As each of these matters is taken up, the approach is from the historic angle—which shows the inherited tradition and erroneous belief connected with these phases of sociology. In each case the proper, or better stated the Ellisian, attitude and understanding of each of the problems is set forth.

Havelock Ellis has said all he is ever going to say. He can now vary his remarks, can indulge in new paradoxes and flash new witticisms, but his mission was completed long ago. The piquant shock is no longer at his command. This fault is not his. The fault lies in the fact that Ellen Key's woman is now with us wearing knickers, bobbing her hair, and discussing sex matters and birth control in defiance of the police. The subject has stepped from the canvas. Galatea has become flesh.

Again in this latest of his works, the essence of Ellis proves to be nothing else but that of the novelists of the Latin languages—the Balzacs, Flauberts, and the Blascos. His publishers tell us that it is his judgment that we need more passion, and that greater happiness in the modern world will come through improvement in knowledge on sex matters and the breaking through sentimentalism and platitudes which sheathe family life. The Latin races learned this long ago. So, too, did the Oriental. This is not to take away from the value of the volume just published. It is stimulating and entertaining, and, oddly enough, though the latest of his efforts, stands as perhaps the best introduction to his whole series of works.

-GABRIEL S. YORKE.

#### JOURNALISTIC NEUROSTHENIA\*

HE civilized world—thereby somewhat egotistically referring to Europe—has been through a four-year upheaval. During that period the ordinary citizen has been very much upset, because he had become so accustomed to certain things that he thought they were permanent. Now he is reminded that nothing is permanent. The ordinary functions of daily life have been changed or stopped; the currencies of European governments have fluctuated; it is difficult to secure passports; railways do not run smoothly across frontiers; trains are sometimes four hours late. Far more serious than all this is the fact that the people of one country have migrated to another country and cannot find a home there or elsewhere. The rich are being despoiled, and the poor are doing better. Government finances are in a bad way, and profiteers are reaping their scavenger harvests.

The truth of the matter is that the world will never go back to where it was in 1914, and no cry of individual writer, nor of peoples, nor of governments, can ever by any chance put it back. Year by year, decade \*"Europe—Whither Bound?" by Stephen Graham. D. Appleton and Co.

by decade, century by century, the world of men—civilization, whatever it may be called—has moved in some direction. That direction may be up or down, left or right, good or bad, in any one person's view; but it has always moved. Between 1914 and 1922 it has moved much faster and much further than usual. Its changes are more evident. Everybody notices them. At other times we did not see the progress. It is easy for everyone to see the changes in this last decade, and therefore it all seems much more dreadful and hopeless. But in reality it is only somewhat quicker and somewhat more evident than ordinarily.

No possible action in the form of legislation, of charity, of the getting together of leading minds, of books by observing journalists, can alter this change, hasten its course, or settle the difficulties. Nothing whatever can do this so quickly, smoothly and effectively as time, if time can be left to itself,

Whenever a Wells or Gibbs, a Graham or Tardieu, writes a book bringing out the tragic details that have resulted from this war he is by just so much keeping alive the terror, the fear, the uncertainty, the lack of courage and of confidence that already exist in the mind of mankind. There is nothing really needed to stabilize crazed currencies, much bestamped passports or the management of hotels to which Mr. Graham devotes so much of his book, as a temporary suspension of travel of any kind. If he would only stay at home and work at some constructive industry, such as farming or manufacturing, or even write constructive books, instead of struggling about Europe in search of scareheads with which everybody may be frightened still more, he would really contribute to the progress of the hour.

It is quite evident that all this calls forth a series of well known remarks of contempt, such as "that is the stupid view of the smug American, who does not come into contact with the critical situation in Europe!" "That is the cheap sluggish view of the small mind!" That is the sentiment of the kind of person who is abhorrent to all intelligent people!"

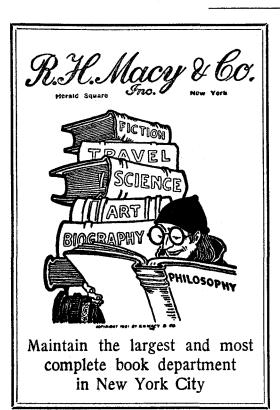
Let us take all such contemptuous remarks in good part. They do not matter. But let us try to remember that the confidence of one man in another, of one nation in another, of one government in another, is the only element that can bring about a situation throughout the world—meaning again throughout Europe—which will make it possible for people to get to work, to lighten thus their own suffering, to start the commercial ball rolling again more smoothly along the new road it must now traverse, to say nothing of a return to those important matters of comfortable travel, easily secured hotel rooms, and the power to change your money without losing in the process.

Let us rest. Let us rest undisturbed for a while. There is no danger for civilization. It is moving on. A great stride ahead has been made by that surgical operation of 1914-18, which cut three festering sores from its body—the rule of the Hohenzollern, the Hapsburg, and the Romanoff

families. Think, in the twentieth century, of any family governing any millions of people even one million! Much has been done; terrific suffering has been caused; but it is fortunate that the operation came when it did, and not a hundred years later. Give the atoms of the body of civilization—the human beings—a chance to settle down after the shock system has sustained. It takes time, but it is time well spent.

All this is a little unfair to Mr. Stephen Graham. He has written a quick-witted sheaf of letters from Constantinople, Athens, Prague, Belgrade, Bucharest, Vienna, London, Paris. They are contemporary and picturesque. He is a skillful writer and a keen observer. What has just been said is not charged against him personally. It is only the thoughts that come to the mind of anyone who recalls the panorama displayed by Gibbon, the theories so clearly set down by Buckle, the vigor that sticks out of the pages of the Bible and the Koran, and the reflections of Confucius. Nothing stays still; everything moves—sometimes relatively slow, sometimes with relative speed. But no life is possible to the human being without faith and hope; no commerce or business is possible without trust and confidence. Faith and hope, trust and confidence have had a bad shock. They must be given a chance to recover; and if our bright intelligent writers keep scaring them, they will recover less speedily.

Lucas Lexow.



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