

Whitefriars Journal.

No. 7.

FEBRUARY, 1902.

PRIVATE
CIRCULATION.

THE CLUB ANNUAL DINNER.

The Annual Dinner of the Whitefriars Club was held in the International Hall, Café Monico, on Friday, January 24th, under the Presidency of Friar William Senior. The Vice-Chairmen were Friars Richard Whiteing, J. Bloundelle Burton, J. Farlow Wilson, and F. Carruthers Gould.

The Club Guests were the Lord Bishop of Ripon and Sir Edward Russell, editor of the *Liverpool Daily Post*. A reception preceded the dinner.

The following were present:—

Friar F. A. Atkins.
Mr. Shan F. Bullock.
Mr. David Williamson.
Friar Mackenzie Bell.
Friar W. H. Boucher.
Mr. C. H. Boucher.
Friar H. J. Brown.
Rev. Dr. Arthur S. Hoyt.
Friar J. Bloundelle Burton.
Major White.
Mr. Jas. E. Vincent.
Friar Wm. Colley.
Friar Chas. Cook.
Friar Herbert Cornish.
Friar Paul Creswick.
Friar Fred J. Cross.
Mr. C. D. Cross.
Friar R. N. Fairbanks.
Mr. Fraser Rae.
Friar Louis H. Falck.
Friar George Manville Fenn.
Friar Ernest Foster.
Mr. George R. Sims.
Friar Henry Frith.
Friar Douglas M. Gane.
Mr. Granville Smith.

Friar William Lawe Gane.
Rev. G. G. Gull.
Mr. Arthur J. Bird.
Mr. Charles V. Gane.
Friar Chas. Garvice.
Friar F. Carruthers Gould.
Mr. Norman C. Gould.
Friar Lionel F. Gowing.
Friar J. A. Hammerton.
Friar R. F. Harper.
Mr. Jules Hedeman.
Friar Joseph Hocking.
Mr. Will Perry.
Mr. P. Cook.
Friar Silas K. Hocking.
Friar Coulson Kernahan.
Mr. J. A. Craig.
Friar J. Louis Kight.
Friar A. Kinross.
Friar W. G. Lacy.
Mr. J. Hunt.
Friar R. Leighton.
Friar R. Duppa Lloyd.
Captain Horatio Nelson.
Mr. Frederick Rose.
Friar Chas. Lowe.

Friar C. G. Luzac.
 Mr. A. E. Capadosa.
 Friar A. E. W. Mason.
 Friar Kenric B. Murray.
 Friar Alex. Paul.
 Friar Chas. E. Pearce.
 Friar Joseph Pennell.
 Friar G. H. Perkins.
 Rev. F. H. Haines.
 Mr. H. Plowman.
 Mr. C. E. Fagan.
 Friar Commander Robinson.
 Mr. David Hannay.
 Friar William Senior.
 Mr. Thos. Skewes-Cox, M.P.
 Mr. J. E. Harting.
 Dr. Stott.

Friar E. T. Sachs.
 Mr. E. J. Horniman.
 Friar Joseph Shaylor.
 Mr. Joseph Truslove.
 Mr. R. Bryham.
 Mr. F. Hanson.
 Friar Clement Shorter.
 Friar Arthur Spurgeon.
 Mr. George H. Langham.
 Friar Dr. Bowdler Sharpe.
 Friar Arthur Warren.
 Friar Richard Whiteing.
 Mr. Maurice Hewlett.
 Mr. Walter Smith.
 Friar Fred. J. Wilson.
 Friar J. Farlow Wilson.
 Friar A. Moresby White.

The toast of "The King" having been duly honoured, the Chairman read letters of apology from a number of Friars, and the Roll Call of Welcome.

"THE PULPIT AND THE PRESS."

FRIAR RICHARD WHITEING proposed "The Pulpit and the Press." He thought there was a remarkable fitness, he said, in such a toast at this time, because it seemed to him that the pulpit and press had rather changed parts of late. The pulpit had become topical, and the press had shown a decided tendency to sermonise. (Laughter.) For his own part, whenever he wanted to know what was going on, say, in the world of fiction, what novels were being read—he might even add what plays were interesting—he dropped in at Westminster Abbey. (Laughter.) On the other hand, whenever he was in a more serious mood—(laughter)—and required something for the guidance of life, he read his "British Weekly"—(laughter)—or, failing that, his "Referee." (Laughter.) These observations were not censorious in any way. They were tributes of admiration. He did not desire such a perfect interchange of parts as should make one cross the stage to stand exactly where the other stood, but rather that each should show itself in its work aware of the influence of the other. He would have the seriousness of the pulpit tempered by the actuality of the press, and the raw actuality of the press tempered by something of the spirit of the pulpit. The representative of each should be himself, and yet should not be wholly unaware of the existence of the other. (Hear, hear.) That there was a necessity for mutual relations of this kind—that, in fact, the cobbler could stick too closely to his last—was shown by what they used to see some time ago, when some sermons were a little too remote, and some newspapers so peculiarly "lightsome"

that one was rather tempted to wonder why God had created such a frivol of a world. (Laughter.)

ACTUALITY IN THE PULPIT.

He was fortunate in being able to associate with the toast the names of two men who exhibited to his mind, above all their contemporaries, the spirit he wished to see—that was to say, the spirit of one of these great institutions tempered by sympathy with the other. He referred to the Bishop of Ripon, and to his old and honoured friend, Sir Edward Russell. The Bishop, while a sound theologian, had always shown a very strong sense of the actuality for which he pleaded as the one thing which gave an added grace to the life of a great prelate. Years ago he did not disdain to teach by the parable of the novel, in his "Narcissus," having found, with a few other ecclesiastics of our generation, that a great deal of truth could be inculcated in that manner. (Hear, hear.) It was, he thought, the secret of the Bishop's popularity—using the word in its best sense of usefulness—that he had always shown keen appreciation of the things of his time. When he entered upon his work in his diocese, he advised his clergy to understand thoroughly the epoch in which they lived. He spoke of the present, as he was bound to do, in proper relation to the past and the future, but he was happy to say the Bishop's reference to the latter had no connection with future punishment. The Bishop had in view the happiness of mankind on this earth, and desired to promote that happiness—of course, with other and deeper views which it would not become him there to dwell upon—but it was remarkable what stress he laid on the importance of the present. In one utterance he pleaded, not only for a Broad Church, a High Church, or a Low Church, but also for a Deep Church, so that it seemed to him the Bishop almost performed the miracle of discovering a new dimension in theological space. (Applause.)

HIGH-MINDEDNESS IN THE PRESS.

Sir Edward Russell represented the other side of the medal. While his work as a publicist had mainly dealt with actuality, in all his writings there were signs that he had passed through great studies and serious thought. When they first met, Sir Edward Russell was in the gallery of the House of Commons, writing the Parliamentary leader for a paper which had great influence in its day. He (the speaker) was new to such work then, and the manner in which Sir Edward dealt with the debate point by point, shaping it according to the policy of his paper, and his own inner thought, seemed to him a marvel of what the human faculty could do, trained in a certain direction. It combined the power to see just the point which would be of

supreme interest to the public, and to bring to it the general knowledge which could only be derived from long reading and much thought. He had seen Sir Edward Russell again as dramatic critic—(hear, hear)—and he ventured to say it would not be difficult to go through his work of that kind, and found upon it a general body of doctrine on criticism for our time, and indeed all time, for the principles of criticism were eternal. Lately he had made an incursion into another domain, and given them “An Editor’s Sermons.” He did not know if this book was to be regarded as a sort of tit for tat for much they had endured from the pulpit. (Laughter.) Sir Edward took care to tell them that his book was the pew preaching to the pulpit, the pulpit having hitherto had it all its own way in preaching to the pew. He would go further, and say it was in some respects the pew hitting back. (Laughter.) It was, however, a step towards the realisation of the ideal he had set up, in which pulpit and press, each true to itself, should yet work in harmony with the other. He had only to say once more that in the two guests, whose names he coupled with the toast, they saw exhibited the spirit in which the two different orders of mind should regard each other, and in which they should ever co-operate on the principle “United we stand, divided we fall.” (Applause.)

THE BISHOP RESPONDS.

THE LORD BISHOP OF RIPON, in responding to the toast, said he thought the proposer, by his excellent speech, had succeeded in putting him, not in “No. 5, John-street,” but in Queer-street—(laughter)—for he had so opened before him vistas of thought, and so enlarged the horizon of his ideas, that he felt like one who had undertaken a task far too vast for his powers, or for the time at his disposal. He confessed, too, that when he found himself seated between two editors, either of whom might have ended him with a blow—(laughter)—he had thought that all his courage and all his strength would be needed to endure, should he say, the trial of the evening; but he had found that editors also were men—(laughter and hear, hear)—and although their Prior had got him on his hook—(laughter)—he would have to travel very far a-Field—(laughter)—before he “nabbed” him. (Laughter.) He did not mean to be driven from pillar to Post. (Laughter.) As to what Mr. Whiteing had said about the inversion of duties between the pulpit and the press, he felt those duties had been so inverted that evening that he hardly understood his position. He presumed, however, that he was to speak first because the *Leader’s* business was given to him, and the sermon work was left to Sir Edward Russell. (Laughter.) His inversion of duties was, in one sense, pleasing, for they who had to preach knew they had

to preach amongst those who criticised, but when the press began to sermonise, the right of criticism passed to the preachers, and this was in itself some compensation for the inversion of position.

“NO DEEP OR REAL ANTAGONISM.”

There was also, he reflected, some hardship for the preacher in it. There was a well-known sketch of Max Adeler's, called “His Speech,” in which a gentleman who has carefully prepared a speech with a great many anecdotes in it, finds them all stolen from him by previous speakers. If the press really took upon itself the duty of preaching sermons, preachers would find, he would not say their occupation gone, but their best things anticipated. They would be like Mother Hubbard in the most recent version:—

“Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard,
To quench her terrible thirst;
When she got there
The cupboard was bare,
For her husband had got there first.”

(Laughter.) Perhaps when preachers got their sermons ready, they would find the editor had been there first. (Laughter.) But seriously he heartily and most warmly concurred in what Mr. Whiteing had said. When one realised the enormous amount of good work which could be done by energetic brains and unselfish hearts, when one remembered the evils that could be redressed, the sorrows that could be in a measure consoled, the troubles which, if they could not be entirely removed, might be alleviated, one thought if they could confederate the united forces of pulpit and press they might do a great deal for this world in which their lot was cast. There was so much in common, if he might use the expression, between the work of the preacher and the work of the journalist, that there ought to be a natural sympathy existing between them. He did not believe for a moment that there was to-day any deep or real antagonism. He not only said this from his own limited experience, but he believed on all sides those who occupied his position would be prepared to testify that they had very little to complain of in the kindness and sympathy with which the Press supported men who were trying in their own way—with mistakes, no doubt—to do some good. Mistakes they were bound to make, because they were human, but he often asked himself, when tempted to do an impetuous thing, whether it was not better to go forward making, it might be, a few mistakes, than to hesitate so long over each adventure as, in fact, to do nothing at all.

THE GOSPEL OF DOING ONE'S BEST.

When the leader had to be written under pressure of time, when the sermon had to be made while a hundred duties and

small demands and irritating anxieties pressed, and when the hours of leisure sped and brought one face to face with some great occasion, for which one would like a year instead of a week or a month to prepare, then one realised that the only chance in this world was to do one's best, trusting to the spirit of the work for its effect, believing that there were those who would understand that through all the errors of humanity the preacher or the writer was desirous of speaking truth only, and of promoting right. He admitted that sometimes one had read a leading article and had been prepared to fling the paper down and say, "How can the man write that?" and he knew they had often left the church and said, "How can the man in the pulpit say that?" He had suffered many things from the pulpit—(laughter)—for he also had heard sermons and knew what some of them had had to bear. (Laughter.) He could assure them from the bottom of his heart of his sympathy, and he almost thought that the pain he had endured under the infliction of an ill-considered, crude, raw, ignorant sermon from a very conceited man—he really could not call him much more—had been even greater than any pain his general hearers could have felt, for it was natural that he should desire that the pulpit should make the best of its opportunities. They in the same manner who had been associated with the press would be far more likely and far more keen to resent a foolish or indiscreet article than a layman like himself. This made a ground for sympathy between the pulpit and the press. A far closer bond was the fact that both sought to influence public opinion, and that if by continued work they could make that public opinion level-headed, wholesome and righteous in its instincts, noble and true in all its aspirations, they would have done more for the welfare of humanity than many and many of those who posed as philanthropists in the world. For he held that he who could touch and move to higher things was doing the best and noblest service to his fellows.

HOW THE WORLD CAN BE MOVED.

Archimedes said he could move the world if he could get a spot outside of it on which to place his levers. Was there not a parable in this? It was only when they could get outside themselves, and do their work in a clear unselfish spirit that they could occupy the vantage ground from which it was possible to move even this great world. If they approached their work in the spirit of unselfishness, letting self stand in the background and having no axes to grind, they might, he would not say regenerate the world, but do something which would lead to that public opinion which would secure the happiness of mankind. (Applause.) What was wanted, too, was a fraternal spirit. It often seemed to him that in the hurry of the present day the brotherly spirit, he would not say was broken down, for that could never be while humanity was

what it was, but somewhat weakened, and clubs such as theirs were of inestimable value in keeping alive the brotherly spirit. They must all have their attics, their own little corners for lonely and individual work, but he often quoted to himself the great words of Edmund Burke to the electors of Bristol: "Applaud us when we run. Console us when we fall. In God's name let us pass on." (Applause.) That was the motto he should like to give to an association like theirs. Let them sympathise in each other's defeats and victories. Applaud one another in successes. Give each man a free hand to work out his own individuality, his own capacity, his special gift, his peculiar calling, but add to this the spirit which was ready to console in the hour when the creative mind—for all felt it—was depressed and sad, fearing that its capacities were failing. When anyone amongst their brotherhood had done good work let them not be slow to tell him. Let the spirit which took great interest in the success of brothers be present, and he was certain that the work done would be better and better work, and the influence exercised would be stronger and more lasting. Their brotherly spirit cheered him. After their kindness in making him their guest he should go back with the thought that there were many toilers animated by one principle, taking a brotherly interest in the toils they had to fill. He thanked them for the strengthening influence which had come to him, and above all for the kindness of Mr. Whiteing's speech, and the kindness of their reception of himself. (Applause.)

STRAIGHT TALK FROM A VETERAN JOURNALIST.

SIR EDWARD RUSSELL, who also responded to the toast, said he had one great advantage in following the Bishop in that there could be no thought of competition. The Bishop was one of our most finished orators, and yet now that they had supped full of thought, and grace, and humour, they might be willing to receive from a humbler speaker a few plain words of thanks for the great honour which had been done him. He had often heard of the Whitefriars Club. People had come to him and told him what evenings they had had with the White Friars, and he was well acquainted with many of the members of the Club. He felt a pleasure in being so near their Chairman, who was on the London press at the same time as himself, and whom he remembered he had regarded with feelings of admiration and respect. Above all, he felt most deeply touched by the fact that Friar Whiteing proposed the toast, and by the beautiful manner in which he had done it. Friar Whiteing and he were together very early in life. He would not enter upon any comparison of age, because it was probably a subject which would not turn out to his advantage. Friar Whiteing was one of those men who, known once, interested

one throughout life. There was not a man who had known him who did not often think, "I wonder what Whiteing is doing," and his recent successes were a great triumph for all his friends. (Applause.)

THE INCURSION OF UNIVERSITY MEN.

He did not know how people got on the press nowadays. (Laughter.) When he was applied to he generally found it convenient to pass the applicants on somewhere else. (Laughter.) He remembered, however, Friar Whiteing and himself getting on the press. They were young men in London who thought they could write, and as soon as they got someone who was capable of helping them they took the chance, and had been "at it" ever since. He, himself, had been writing articles for newspapers since he was twenty-four, and it was a great delight to him to have the kindness of such a reception from men who in the conditions of to-day were doing what he was doing so many years ago. There was one change in the *personnel* of Journalism which was deeply interesting, and that was that more University men were coming on the press than in former times. (Applause.) Whether it was for good or evil the fact was there. He thought it was for good—if the University men turned out good journalists. (Laughter.) If they did not he thought they had better give it up for a bad job, and try something else, for a bad journalist was about the most regrettable person in existence. (Hear, hear.) This incursion of University men, from which he himself hoped they would get elements in which journalism had been hitherto deficient, was the more interesting because Universities themselves were extending in a manner which was most satisfactory into strata of society with which formerly they had nothing to do. For his part he hoped that everyone who had the power of moving public opinion would join in the enterprise of bringing under University influence as many as possible of our youth. They could not hope to have Oxford or Cambridge brought to their doors—of course, he did not mean anything of the kind—but that the University quality might enter into the lives of their youth, and that a large proportion of the journalists of the country would be derived from University sources, would be, he thought, of the greatest advantage.

THE GREAT CHANGES OF HALF A CENTURY.

Many changes had taken place in journalism, and it was a fact interesting to himself that each of these, with the exception of the starting of the penny dailies, and of special correspondents to the wars, had been included in his journalistic life. Each of these changes, he would like to point out, had been connected with individuals. He trusted they were not losing their faith in great men. Let them never omit to

respect and honour the men who did things for the first time—the great innovators of the race. It was impossible to over-estimate the services rendered to this country by that veteran in the journalistic profession, Sir William Russell, and he might say that of the family of the Levys, now the Lawsons, who founded the *Daily Telegraph*. He remembered the revolution of feeling among the common people of England on finding that there were newspapers for them, which were made interesting, not by sinking to the level of the common people, but by bringing the common people to their own higher level. He was not going into all the changes which had taken place, but there was one to which he felt he must allude, as he noticed it with some regret. He hoped the Press would never lose its pulpit quality, or abandon its great function of commenting on news as well as giving news. He thought, too, there was an evil in the great vogue of short articles in the present day. It was the same in the pulpit, and yet he had very seldom heard a bad long sermon, though he had heard hundreds of bad short ones. (Laughter, and hear, hear.) Short articles gave encouragement to little witticisms, or rather repetitions of the wit of others. As an instance of these little stolen threepenny-bits of humour, which were really beyond contempt, he mentioned the use of the word "kailyard," as applied to a certain class of novel. On its first appearance this might pass, but he did not know how many half-crowns had been earned by quoting the rather ordinary wit of the man who first invented the word. Another phrase was "*fin de siècle*," which simply infested journalism, until happily a new century put it out of the currency. What half-crowns had been earned by men in whose articles this was the only point! If those present could influence people who were engaged in inferior branches of literature, he would say "Do induce them, if they have wit, to use it, but if they are denied that quality, not to quote poor wit from others." (Laughter, and hear, hear.) He hoped that the press would never lay aside its ideals.

JOURNALISTS AND THE NEW DEMOCRACY.

He hoped it would never lay aside the practice of day by day illuminating by comment the events of the time, of qualifying the principles and thoughts of the day, and of observing the changes of the public mind. They had a new democracy among them, and it was interesting to notice how entirely the action and feeling of the new democracy had contradicted all that was prophesied of it. They had been in fear of many things predicted of democracy. Instead of these prophesies coming true, they had found a state of things in which any man who could put forth consistently a clear and strong statement of policy got a force behind him that was wanting when he had had to depend on the acquiescence of a class of well-educated persons. This only

added to the responsibility of statesmen and of the press, and made it more incumbent upon them to make sure that they neither in themselves committed, nor encouraged in others, any acts which led to the debasement of the general mind, but that all their work should be guided by the highest spirit, and done in the best way they could. (Applause.)

Afterwards FRIAR A. E. W. MASON, in a witty speech, proposed "Our Club and Our Chairman," Prior Senior responding in one of his racy utterances, rich in interesting reminiscence and humorous anecdote.

The following musical programme was carried out during the evening, Mr. Sidney Hill acting as accompanist.

NATIONAL ANTHEM	...	"God Save the King"
		Solo by MISS EDITH SERPELL.				
HUMOROUS SONG	...	"The World Went Very Well Then"	<i>Spurr</i>
		MR. MEL B. SPURR.				
SONG	...	"The Old Garden"	<i>Hope Temple</i>
		MADAME EDITH HANDS.				
SOLO	...	"Honour in Arms"	<i>Handel</i>
		MR. JOHN SANDBROOK.				
SONG	...	"By the River"	<i>Wadham</i>
		MISS EDITH SERPELL.				
HUMOROUS SKETCH	...	"If I were only Joseph"	<i>Hill</i>
		MR. HARRISON HILL.				
DUET	...	"Nocturne"	<i>Denza</i>
		MISS EDITH SERPELL and MADAME EDITH HANDS.				
SONG	...	"The Bonnie Banks o' Loch Lomond"	<i>Old Scotch</i>
		MR. JOHN SANDBROOK.				
SONG	...	"Mother's Joy"	<i>Needham</i>
		MADAME EDITH HANDS.				
MUSICAL SKETCH	...	"Our Smoking Concert"	<i>Spurr</i>
		MR. MEL B. SPURR.				
SONG	...	"Best of All"	<i>Moir</i>
		MISS EDITH SERPELL.				
HUMOROUS SONG	...	"Romeo and Juliet"	<i>Hill</i>
		MR. HARRISON HILL.				

The proceedings were brought to a close at 11 o'clock with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

CLUB NOTES.

The Annual Dinner was a very pleasant affair. The experiment of reducing the number of speeches and extending the musical programme was voted a success by some and condemned by others. This year the dinner was held at the Café Monico, and the catering gave complete satisfaction.

The toast of the evening "The Pulpit and the Press" was proposed by Friar Richard Whiteing in a brilliant speech. Friar Whiteing is never trite ; he never wearies with platitudes. At the Annual Dinner he was, as usual, suggestive and original, and he was warmly complimented by Friars and guests on the striking manner in which he dealt with a somewhat difficult subject.

It is not often that a visitor from Episcopia strays into Bohemia and the presence of the Bishop of Ripon at the Dinner was most cordially welcomed. His speech in response to the toast was aptly described as a charming combination of sound common sense and surpassing eloquence. No audience could be more critical than the Friars or more quick to see and resent the trickery of the rhetorician. Yet we are told this audience of cultured censors he held as spellbound as he does an ordinary church congregation or a meeting of sturdy Yorkshiremen in a manufacturing centre. An extended report of the speech appears in this issue.

Sir Edward Russell is an old colleague of Friar Whiteing on the Press, and his reminiscences were much appreciated.

The following members have been elected since the last Journal was issued :—

Alexander Mackintosh, London Correspondent of the *Aberdeen Free Press*.

G. Moulton Piper, Writer on Bibliography.

Harold Spender, Joint Editor of the *Daily News*.

Walter Smith, Editor of *The King*.

The first House Dinner this year was held on January 17th with our old friend, Friar George Manville Fenn, in the chair. The evening, which was spent in gossip, was a most enjoyable one. The next House Dinner will be held on February 21st, with Friar J. Bloundelle Burton in the chair.

The Christmas Dinner was a great success. Friar and Mrs. Spurgeon received the guests. There was little speech-making. A triumph was secured by Mrs. Fairbanks in responding for

“The Ladies.” The musical arrangements were under the direction of Friar Henry Brown.

Two “At-Homes” have been given in the club room—the first by Mrs. Robert Leighton, and the second by Mrs. Senior. The attendance was very satisfactory on each occasion, and a general opinion was expressed that the departure was most commendable. The Committee are very grateful to Mrs. Leighton and Mrs. Senior for so kindly undertaking the duties of hostess. The next “At-Home” will be held on Monday, February 17th, from 4 to 7. A card of invitation will be sent to each Friar for himself and lady.

Members will receive the usual dinner cards for February with this issue.

Luncheon is provided in the Club room daily, except Saturdays and Sundays, between 1 and 2.30, at an inclusive charge of 1s. 6d.

The arrangements for February are:—

February 7th.—*Chairman* : Friar Coulson Kernahan.

Club Guest : Mr. Augustine Birrell, K.C.

Topic : “The Commerce of Men v. The Commerce of Books.”

February 14th.—*Chairman* : Friar Kenric B. Murray.

Club Guest : Mr. Sidney Low.

Topic : “The Americanisation of England.”

February 21st.—*Chairman* : Friar J. Bloundelle Burton.
House Dinner—No Guests.

February 28th.—*Chairman* : Friar Aaron Watson.

Club Guest : Sir Wm. B. Richmond.

Topic : “The Art of To-Day.”

Sir Clements R. Markham, K.C.B., President of the Royal Geographical Society, has accepted an invitation to be a guest of the Club at the weekly dinner on April 11th. Mr. F. T. Bullen, the author of “The Cruise of the Cachalot,” will also be a guest. The order after dinner is “Travellers’ Tales.” As stated in the programme, the chair will be taken by Friar John Foster Fraser.

The Brotherhood will be glad to know that the latest reports concerning Friar Fuller are distinctly encouraging. He is still at the Nordrach-on-Mendip Sanatorium.

The attention of Friars who have not paid their subscription for the current year is called to Rule 9. The next meeting of the Committee will be held on Friday, February 7th. Subscriptions should be forwarded to the Hon. Treasurer, Friar G. H. Perkins, 39, Christchurch Avenue, Brondesbury, N.W.