

PRIVATE CIRCULATION.

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# Whitefriars Journal.

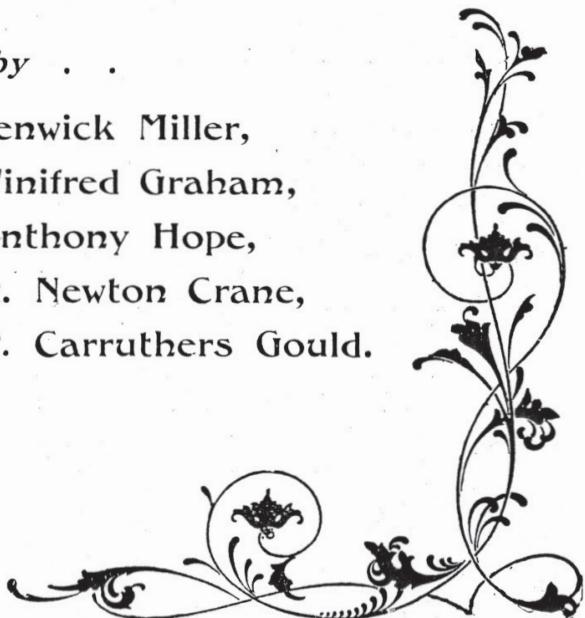
## Annual . Ladies' . Banquet.

*MAY 2nd,  
1902.*

*SPEECHES by . . .*

Mrs. Fenwick Miller,  
Miss Winifred Graham,  
Friar Anthony Hope,  
Friar R. Newton Crane,  
Friar F. Carruthers Gould.

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## ANNUAL LADIES' BANQUET.

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THE Annual Ladies' Banquet was held at the Hotel Cecil on Friday, May 2nd, under the presidency of Friar Anthony Hope, who received the guests in the Grand Hall.

The following Friars and Guests sat down to dinner, which was served in the Victoria Room :—

TABLE A.—Friar Anthony Hope (Prior), Mrs. Fenwick Miller, Friar Edward Clodd, Mrs. W. K. Clifford, Miss Kathleen Haydn Green, Friar J. A. Steuart, Friar R. Newton Crane, Mr. Joseph B. Gilder, Mrs. Gilder, Miss Lena Ashwell, Mr. Lucius F. Crane, Miss Mary Egert, Miss Winifred Graham, Friar A. E. W. Mason, Friar Sir W. P. Treloar, Lady Treloar, Miss Constance Ritchie, Mr. T. R. Treloar, Miss Florence Ritchie, Mr. R. Rough, Miss Irene Miller, Mr. James Smith.

TABLE B.—Friar Henry J. Brown (Sub-Prior), Mrs. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Wise, Friar G. Moulton Piper, Mrs. Piper, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Slater, Friar J. A. Hammerton, Mrs. Hammerton, Friar A. H. Miles, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Spencer, Friar Silas K. Hocking, Mrs. Hocking, Miss Hocking, Miss Eunice Hocking, Miss Rosie Wilkins, Friar F. A. Atkins, Mrs. Atkins, Mr. and Mrs. James Bowden, Dr. Newton F. Marshall, Miss Alice Wilkins, Friar Joseph Hocking, Mrs. Hocking, Friar Joseph Shaylor, Mr. and Mrs. J. Truslove, Mr. R. Bryham, Mr. Kochler, Friar Walter Smith, Mrs. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. H. R Chamberlain.

TABLE C.—Friar T. Heath Joyce (Sub-Prior), Mrs. Joyce, Mr. H. A. Joyce, Mr. T. A. Joyce, Miss Lilian Daryll-Reed, Dr. Shirley and Mrs. Murphy, Friar Kenric Murray, Mrs. Murray, Miss Hilda Murray, Mr. Cedric Godwin, Friar Bernard E. Hodgson, Rev. J. H. and Mrs. Hodgson, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Burney, Miss Eva Mitchell, Friar Louis H. Falck, Mrs. Falck, Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Polak, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Harris, Mr. Walter Emanuel, Friar J. R. Geard, Mrs. Geard, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Soper, Friar Sir Ernest Clarke, Lady Clarke, Mr. and Mrs. Riviere, Mr. Harry Marillier.

TABLE D.—Friar Coulson Kernahan (Sub-Prior), Mrs. Kernahan, the Bishop of Barking, Mrs. Eisdell, Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Scrutton, Rev. Canon Hodges, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Jacobs, Dr. G. D. Deeping, Miss Mabel Wotton, Miss Norma Lorimer, Mr. Douglas Sladen, Friar A. G. Browning, Mrs. Browning, Rev. and Mrs. A. Chilton, Mrs. St. George Patton, Mr. Ralph Hall Caine, Mrs. Hall Caine, Friar E. T. Sachs, Mrs. Sachs, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Horniman, Mr. and Mrs. F. Gubbins, Friar W. Senior, Mrs. Senior, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Cox, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. G. Port.

TABLE E.—Friar George Manville Fenn (Sub-Prior), Mrs. Fenn, Friar J. Farlow Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Wilson, Mrs. Snudden, Friar Fred J. Wilson, Mrs. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. J. Minnes, Friar R. Hovenden, Miss Hovenden, Miss A. S. Hovenden, Friar Arthur Spurgeon, Mrs. Spurgeon, Miss Thornborrow, Friar W. G. Lacy, Mrs. Lacy, Miss Lacy, Dr. and Mrs. Neal, Miss Daisy Neal, Dr. and Mrs. Allan, Mr. John Ortner, Miss Viva Ortner, Friar John Foster Fraser, Mrs. Fraser, Friar Douglas M. Gane, Mrs. Gane, Friar Paul Creswick, Mrs. Creswick, Friar A. Kinross.

TABLE F.—Friar Robert Leighton (Sub-Prior), Mrs. Leighton, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Appleton, Mr. W. Appleton, Friar G. B. Burgin, Mr. Chas. Burgin, Rev. J. Sedgwick, Friar R. F. Harper, Miss Palmer, Friar E. Mathers, Mrs. Mathers, Friar W. J. C. Lancaster, Mrs. Lancaster, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Moss, Miss Laughton, Friar R. N. Fairbanks, Mrs. Fairbanks, Friar Dr. Bowdler Sharpe, Miss Emily Sharpe, Friar Geo. H. Perkins, Dr. and Mrs. C. E. Fagan, Mr. Herve Browning, Friar Richard Whiteing, Miss Alice Corkran, Mrs. Henryson Caird, Friar Dr. Robertson Nicoll, Mrs. Nicoll, Miss Nicoll, Dr. and Mrs. Burnett Smith.

TABLE G.—Friar F. Carruthers Gould (Sub-Prior), Mrs. Gould, Miss Carruthers Gould, Miss Frances Carruthers Gould, Friar W. Gurney Benham, Miss Violet Benham, Friar W. N. Shansfield, Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Dobbs, Friar F. S. A. Lowndes, Mrs. Lowndes, Friar Fred J. Cross, Mr. C. Duncan Cross, Mr. John Woodrow Cross, Friar Charles Braid, Mr. Frank Dethridge, Mr. Edgar Homan, Miss Hibberd, Friar T. F. Dillon Croker, Sir Wyke Bayliss, Friar Charles Lowe, Mrs. Lowe, Miss Blanche Lowe, Mr. John Sharman Franey, Friar J. Bloundelle Burton, Mr. A. S. Watt, Friar Aaron Watson, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Lock, Friar R. Dupper Lloyd, Mrs. Lloyd, Lady Smith Marriott.

### “Sovran Woman.”

After the loyal toasts had been duly honoured, the PRIOR proposed “Sovran Woman.”

The PRIOR, in proposing “Sovran Woman,” said he feared that the truth that night might not in every respect be popular, but he could not, considering the position he occupied, avoid on that occasion the plain simple truth. What was the real truth with respect to “Sovran Woman” and Mere Man? He liked her, but he was afraid of her. She was a perpetual menace to his independence. (Hear, hear, and laughter.) If they sought through the pages of history they would find that salient point coming out everywhere. In these days they could not hope for one minute to keep up that policy of repression. They could not repress. Coercion was no use. To adapt a current phrase, they tried to kill Home Rule by kindness. (Applause.) It was not altogether a

success, but leaving that out of the question it was the fact that now they were fighting in the last ditch, and by giving woman everything she wanted they greatly hoped to be able to retain just a little of what they wanted themselves. It was extremely doubtful, however, whether they would succeed, despite these generous concessions. Of course they might obtain a qualified independence. They knew well enough that every man must be managed by some woman or another. What they wanted was to be managed by the woman whom they wished to manage. It was true, a most moderate ambition, but he was not at all sure that they would achieve it. (Laughter.) It was not, as a matter of fact, a possible thing to do for any one to speak there that night with reference to that toast and say exactly what was in his mind. If he did so he would be committing the unpardonable mistake of being sincere in a public room. During the rest of the year they were accustomed to dine by themselves peacefully and intellectually, and on this one occasion when they gave themselves the honour and luxury of entertaining ladies he thought that it was appropriate, speaking for his brother Friars, for them to acknowledge in a very few words, that for all the gladness and colour and charm of life, for the inspiration of most of the best art and the best literature they looked to women. (Applause.) They knew that they were their solace in moments of illness—though he hoped they were all ill so seldom that that was a small matter—but in other moments they were their solace, the inspiration of their work, the comrades of their hours of leisure as well as those of difficulty and stress, and always, he thought, putting it in a rough way, representative of that side of life which made the most difference to them in their way through the world. He gave the toast of "Sovran Woman," coupled with the name of Mrs. Fenwick Miller. (Applause.)

Mrs. FENWICK MILLER, in responding, said that, speaking in the name of the ladies, the latter would of course understand why she did not include them in her opening exordium. The very charming and witty speech to which they had just listened had raised in her mind doubts as to whether she could do justice to the reply, as notice that she would be called upon to speak was only given to her at two o'clock, and she had been at the private view of the Royal Academy ever since, and had consequently had no time to think about what she was going to say. It had occurred to her that literary men should above all others in all earnestness propose the toast of "Sovran Woman." It was a most extraordinary fact that the great periods of English literature had invariably

been periods when the highest personage in the land was a woman. When did literature really begin? It began at a time when there was indeed a King, but one who gave to his exceptionally noble Queen so much influence that the Queen Consort was a strong and forceful personality. Chaucer, the father of English poetry, was Queen Philippa of Hainhault's own poet, and sang under the influence of the society she ruled over. Then they came down to the spacious days of Queen Elizabeth, the days of brilliant genius; there had been no other time in which such a galaxy of talent was shining in the literary heavens as in that Queen's day. For any period to compare with the Elizabethan we must come on to the great Victorian age, while the only marked outburst of literary splendour between those two dates was the time of good Queen Anne. Would they say that that was a mere coincidence? No; when similar conditions were seen always to produce a like result, they would say distinctly that there lay cause and effect. It, therefore, behoved all the gentlemen present to endeavour to make that beautiful fact permanent. The lustre of the Victorian period might be perpetuated—by reversing the Salic law this great end might be accomplished! They must have no more Kings, but instead a succession of Queens seated upon their island throne. Then how glorious and splendid would be English literature when a few hundred years had passed over their heads. (Laughter.) The proposal would be popular—woman, when really sovereign, made her rule beloved. At the great sale of silver at Christie's last week the article which brought the highest price was a cup that bore an inscription which ran: "This Cup was made out of the great seal of Ireland in 1604, after the death of Queen Elizabeth, the most blessed Prince that ever reigned." Most blessed prince that ever reigned! That was said of one who could no longer reward those who praised her. But this was only one instance; a hundred testimonies to the feeling Elizabeth aroused in those whom she ruled over might be cited. Did they know that for a hundred years after she died and more, it was customary for the people of this country to keep her birthday spontaneously, out of their own hearts, from love for the memory of the great and patriotic Queen which had been handed down to them? So would it be with the memory of Queen Victoria. She trusted that they would take the idea which she had now suggested for the enhancement of literature by women sovereigns into their most serious reflective after-dinner considerations. (Hear, hear.) Seriously speaking, when there was a woman upon the throne,

naturally more attention was given to the wishes, the opinions, and ideas of women. Literature was written more with a view to please them ; and the best literature must be written to please both sexes, must be addressed to the quick insight, the sensitiveness and tenderness and refinement of the female sex, as well as to the broader minds, and wider experience, and stronger character of the male sex. She was at that minute standing in the presence of a number of the most illustrious writers of that day, and she was sure that they would be willing to corroborate what she had said on this point: that literature must take account of all humanity. That night the ladies had been entertained in a manner to which no exception could be taken. It was different from sitting behind the bars of a stuffy gallery, being regaled with stale cake and poor wine, and watching the men enjoying all the delicacies of the season, while waiting to hear their after-dinner speeches. They (the White Friars) had asked the ladies to share their banquet and in doing so they had justified themselves in drinking the health of the ladies. They had given them what they gave themselves, and, therefore, had endeavoured to sustain their health, and the ladies had something more to return thanks for than a mere compliment. Compliments were nice enough in their way, but a solid meal was much better. (Laughter.) Some allusion had been made to the meetings men had alone in that Club. How much they wondered what really went on at these meetings ! The men were, of course, a superior sex, their lords and masters ; they of the opposite sex looked at these wonderful beings with the deepest reverence and respect. All the same, when the ladies got quite alone they did say to each other sometimes with bated breath that after all men were very much like big boys—they did not seem to grow up so completely as women—and they did amuse themselves sometimes very oddly. She remembered the last masculine society's banquet at which she had the honour of being present ; it was a Freemasons' dinner, an "open night." They were all very much dressed up, in cocked hats trimmed with splendid ostrich feathers, and there were figuring among the other things swords, which were constantly coming out of and returning to their scabbards, and the men had all kinds of brooches and stars and things pinned on to them. When one of them was going to have the addition of another pin, he did not walk straight to the place requisite, but another man went to fetch him, and marched him this way and that way, round two sides of a square—a strange method of circuitous procedure,

surely ! These strange diversions for serious business men went on for about an hour. Her hostess's husband and father were both concerned in this induction. She asked her hostess how much the splendid ostrich feathers cost which were part of the equipment. "I will ask my husband," was the reply. "But he won't tell you." Nevertheless the question was put. "How much did those feathers cost?" "Oh!" was the vague reply, "I really don't know. You see I got them with a lot of other things." Then the lady asked her father, who answered, "My dear, it is such a long time since I bought it; I have only had one. I have really forgotten." Of course they would not tell the preposterous price they must have given for this amusement. However, the elder man made a remark, she (the speaker) really believed that he must have evolved beforehand ready for such a moment. He said : "We men buy so many feathers that we do not wear ~~that~~ we think that it is legitimate for us to buy feathers occasionally for ourselves!" Such were the ways men diverted themselves in their secret meetings and societies. (Laughter.) But as to what took place at these banquets when no ladies were there entirely passed her comprehension. It was indeed very sensible of them to ask the ladies sometimes, so as not to exclude them always from the more amusing side of their lives, but no doubt it was much more amusing when the ladies were not present, which fact made them all the more appreciative of the sacrifice involved. They thanked the Friars very sincerely for the charming evening they had passed. They were glad to find themselves in the company of so many interesting men and they would long gratefully remember the delightful experience of that extremely pleasant occasion. (Applause.)

#### "Mere Man."

Miss WINIFRED GRAHAM in proposing "Mere Man" said : I have always been brought up to believe that "man proposes," so my breath was somewhat taken away when I was asked to propose "Mere Man!" Man is such a big subject, and therefore I am a little bit at enmity with the adjective "mere." I have heard it before at White Friars' dinners, and familiarity is supposed to breed contempt. But for this helpful old proverb, I don't think I should have dared to stand up and face such a battery of masculine eyes ! (Laughter.) I do not mean I am so very familiar with this creature we are discussing, though I must confess I like him best when he is a publisher, an editor, or a literary critic. (Hear,

hear.) We women writers owe so much to this dazzling trinity. First, we have to thank the publisher, or the editor, for giving our views publicity, and then we have to thank the literary critic for so honestly showing us our faults, or possibly flattering our pride ! But alas ! unhappily for us, all men are not of this persuasion. There are men novelists—take our Prior for instance, he, and a few like him, have given to the world types of such charming womanhood that really we feel inclined to excuse mere man for adopting our profession ! (Applause.) In this room now, I see quite a number of mere men, whose names I should always like to write entirely in big capital letters. In fact, I have gone so far as to expect they would grow halos, for the special benefit of their feminine admirers ! (Applause.) But not all women share these views. The other day at a ladies' club, composed entirely of literary women, I heard a very strange expression used. One dear lady let it slip out quite naturally and seriously in conversation, just these three words : "Our enemy, man!"—"Our enemy, man!" (Shame.) What she was saying of our enemy man it would hardly be fair to repeat in such an assembly as this, but I do assure you the thought of him as an *enemy* had never before occurred to my mind, which only shows we live and learn ! (Hear, hear.) But to-night it is as a friend I toast him—as the chivalrous companion of woman, the kindly adviser, the good comrade, the lover, the husband. Ladies—I appeal now especially to you—wouldn't the world be a terribly dull place without him ? (A voice : It would.) You know it would ! (Applause.) We cannot afford to run him down, because he makes himself so useful in our households. He sets us right when we get muddled with our accounts, he enlarges our minds, he keeps us young ! (Hear, hear.) Some mere men of course have just a few faults, but we cannot expect them to be perfect, like—like ourselves ! (Laughter.) Even if they follow my suggestion—and wear halos, I do hope they won't grow wings and fly away ! So, ladies, when you drink the health of these our brothers, remember only it is through their friendship and their love that we mere women taste the wine of life ! I am proud to propose "Mere Man," proud also to associate with this toast the name of Friar Newton Crane, who needs no song of mine to sing his praises. Here's good luck, long life, and prosperity to Mere Man, and I do hope I have not made him blush ! (Applause.)

FRIAR NEWTON CRANE said he never before so completely realised the mere mereness of mere man as he did at that supremely

embarrassing moment. The sense of his inadequacy had been growing upon him as the evening advanced. When the Committee asked him to speak for "Mere Man" he lightly accepted the invitation, thinking that in that great array of men who had passed beyond the stage of mereness he would most fitly represent the mere man. (Laughter.) But now he felt disposed to quarrel with the Committee. Almost any man could propose the toast of "Sovran Woman." The sovereignty of woman was an admitted fact which required only to be stated. It needed no argument, nor any citation of authorities—except those they saw about them. A mere lawyer could submit so simple a proposition, and yet that toast was entrusted to a man of cultivated fancy and trained imagination, an eminent and accomplished professional romancer. (Laughter.) He considered that it was hardly fair. He had expected that the Prior of subtle intellect would, at least, give him a lead, but he had not done so. Then all through Mrs. Fenwick Miller's brilliant speech he had hoped she would say something that would help him out. But there, too, he had been disappointed. He sympathised with the Chicago editor of a theological dictionary who entrusted the article on the Ark to a brilliant, though erratic, genius who at the last moment sent in copy that could not possibly be published in an orthodox work. So, by a happy inspiration, after "Ark" he put—"See Deluge." (Laughter.) When the work was ready for Deluge he was again disappointed, and he had to say "See Flood"—(laughter)—and then when the Flood came, and with it renewed failure, he said "See Noah." (Laughter.) And then, as might perhaps be imagined from so brilliantly edited a publication, the sheriff intervened. (Laughter.) He would have had to share the same sorrowful fate of bankruptcy of ideas if there had not come to mere man's assistance a most gracious lady in the person of Miss Winifred Graham. Many of them had read with the greatest pleasure this charming authoress' shorter works—(hear, hear)—and they were awaiting, with justifiable expectation, her new and longer book. But he was bound to say, now that she had made her fledgling speech, that he looked forward to her future with some curiosity, and even anxiety. Two years ago another distinguished woman, Madam Sarah Grand—(applause)—in responding at this board for sovereign woman, or proposing mere man, told them that she was making her first appearance as an after-dinner speaker. But she seemed to have found it an easy transit from the White Friars' banquet to the larger forum of the lecture halls of this

country and the lyceum bureaus of the United States. (Applause.) That is what comes of proposing for the first time a toast to White Friars. (Laughter.) On that same occasion, two years ago, their dear friend Mrs. Craigie—(applause)—sat by his side, and although called upon by the toast-master she refused to speak from sheer shyness, declaring that she had never made a speech in her life and never intended to. And yet Mrs. Craigie had since been talking in public and even giving instruction in speaking—at least in the art of dialogue. (Laughter.) If her wishes had been carried out he was sure she would have come that night not only to grace their company but to speak to them. (Hear, hear.) He was not quite sure whether he was afraid, or whether he hoped, that Miss Winifred Graham would likewise pass from this board to a larger audience to tell more and more of what she knew about mere man, but he prayed that if she did do so she would not go into politics, for his experience was that women burst into politics like a dog into a pond and came out to shake themselves over everybody. (Laughter.) But if man was mere man it was only natural to ask whose fault it was? There was a time when, within certain and perhaps restricted limits, man was absolutely monarch of all he surveyed. It was a fair domain, where luxuriant pastures ran down to slowly flowing rivers—and mere man possessed it all. And then woman came. He did not know what would have happened if she had not come, but he sympathised with that over-mastered mere man of a husband who, when his wife, looking over the top of the newspaper at the breakfast table, said, "I see one of those wretched magistrates has sentenced a boy to hard labour for stealing some apples," replied, "Well, my dear, Adam took only one—(laughter)—and all the rest of us have had hard labour ever since." (Laughter.) He could not help but feel that sovereign woman was having a very long innings. He was not wanting in gallantry or chivalry. He was ready to bear her burdens and to start the applause, and carry up the flowers to the platform, but he confessed, considering how it all came about—(laughter)—that sovereign man might reasonably complain that he was not being paid much attention. When he lived in Missouri, the rites at a new crematorium became society functions, and on one occasion a charming widow was offering up her third husband, with the assistance of a large gathering of sympathetic friends. A maiden lady present attracted attention by her loud lamentations. Someone asked her why she was so deeply affected. Was the departed a relative of hers?

"No," she responded, "it is not that; but it breaks me all up to think that I have lived for fifty years without a single husband while Sally Jones has had husbands to burn." (Laughter.) When he was first asked to become a friar, or, rather, he would say, when he sought to become one, he felt curious to know something about the White Friars. He found somewhere, in an old print, that they laboured diligently with their hands—and practised much silence. (Laughter.) For his part he could assure them that in the future he should endeavour to "practise much silence," yet he could not help but say, in conclusion, that the "mereness" of man was the most precious part of the saving grace of man. It had enabled him to be content with simple deeds of self-denying labour which had wrought more good for the world than vaulting, vain-glorying ambition had ever accomplished. (Hear, hear.) In conclusion, Friar Crane said: As White Friars we have the eloquent example of our ancient brethren who, in retreat from the world, with no thought for fame or personal pre-eminence, while they 'practised much silence,' worked diligently with their hands and their minds, lavishly enriching our literature, enlarging our scholarship, illuminating our libraries, and building, to the glory of God and as their time-enduring monuments, ecclesiastical structures which, with all the wonderful discoveries of modern science and our largely multiplied wealth, we cannot equal. Recalling their memory we are proud to be mere men. (Applause.)

Friar F. CARRUTHERS GOULD, in giving the toast of "The Prior" said that it might seem to some people that the Friar was an anachronism, especially on that occasion when they were surrounded by so many charming representatives of the sex which always cheers and occasionally inebriates us. They had, he feared, committed a violation of the old dietary list; there had not been a fish diet that evening. There were some people who believed that, not only in the attractive eccentricities of their Friday menus, but also in inviting ladies there they were sadly departing from the traditions of their forefathers—he meant their forebrethren. He had said so himself. What he had said he had said. (Laughter.) He was not going to clean his slate. But he had bought a new one. Lately he had been studying the ecclesiastical history of the fourteenth century and he had found that it was quite a mistake to assume that the Friars of the fourteenth century avoided the society of ladies. He found that the Friars of those days posed as pedlars. They used to sell purses, pins and knives, girdles and

gloves for wenches and wives, and he ventured to believe that their motives were not entirely commercial. Moreover, they had a sense of humour in those days. One Friar told the people that he had a sacred relic—a feather which had fallen from the wings of the Archangel Gabriel. Some wags abstracted the feather from his wallet and substituted lumps of coal, whereupon the Friar said that these were some of the identical coals with which St. Lawrence had been grilled. (Laughter.) Wit had descended to the Friars of the present day. They had Friar Anthony Hope in the Chair, their Prior for that evening, but whereas the humour of the fourteenth century was somewhat crude and obvious, Anthony Hope's humour was far more subtle and delightful. They were glad to have him in the Chair that night, for he was a good representative of the Brotherhood—one of the very few who had kept up the old vow of celibacy, and another thing was that they wished to make a good impression upon the ladies. He gave the toast of their Prior, Friar Anthony Hope.

The toast was received with musical honours.

The PRIOR said that he was not going to detain them longer than to say that he thought they might congratulate themselves upon a very successful evening. They had heard from their honoured guests that night, sovereign women, two very brilliant speeches which he was sure were listened to with pleasure and with admiration. For himself he had only very heartily to thank his brother Friar for the kind words in which he had proposed the toast, and all present for the way in which it was received. He endeavoured always to maintain the tradition of the Society, and if it were his fate to be left solitary in maintaining the one to which the last speaker had referred he would uncomplainingly, though mournfully, go on his way. Once more he drank to the health of the ladies who had adorned and enlivened their feast that night. (Cheers.)

An excellent musical programme was carried through under the direction of Friar Henry J. Brown. The artistes were: Madame Edith Hands, Miss Sybil Keymer, Mr. W. H. Brearley, and Mr. Walter Churcher, with Mr. Sidney Hill as accompanist.

At ten o'clock an adjournment was made to the Grand Hall, where tea and coffee were served and a most interesting conversazione was held. The proceedings were brought to a close by the company forming a circle and singing "Auld Lang Syne" in friarly fashion.

## CLUB NOTES.

SINCE the last Journal was issued Death has again visited our ranks. This time we have to record the loss of our dear comrade Friar Alfred John Fuller. When Friar Spurgeon called to see him at the end of March he spoke hopefully of returning to Nordrach, as the doctors had promised to cure him before the autumn, and he looked forward to resuming his attendances at the Club dinners next session. Such is the buoyant hopefulness of those who, smitten by the fell disease of consumption, talk of plans for days to come even when lying in the shadow of death. On April 8th he suddenly became worse and passed away in a few hours. He was buried in Queen's-road cemetery, Croydon, on Friday, April 11th, in the presence of those who loved him.

TWELVE months ago he was working heart and soul for the good of the Club, and took part in the Pilgrimage to Wessex. Friar Clement Shorter secured an excellent snapshot of him in company with Friar Lacy at Bindon Abbey, and this shows him to be in the best of spirits. His face is lit up with that bright smile which was one of his most striking characteristics. That was the last Club gathering he attended.

A FEW weeks later, on the advice of friends, he saw a specialist, who somewhat bluntly told him that he had not twelve months to live. The shock was such that he fell to the floor in a dead faint, and the doctor then realised that he had spoken too frankly. When he recovered consciousness he modified the opinion he had expressed, and suggested that if he took a long holiday and subjected himself to special treatment he might get better. The result was he went to stay at the sanatorium at Nordrach-on-Mendip to undergo the open-air treatment. The principals of his firm, Messrs. Nister and Co., the famous art publishers, most generously guaranteed his salary and all expenses while he was away, their only injunction being "Get well as soon as you can." Alas, it was not within his power to obey. He spent most of the winter in bed, and when, in the early spring, he came back ostensibly for a change, there were some of us who realised that this meant the treatment had failed, and we knew the fall of the curtain could not long be delayed.

FRIAR FULLER was one of our youngest members. He was in his thirty-fourth year—not half the age of Friar Stevens, whose death we chronicled last month. But, though young, he made his mark as an editor and as an authority on art. He was greatly esteemed by the members of the Brotherhood, and rendered the Committee and the Hon. Secretary most valuable assistance in carrying on the work of the Club. The loss of his genial good-fellowship will be felt for many a long day.

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AT the meeting of the Club on April 11th, a resolution of sympathy with the widow in her sad bereavement was moved by Friar Spurgeon and seconded by Friar Richard Whiteing, both of whom spoke of the services Friar Fuller had rendered the Brotherhood during the short period of his membership. The resolution was carried in solemn silence, the members upstanding. Mrs. Fuller has written a letter to the Committee—thanking the Club for their great kindness. We refrain from quoting from the letter.

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“THOSE who are gone you have. Those who departed loving, you love still; and you love them always. They are not really gone—those dear hearts and true—they are only gone into the next room; and you will presently get up and follow them, and yonder door will be closed upon you, and you will be no more seen.” This appropriate quotation appears on Friar Fuller’s memorial card.

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OUR Shakespeare Commemoration this year was a great success. Friar Winston Churchill, M.P., presided, and Mr. Birrell delivered a brilliant speech. The Chairman, Friars Dr. Robertson Nicoll and F. Carruthers Gould, and Mr. Alfred Robbins also spoke.

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THE Ladies’ Banquet at the Hotel Cecil on May 2nd had two distinctive features—all the Club guests failed to put in an appearance owing to illness, and the attendance was the largest on record. At a few hours’ notice Mrs. Fenwick Miller kindly agreed to take Mrs. Craigie’s place as the responder for “Sovran Woman,” and Miss Winifred Graham, with equal good nature, consented to propose “Mere Man” in the absence of Lady Warwick. Both ladies acquitted themselves admirably, and were warmly congratulated on the manner in which they had discharged a duty thrust

upon them at such short notice. A full report of the speeches appears elsewhere. The conversazione that followed the dinner was a most enjoyable affair.

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FRIARS who wish to attend the fête at the Richmond Club on Friday, June 7th, should make application at once to the Secretary, Richmond Club, Richmond. They will be elected honorary members for the day, and vouchers admitting guests (ladies and gentlemen) can be obtained on payment of five shillings each. The Club grounds, which adjoin the river, are very beautiful.

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THE annual Pilgrimage, as already announced, will take place on Saturday, June 21st. This year we are not going so far afield, the Committee desiring to avoid the long railway journey which has marked the last three pilgrimages. We shall run down to Taplow from Paddington without stopping and go on board two electric launches at Maidenhead Bridge for a trip to Marlow, Henley and Sonning Lock. There is no need to give details of the arrangements, as they are all set forth in a special circular. Owing to the Coronation the expenses are much heavier than usual—waiters alone demanding treble pay in June. The catering, however, will be well done, as it will be in the hands of Messrs. Kingston and Miller, of Oxford-street. The price of the tickets has been fixed at a guinea, which will barely cover the actual charges which the Committee will have to meet, but they wish to celebrate the Coronation by giving the members and their guests a first-rate excursion at a minimum charge.

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THE Club luncheon (1s. 6d.) will be served daily in the Club-room during the summer except Saturdays and Sundays, and Friday, June 27th.

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DURING the summer the usual informal meetings will take place in the Club-room on Friday evenings. Friars J. Farlow Wilson and R. Lee Campbell have kindly undertaken to make what arrangements are necessary. A Bohemian supper will be provided.

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THE Friars who were successful at the ballot for Coronation seats held a meeting recently and appointed Friar F. Carruthers Gould Prior for the day, with Friar F. J. Cross as sub-Prior. The

latter, in the absence of the Hon. Secretary who was unsuccessful at the ballot, will look after the comfort of Friars and their guests. Luncheon will be served in St. Dunstan's Room under the chairmanship of the Prior, who will submit the usual loyal toasts. Friars who do not hold Coronation tickets can be supplied with luncheon at 7s. 6d. each, excluding wine. The Club-room can be reached from the back, thus avoiding the necessity of passing through Fleet-street. The numbers of the seats will correspond with those drawn at the ballot.

THE following letter has been received from Friar Harrison Weir in response to an invitation from the Committee to attend a House Dinner to be given in his honour on October 17th :—

Poplar Hall, Appledore, Kent,

*May 21st, 1902.*

DEAR FRIAR ARTHUR SPURGEON,—Your most kind letter of invitation from the Committee of the White Friars to be the guest of the Club on October 17th, 1902, is to hand. I have passed a long, busy and a very eventful life, but nothing has ever thrilled my very heart of hearts so much as the genial, gentle courtesy now offered me. It is good of my fellow Friars, and I feel it all deeply. Yes! if I am spared so long, and have the strength, I will be with you, and in doing so I look forward to at least some of the happiest moments of my life.—I am, dear Friar Arthur Spurgeon, yours fraternally,

HARRISON WEIR.

P.S.—Last 5th of May was my 78th birthday.

IN connection with the Coronation festivities, Mrs. C. N. Williamson proposes to invite the Friars to an "At Home" to be given in the Richelieu Rooms, Hotel Cecil, on Wednesday, June 18th. Invitations will be received by members in due course for themselves and ladies.

THE artistic souvenir which was presented to each Friar and guest at the Annual Ladies' Banquet was designed and executed by Mrs. E. T. Sachs. The Committee gratefully acknowledge her great kindness in the matter.

FRIAR JOHN RUSSELL hopes to complete the Club portrait gallery shortly. Friars who have not yet given "sittings" should do so at once. There is no charge.