

Whitefriars Journal.

No. 1.

MAY, 1900.

ANNUAL LADIES' BANQUET

OF THE

WHITEFRIARS CLUB,

HOTEL CECIL, MAY 4th, 1900.

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SPEECHES BY . .

MADAME SARAH GRAND,

LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL,

FRIARS MAX O'RELL

AND

L. F. AUSTIN.



Whitefriars Journal.

ANNUAL LADIES' BANQUET.

THE Annual Ladies' Banquet was held at the Hotel Cecil, on Friday, May 4th, under the presidency of Friar Max O'Rell.

The Club guests were Lady Dorothy Nevill, Lady Jeune, Lady Randolph Churchill, Madame Sarah Grand, Mrs. Craigie, Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, Miss Mary Angela Dickens, and Miss Edith Henrietta Fowler.

The following Friars booked seats for the dinner for themselves and guests :—

FRIAR MACKENZIE BELL—Herr Georg Liebling, Madame Liebling, Mr. John Samson, Mrs. Samson.

FRIAR L. F. AUSTIN.

FRIAR POULTNEY BIGELOW—Mrs. Bigelow, The Hon. Mrs. Dillon, Mr. Robert Chapin, Mr. Alfred Parrish, Mrs. Alfred Parrish, Mrs. Oudin.

FRIAR C. W. BOYD—Sir Philip Burne Jones, Bart.

FRIAR HENRY J. BROWN—Mrs. Brown.

FRIAR A. G. BROWNING—Mrs. A. G. Browning, Miss Browning, Captain Gadsden, Mr. Hervé Browning.

FRIAR EDWARD CLODD—Miss Larner, Miss Augusta Larner.

FRIAR R. LEE CAMPBELL—Mrs. Campbell.

FRIAR WM. COLLEY—Mrs. Colley.

FRIAR R. NEWTON CRANE—Mr. Robert Crane.

FRIAR FRED J. CROSS—Mr. C. D. Cross.

FRIAR LOUIS H. FALCK—Mrs. Falck.

FRIAR I. N. FORD—Miss Ford.

FRIAR JOHN FOSTER FRASER—Mrs. Fraser, Mr. John Nugent, Mrs. Nugent.

FRIAR ALFRED J. FULLER—Mr. Paul Creswick.

FRIAR DOUGLAS M. GANE—Mrs. Gane.

FRIAR J. R. GEARD—Mrs. Reginald Geard, Mr. R. Court Treatt, Mrs. R. Court Treatt.

FRIAR F. CARRUTHERS GOULD—Mrs. F. Carruthers Gould, Miss Gould, Mrs. Ballment, Miss Ballment.

FRIAR JOHN HAMER, J.P.—Mrs. John Hamer, Dr. Hamer, Mrs. W. H. Hamer, Dr. F. W. Andrewes, Mrs. F. W. Andrewes, Mr. H. E. Andrewes, Mrs. H. E. Andrewes, Mr. S. H. Hamer.

FRIAR DALGETY HENDERSON—Mrs. Henderson.

FRIAR JOSEPH HOCKING—Mrs. Hocking, Miss Smith.

FRIAR SILAS K. HOCKING—Mrs. Hocking, Miss Hocking, Miss Kitty Truscott, Miss Edith Richmond.

FRIAR R. HOVENDEN—Miss Hovenden, Miss McGiverin, Mr. F. A. Crisp, Mrs. F. A. Crisp.

FRIAR T. HEATH JOYCE—Mrs. Joyce, Miss Joyce.

FRIAR COULSON KERNAHAN—Mrs. Kernahan, Mr. Stephen Phillips, Major Rasch, M.P., Mr. W. W. Jacobs, Mrs. Jacobs, Mr. A. Harvey Moore, Mrs. Moore, Mr. Arthur Hutchinson, M.A., Dr. C. H. Wade, M.A., J.P.

FRIAR ALBERT KINROSS—Miss Tait.

FRIAR W. G. LACY—Mrs. Lacy, Miss Lacy.

FRIAR W. J. C. LANCASTER—Mrs. Lancaster, Mr. Fred Rice-Oxley, Mrs. Fred Rice-Oxley.

FRIAR R. E. LEADER—Mrs. Leader, Miss Leader.

FRIAR ROBERT LEIGHTON—Mrs. Leighton, Dr. Gordon Stables, Lady Hamilton.

FRIAR R. DUPPA LLOYD—Mrs. Duppa Lloyd, Captain Horatio Nelson, R.N., Mrs. Horatio Nelson.

FRIAR C. G. LUZAC—Mrs. Luzac.

FRIAR J. Y. W. MACALISTER—Dr. Ogilvie, Mrs. Ogilvie.

FRIAR KENRIC B. MURRAY—Mr. C. Charleton, Mrs. Charleton, Miss Charleton, Miss Alice Lee, Mr. B. W. Ginsberg, Mrs. Ginsberg.

FRIAR REV. H. L. NELTHROPP—Major Gen. Cameron Crofton, Mrs. Crofton, Mr. Deputy C. T. Harris.

FRIAR G. H. PERKINS.

FRIAR ALEX. PAUL—Mrs. Alex. Paul, Mr. W. H. Lever, Mrs. Lever.

FRIAR CHAS. E. PEARCE—Mrs. Pearce, Mr. C. Louis Pearce.

FRIAR GEORGE RICKS—Mrs. Ricks, Mrs. Downham.

FRIAR J. RUSSELL.

FRIAR E. T. SACHS—Mrs. Sachs.

FRIAR WM. SENIOR—Mrs. Senior, Mr. D. O'Connor, Mrs. D. O'Connor, Mr. Port, Mrs. Port.

FRIAR W. N. SHANSFIELD.

FRIAR CLEMENT K. SHORTER.

FRIAR ARTHUR SPURGEON—Mrs. Spurgeon, Mr. Chas. Fenton, Mrs. Fenton.

FRIAR B. F. STEVENS—Mr. Morgan Richards, Mrs. Morgan Richards, Mr. Muirhead, Mrs. Muirhead, Mr. E. G. Allen, Mrs. Allen, Miss Allen, Miss Hansche, Miss Hodgson, Mr. Robert Noyes Fairbanks.

FRIAR SIR W. P. TRELOAR—Miss Treloar, Mr. T. R. Treloar, Miss Langton, Mr. Rough, Mr. Riddell.

FRIAR J. M. TUOHY—Mrs. Tuohy.

FRIAR AARON WATSON—Mrs. Wassermann.

FRIAR FRED J. WILSON—Mrs. Fred Wilson.

FRIAR J. FARLOW WILSON—Mrs. Wilson, Mr. A. C. Wilson, Miss A. C. Wilson.

The guests were received in the Grand Hall by the Chairman, assisted by Mrs. Poultney Bigelow. Dinner was served in the Victoria Room.

“Sovran Woman.”

After the toast of “The Queen” had been duly honoured,

FRIAR L. F. AUSTIN proposed “Sovran Woman.” I am commissioned, he said, to speak to you of woman, and I do it with a diffidence which is purely modern. Time was, in the memory of some of us who are pretty well seasoned, when, in one respect, the world did not go so very well as you have heard in the song, for the toast I have the honour to propose was then called “The Ladies,” and it was a poor and perfunctory compliment, produced at the fag end of the feast, when the men of the company had completely tired themselves with discussing their own genius and moral perfections. It was usually submitted by a very hearty gentleman, well on in life, with masculine superiority printed large upon him, together with a suggestion of a tremendous experience of woman—(laughter)—and his speech consisted chiefly of touching invocation, such as, “The ladies, God bless them” (laughter), followed by a conundrum, “The ladies, what should we do without them?” (Laughter.) Then he contrived to introduce a quotation, one of those familiar quotations, appealing to the domestic sensibilities which in that primitive epoch were still rampant. (Laughter.) It was something like this :—

O woman, in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please.

He recited it in a voice touched with emotion, and an early brand of champagne. (Laughter.) Well, I need not go on with the thing. You all recognise its mellow antiquity. (Laughter.) Of course, at that time, no woman responded to the toast. Good gracious, no. (Laughter.) Mrs. Craigie, who may or may not be persuaded presently to address us, was then being dandled upon somebody’s knee. I mean upon her nurse’s knee—it was a very long time ago. (Laughter.) And so there arose a young, a very timid young man, who blushed a good deal, and said really he didn’t understand why he had been asked to speak for the ladies; he had not had time to learn very much about them, really, but if they were all as charming as those he saw around him, well, really! (Laughter.) Such was the eloquent response. I cannot

help recalling, if you will allow me, another illustration of that very backward age.

HEROINES, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

Some romancers, not very well known to fame, but dear to my boyhood, would introduce the heroine in some such terms as these: "Though her figure inclined to *embonpoint*"—— Yes, Sir, I see you look a little surprised. That is a word which has disappeared even from English novels which are modelled on the French; I doubt very much whether it can be found in French. The figure of the French heroine has been permanently modelled as *svelte*. (Laughter.) "Though her figure inclined to *embonpoint*, her eighteen summers were a chronicle of blameless propriety." (Laughter.) I remember I could not understand even then why this generous contour should offer an apology to the cardinal virtues. But now—and if I am in error some distinguished novelist, and there are several here, may correct me—the figure of the heroine of the English novel, whatever the chronicle of her early summers, is lissome. (Laughter.) Jane Eyre was dumpy, but that was in the year 1847, and if dear, dauntless little Jane were with us now she would conquer Mr. Rochester, even in his most diabolical mood, by sheer lissomeness. (Laughter.) I cannot quite recall what was the figure of the charming Mrs. Robert Orange, whose acquaintance we were delighted to make in the "School for Saints," and whom we are all most anxious to meet again; but I am morally certain that her figure, too, was lissome. And now, Sir, you see I am approaching the toast circuitously by giving you illustrations of the process of evolution by which it has passed into another stage, and is no longer called "The Ladies," nor thrust off to the end of the dinner, but is placed in the very forefront, in the position of honour, and is submitted to you diffidently and deferentially as "Sovran Woman." Yes, but sovran of what? Not of man and his affections, for those very trivial things have been her possessions since the historical beginning—not of what we call Society, for I will not venture to ask Lady Jeune and Lady Dorothy Nevill what they think of that—(laughter)—not of politics, for it seems that even in those happily-endowed communities where women already exercise the Parliamentary franchise, it is simply in order to vote for men—(laughter)—surely a most lame and impotent conclusion—(laughter). Not even of that field of womanly labour from which Lady Randolph Churchill has just returned (applause)—for that is a field which has always belonged, and will always belong, to women, in spite of the passing irritation of some eminent surgeon—(laughter)—whose surgery, let us hope, is less hasty than his tongue. (Laughter and applause.)

WOMAN'S SOVEREIGNTY MANIFESTED.

No, Sir, the sovereignty with which I think we are most concerned to-night is, it seems to me, represented, not only by the

presence of ladies who have won distinguished names in the literature of to-day, but even more by an omen which I take out of last week's number of the *Academy*. Sir, you may have read in that journal how prizes were offered for the best original poem, the best short story, the best essay, and how they were all carried off by women. (Laughter and "Shame!") I think the only prize which fell to a masculine competitor was a prize for something that was described as epigrammatic criticism. (Laughter.) Yes, Sir, the literary man is reduced to that. (Laughter.) It used to be said of certain politicians by way of odium that they mumbled the dry bones of political economy; but you, sir, who sit trembling in that chair—(laughter)—you are trying not to look it, but you are trembling with apprehension of the delicately anointed barb with which Madame Sarah Grand will presently transfix you—(laughter)—you must feel that we shall not very long be permitted even to mumble the barren epigrams of a vanished ascendancy. There are some gentlemen who write books, and think they can stave off the inevitable by dedicating them to their wives. (Laughter.) Unless I am much mistaken, sir, you have done this. (Laughter.) "To my wife" on the title page is supposed to be a charm, which will keep advancing woman in her proper place. (Laughter.) Oh, pitiable compromise, oh, miserable subterfuge! (Laughter.) Sir, if we are approaching our latter end let us face it like men. Let us face it with that fortitude which, in a man, signifies acquiescence in what he cannot avoid, and so drink to "Sovran Woman," in the hope, the faint hope, that her inevitable triumph will be tempered with mercy. (Laughter and applause.)

Mrs. Craigie's name was associated with the toast, but she was unable to speak on account of hoarseness.

"Home and our Kinsfolk over Sea."

LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL gave "Home and our kinsfolk across the sea." I think no one fully appreciates what home means until they have been thousands of miles from it. Having just returned from South Africa in a hospital ship, I can speak with experience of what the meaning of the word "home" is to the soldier of the Queen—a word not only connected with hopes and happiness, but also with fear and anxiety as to what may greet him when he arrives, for the poor fellows do not receive, as we do, cables telling us of the welfare of those far away, and preparing us for anything that may have gone wrong. As to our kinsfolk across the sea, I think I may honestly say they have already held out their hands to us, and no one will contradict me when I say those hands are not empty. (Applause.)

"Mere Man."

MADAME SARAH GRAND said: I have the honour to propose the toast of "Mere Man"—(laughter)—but why "Mere Man," I want to know? After all that has been said this evening so truthfully on the subject of "Sovran Woman," it is impossible for me to

use such an epithet without feeling myself in an invidious position, in the position of the dog that bites the hand which has just caressed it—or rather I should feel myself in that position if I were in any way responsible for the use of the ungracious word. I beg most emphatically to state that I am not in any way responsible for it. I decline to be identified with such an expression; I decline to be accused of calling man any names—(laughter)—any names that I have not already called him. (Laughter.) I do not decline out of consideration for mere man altogether, but in self-defence. To use such an expression deprives me of any dignity which I might myself derive from the dignity of my subject. Besides, the words in my mouth, were I to be identified with them, would be used against me as a bomb by a whole section of the press, to blow me up. (Laughter.) I object to be blown up for nothing by a whole section of the press. (Laughter.) That is the sort of thing which almost ruffles my equanimity. My comfort is, that no one can accuse me of having originated such an expression, because it is well known no woman ever originated anything. (Laughter.) I assure you I have seen it so stated in print; and in one article I read on the subject the perturbation of the writer, lest there should be any mistake about it, so agitated his grammar that it was impossible to parse it. I should like to know who was responsible in the first place for the expression which has been imposed upon me. It seems to me there is strong presumptive evidence that it was by man himself that man was dubbed mere man. If the lords of creation choose to masquerade sometimes as mere man by all means let them.

SOVRAN WOMAN'S OPPORTUNITY.

The saying is, "In small things, liberty; in great things, unity; in all things, charity," but when you meet a man who describes himself as a mere man, you would always do well to ask what he wants, because, since man first swung himself from his bough in the forest primeval and stood upright on two legs, he has never assumed that position for nothing. (Laughter.) My own private opinion, which I confide to you, knowing it will go no further, is that he assumes that tone, as a rule, to draw sovrán woman. (Laughter.) Mere man is a paradoxical creature—it is not always possible to distinguish between his sober earnest and his leg-pulling exercises. (Laughter.) One has to be on one's guard, and woe be to the woman who in these days displays that absence of the sense of humour which is such a prominent characteristic of our comic papers. (Laughter.) I do not mean to say for a moment that man assumes his "mere man" tone for unpleasant purposes. On the contrary, he assumes it for party purposes as a rule—for dinner party purposes. (Laughter.) When man is in his mere man mood sovrán woman would do well to ask for anything that she wants—for it is then that he holds the sceptre out to her. (Laughter.) Unfortunately, the mood does not last; if it did he would

have given us the suffrage ages ago. Sovran woman is the Uitlander of civilisation—and man is her Boer. (Laughter.) It seems to me that sovran woman is very much in the position of Queen Esther; she has her crown, and her kingdom, and her royal robes, but she is liable to have her head snapped off at any moment. (Laughter.) On the other hand, there are hundreds of men who have their heads snapped off every day. (Laughter.) Mere man has his faults, no doubt, but sovran woman also can be a rasping sort of creature, especially if she does not cultivate sympathy with cigarettes as she gets older. (Laughter.) Let us be fair to mere man. Mere man has always treated me with exemplary fairness, and I certainly have never maintained that the blockhead majority is entirely composed of men; neither have I ever insinuated that it is man that makes all the misery.

FROM MEN, SYMPATHY; FROM WOMEN, BONNET PINS!

Personally, and speaking as a woman whose guiding principle through life has been never to do anything for herself that she can get a nice man to do for her—(laughter)—a principle which I have found entirely successful, and which I strongly recommend to every other woman—personally I have always found mere man an excellent comrade. (Applause.) He has stood by me loyally, and held out an honest hand to me, and lent me his strength when mine was failing, and helped me gallantly over many an awkward bit of the way, and that, too, at times when sovran woman, whom I had so respected and admired and championed, had nothing for me but bonnet-pins. (Laughter.) It does upset one's ideas and unsettle one's principles when sovran woman has nothing for one but bonnet-pins. (Laughter.) The sharp points of those pins have made me a little doubtful about sovran woman at times—a little apt to suspect that in private life her name is Mrs. Harris—(laughter),—but I must be careful about what I say in this connection lest it should be supposed that I have been perverted. In the great republic of letters to which I have the honour to belong—in the distinguished position of the letter “Z”—my experience is that woman suffers no indignity at the hands of man on account of her sex. That is the sort of experience which creates a prejudice. It is apt to colour the whole of one's subsequent opinions. It gives one a sort of idea that there are men in the world who would stand by a woman on occasion; and I must confess that I began life with a very strong prejudice of that kind. For a woman to have had a good father is to have been born an heiress. If you had asked me as a child who ran to help me when I fell, I should have answered “My daddy.” When a woman begins life with a prejudice of this kind she never gets over it. The prejudice of a man for his mother is feeble in comparison with the prejudice of a woman for her father, when she has had a man for her father and not one of what Shelley called, those:

Things whose trade is over ladies
 To lean and flirt and stare and simper,
 Till all that is divine in woman
 Grows cruel, courteous, smooth, inhuman,
 Crucified 'twixt a smile and whimper.

NEED FOR FAITH IN HUMANITY.

Whatever that woman has to suffer she never loses her faith in man. Remembering what her father was, she always believes there are good men and true in the world somewhere. The recollection of her father becomes a buffer between that woman and the shocks and jars of her after life; because of him, there is nothing distorted in her point of view, and she remains sane. It rather spoils a woman in some ways to have a good husband as well as a good father, because then she is so *sure* that

God's in His heaven,
 All's well upon earth,

that she becomes utterly selfish, and cares for nothing that is outside her own little circle. But the thing to guard against is loss of faith. Men and women who have lost faith in each other never rise above the world again—one wing is broken, and they cannot soar. It has been said that the best way to manage man is to feed the brute—(laughter),—but sovran woman never made that discovery for herself—I believe it was a man in his mere man mood who first confided the secret to some young wife in distress—somebody else's young wife—(laughter). Feed him and flatter him. Why not? Is there anything more delightful in this world than to be flattered and fed? Let us do as we would be done by. It seems to me sometimes that it is impossible in reviewing our social relations ever to be wholly in earnest. One's opinions do wobble so. (Laughter.) If one would earn a reputation for consistency one must be like that great judge who declined to hear more than one side of the case because he found that hearing the other side only confused him. (Laughter.) The thing about mere man which impresses me most, which fills me with the greatest respect, is not his courage in the face of death, but the courage with which he faces life. The way in which we face death is not necessarily more heroic than the way in which we face life. The probability is that you never think less about yourself than you do at the moment when you and eternity are face to face. When you are sick unto death you are too sick to care whether you live or die. In some great convulsion of nature, a great typhoon, for instance, when the wind in its fury lashes the walls of the house till they writhe, and there are the shrieks of people in dire distress, and fire, and the crash of giant waves, and all that makes for horror, the shock of these brute irresponsible forces of nature is too tremendous for fear to obtrude. Thought is suspended—you are in an ecstasy of awful emotion, emotion made perfect by the very strength of it.

MAN'S EVERYDAY HEROISM.

But when it comes to facing life day after day, and day after day, as so many men have to face it, the working men, in all classes of society, upon whom the home depends, men whose days are only too often a weary effort, and whose nights are an ache of anxiety, lest the strength should give out which means bread, when one thinks of the lives these men live, and the way in which they live them, the brave, uncomplaining way in which they fight to the death for those dear to them, when one considers mere man from this point of view, one is moved to enthusiasm, and one is fain to confess that "soveran woman" on a pedestal is a poor sort of creature compared with this kind of mere man in that so often she not only fails to help and cheer him in his heroic efforts, but to appreciate that he is making any effort at all. I positively refuse to subscribe to the assertion, "How poor a thing is man!" (Laughter.) It takes more genius to be a man than manhood to be a genius. (Applause.) As to the differences between men and women, I believe that when finally their accounts have been properly balanced it will be found that it has been a case of six of one and half-a-dozen of the other, both in the matter of sovereignty and of mereness—(laughter)—and, therefore, without prejudice, I propose that the sixes to which I belong shall rise and cordially drink to the health of the other half dozens, our kind and generous hosts of to-night. (Applause).

WHERE TO STUDY SOCIAL RELATIONS.

The CHAIRMAN in responding, said:—I feel somewhat jealous of my brother, Friar Austin, to-night. He had to propose an easy toast. I think I could have attempted the praise of woman, whose name I cannot hear without wanting to take off my hat. I have to attempt the praise of man, and I do not feel equal to it. I have half a mind to let the case go against him, but I consider Madame Sarah Grand has let us off pretty easy. Well, we are not quite so bad as we are painted sometimes. I believe half the lies that are told about men are not true. (Laughter.) We are in the habit of running ourselves down, to summon women to our help, but we do not believe a word of it. We are very much like those English people who at church call themselves miserable sinners, and who would knock down on the spot anyone who would take them at their word on coming out of church. (Laughter.) Now, the attitude of men towards women is very different, according to the different nations to which they belong. You will find a good illustration of that different attitude of men towards women in France, in England, and in America, if you go to the dining-rooms of their hotels. You go to the dining-room, and you take, if you can, a seat near the entrance door, and you watch the arrival of the couples, and also watch them as they cross the room and go to the table that is assigned to them by the head waiter. Now, in

Europe you would find a very polite head waiter, who invites you to go in, and asks you where you will sit, but in America the head waiter is a most magnificent potentate who lies in wait for you at the door, and bids you to follow him sometimes in the following respectful manner (beckoning), "there." (Laughter). And you have got to do it too. (Laughter).

HOW MAX DINED WHERE HE PLEASED.

I travelled six times in America, and I never saw a man so daring as not to sit there. (Laughter.) In the tremendous hotels of the large cities, where you have to go to number 992 or something of the sort, I generally got a little entertainment out of the head waiter. He is so thoroughly persuaded that it would never enter my head not to follow him he will never look round to see if I am there. Why, he knows I am there, but I'm not. (Laughter.) I wait my time, and when he has got to the end I am sitting down waiting for a chance to be left alone. He says, "You cannot sit here." I say, "Why not? What is the matter with this seat?" He says, "You must not sit there." I say, "I don't want a constitutional walk; don't bother, I'm all right." Once indeed, after an article in the *North American Review*—for your head waiter in America reads reviews—a head waiter told me to sit where I pleased. I said, "Now, wait a minute, give me time to realise that; do I understand that in this hotel I am going to sit where I like?" He said, "Certainly!" He was in earnest. I said, "I should like to sit over there at that table near the window." He said, "All right, come with me." When I came out there were some newspaper people in the hotel waiting for me, and it was reported in half a column in one of the papers, with one of those charming headlines which are so characteristic of American journalism, "Max sits where he likes!" (Laughter.) Well, I said, you go to the dining-room, you take your seat, and you watch the arrival of the couples, and you will know the position of men. In France Monsieur and Madame come in together abreast, as a rule arm in arm. They look pleasant, smile, and take to each other. They smile at each other, even though married. (Laughter.)

JOHN BULL'S LITTLE WAY.

In England, in the same class of hotel, John Bull comes in first. He does not look happy. John Bull loves privacy. He does not like to be obliged to eat in the presence of lots of people who have not been introduced to him, and he thinks it very hard he should not have the whole dining-room to himself. That man, though, mind you, in his own house undoubtedly the most hospitable, the most kind, the most considerate of hosts in the world, that man in the dining-room of an hotel always comes in with a frown. He does not like it, he grumbles, and mild and demure, with her hands hanging down, modestly follows Mrs. John Bull. But in America, behold the arrival of Mrs. Jonathan. (Laughter.)

Behold her triumphant entry, pulling Jonathan behind! Well, I like my own country, and I cannot help thinking that the proper and right way is the French. (Applause.) Ladies, you know all our shortcomings. Our hearts are exposed ever since the rib which covered them was taken off. Yet we ask you kindly to allow us to go through life with you, like the French, arm-in-arm in good friendship and camaraderie. (Applause.)

The toast of "The Chairman," proposed by FRIAR SIR WM. TRELOAR, was received with musical honours.

During the evening the following programme was carried through, Mr. Sidney Hill acting as accompanist:—

NATIONAL ANTHEM ...	"God Save the Queen"
	Solo by MADAME HELEN TRUST.			
SONG ...	"The World Went Very Well Then"	<i>Spurr</i>
	MR. MEL B. SPURR.			
SOLO ...	"Love the Pedlar"	<i>E. German</i>
	MISS MARGARET STONE.			
SOLO ...	(a) "Tell me True"	<i>Laura Lemon</i>
	(b) "Nobody Knows"	
	MADAME HELEN TRUST.			
MUSICAL SKETCH ...	"Our Village Concert"	<i>Spurr</i>
	MR. MEL B. SPURR.			
PIANOFORTE SOLO ...	"Rhapsodie"	<i>Liszt</i>
	HERR GEORG LIEBLING.			
	(Pianist to H.R.H. the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha.)			
SOLO ...	"Pilgrims of the Night"	<i>S Liddle</i>
	MISS MARGARET STONE.			
SOLO ...	"PASTORAL"	<i>H. Lane Wilson</i>
	MADAME HELEN TRUST.			
HUMOROUS STORIES by DR. GEORGE OGILVIE.				
MUSICAL SKETCH ...	"A Little Music"	<i>Spurr</i>
	MR. MEL B. SPURR.			
FINALE ..	"Auld Lang Syne"

At the close of the after-dinner proceedings a conversazione was held in the Grand Hall.

CLUB NOTES.

The issue of this little publication is in the nature of an experiment. The Committee will be glad to receive the opinions of Friars as to the desirability of issuing such a journal giving reports of speeches delivered at the Club dinners, which may be considered worthy of a permanent record.

It is thought that such a journal may be the means of drawing the Friars together in closer ties of Brotherhood.

At a meeting of the Committee, held on Friday, May 11th, under the presidency of Friar B. F. Stevens, it was reported that the Ladies' Banquet had been a great success.

Letters were read from Lady Jeune, Madame Sarah Grand, Miss Angela Dickens and others, speaking enthusiastically of the evening's entertainment.

The Hon. Secretaries will be glad to receive suggestions from any Friars in regard to the Programme for next Session. All such suggestions will be considered by the Committee.

A Sub-Committee has been appointed to consider the question of Club accommodation. Friar R. Lee Campbell or Friar W. G. Lacy will be glad to receive any information on this point.

Friars who have not yet had their photographs "taken" for the adornment of the Club room are requested to make an appointment with Friar J. Russell, 17, Baker-street, W., as soon as convenient. No charge will be incurred for the sitting.

Your attention is called to the circular giving full particulars of the arrangements made for the Pilgrimage to Shakespeare's Country on June 23rd. The authorities at Stratford-on-Avon have formed a Reception Committee for the purpose of making special local arrangements for our visit.

Miss Marie Corelli, who has so generously offered to entertain us, now lives in a delightful house at Stratford-on-Avon, called "Avon Croft."

Sir Arthur Hodgson, who is the Chairman of the Shakespeare Memorial Trustees, will act as our "guide, philosopher and friend." We are also to be favoured with the presence of Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower, who devoted twelve years of his life to the production of the wonderful Shakespeare Memorial.

Three of the Friars are preparing an illustrated souvenir, a copy of which will be presented to each Friar and guest on the morning of the excursion. There will be no copies available for sale.

Tickets will be sent out in the order in which applications are received, but no application can be entertained which is not accompanied by a remittance.

The Committee at their last meeting invested £100 of the Club funds.

With one exception all the town members have paid their subscriptions for the current year and only one country member is in default.

Mr. Paul Creswick, a nephew of a late member of the Club, has been elected to fill a vacancy in membership. We assure him of a hearty welcome in the ranks of the Brotherhood.

Rapid progress is being made with the volume, "Reminiscences of the Whitefriars Club," under the editorship of Friar T. Heath Joyce. Proofs are now being passed for press.

The latest information concerning Friar Richard Whiteing is that he is slowly recovering from his dangerous illness.

On Friday he was able to send the following dictated message to the Brotherhood:—"Tell the Friars that their messages have cheered me very much. I would acknowledge them more fittingly, but, as yet, I still live in absolute divorce from pen, ink and paper, and, also, from all but the most elementary thoughts. We have very nearly conquered the double pneumonia, and we think the pleurisy will soon take its leave. It is the most serious bout of illness I have ever had in my life, and it comes as a fitting crown to the attacks which have made my life since Christmas a burden to me. The thought that out of sight is not out of mind with my old comrades of the Friars is very cheering to me. Love to all."
