Hamid's heavy hand. He maintained an intellectual and artistic salon, and there among the grey-beards and grown-ups, she, a child, met young writers and musicians, some of the leading men of the day, and men destined to play a dominant part in the latter phases of Turkey in the world war, and after. He was a man whose charming simplicity knew no distinction of age. In his salon she met Riza Tewfik. It was this philosopher, an Arabic and Persian scholar, an admirer of Herbert Spencer, who opened out to the young girl the philosophical and mystical beauty of Persian literature, and introduced her to the English and French classics. Much later they drifted apart on political grounds, and eventually they completely separated when he passed over with Ferid Pasha to the enemies of the Unionist Government which Halide Edib passionately admired. Halide remarks that she does not so much deplore his government's condemning her to death, as the unhappy fate which made him the instrument to sign the Treaty of Sèvres, which was destined to destroy Turkey. A generous woman!

The story closes with the curtain falling on the Ottoman Empire and its last representatives, the Unionists. Halide Edib reserves for another tale the opening of the new era, the rise of Kemal Pasha and his and her own part in the creation of the new Turkey.

Of the westernising process under the dynamic Kemal Pasha she knows a good deal. She participated in Kemal's battles with the Greeks in Asia Minor, and was one of his first ministers at the new capital of the new Turkish Government. But this book only takes her life up to her departure from the Arab lands—where she had been doing educational work—for Constantinople, at the end of the world war. It was during the latter period that she married Dr. Adnam, her second husband, a brilliant physician destined to become a personage in the Kemalist group, and so began a new phase of her strange and varied career.

C. P. T.

Form and Content

By NAOMI ROYDE-SMITH.

Wives and Celebrities. By Helen Granville Barker. (Collins. 7s. 6d.)

Sir Pompey and Madame Juno. By Martin Armstrong. (Jonathan Cape. 7s. 6d.)

Blue Magic. By Roy Devereux. (Crosby Lockwood. 7s. 6d.)

The Misses Mallet. By E. H. Young. (Jonathan Cape. 7s. 6d.)

Two axioms of the business man's guide to success in the management of literature I can never quite accept. One is that the plays of Shakespeare cannot be made to pay on the West End stage; the other that there is no public for books of short stories or for novels written in letters.

With the first of these opinions I may not quarrel here, but the second is to a certain degree disproved in practice by the publication of Mrs. Granville Barker's *Wives and Celebrities;* Mr. Martin Armstrong's *Sir Pompey and Madame Juno,* and Mrs. Devereux's *Blue Magic*: two of them volumes of short stories, the third a novel told in the letters that pass between the characters it portrays.

Mrs. Granville Barker's book has a unity of theme which makes it almost as good as a novel from the point of view of the reader who is more interested in the content than the form. Mrs. Moganstern, the powerful, mysterious English Jewess by whose hands the fortunes of young painters are formed socially as well as financially sets the note of the whole book in the first story.

> "Would a rich wife be a good thing for John? . . . the only important thing was that she shouldn't hinder John in his career . . . His marriage would make the danger from pretty, silly women less, but would it give him more time to work? . . . Sylvia might even develop an eager snobbishness. What greater curse for an artist?"

So throughout the book: sometimes it is the husband who, in the eyes of friends, is thwarting the wife's vocation, as Hobart Gable, the American financier, thwarts his Louisa's genius for astronomical research, or as Ellery Acton the old romantic actor thwarts, in his retired age, the delicate gift for life and art of Manuela. Sometimes again it is the wife, and once a real sympathy between the famous man and the woman he has married is shown.

The book is wise, witty, full of observation and of that particular knowledge of civilised art—that sense of the past—which distinguishes the sensitive and educated American mind. Its fault lies in the author's inability to resist her own cultured enthusiasms. She overcrowds the material backgrounds against which the portraits of souls are drawn. It is a generous fault, and to some people it will make her book valuable as a collector's notes are valuable: but it gives to the whole work the general effect of being the work of a gifted amateur who has not learnt the art of selecting.

No greater contrast to Mrs. Granville Barker's crowded tales could be offered than the sparse severity of Mr. Martin Armstrong's keen and finished sketches. *Wives and Celebrities* interests because of its content; the tales in *Sir Pompey and Madame Juno* depend almost entirely on the restraint with which Mr. Armstrong pours enough, but only just enough, nectar into the fine well-balanced goblets he devises for his bitter or sparkling draught. We sip each tiny stimulant and pass on, not quite satisfied, to the next tasting. Very few of these delightful experiences need a second sampling. But "The Novice" will bear re-reading and "Aunt Hetty" is a masterpiece of the twist in the tail that makes the success of a certain type of sardonic joke.

Blue Magic is written in letters; and I may as well confess that from the day when I finished "Humphry Clinker" until now, I have found any novel written in letters good. There is "The Etchingham Letters"; there is *Lettres écrites de Lausanne;* there are all the best novels of Mr. E. V. Lucas, and now there is *Blue Magic.* Mrs. Devereux has grouped together letters from, to, and about Barbara Scott-Rendel, a woman dramatist who is both lovely, beloved and successful. We know by their own showing how Barbara is admired by her friends, adored by her lovers and hated by her

critical scrutiny. He follows the well-known device of erecting a man of straw in order to knock him down. His attack is directed against what he calls "traditional sociology" whatever that may be, and he takes no trouble at all to inquire into the possibilities of sociology as it has been worked out by such representative thinkers as Prof. Hobhouse and Prof. McIver. Had he done so, he would surely have found that his strictures had hardly any relevance at all as against what they call sociology. In fact Dr. Catlin's definition of Politics as the science which deals with "the relations of individuals to each other in society, regarded in respect of the relationship itself" comes very near the definitions given by the two authors referred to, of Sociology. It is true that Dr. Catlin in his actual procedure limits his inquiry to one type of social relationship, namely that which arises out of the domination of one will by another, but even if such an extremely abstract inquiry prove fruitful, which remains to be seen, that will not remove the need for further inquiries into the nature of other types of social relationship with the object of obtaining a view of social life as a whole, and that is precisely the object of sociology.

We may next consider the nature of the dominant tendency which is supposed to inspire the "political man." This is none other than the familiar will to power, or, more accurately, the striving to avoid or assert control. It is greatly to be regretted that Dr. Catlin has nowhere in his book given an analysis of what he understands either by self-assertion or by will. In a sense, assertiveness is not in most men a specific tendency. Everything that the individual does is a mode of his self-assertion or expression. Similarly it may be doubted whether in most men there is a generalised will to power. Rather is there the tendency of every impulse of the mind to seek manifestation. Assertiveness in general, willing in general seem empty notions upon which to base a whole political theory. If some single motive is to be chosen as a starting point, it would be much more plausible to start with the social impulse in the widest sense, which may be described as the tendency to seek and give response, to crave relationships with others.

Much the same criticism may be directed against Dr. Catlin's treatment of will in relation to the State. He seems to think that Politics is concerned with willing quite independently of what is willed. But he nowhere considers the nature of a public or general will. Had he done so he must surely have found that the attempt to interpret the general will must be directed not upon the process of willing but upon the objects willed. It is only by means of a consideration of the nature of a common purpose or a common good that means can be found for reconciling wills in conflict and securing a harmonious satisfaction of impulse. In other words the study of institutions must necessarily be a study of their functions. This is not to say that Politics should be confused with Ethics. On the contrary the two studies should be kept apart as Dr. Catlin rightly urges. But a study of the "will that wills nothing in particular" is hardly likely to be profitable.

A Woman of Turkey

Memoirs of Halide Edib. (John Murray. 21s.)

Halide Edib Hanum, poet, writer, educationalist, is a remarkable woman. She is remarkable both in herself and because her story is told against the background of the Turkish world of the last forty years, and is wound up with the intimate history of Turkey since the rise of the Young Turk Party. The period is that during which the forces of Westernisation have been making a turbulent entrance upon a widely different civilisation. Halide Hanum saw the clash of the two tendencies.

When she was a child Abdul Hamid was in the full swing of his violent reaction against the Tanzimat movement. All the great leaders of the Young Turk movement had fled or been strangled in the dungeons of Taif. The sultan was supreme. The constitutional revolution of 1908 Halide Edib saw as a young wife in her home by the sea at Antigore. The reaction, with its toil of anarchy, blood and death—the slaughter of Young Turks in the streets, the Armenian massacres in Adana—caused her husband to pack her off to Egypt with her small sons for safety. On her return she wrote articles on education and took up teaching work in the girls' college. Then she divorced her husband, who, after nine years, had succumbed to polygamy. "My foolish heart nearly broke," she writes. "I think the women of Turkey must be more used to divorce nowadays, for one hears little of broken hearts in the many divorce cases that now take place there." Her husband was Salih Ziki Bey. He was an intellectual aristocrat, who had been her mathematical teacher. He wrote her long and serious letters on philosophical subjects when she went back to college. She married him a year later, when she graduated.

> "We had a delightful apartment with a lovely view in Sultan Tepe. We furnished and prepared it together. No little Circassian slave bought from the slave-market at the lowest price could have entered upon our common life in such an obedient spirit as I did."

Polygamy and its results had an ugly and distressing impression on her childhood. She describes the tension in her home, a tension which made every simple family ceremony complicated and painful.

> "The rooms of the wives were opposite each other, and my father visited them by turns. When it was Teize's turn everyone in the house showed a tender sympathy to Abla, while when it was her turn nobody heeded the obvious grief of Teize . . . The wives never quarrelled, and they were always extremely polite, but one felt a deep and mutual hatred accumulating in their hearts, to which they gave vent only when each was alone with father. He wore the look of a man who was getting more than his just punishment now. Finally he took to having a separate room, where he usually sat alone."

Halide Edib had but a brief period of youth and freedom. She grew old in mind early. She went to college, had English governesses, but the influences which played upon her young mind were more profound than these. There was the mathematician, whom she married. There was Houry Bey. Their friendship began when she was seven, and he sixty. He was one of the founders of the Young Turk movement, who had somehow escaped Abdul