously, certainly without power to create on self-deceptive hypotheses. The creative impetus projected itself into an environment of matter, and convinced itself that life was an

obstacle-race to subdue matter—to what? It is not very clear. Now matter is turning out to be anything else we choose to call it, but certainly not matter as we have defined it since the self-creating impulse appeared. The breaking-up of the atom, the change of energy into something else, the fact that we are confronted with pure motion, is disconcerting to any theory of materiality and of progress in terms of utilitarian productivity. It all becomes a side issue, and a conviction that we have thrust life into a false battle is irresistible.

Accepting Mr. Mason's beginning as Pure Spirit, and our present knowledge, that matter is not matter, where do we go from here? How rationalize the tragic battle we have waged in behalf of an erroneous conception of life? It is cruel to say that Mr. Mason's argument makes us out complete fools, and it is desolating to consider that the only deterministic factor there was projected us into a useless struggle.

Mr. Mason would not agree with this. He accepts the theory that persistence itself and all good things, come from the obstacle-race view. This seems childish. To suppose that life could not persist, could find nothing worth its living, except in a cosmic struggle, based on a misconception, is to do violence to one's faith in Pure Spirit. Mr. Mason is not a passionate writer. But he has drawn a picture to rend one's soul in the gradual dissociation of man from spirit, and the rise of self-consciousness far beyond what slight prods sub-consciousness could offer to remind him of his spiritual origin. That this is the "Fall," known to religious thought as the sinful reparation from God, is clear. The book would be worth careful reading if only for this one terrible declension written out with a lack of passion admirable for its temperateness.

## What of the Future?

WHITHER ENGLAND? By LEON TROTSKY. New York: International Publishers. 1925. \$1.75.

WHITHER RUSSIA? Towards Capitalism or Socialism. By LEON TROTSKY. New York: International Publishers. 1926. \$1.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM MACDONALD

NO two books could be more unlike than these two studies, but together they afford a striking illustration of Trotsky's intellectual powers, his versatility, and the analytical qualities of his mind. Nowhere has he plunged his pen deeper into the gall-pot than in the volume devoted to the future of England. For that the subject, at least as he treats it, offers some incitement. The England whose future he undertakes to forecast is not an England enmeshed in problems of trade, or manufacture, or debt, or empire, or political alliances and defense, all combining to indicate, with more or less precision, the road along which progress or decay must go. Instead, we have the England of the Labor party, and it is against the program and spirit of the party, blind, credulous, and superficial in leadership as well as ideals, trying to fend off an inescapable future of imagining that it can eat its cake and have it too, that Trotsky launches a vitriolic attack.

What stirs him to combat is, at bottom, the attitude of the British Labor party toward revolution. As he sees it, the party is deluding itself by imagining that a socialist state may in some way be realized without open collision with the forces of capitalism. That hope he believes to be vain, not only because capitalism is too strong, too well organized, and possessed of too much solidarity to yield without a fight, but also because historically a revolution appears to be the only process by which fundamental changes in the social order are likely to be brought about. Witness the American Civil War, without which slavery and its political and other accomplishments would not have been overthrown, or the seventeenth century Civil War in England, which established the supremacy of a bourgeois society through the agency of Cromwell and his Ironsides. Evolution may produce certain changes, some of which may be beneficent, but the inherent evils of the capitalist order will disappear only when the proletariat shall have arisen and forcibly destroyed them root and branch.

Why, then, Trotsky asks, do the Ramsay MacDonalds, the Webbs, the Thomases and Hendersons, the Snowdens and Mrs. Snowdens, upon each and all of whom he empties the vials of his disdain, keep on mouthing foolishness and calling it socialism?



It is because none of these leaders of the toiling masses is really a socialist, or is willing at heart to pay the price at which the future which they profess to desire is really to be attained. They are Protestants and Liberals, not atheists and radicals. Their Protestantism, traditional, sentimental, and a bit oily, creates an intellectual obsession which prevents them from seeing the world as it is, while their Liberalism (the term is used throughout in a political sense) amounts to nothing more than dissent from certain excesses of the capitalist régime. One gathers that Trotzky, if he had to choose, would prefer the British Conservatives on grounds of moral respectability, since they at least know what they believe and are ready, if need be, to fight for it; but for the Liberals, with their wavering notions about everything, and their confidence that if a somewhat larger number of people would be a little more generous and honest, all would work out for the best in the best of all possible worlds, he has no use whatever.



Politically and economically, in other words, British Labor appears to him as a blind aggregation led by the blind, and in due time both will fall into the ditch. The trade unions, indeed, are not to be wholly despised, and as transitional institutions something may be said for them, but it is not through trade unionism that salvation is to come to the proletariat. The hope of the masses is in communism, and while Trotzky does not look for an early revolution in England, he has nevertheless a large and sublime confidence in the ability of the few thousand Communists already present to leaven the proletarian lump. When the inevitable revolution comes, the Labor party, repudiated by the proletariat, will be found allied with the Conservatives and such Liberals as may have survived, and the complete overthrow of what is left of Labor will become as necessary to social emancipation as was the overthrow of Czarists, Mensheviks, and intellectuals in Russia.

It would be idle to criticize the conclusion, since to do so would merely be to tilt with communism as a theory of society and with revolution as a necessity of social change. The two main points of Trotzky's argument, on the other hand, rest upon debatable ground. There can be no doubt whatever that communism, or any form of socialism that evolving communism will tolerate, if ever it is to be set up in England, will be established there only by means of a violent revolution; and since capitalism, as Trotzky himself points out, is aware of the danger, it may be counted upon to resist to the last ditch a movement that would destroy it. There can also be little doubt that the program of British Labor has drifted far from what, a generation ago, would have been recognized as socialism, and that the policies of British Labor leaders would today be better described as Liberalism affected with a socialist interest. It may be admitted that such compromises accord very well with the British habit of "muddling through," but they do not lead in the direction in which Trotzky believes that England must ultimately go.



In turning from England to Russia, Trotzky essays a different task and adopts a different tone. What he undertakes to do here is to show that the new economic policy against which so much criticism has been directed is not only working successfully, and in the main in the precise way in which it was expected to work, but that it is also steadily weaning Russia from the last traces of capitalism and transforming it into a veritable socialist state. The basis of the exposition is the elaborate study, available as yet only in incomplete form but of the highest value as far as it goes, which the State Planning Commission has made of the economic condition of Russia in the years 1923-25 in comparison with 1913, together with the calculations of the Commission for 1925-26. The limitations of space do not admit even a summary of the many details presented, and the reader who wishes to check Trotzky's argument point by point must be referred to the statistics themselves, which are printed in full in an appendix. Two or three general conclusions, however, are entitled to be stated.

Taking the economic life of Russia as a whole, Trotzky makes it reasonably clear that the process of rehabilitation and transformation has made tremendous strides, and that the policy of state control, in many departments at least, may fairly be said to

have been justified. If there be a weakness in his argument, it is in the confidence which he everywhere expresses that the state-controlled program of production for 1925-26, which calls for further expansion in more or less fixed ratios, will be fully realized, and in the assumption that what has been true of the immediate past will be true also in the longer future. A second point is the frank admission that the mass of the Russian peasantry have still to be assimilated into the new economic system, and that there must, accordingly, continue to be for some time a marked contrast between socialized industry and trade and socialized agriculture. A third point, and the one most likely to be seized upon with avidity by those to whom most things Russian are anathema, is the recognition of the present superiority of capitalist to socialist production. "The fundamental economic superiority of bourgeois states consists," writes Trotzky, "in the fact that capitalism, *for the present*, still produces cheaper and better goods than socialism. . . . The productivity of labor in the countries that are still living in accordance with the law of inertia of the old capitalist civilization is *for the present* still considerably higher than in that country which is beginning to apply socialist methods under conditions of inherited barbarism." The problem of Russia, as Trotzky sees it, is to develop quality and speed as well as quantity, and to prevent an inroad of capitalism by controlling foreign trade through a policy of protection.

Whatever one thinks of the author or his ideas, these books are worth reading. The first is a brilliant piece of merciless dissection, bristling with epithets and ruthless characterizations, and a first-rate exhibition of political hectoring such as British audiences enjoy. The second is a strong and well-buttressed defense of an economic system which, whether better or worse than those of other nations, seems clearly to have passed successfully its experimental stage as far as productive industry is concerned.

## On a Turkish Screen

MEMOIRS OF HALIDÉ EDIB. New York: The Century Co. 1926. \$4.

Reviewed by HELEN MCAFEE

ON making the acquaintance of an Oriental country, a Westerner (if I may generalize from my own experience) is likely to pass through three stages. The first impression is of obvious strangeness—the strange smells and sounds and colors of the scene, the strange masks and talk of the moving crowds. Then follows a recognition of the similarities underlying the unfamiliar surfaces, the inevitable reassurance, which comes with the disengaging of individuals from the mass, that human nature is pretty much the same the world over. But as time goes on, this sense of security is permeated by disturbing presentiments—presentiments of the unknown always lying just around the corner from the known, in the tricks of speech, the habits of thought, the native music; and in a different form the mood of mystery returns—to stay.

Some such threefold initiation awaits the reader of Halidé Hanum's Memoirs. For this book is more than a projection of a personality; it is a projection of the last quarter-century of Turkish life. In the opening chapters, with all the clues that the author lavishly furnishes, one's imagination has to be constantly strained to get any sort of picture of the Turkish household of her childhood—a household of well-to-do, intelligent people, with its almost barbaric servants and its numerous relatives, half-relatives, non-relatives—uncles, cousins, wives, and "palace ladies," dropping in and out of the loose patriarchal organization; with its characteristically nomadic removes at frequent intervals back and forth across Bosphorus from one many-windowed, wistaria-covered house to another; its Anatolian folk-songs, its Oriental ceremonies, its consultations with the Peris. Gradually there emerges a consciousness of three dominant persons, one in each generation—the good-hearted, simple-minded grandmother, a rather fine lady of the old school, a pious Mohammedan doubtful of all things European; her son the titular if not the actual head of the family, an official of the imperial system of Abdul Hamid, and a great admirer of Western ways to the extent of wishing his small daughter to wear English serge and eat solid English food; and this small daughter, Halidé herself.

The child grew up in the two half-worlds of the modern Near East. Nourished on the ballads and

legends of the country, taken by her grandmother when she was ill to Arzié Hanum, the sorceress, pulled this way and that by the cross-currents of a polygamous family, she was sent first to a Greek school and then to the American Woman's College. Her education was further extended under a well-known Turkish writer and then under an eminent mathematician, who later became the head of the chief boys' school in Constantinople, and whom she was to marry at an early age.

This training, so unusual for a Turkish girl of the time, was the preparation, as it turned out, for a very unusual career—a literary career, bound up—as everything in the Near East is bound up—with politics, and rising to notable public service. (Its culminating years coincident with the Nationalist revival of which Halidé Hanum was a moving spirit, reserved perhaps for a later volume, are not recorded here.) But though its outlines may be familiar enough to Western readers, it was not a Western career.



Fired by the enthusiasm of the Revolution of 1908, Halidé Hanum came out in the press and in public meetings as a champion of a broader life for Turkish women and a better understanding among the races of the empire. Consequently when, a few months later, a counter-revolution set in, she found herself, still in her early twenties, condemned to death by the reactionary Abdul Hamid, forced to seek refuge in the American College, and then to flee with her two small sons to Egypt. With the dethronement of the hated tyrant, she returned to Constantinople to find her husband about to take a second wife, and as her early life had not predisposed her to polygamy, she withdrew from his home and divorced him. Under the impact of these crushing events, her health, never robust, broke down, but she gathered together her energies—like many Orientals of slight, even delicate, physique, she has always been capable of remarkable bursts of energy—and wrote a series of novels and sketches that gave her an enviable reputation among her countrymen. One of them, "The Shirt of Flame," has recently been published in English. She also interested herself in education and was instrumental in reorganizing the normal school for women teachers in Stamboul, in founding clubs, and generally in promoting the modernization of Turkey and the amelioration of the condition of Eastern women. Her various efforts brought her into close relation before the war with the most intelligent members of the international community in Constantinople and also with the leaders of the Union and Progress party in power at that time and later—the ministers Talaat Pasha and Djemal Pasha, and such publicists as Dr. Riza Tewfik and Djavid Bey, editor of the chief Turkish newspaper.

Something of an internationalist at the outset, the experiences of the Tripolitan, Balkan, and World Wars drove her, as they drove other Turks, into a militant nationalism, but she has preserved a breadth of view that few of her compatriots have achieved. Though she does not mention the fact, she has had her two sons educated at an American university. And the last chapters of her book telling of her work during the World War in organizing the pitiful orphan schools of Syria, show her still struggling to maintain a humane and liberal spirit in days when good patriots everywhere were hard put to it to hold on to their common humanity.

The book is full of opinions—literary, social, political—reflecting the author's many-sided life. There are hot attacks on polygamy, religious bigotry, hypocritical statecraft, and, as might be expected, on those whom she considers, rightly or wrongly, the enemies of her people. But there are also unexpectedly generous words for some from whose principles she dissents. The latter part of the book, covering the period from 1911 on, will of course, like other war memoirs, be subject to the revision of history. Here Americans will often disagree with the author's judgments—though in all honesty they should remind themselves as they do so that they know next to nothing about the Near East and its peoples.

Halidé Hanum should have several laps of her career still ahead of her, and one need not be a prophet to predict that it will continue to be a picturesque and a stormy one, for she is an ardent patriot and a fearless fighter. When Turkish fortunes were at their lowest after the war, she was