

Whitefriars Journal.

No. 10.

AUGUST, 1902.

PRIVATE
CIRCULATION.

ANNUAL SUMMER PILGRIMAGE.

THIS year the annual pilgrimage took the form of an excursion on the Thames and, though the arrangements were not on such an ambitious scale as in some previous years, the day proved a most enjoyable one. It was feared that the near approach of the Coronation, as originally fixed, would interfere with the attendance,



A Group of Friars in the Garden of the Red Lion Hotel, Henley.

(Photo by Friar Russell.)

but these fears proved groundless, and on Saturday, June 21st, a party, equal to the usual muster, assembled at Paddington Station with Friar W. G. Lacy in supreme command. Reserved saloons were attached to the ordinary train to Slough and ran "special" from that station to Taplow. Here carriages were in waiting to take us to Maidenhead Bridge, where we embarked on two electric

launches, the "Rosalind" and "Viscountess Bury," for a trip to Sonning Lock.

The Prior was on the first launch, and under his direction everything went off well, barring a trifling disappointment caused by the salt getting into the ices. Friar F. J. Cross served as Sub-Prior on board the good ship "Viscountess Bury," and as he kept the salt out of his ices he very generously dispatched what supplies he could to the "Rosalind." All that is necessary to say is they did not err on the side of reckless extravagance, but he did what he could. There must have been a great consumption of ices on the "Viscountess Bury."

Luncheon was served on board by Messrs. Kingston and Miller of Oxford-street, and their catering as usual gave complete satisfaction. At Marlow a short stay was made, and on the lawn of the Compleat Angler Hotel the party were photographed by Friar John Russell. Under way once more, afternoon tea was served and a delightful run was made up the Henley Reaches, where Friar Brown lost a new straw hat. He, however, suffered little inconvenience as a dozen Friars appeared to have a reserve of *chapeaux* in view of such contingencies and he was quickly "tiled" afresh.

We returned to Henley at about six o'clock and landed for dinner. This was served at the Red Lion Hotel in a gaily decorated banqueting-room overlooking the river. Friar Lacy presided with his accustomed skill and grace and after dinner performed the record feat of carrying through the programme which included five speeches and two musical items in twenty-three minutes! A model performance. In a few appropriate sentences he proposed "The King." Friar Leighton, taking up the cue of brevity, submitted the time-honoured toast "Our Club," to which Friar Senior replied with great spirit and in few words, and then Friar Sir William Treloar gave "The Ladies." Good Sir William was very witty. He said most complimentary things about the ladies; and told the Friars they were a "sorry-looking lot," but had redeemed themselves by selecting charming wives—a sentiment which evoked cheers from the brethren and smiles from the ladies. Mrs. C. N. Williamson, whose name was coupled with the toast, was equal to the occasion and made all the Friars happy by repudiating with scorn Sir William Treloar's reflection on their "looks." She declared the Friars to be the most attractive and most delightful men she had ever met in the Old World or the New, whereat there were more cheers. This "sweet" speech, followed by "Auld Lang Syne," brought the



On the Lawn of the Complent Angler Hotel, Marlow.
(Photo by Friar Russell.)

proceedings to a close, and an adjournment was made to the banks of the moonlit river.

Shortly after nine o'clock we repaired to the station, where the reserved saloons had been sent on to meet us, and in three-quarters of an hour we ran into Paddington. Much hand-shaking, mutual congratulations on a glorious day, and so home.

The Committee desire to specially acknowledge the courtesy and kindness of Sir Joseph Wilkinson, the general manager of the Great Western Railway, and his assistant, Mr. S. A. Pope, in making the train arrangements to fit in with our convenience. The consideration shown to us on the occasion of our annual pilgrimages by the Great Western Railway Company is greatly appreciated by the Friars.

VISIT TO FRIAR GEORGE MEREDITH.

A LETTER was received from Friar George Meredith on July 12th, stating he would be very pleased to receive and welcome the Friars and Guests on the following Saturday in his garden at Box Hill. The Committee was at once summoned, a circular was issued to the Friars and the response was prompt and gratifying. The result was a most delightful pilgrimage under the genial priorship of Friar Robert Leighton. The party travelled to Burford Bridge by train, special accommodation being reserved by Mr. W. Forbes, the general manager of the London, Brighton and South Coast Railway Company. The weather was charming and everything went as merry as a marriage bell.

Luncheon was served at the Burford Bridge Hotel, the company comprising Friar and Mrs. Leighton, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., Friar Sir William Treloar, Madam Sarah Grand, Mr. Haldane McFall, Friar and Mrs. Lowndes, Friar and Mrs. C. N. Williamson, Friar Mackenzie Bell, Friar and Mrs. Shaylor, Friar A. Kinross, Friar Aaron Watson, Mrs. Wasserman, Friar J. Farlow Wilson, Mrs. Snudden, Friar G. H. Perkins, Friar and Mrs. Hill, Dr. Ernest, of Vienna, Friar and Mrs. Hammerton, Friar and Mrs. Sachs, Friar and Mrs. Spurgeon, Friar and Mrs. Atkins, Rev. W. J. Dawson, Friar A. Mackintosh, Friar Silas and Miss Hocking, Friar and Mrs. Douglas Gane, Friar and Mrs. Henry J. Brown, Mrs. Coulson Kernahan, Miss Mabel Wootton, Friar W. N. Shansfield, Dr. Young, Friar and Mrs. Fairbanks, Friar and Mrs. F. J. Wilson.

After the toast of "The King" had been duly honoured,

The PRIOR said: Brother Friars and Guests, it is our pleasure to day to pay respectful tribute to the greatest of our White Friars. Increasing age and his reclusive habits have deterred him from coming among us and mingling in our club life, and for a second time we journey to the beautiful neighbourhood of his home to meet him and to take his hand in truest fellowship. We approach him with a sense of reverence, valuing our high privilege in being admitted to the near presence of his overtowering personality, esteeming him alike for his unblemished manhood and for his pre-eminent intellect. There is probably no individual member or guest in this gathering who does not to a greater or lesser degree owe him indebtedness for the delight which his work has given. (Hear, hear.) Our presence here is an acknowledgment of that indebtedness; and if it be true that his most resolute partisans are those of his own household—journalists, poets and novelists—then we who are here are surely the partisans, the ardent disciples, of George Meredith. We recognise him as the greatest master of our craft, the most inspiring and encouraging of literary exemplars; and to each of us he has his especial appeal. Those of us who are journalists find courage and hope in the remembrance that he is among the many eminent men of letters—among the many writers of great novels—who matriculated for and graduated in that best of literary training colleges—the newspaper Press. Those of us who are professional critics and literary advisers learn from his example in dealing with young authors how to be kind while we are just, and to temper our criticism with tenderness. We who are novelists or poets are invigorated and stimulated to higher effort and more perfect achievement in our worshipful appreciation of all that is superlative in the writings of George Meredith; while we all of us give unstinted admiration to his magnificent culture, to his accurate and sympathetic observation of nature and of life, his alert imagination and inventiveness, his keen perception of the spirit of comedy, his powers of emotional analysis, his dexterous allusiveness, his marvellous mastery of words. (Applause.) He is beyond most things an influence and a teacher, and his influence and his teachings are wholly for good. One reads *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel* and finds guidance in its purposeful exhibition of the follies of education by rigid system. In *One of our Conquerors*, in *Lord Ormont and his Aminta*, in *The Amazing Marriage*, we have direct and positive lessons in the problems of

politics, sociology, and ethics. Who is there that has not gained instruction for the better regulation of his egoism from the revelations of the refined selfishness of Sir Willoughby Patterne, or insight into the conduct of courtship from the related experiences of Richard Feverel? Even men who are married may profit by Meredith's constant insistence upon the point that a husband's highest duty is still to remain his wife's devoted lover. (Hear, hear.) On this present occasion, when we have with us so many distinguished women, it would be an oversight not to touch



Friar Leighton reads the Address.

(Photo by Friar Atkins)

with emphasis upon the one outstanding characteristic of Meredith's message. To him more than to any other writer of his time must be given the credit of having accorded to woman her due position. In his apprehension of the truest qualities of womanhood he stands supreme. His women are typical, and he endows them with mental capacities which do not differentiate them from the men who are their associates, but show them to be man's equal in wit and ability. Cabinet Ministers took counsel from the political wisdom of Diana Warwick (as indeed they might well take it from many of the women who grace this

table), and I do not think that there is a woman in all Meredith's gallery—from Rhoda Fleming and Clara Middleton and Aminta Farrell down even to Mrs. Berry—to whom the most obtuse of misogynists could honestly dare to refuse the suffrage. (Hear, hear.) Ladies and gentlemen, it is not for me to pass in review the achievements and influence of the man of letters whom we have come to-day to see and to talk with. Even if there were more time at our disposal I should shrink from attempting a task so difficult. As your prior of the day, my duty is a much simpler one, and I fulfil it when I ask you to join me in drinking to the toast that I now propose—the health of Friar George Meredith. (Applause.)

The toast was received with enthusiasm.

FRIAR SPURGEON proposed "Our Guests," coupled with the names of Madam Sarah Grand and Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P.

MADAM SARAH GRAND briefly acknowledged the compliment on behalf of the lady visitors.

MR. T. P. O'CONNOR, in the course of a witty speech, said he believed he was the only friar present who had had the advantage of being brought up among friars. (Laughter.) Between those friars and the friars present there was a distinct difference, about which it did not behove him to speak quite frankly. (Laughter.) If, for instance, he were to declare a preference for the friars of the religious order, he would incur the resentment of the ladies present, and if he were to declare for the ladies, he might incur the rebuke of Cardinal Vaughan and jeopardise, if not his salvation, his political prospects. (Laughter.) After adding his tribute of admiration for the extraordinary genius of Mr. Meredith, Mr. O'Connor said it was news to him that Mr. Meredith had done service in his earlier years in journalism. The fact, however, rejoiced him, supporting his opinion that journalism was good enough to employ even the best and highest literary powers. There were people still outside lunatic asylums who came to him for advice as to journalism and short story writing. He advised them, if they were bent on this precarious means of existence, to observe life with its tragedies and ironies and comedies, rather than strain the imagination in the production of fiction. One of his friends, some little time ago, disclosed the fact that what he read first in the morning newspapers was the reports of the inquests. It was true then, though now his eye was caught first in the morning by advertisements of palatial residences by the sea. (Laughter.) Still, he held to the same opinion as to the realities of life. Mr. O'Connor afterwards



Friar Meredith has a chat with Mrs. Leighton.

(Photo by Friar Perkins.)



Waiting for Tea at the Burford Bridge Hotel.

(Photo by Friar Perkins.)

referred to the recent centenary of Victor Hugo, and the interest it excited in France, as a good sign of the intellectual tendencies of the French nation. He doubted whether so much interest could have been stirred in England, and he hoped that pilgrimages of the kind they were taking to-day would become more frequent as acts of homage to some of the greatest of men. (Cheers.)

After luncheon the party proceeded to Friar Meredith's residence. A reception was held in the Garden. It was very gratifying to find our host in such excellent form. He has not been very well of late, but, happily, our visit synchronised with a decided improvement in his health, and his spirits were quite buoyant. His laugh was as Homeric and the wit as quick as in old days—and the heart as sound and the judgment as keen. Friar Meredith expressed a wish to shake hands with every member of the party, and after the formal introductions had been made, Friar Leighton presented the following address:—

FRIAR GEORGE MEREDITH,—We, members of the Whitefriars Club and our friends, are gratefully conscious of the honour you accord us in permitting us for a second time to call upon you here at your home. Be assured, we come to you to-day not with any feeling approaching vulgar curiosity to invade and peep within the sanctities of your chosen seclusion. We come with the reverence of pilgrims journeying to a hallowed shrine; content if you do but allow us to enter at your gates to offer you our respectful homage, to take your hand and listen for some moments to the living voice of one to whom we individually and the world in general owe so much.

The work that you have done has become a part of English life and of our own personal lives. It represents the highest blossom of the tree of civilisation and it has come to mean so much that to-day no man or woman can attain to a maturity of culture without having absorbed your teaching and your spirit. You have taught us to appreciate everything that is good in life, enhancing its sparkle and flavour. You have sharpened our wits, polished our manners, advanced our happiness by widening our comprehension. You have given us a new perception of the social structure, and especially have you given us a key to the maze and mystery of women's souls.

You yourself, sir, in your splendid solitude can hardly apprehend what the name of George Meredith means to the best intelligences of your era. It is a name honoured and venerated above all titles, signifying to us, your disciples, the sum of all that your imaginative genius and your noble example have conferred. We, men and women alike, who are privileged to see you to-day, are sensible of the added understanding which comes of personal association with you, and we shall remember the privilege as one of the most cherished benefits of our lives.

FRIAR MEREDITH said : I cannot rise, but I wish to speak and say :—Ladies and Gentlemen, after a shower of honey from the busiest bees of the bees around me, my wings are clogged, and I cannot fly. I have no words to thank you. But look at the tops of those trees : from that short height the measure of us is seen to be pretty equal. Each does his work in his own way. I find so many people in different walks that can do what I cannot do. Respect is a very great thing, but I think we are in the habit of



Friar Meredith speaking in acknowledgment of the Address.

(Photo by Friar Atkins.)

"Look at the tops of those trees ; from that short height the measure of us is seen to be pretty equal."

falling into a kind of delirium in regard to men who after seventy years or more have made a name. We take them as brandy—(laughter)—it is better to make a kind of dilution, and therefore I mix a considerable amount of water with your compliments. (Laughter.) However, I thank you heartily for coming to see me. If I had the eloquence of that true Irishman, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, I should be making an impression now—(laughter)—but I am only half Irish—half Irish and half Welsh—I halt therefore rather on one leg. The Welsh are admirable singers, but bad dancers. Mr.

O'Connor would say not only the words most appropriate, but his language would flow on, and you would not be able to stop him. (Laughter.) I have not that gift, I can only thank you for your kindness. (Loud applause.)

General conversation followed, and a visit was paid to the Châlet in which Friar Meredith formerly worked. He is not engaged in writing any novel now, but we may still expect occasional poems from his pen.

A floral souyenir of the visit was presented to each lady member of the party, and on returning to the Burford Bridge Hotel tea was partaken of, served under the trees in the beautiful old garden nestling at the foot of Box Hill.

A hearty vote of thanks was accorded to Friar and Mrs. Leighton on the motion of Friar Sir William Treloar, who said this was the first occasion on which he had made a speech at the tea table.

THE REV. W. J. DAWSON, speaking more particularly for the visitors, expressed his warm appreciation of Mr. Meredith's kindness in receiving them that afternoon.

Most of the party returned to London by train, and thus ended a day memorable in the records of the Whitefriars Club.

Impressions by Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P.

The Whitefriars Club—an association of men of letters—did a very graceful thing on the Saturday of last week; they went on a pilgrimage to George Meredith. The illustrious novelist, as most people know, lives just under Box Hill—that lovely bit of Surrey which at this time of the year makes one glad to be alive, and, above all places, to be alive in England. The house is just a few minutes from Burford Bridge Station; and, nestled under the hills and in the midst of beautiful trees, it is the cosiest, as it is one of the most tranquil, of retreats. Above the house is a small two-roomed châlet, with just a little study and a little bedroom—as bare and as simple as that of a soldier on a campaign; and it is in the châlet that most of Meredith's immortal pages have been written.

Mr. Robert Leighton, the well-known novelist, and Mr. Arthur Spurgeon, the editor of the National Press Agency, were the chief managers of the pilgrimage, and they managed it all excellently, so that there are none but pleasant recollections for those who took part in the homage to the mighty author. At the proper moment the pilgrims were conducted to the garden of the house, and there, seated on a bench, amid flowers and trees, and under a beautiful sky, Mr. Meredith received his visitors. They were all introduced in turn, and then Mr. Leighton read

an address full of the affection and admiration which every true man of letters feels for the author of *Richard Feverel* and *Beauchamp's Career*. Mr. Meredith looked touched and perhaps a little embarrassed as he gazed at the faces of all those admirers and friends who look up to him as one of the immortal men of their craft. And then, talking in a conversational tone, with abrupt pauses, and now and then a great hearty laugh, Mr. Meredith said a few words in reply. It was all very simple, very informal, very touching—with much significance and tenderness and veneration for a great worthy underneath its simplicity and reserve.

When the little formalities were over, Mr. Meredith began to talk in that wondrous manner of his, and we all sat or stood round and listened



In the Garden of Burford Bridge Hotel.

(Photo by Friar Atkins.)

with delight. In spite of years and some ailments, there are many things in George Meredith which are as young as he himself was in his prime. The deep, resonant voice—so beautiful and so soft as well as thrilling—sounds clear as a bell; the light of the fine dark eyes is not abated; the intellect burns as brightly as ever; but youthful above all things is his laugh; so loud, so pealing, so childlike in its abandonment. Everybody was only too delighted to be silent while the Master spoke, and encouraged and inspired, perhaps, by the company, Mr. Meredith heaped epigram upon epigram, talked of all things—and especially of the conflict between Celt and Saxon—he is half Welsh, half Irish, and had

many a joke at John Bull—full of rollicking humour and good-natured satire, and, withal, affection for the great world-conqueror, who so frets, and, at the same time, so impresses the Celt, in spite of the warfare. It was a delightful day—a memorable experience.

[M.A.P., July 26th, 1902.]

The Greatest of White Friars—A Sketch.

By THE NEOPHYTE.

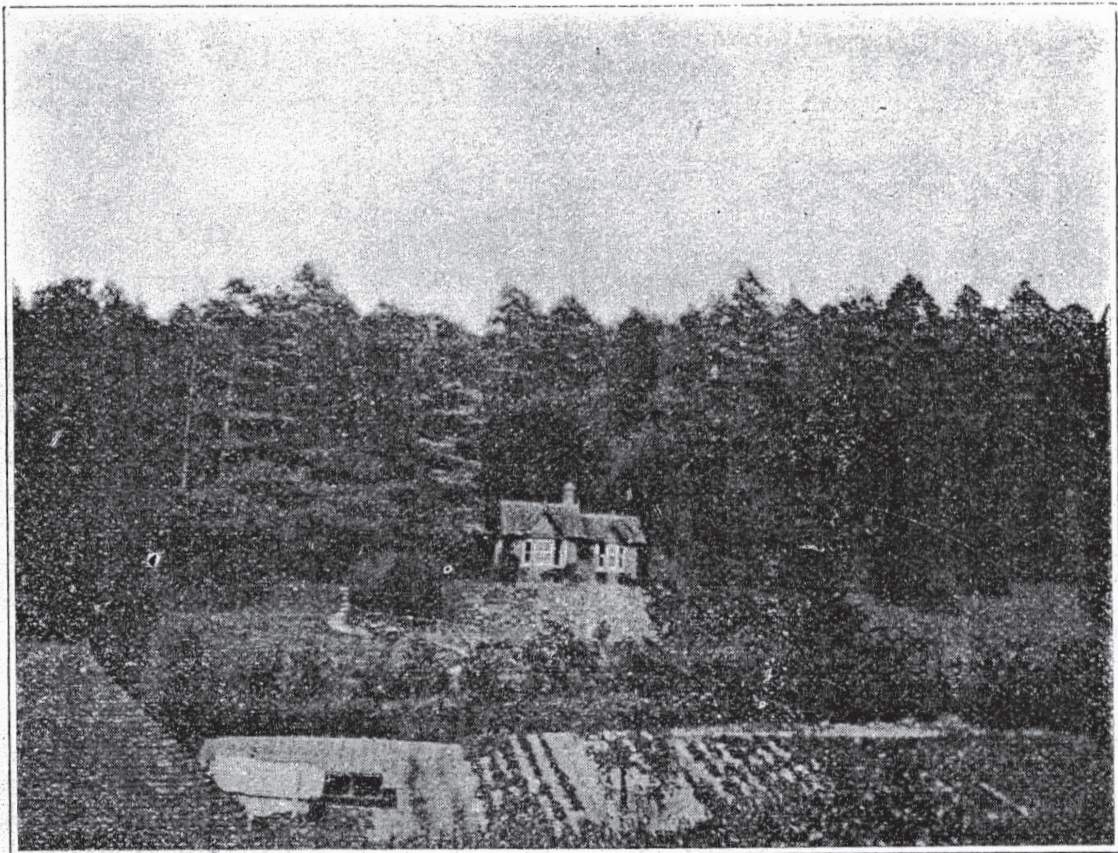
Why my excellent friend, the Autocrat of the Dinner-table, should have requested me to furnish forth some brief sketch of our pilgrimage to Friar George Meredith I do not know. There is the suspicion, of course, that in asking me to do this for the *Club Journal* he had reckoned that among the group of dusty pilgrims the present scribe was the one whose written words fetched least in the market-place of letters, and hence the task was to him one of less moment. That may be, and yet I find myself almost ready to table the fabulous “per thousand” of another pilgrim would he but relieve me of the duty I weakly accepted. The fact is, when I re-read the admirable sketches written by Friars Steuart and Kernahan of the previous Club visit to the same distinguished member of our fraternity, I am conscious of a certain impertinence in venturing to offer any impressions of mine to the same critical audience, and I am only sustained by the belief at which I have hinted above.

To begin with then, this second pilgrimage to Flint Cottage, Box Hill, was undertaken on one of those indefinite spring-summer-autumn-winter days which have been vouchsafed to us with embarrassing repetition this so-called summer. Of the train journey from Victoria, I can only speak for a half-dozen of the pilgrims, since the genial democracy of a common saloon could not be secured for the travellers. In the carriage I had the good fortune to travel in, the journey passed all too soon and a most interesting conversation was rudely snapped at full swing when the train drew up at Burford Bridge.

The luncheon at the hotel and the speeches by Prior Leighton and Mr. T. P. O'Connor suggested that the calling of the pilgrim must have been a very pleasant one if he had many experiences such as these, but as I find no mention of the name of Spurgeon in the stories of the old-time palmers I have my doubts on this point. The presence of so many ladies in their bright summer costumes was another feature of the day which did not help one to a pilgrim simile, but there was no mistaking the

reverential mood in which the little company approached the home of the great novelist.

The surroundings of Flint Cottage have been described in these same pages by abler pens than mine. I shall spend no words in any vain attempt to paint the scene once more. Suffice it that we made our way in somewhat straggling file through the flower garden that is by way of acquiring immortality since it is not to be ignored in any consideration of Mr. Meredith's life. His garden, the pitch of the hill behind his house, and that little eerie of



The Chalet where the Novels were written.

(Photo by Friar Atkins.)

a study with its spacious view of fair Surrey have all had their parts to play in colouring the expression of his genius.

When the bolder spirits of our party had threaded their way through the flower-beds they found Mr. Meredith seated and brightly awaiting his visitors. To most of us it was the first sight of one who has been much in our minds and probably a factor in our lives for years, and it was not surprising to note the shyness with which many approached the master. There was indeed a hanging-back disposition among those faster-footed pilgrims who

were first on the scene, and it became necessary to marshal the handshaking ceremony if it were to be got through.

Mr. Meredith, although remaining seated, was the very embodiment of old-fashioned courtesy in the reception of his visitors, and each handshake seemed to carry a special welcome for the guest ; it was not one of a series of what Mr. Meredith himself has called social grimaces. For all of us and the least of us he had a bright smile of welcome and a cordial nod. As Friar Spurgeon called over the names of friar after friar who advanced to make his bow, Mr. Meredith said with a twinkle in his eye "We are all friars here," to which Sir William Treloar, who was at that moment being introduced, added rather neatly, "Although we don't look it."

Nothing could have been happier than the manner in which the arrangements seemed to arrange themselves after the handshaking was over. The most of us squatted down on the rising ground opposite Mr. Meredith's seat and formed a half-moon of listeners to what he had to say. We were literally sitting at the feet of the master. The exceptions—the fortunate exceptions—were Madam Sarah Grand and Mrs. Robert Leighton who, seated on each side of our host, soon drew him into a delightful conversation.

Our worthy Prior Robert Leighton now took up the task of addressing Mr. Meredith on behalf of the pilgrim band, and this he performed in a very becoming manner, the little company of listeners being distinctly impressed with this slightly ceremonial feature of the day. After the Prior had done, Mr. Meredith made his reply, and surely there was never so charming a reply to an address of admiration. Rather than attempting any formal speech, which, indeed, no one in his senses would ask or expect of George Meredith, the novelist said that he would sit and talk to Mrs. Leighton so that we all could hear. The result will not be soon forgotten by those who had the privilege of listening.

With an entire absence of self-consciousness, which would have been excusable under the circumstances, Mr. Meredith chatted to his fair interlocutor as freely and buoyantly as if we admirers at his feet had been so many head of cabbage. He was in notable spirits, and his laugh rang curiously lusty for his seventy-four years. We found him one of those rare personages who can laugh heartily at their own quips and infect you immediately with their good humour. Praise, he said, should be taken like brandy—at least so he took it. He diluted it with a good deal of water. Pointing to some trees a little distance off, he said that all were of different heights, yet each was excellent in its way, and so with

men. There were authors who could do what was impossible to him, and it so happened that he could do what others could not, or at any rate did not. As for expressing his thanks for the address which our prior had presented, he could not find the words, as he was only "half Irish"; but that real Irishman, T. P. O'Connor, he could find the words no doubt—yes, a mountain of words, "the mountain word." But if we got him started the danger was we might not be able to stop him within a fortnight! And then the strong laugh rang out again, and "those wonderful



Friar Meredith tells Madam Sarah
Grand a good story.

(Photo by Friar Perkins.)

eyes" shone with merriment. At this bright reference to "T. P.," that sturdy pilgrim had to issue from the Celtic fringe of the half-moon and come to where Mr. Meredith was sitting. Now ensued a lively diversion of topics, ranging from Home Rule and Celtic character to Winston Churchill and the Anglo-Saxon lack of humour. Mr. Meredith mentioned incidentally that it has been one of his ambitions to make John Bull understand himself.

The one lasting impression left by hearing the great novelist engage in this long and unrestrained conversation was that he talks precisely as he writes. His spoken words resemble curiously his written phrases, with their unexpected epithets and fresh association of thoughts, so that what he has written of his splendid Diana might be aptly said of him: "This was like her, and that was like her, and here and there a phrase gave him the very play of her mouth, the flash of her eyes." It is really a trite thing to say that those of us who were present at this unique festival of Meredithian talk will ever cherish that afternoon in our memory as one of the richest in our lives; and it is only fair to add that the talented wife of our good friend Friar Leighton had much to do, with her leading questions, in securing for us this rare unfolding of the master's mind.

Most of the pilgrims took Mr. Meredith's liberal leave to explore his grounds and his study on the hill, where alas, it is to be feared his quills now lie idle. Then came the leave-taking, the tea at the hotel, and the next train home; for none seemed anxious to linger after the purpose of the pilgrimage had been attained,

CLUB NOTES.

WE are indebted to Friar Russell for the two photographs of the Annual Pilgrimage, and to Friar Perkins and Friar Atkins for those "taken" on the occasion of our visit to Friar George Meredith. The panorams snapshotted in Friar Meredith's garden are a great triumph for an amateur. Copyright is strictly reserved.

THE money paid for the Coronation seats in the Club Room has been returned, less the cost of erecting the platform and a proportion of the charges incurred for the cancelled luncheon.

IN the event of the Royal Procession announced for October passing the Club, as is probable, those who held seats for June 27th will have the option of occupying the same places they drew in the ballot.

THE programme for the next season, which will start on Friday, October 3rd, is practically complete. Friar Richard Whiteing will take the chair on the opening night, with Mr. J. E. C. Bodley as the Club Guest, and the topic for conversation will be "The Genius of France." Mr. Bodley is undoubtedly the greatest living authority on modern France.

THE arrangements for the Session at present stand as follow:—

October 3rd. *Prior*—Friar RICHARD WHITEING.

Club Guest—Mr. J. E. C. BODLEY.

Topic—"The Genius of France."

„ 10th. *Prior*—Friar J. A. STEUART.

Club Guest—Mr. NEIL MUNRO.

Topic—"The Celtic Fringe."

„ 17th. *Prior*—Friar DR. BOWDLER SHARPE.

Club Guest—Friar HARRISON WEIR.

Topic—"Reminiscences."

„ 24th. *Prior*—Friar ALEXANDER PAUL.

House Dinner. No Guests.

„ 31st. *Prior*—Friar R. NEWTON CRANE.

Club Guest—Mr. HENRY HARLAND.

Topic—"Americans in English Letters."

- November 7th. *Prior*—Friar SIR GILBERT PARKER, M.P.
Club Guest—Mr. MOBERLEY BELL.
Topic—"The Ideal Newspaper."
- „ 14th. *Prior*—Friar BENJAMIN SWIFT.
Club Guest—Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON.
Topic—"Dramatic Instinct."
- „ 21st. *Prior*—Friar R. LEE CAMPBELL.
House Dinner. No Guests.
- „ 28th. *Prior*—Friar W. SENIOR.
Club Guest—Mr. GEORGE R. SIMS.
Topic—"Slumland in Fact and Fiction."
- December 5th. *Prior*—Friar T. HEATH JOYCE.
Annual Business Meeting. No Guests.
- „ 12th. *Prior*—Friar E. T. SACHS.
Club Guest—LORD HARRIS.
Topic—"Our English Sports."
- „ 19th. *Prior*—Friar ARTHUR SPURGEON.
Annual Christmas Dinner at Trocadero Restaurant.
- „ 26th. Boxing Day. No Meeting.
- January 2nd. *Prior*—Friar SIR WILLIAM TRELOAR.
New Year Entertainment.

FRIAR JOHN FOSTER FRASER and Friar Atkins, with their wives, sailed in the "Campania" on August 2nd, for New York. The former has been commissioned by a syndicate of newspapers to write a series of articles on "America at Work."

At the meeting of the Committee in July a very cordial vote of thanks was accorded to Mrs. C. N. Williamson for the Coronation "At Home" she gave at the Hotel Cecil on June 18th. The gathering proved a most enjoyable one. Souvenirs were presented to the lady guests.

MR. J. B. PINKER, literary agent, and formerly editor of *Black and White*, and Mr. Cyril D. Cross, a member of Messrs. Cassell's literary staff and son of Friar Cross, have been admitted to the Brotherhood, vacancies having been caused by the death of Friar Fuller and by the transference of Friar Poulteney Bigelow to the country list.

FRIAR RICHARD WHITEING was unable to take part in the excursion up the river or in the visit to Friar Meredith, owing to pressure of work. He is under contract to have his new novel

ready to start in the November *Century*, and for some months he has been working against time.

THE following letter was received from Friar Sir Gilbert Parker, M.P., in reply to a resolution from the Club Committee congratulating him on his Knighthood :—

20, Carlton House Terrace, S.W.

July 6th, 1902.

DEAR FRIAR SPURGEON,—Will you thank the Committee of the Whitefriars Club for their most kind congratulations? None that I have received have been more acceptable and more appreciated. I have enjoyed every hour spent at the Whitefriars among the brotherhood, and have found them all too few. But this you and my brother Friars know, and will believe me when I say that I am proud to be of them, and grateful for their good wishes.—Always, my dear Arthur Spurgeon, yours very truly,

GILBERT PARKER.

THE informal speech made by Friar Meredith in reply to the admirably worded address presented to him by Friar Leighton has been revised by him, and its appearance in the JOURNAL has been specially authorised.

THIS number of the JOURNAL will doubtless be greatly prized by the Friars, as a reported speech by Friar Meredith is almost unique. We believe he was once induced to attend a dinner of the Omar Khayyâm Club at Burford Bridge Hotel, and he acknowledged the toast of his health, but the speech now printed was delivered under a tree in his own garden.

It was a memorable scene—the Master of our Craft addressing his brother Friars in terms as felicitous as they were cordial. Naturally he deprecated the eulogistic references to himself, but he was obviously touched by the tribute paid him. Full justice has been done to the occasion in the sketch by one of our Brethren who prefers to veil his identity under the *nom de plume* of “The Neophyte.” We fear the secret will be betrayed by the style.

MEMBERS are reminded that a Bohemian lunch is served in the club-room daily, except Saturday and Sunday, price 1s. 6d.

THE brethren will have heard with deep regret of the tragical end of Mr. J. W. Wells, who was a member of the Club until twelve months ago, when he resigned owing to ill-health. The deceased, who was a civil engineer by profession, wrote several books of travel. He had crossed the sea to Brazil forty times, and was familiar with countries of the South American continent not usually visited by English people.

The Opening Dinner of next Session
will be held on October 3rd, under the
Presidency of Friar Richard Whiteing.
