

settlement of the Dardanelles question, the Balkan embroglio, the proposed internationalisation of the Suez Canal, the Straits of Gibraltar and the Panama Canal? A declaration of America's purpose on those points, these critics to the contrary notwithstanding, would be as disastrous as it would be unworthy of our statesmanship.

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There are two outstanding reasons for our silence on our detailed war aims:

Principles	in the first place, any
Only	American interference in the aspirations of our allies would arouse

a storm of contention among them and would lead to a "separate peace" opening for Germany's ubiquitous propaganda, while at the same time it would give opportunity for argument in this country, possibly rising to a bitter pitch, that would undermine our patriotism and lessen our war efficiency; then in the second place such a recital of war aims would be absolutely impossible, for we neither understand the European conflict of interests nor is it our business to do so. We are in this war for principle—peace and the rights of individual human beings—and the first and greatest obstacle to the recognition and establishment of these ideals is the German dynastic state. Imperial Germany and all that it implies of aggression in the acquisition and usufruct of domain and peoples must go—that is our job for the present, and we must co-operate with our allies until our combined effectiveness has completed the task.

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This decision—that Imperial Germany must go—is the only consistent logic that has for its objective a world-order of peace. A very careful study, arriving at this conclusion, is made by Professor Veblen in his latest book, *On the Nature of Peace*. The German dynastic establishment, Professor Veblen points out, is by its very nature aggressive and greedy for domain and so will forever

contain a latent power for mischief. Given such a system in working order, side by side with nations whose essential spirit is pacifist while their national honour remains intact, there are three possible courses of action leading to peace. First, there is a possible submission to German domination—a course that might result in an increase of creature comforts but would never satisfy the psychological needs of Western peoples. Second, there is the peace of neutrals that would mean a league of the rest of the world combined against Germany with the necessary resultant of competitive armaments between the two world-orders—nothing more nor less than an accentuated "balance of power" scheme which wrecked the world in 1914 and which affords a solution that those who have the best interests of mankind at heart can never tolerate. There remains, according to Professor Veblen, only the "elimination of the unfit." That "a lasting peace is possible on no other terms than the disestablishment of the Imperial dynasty and the abrogation of all feudalistic remnants of privilege in the Fatherland and its allies, together with the reduction of those countries to the status of commonwealths made up of ungraded men," is the conclusion of a most interesting, sound and stimulating study of the present world-order (or rather world-disorder) and what may come of it.

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Pistols for Two is a little booklet written by one Owen Hatteras that although privately printed seems to have permeated the various literary strata "about town." It purports to give a detailed and somewhat pithy and spicy account of the intimate habits, customs and manners (or lack of them) of two of earth's curious creatures, by name H. L. Mencken and George Jean Nathan. These two gentlemen, who withal conduct the *Smart Set* magazine, appear to be accomplished in divers ways, but along no line so eminently successful as in their disregard

of the minor inhibitions arising from those little social amenities and conventions whereby the lives and conduct of lesser citizens are regulated and to a degree circumscribed. These men belong to that type of intellectual superman for whom the vulgar morality of common usage is as *passé* and unthinkable as would be, say, a hoop skirt for Miss Molla Bjurstedt, the tennis champion. Such intellectual giants are a law unto themselves; that is, they graciously adapt their standards of action to the exigencies of the enterprise in hand with that abounding individualism that reck little of the common weal. These modest conclusions are drawn from Mr. Hatteras's sprightly volume, a modern, strictly American type of burlesque biography that ought to make poor old Boswell turn in his grave for very envy. Regarding the subjects of Mr. Hatteras's observations, it should be admitted that this pair must be as tolerant of others as they are of themselves; for otherwise there might indeed be "pistols for two," not in the duello sense intended, but rather with the warlike enterprise diverted in the direction of the author and publisher of the little volume.

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The publication this month of *Life and Literature*, a third volume in the series of lectures delivered by Lafcadio Hearn to his Japanese pupils, recalls some interesting facts about the man who made these volumes possible. It was through the efforts of Captain Mitchell McDonald of the United States Navy that these lectures were gathered together, for Hearn himself never wrote them out and the only record of them was in the notes taken at the time by Hearn's Japanese scholars. Captain McDonald, as Hearn's literary executor, was fortunate in being able to accumulate a great quantity of these notes, and they are now being edited by Professor Erskine of Columbia and published in book form. As a friend of Lafcadio Hearn, Captain McDonald has a unique memory, for

Hearn was a most difficult, sensitive, distrustful and tactlessly candid man in his personal relationships. His susceptibility to offence, his appalling frankness toward friend and foe alike, his hatred of conventionalities, his morbid distrust confirmed by years of bitter experience, all tended to make friendship with him a perilous, though a precious, gift. But that Hearn was capable of inspiring a genuine and worthy friendship his relations with Captain McDonald prove, and his letters to this friend are among the most human and considerate that he has given us. In January, 1898, Hearn writes from Tokio to Captain McDonald in Yokohama, where the latter was attached as paymaster to the United States Naval Hospital:

I believe those days of mine in Yokohama were the most pleasurable in a pilgrimage of forty-seven years. Such experience will not do for me except at vast intervals. It sends me back to work with much too good an opinion of myself—and that is bad for literary self-judgment. The beneficial result is an offsetting of that morbid condition—that utter want of self-confidence. . . . I not only feel that I ought to do something good, but I am going to do it—with the permission of the gods.

The characteristic shyness of the man, which made him shun anything of the nature of "social functions," appears in this extract:

How to answer your kind suggestions about pulling me out of my shell I don't well know. I like to be out of the shell—but much of that kind of thing could only result in the blue devils. After seeing men like you and the other Guardsman—the dear Doctor—one is beset with a foolish wish to get back into the world which produced you both.

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At present Captain McDonald, with a little accumulation of years since his friendship with Hearn, but as young in spirit as ever, is on active duty in the United States Navy. Recently, in the evenings when his official work was over, he has

Hearn on
How to
Read