

SUPPLEMENT

and in Petrograd. He longed to see the Y. M. C. A. do for German soldiers and sailors the work which it did among Americans, and began to try to influence the Emperor to this end some twenty years ago. But the Germans never cared to undertake such work. His interest extended to the Young Women's Association. By his interest and his financial aid, he helped in the development of their work in Japan and India. His large means enabled him not only to give his time, but his money freely for the advancement of the Christian Associations throughout the world. His kindness and thought went out constantly to the secretaries. Many a Y. M. C. A. man received a special check from Mr. Stokes to tide him over a difficult period.

Mr. Stokes was always a most ardent supporter of the Paris and Portland declarations. He suspected theological seminaries. "Some smart young fellows, and others," he wrote to a Northwestern freight conductor, "have decided that the Bible is not quite what it ought to be, and they spend more time finding out what it is not than what it is. . . . I take the ground that if there is no sin, then there is no need of salvation or Saviour; and what is the use of the Young Men's Christian Association, anyhow, in that case?"

This volume consists of a series of tributes by different Y. M. C. A. friends and colleagues. Mr. Stokes merits a real biography.

THE MIRRORS OF DOWNING STREET; THE GLASS OF FASHION; THE MIRRORS OF WASHINGTON

All three published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

When "The Mirrors of Downing Street" was published in London a year ago with its frank and almost cruel pictures of Lloyd George, Lord Fisher, Mr. Asquith, Lord Northcliffe, Mr. Balfour, Lord Kitchener, Lord Robert Cecil, Winston Churchill, Lord Haldane, Lord Leverhulme, and others of this happy family, consternation reigned. Who would dare write these frank words, dissecting these men as with a scalpel? The only clue to the authorship was the words "by a gentleman with a Feather Duster" on the title page. All Britain began guessing, but so far the mystery is unsolved. Perhaps it is fortunate for the author that this is so. We can imagine what Lloyd George might do to him if he discovered him. However, it was someone who had been very close to these men. Next to Mrs. Asquith's autobiography it was the raciest reading of many years.

It was soon followed by "The Glass of Fashion," by the same "Gentleman with a Duster." This book bore the subtitle "Some Social Reflections," whereas "The Mirrors of Downing Street" was "Some Political Reflections." The second book is more scathing than was the first—more merciless in its judgment. The author writes to save the good name of England. The men and women who are at the top, who head the social life, are the men and women by which the unthinking world judges England. They must be scourged for the sake of England, the author says, and he sets out to do it and how he does it! He begins with Colonel Repington and uses the Colonel's diary as a basis. He quotes several passages in which the Colonel gives most astounding pictures of high life in London—some of them disgusting pictures—and asks what is to become of England if this sort of thing goes on among the high and mighty—the "noble," the "aristocracy." He then devotes a chapter to Margot Asquith and the revelation she gives of life in "the nice families" of England. He thinks Margot Asquith worst of all and characterizes her as "The grandmother of The Flapper." "The Flapper" in England has come to mean pretty much the same as "The Vamp" in America. In another chapter he contrasts Margot Asquith, the wife of a Prime Minister with the sweet, gracious, exquisitely ladylike Mrs. Gladstone—and the result is *very convincing*. He is not satisfied with dwelling upon Colonel Repington's follies and Margot Asquith's practises and pictures of high

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life, but he shows the deplorable consequences of their pictures of English society. He quotes several extracts from American and British papers which show how far the influence has gone to the detriment of England and of the progress of civilization. The author finally devotes a large section of this book to "The Other Side" and here we have pictures of the real nobility of England and find the sweetest, loveliest, realest "ladies" in the world. Needless to say that "The Glass of Fashion" has produced almost as great a sensation in England as did "The Mirrors of Downing Street." G. P. Putnam's Sons are to be thanked for publishing them in America.

The example of "The Mirrors of Downing Street" was too infectious to be resisted and now we have "The Mirrors of Washington"—and it is just as good as its illustrious forerunner. It is, of course, anonymous—and, if the writer values his life, it will remain so. For the man chose as his subjects several gentlemen who are not famous for their gentleness or mercy. How he dared write these chapters even anonymously is a wonder. We venture the assertion he is already far from America, sojourning in the heart of Russia or the Caucasus, or some other inaccessible region. He wields a caustic pen and lays bare the weaknesses of our "best minds" as with a scalpel—and yet he is singularly generous where real greatness does exist, as it does in Mr. Wilson. He begins with President Harding, and then takes up the following "statesmen" in order, devoting a chapter to each: "Wilson, Harvey, Hughes, House, Hoover, Lodge, Baruch, Root, Johnson, Knox, Lansing, Penrose, Borah. Why O why did he leave out Mr. Bryan? He does give one lovely pen picture of Mr. Bryan though, in the chapter on Mr. Lansing—and we can see Mr. Bryan starting on the vain warpath, too. Whoever the author of this book is—and we have made one guess—he knows all these men from intimate contact, for the book is written, as was "Downing Street" from the inside. Not a foible of these half-great men escapes him. The ultimate result of the book is to show how lacking America is in really great men—or even near great. With the exception of Mr. Wilson, Mr. House, Mr. Hoover and Mr. Root the men as this book shows them up are all "parochial," "provincial" and hardly know what idealism means. Perhaps the one man in the whole book who receives the kindest treatment and receives most praise is Colonel House!

QUEEN VICTORIA

By LYTTON STRACHEY. *Illustrated. Harcourt, Brace and Company, New York.*

This book will prove an idol-breaker to many. The average Englishman, as well as American, has thought of Queen Victoria as a lovable, matronly, serene, wise woman, who kept her hand on every department of the British Empire, was singularly capable of grasping the great problems of the times, and shared in all the great schemes for the increase of British influence, wanting it always to be for the good of the world—and who held her own with the great statesman by whom she was surrounded. Mr. Strachey dismisses all this with page after page that fairly makes one whistle with astonishment. Here we find not the wisely ruling Queen, shaping Britain's policy, guarding Britain's weal, but a stolid, dumpy, English woman, with a middle class mentality, who is moved as a puppet is moved by whoever happens to be most in her favor at the moment. And Mr. Strachey takes great pains to emphasize the fact that he was most in her favor who flattered her most. She loved flattery. Gladstone, who told her the truth, she feared and disliked. The canny Disraeli who flattered her—laying it on as with a trowel—she liked. She would do anything for him. Mr. Strachey has spent several years studying the Queen's life. He has read everything ever written about her during her long reign and talked with all who knew her. He certainly makes the Queen live in these pages, but it is not the Queen the world knows. We doubt if some of Mr.