

corps commander would be present and give the orders. The army commander does not have army corps in his pocket to give away, it is the Minister of War who has that prerogative. It is ridiculous to suppose that the adjutant of a regiment would introduce himself to the general of his division, particularly to a general like Assolant who was everywhere. Assolant would not have been a general if he had thought wire in depth could be cut by occasional shells. It takes one thousand shells from a 75 to cut a fifteen meter lane.

The chief question which enters my mind, however, is why the author chose the incident from the French army. It is perfectly well known that similar incidents occurred in all armies. Was it due to any animosity for the French or merely because more publicity attended the French affair? If it be for the latter reason, then the lie is apparently given to the old phrase, "They order these things better in France."

The reading of Mr. Cobb's book will do far more to condemn war than will any amount of peace propaganda launched by the various associations endowed for the purpose. It should be read not for the horror of the single incident but for the inherent obscenity of war as a whole.

Captain Cohn was in the French service from the outbreak of the war and is now, as he says, "in the much more hazardous occupation" of book selling.

Mr. Duranty on the European Situation

EUROPE: WAR OR PEACE? By Walter Duranty. World Affairs Pamphlet, No. 7. Foreign Policy Association & World Peace Foundation. 1935. 50 cents.

TO outline the multitude of factors which govern the diplomatic pulse of Europe is a task requiring a clinical insight in matters of state. Mr. Duranty has already demonstrated his capacity to analyze the affairs of one nation: his skill does not fail him in dealing with a continent, so that from a welter of historical, geographic, legal, and economic data he has distilled a coherent view of the purposes and positions of the nations involved.

It is possible to disagree, in point of detail, with some of the author's statements, such as that Great Britain has abandoned her traditional "balance of power" policy or that the League of Nations "was paved with good intentions." Some of his analogies from history are confused, and a few of the economic facts which he cites do not necessarily entail the consequences he implies. Yet the monograph is essentially restrained and concise, admirably adapted to afford important information to the general reader, and absolutely accurate in its description of the political alignments which have developed since Hitler's rise to power.

No Place for a White Man

SOUTHEAST OF ZAMBOANGA. By Vic Hurley. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1935. \$3.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

M. R. HURLEY, track-team captain at the University of Oregon, Class of '23, decided, after a brief bout with a prosaic job, to chuck it all and go down to a spot on the Southern Pacific map and raise cocoanuts. The dot on the map was Zamboanga, which is on the Philippine island of Mindanao, some five hundred miles south of Manila, and the homestead which Hurley and his friend staked out in the grass-country was some distance southeast of that.

Literal Robinson Crusoe pioneering is a tough enough job in the best of places, and Hurley seems to have picked about the worst. It was no place for a white man without capital or some sort of help and backing beyond his own hands. Everything was against him—malaria, snakes, more or less hostile Moros—and nothing with him except a romantic

dream of life in the tropics, which blew up before he had his shack built, and his own Yankee pride and stubbornness.

He slogged along for a year or so and then pulled out, bush-whipped, broken by dysentery and malaria, and glad to quit. His discharge from the hospital brought him a new life in which he more or less made his original dream come true. He worked three years for a coconut corporation and spent three more on a rubber plantation. But that was with a big company behind him and in a screened bungalow with tiled bathroom and electric lights—much the sort of life led by young Americans working for the United Fruit Company, for instance, in their banana plantations in Central America. The Robinson Crusoe sort of thing is quite another matter and the value of Hurley's story lies in its accurate reporting of just what that sort of thing is or may be like.

The Cotobato grass-country isn't jungle in the popular sense of the word but it was jungley enough. At night Hurley would go out with a flash-lamp and shoot at the eyes which glared at his little shack

from every side. After he had shot, he might find a big cat of some sort, or a deer or wild pig, or maybe a big python would come flopping down out of a tree. Snakes of all sorts, poisonous or constrictors, seem to have been all over the place. The grass was full of rats at night and the snakes came out to eat the rats. Once, just as he was about to shoot a wild boar from a tree, a big python suddenly reached down from a neighboring tree and grabbed the boar. Hurley fired into the writhing mass and both pig and snake disappeared into the bush before he could get down to them. Another time, in the

same tree, he looked down to see a deadly little ringed snake crawling across his leg. He shows a photograph of a big python with a bump in his middle. The bump, when the python was cut open, turned out to be a partially digested deer.

He woke up one morning on his cot to see a seven-inch centipede crawling over his chest. The centipede nestled for a time in his armpit, while Hurley scarcely breathed, and then skittered away again. The

river was full of crocodiles, which, in these parts, seem to forage even out into open sea-water. And when climate, animals, and loneliness had pretty well got his nerves, he turned his flash-lamp one night on a pair of Moros, spears drawn back, glaring into his shack window. Firearms are forbidden to the natives, Hurley had a small arsenal, and the Moros were doubtless looking for guns although they said they were making a friendly call. The experience still further shook his nerves. Snakes and rats ate his chickens, monkeys pulled up his corn, and the coconut trees didn't grow. It turned out that there wasn't any subsoil water. The life might have been more bearable if Hurley had gone native to the extent of taking on a woman or two, to help about the place and give him some companionship—for his partner quit long before he did—but although there are frequent rather coy references to this subject, he seems to have remained by his wild lone.

The book is easy reading. Max Miller, the "I Cover The Waterfront" man, a class-mate of Hurley's, adds an introduction.



PAGAN FAMILY OF MINDANAO
From "Southeast of Zamboanga."

The Picture of a Character

CATHERINE: THE PORTRAIT OF AN EMPRESS. By Gina Kaus. New York: The Viking Press. 1935. \$3.50.

Reviewed by KATHARINE ANTHONY

FRAU GINA KAUS bases her biography of Empress Catherine on a spiritual kinship which exists between herself and her subject. She brings her personal sympathy to bear on Catherine's character. Banned by the Nazis in recent years, Frau Kaus has no doubt added much to her understanding of a woman who repudiated her nationality and made a great career for herself.

In a volume of nearly four hundred pages, she tells the story of Catherine's life from the cradle to the grave. If less time and space is given to her girlhood than might be expected, more time and space is correspondingly given to the mother under whose dominant and overshadowing personality Catherine's girlhood was passed. The relation portrayed between the boy and girl lovers shows keen appreciation of all its values, especially those which lead to alienation and feud. A definitely neurotic Peter emerges on the canvas instead of the monster of low mentality so often painted. Catherine herself develops dramatic vividness first at the point where the young couple are practically incarcerated by the despotic empress. Her courage, her strength, her growing responsibility form a striking contrast to the increasing weakness of Peter's temperament. In this drama of adolescent hatred the book is at its best,

for the subject is evidently approached with feeling. The characters who later enter into Catherine's life, especially Orlov and Potemkin, are somewhat more confused; but by this time politics have thickened around them and great tides of history sweep across the scene obscuring the most prominent individuals. Their portraits hardly manage to stand clear of the mass of obstreperous detail.

All the familiar dramatic episodes of Catherine the Great's life confront us. We see her passing through a painful religious conversion, for Catherine was a child of the Protestant Reformation and even at fourteen turned her back on its tenets only by a supreme effort. We see her as a solitary princess, guarded by ignoramuses, reading Bayle and Montesquieu, and replacing her lost faith by the free-thought of the Encyclopædists. We see her extraordinary endurance in childbirth, her heartbroken weeping for her father's death, her dramatic trial for treason by the empress and her lone-handed defense. Out of these tests and tribulations, victoriously surmounted, the quiet, determined leader of a revolution is born. She rides out before us, a demure matron, at the head of a noisy and badly organized following, to seize a monarch's throne. The amazing ability of this woman, who stood head and shoulders above the men and women about her confounds us anew in this portrait, as it never fails to do. The full-length figure combines many Catherine's in one: the philosopher, one of the powerful potentates in Europe, and the weak, loving slave.



CATHERINE THE GREAT

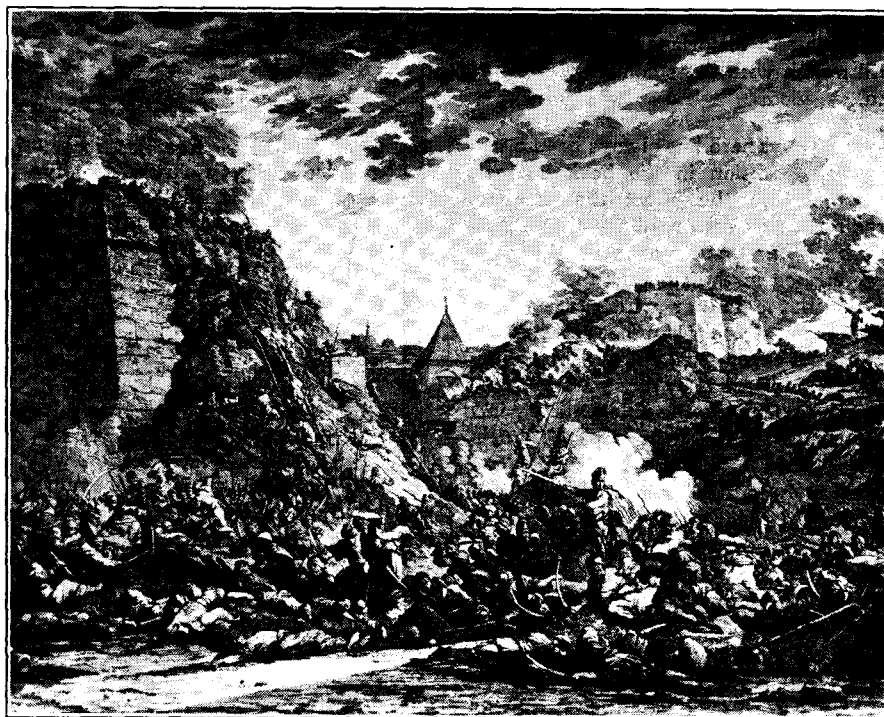
Frau Kaus, who brings modern psychology to the aid of her task, has been a practising psychologist for a number of years. She is an adherent of the Adlerian school which places especial emphasis on the inferiority complex and the masculine protest. The theory suits the ambitious career of a woman like Catherine the Great, but it cannot be applied too rigorously. It fails, for instance, in the puzzling sexual developments of Catherine's later life, when, with every ambition satisfied, she still seeks hungrily for love. Why this woman, with all her gifts and powers, could not retain just one of the men who loved her beside her to the grave instead of casting herself at the end on the mercies of a gigolo, is a question no theory seems to answer. Perhaps it is one of those profound human tragedies before which one must always stand sorrowful and amazed.

Among the many biographies of Catherine the Great, the recent one by Miss Anthony ranks among the best.

An Attack on Science

THE FRUSTRATION OF SCIENCE. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1935. \$2.

SINCE nothing is safe from attack it was only natural to expect that sooner or later a direct attack would be launched upon science. It has been done before, and in a key similar to this but perhaps not so effectually. "The Frustration of Science" is a concentrated offense by seven British essayists, a phalanx of seven horsemen charging against the center. Others have criticized science not so much for what it has done as for what it has not done; these seven essayists go a step further in citing mainly the destructive uses to which the handiwork of science is put—especially during war time. The greatest value of their book is as a stimulus to closer study of definite problems.



THE STORMING OF OCHAKOV

Engraving by A. Bartsch, from "Catherine: the Portrait of an Empress."