

Whitefriars Journal.

NO. 12.

JANUARY, 1903.

PRIVATE
CIRCULATION.

ANNUAL CHRISTMAS DINNER.



THE ANNUAL CHRISTMAS DINNER of the Club was held on Friday, December 19th, at the Trocadero Restaurant. FRIAR ARTHUR SPURGEON acted as Prior for the evening. There were also present :—

FRIAR F. A. ATKINS—Mr. and Mrs. Robert Donald. FRIAR MACKENZIE BELL—Mr. Alex. Macgregor, Mr. Chas. Thwaites, Mr. David Angus Ross. FRIAR H. J. BROWN—Mrs. Brown. FRIAR A. G. BROWNING—Mrs. Browning, Miss Browning, Mrs. Shadwell. FRIAR G. B. BURGIN—Mrs. Burgin, Mr. and Mrs. J. Vacy Lyle. FRIAR SIR ERNEST CLARKE. FRIAR WM. COLLEY—Mrs. Colley, Miss Colley. FRIAR C. H. COOK—Mrs. Cook, Mr. Cook, jun., Miss Cook, Mr. and Mrs. Clutton. FRIAR PAUL CRESWICK—Mrs. Creswick. FRIAR F. J.

CROSS. FRIAR C. D. CROSS. FRIAR LOUIS H. FALCK—Mrs. Falck, Mr. and Mrs. Osman Edwards. FRIAR JOHN FOSTER FRASER—Mrs. Fraser. FRIAR DOUGLAS M. GANE—Mrs. Gane. FRIAR F. CARRUTHERS GOULD—Mrs. Gould, Miss Gould, Mr. Norman Carruthers Gould. FRIAR LIONEL F. GOWING—Mrs. Gowing. FRIAR REV. C. H. GRUNDY—Mrs. Grundy, Miss Grundy, M. Nico Adossedes. FRIAR JOSEPH HOCKING—Mrs. Hocking. FRIAR SILAS K. HOCKING—Mrs. Hocking, Miss Hocking, Mr. Ernest Hocking. FRIAR CLIVE HOLLAND—Mrs. Holland. FRIAR R. HOVENDEN—Miss E. H. Hovenden, Miss Gertrude Fox. FRIAR COULSON KERNAHAN. FRIAR W. G. LACY—Miss Lacy, Dr. and Mrs. Neal, Rev. and Mrs. J. Hughes, Rev. and Mrs. G. W. Macrae, Miss Dorothy Garden, Mr. H. Herbert. FRIAR W. J. C. LANCASTER, FRIAR ROBERT LEIGHTON—Mrs. Leighton, Dr. and Mrs. Burnett Smith. FRIAR ANGELO LEWIS. FRIAR R. DUPPA LLOYD—Mrs. Lloyd, Mr. H. Smith. FRIAR KENRIC B. MURRAY—Mrs. Murray, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Sunley. FRIAR ALEX. PAUL—Mrs. Paul, Mrs. J. Nisbet. FRIAR GEORGE H. PERKINS—Monsieur Victor Taunay, Mr. Paul Perkins, Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Plowman, Miss Patricia Plowman, Mr. Harold Brailsford, Miss Dora Brailsford. FRIAR G. MOULTON PIPER—Mrs. Piper. FRIAR E. T. SACHS—Mrs. Sachs, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Ash. FRIAR WM. SENIOR—Mrs. Senior, Mr. and Mrs. Powér. FRIAR W. N. SHANSFIELD—Mr. Algernon S. Rose. FRIAR JOSEPH SHAYLOR—Mrs. Shaylor. FRIAR ARTHUR SPURGEON—Mrs. Spurgeon, Miss Hoyle. FRIAR AARON WATSON—Mr. R. Dixon. FRIAR RICHARD WHITEING—Miss Henriette Corkran, Miss Alice Corkran, Mr. Clifford Whiteing.

The guests were received in the Balmoral Room by the Prior and Mrs. Spurgeon, assisted by Friar and Mrs. Senior. To the two ladies handsome bouquets were presented by Friar Perkins. The following acted as Sub-Priors: Friars F. A. Atkins, H. J. Brown, W. Senior, W. G. Lacy, and Kenric B. Murray.

During the dinner, with the authority of the company, the Prior dispatched telegrams of greeting and good wishes to Mrs. Lacy and Friar J. Farlow Wilson, who were absent through illness.

The Roll Call of Welcome.

After the toast of "The King" had been honoured, the Prior read the Roll Call of Welcome. He said: My first word of welcome is offered to the guest of this evening, Friar G. H. Perkins. Later on Friar Senior will, doubtless, have something special to say concerning his many gifts and graces. As this is essentially a family gathering, it is fit and proper that the Friars should appear with their wives, and I am glad to see from the plan of the tables that in most cases the Nuns of the Order are in attendance. I refrain from enlarging on the charming qualities of the Nuns, or the Friars might have something to say to their Prior on another occasion, and so I will content myself by repeating the familiar legend that there are "Nun Nicer." Among the other guests are Mr. Robert Donald, brought by Friar Atkins. Mr. Donald knows

infinitely more about municipal government than the *Times* special correspondent, and we are glad to welcome him and his popular wife. Friar Mackenzie Bell's guests are Mr. Alexander Macgregor, Master of the Scots Lodge, Mr. David Angus Ross, Member of the Society of Architects, and Mr. Charles Thwaites, Editor of the *Law Students' Journal*. In passing, I should like to thank Friar Mackenzie Bell for special help rendered in connection with this evening's entertainment, and to congratulate him on the fact that his famous religious lyric has been translated into German, and is now sung in the churches of the German Fatherland. Mr. J. Vacy Lyle, the guest of Friar Burgin, is a distinguished man at the Record Office, and M. Nico Adossedes, the guest of Friar Grundy, is the son of the late Governor of Crete. Friar Lacy, to whom, and to Friar Browning, we are indebted for this beautiful programme, has brought an array of guests who are not by any means strangers at our gatherings. The guests of Friar Leighton are Dr. Burnett Smith, distinguished in the domain of medicine, and his wife, better known as "Annie Swan," who has made a great name for herself in the realm of letters. Friar Perkins has brought Mr. H. P. Plowman, the famous antiquarian, and to-night his daughter will demonstrate to us that she intends to make a name for herself in another department of life.

Another guest is Monsieur Taunay, President de la Presse Judiciaire de Paris, who has made a special journey from Paris in order to join in our festivity this evening. Mr. Algernon S. Rose, a great authority on music, is the guest of Friar Shansfield. Mr. Robert Dixon, the guest of Friar Aaron Watson, is the London correspondent of the *Yorkshire Post*, and his first book, "The Priest and Princess," issued this season, has been exceedingly well received. Friar Whiteing has brought Miss Corkran, whose book, "Celebrities and I," is very much to the front just now; Miss Alice Corkran, the author of "The Life of Leighton" and late Editor of the *Girl's Realm*; and Mr. Clifford Whiteing, who has seen service in South Africa, and has lately returned from West Africa. As to the other guests, whose names I have not specially mentioned, I am sure in their respective walks of life they are bright and distinguished ornaments, and we are right glad to see them here. (Applause). Friars and Guests all: By this wine we commemorate the White Friars of old, fortified with spirit—the spirit of admiration for their services to charity and good learning, and sweetened by sympathy for those who, broken by fortune, dwell in Alsatia. It is left for me, as the Prior of the day, to add the cordial—a cordial welcome

to the Guests of the Brotherhood assembled at our board. Ladies and Guests all, I bid you a hearty welcome to our feast, and invite you to join with the Brothers of a Gracious Order in drinking to the prosperity of the Whitefriars Club.

“Our Honoured Guest.”

FRIAR SENIOR proposed “Our Honoured Guest.” He said : Worthy Prior, Friars, Ladies and Guests all, I am very much relieved since we have in the last “turn”—I think that is the word—heard Mr. Harrison Hill at his very best. I am the more relieved because the pleasant duty which is imposed upon me to-night partakes something of the character of formality, and I had some fear lest I should of necessity strike too serious a note. I have to propose “Our Honoured Guest,” and I would, in doing so, assure our friends, that it is not with any intention of entering upon this merry Christmastide by making invidious distinctions that we single out one particular member of this brilliant company, and ask you to drink his health as our special guest on this special occasion. At this festive season of the year, it is the duty of all good citizens, whatever they may ultimately do, to at least think about paying their bills—(“No, no,” and laughter)—and, therefore, the members of the Whitefriars Club to-night are anxious to discharge something of a debt—a debt alike of gratitude and honour—to Friar George Henry Perkins, our able and popular treasurer. (Applause.) In this Club we carry many things. Some of us, as I believe the ladies will have noticed for themselves, gracefully carry the silver crown of advancing age ; others carry the happy audacity of youth ; others carry wreaths deservedly won in the fields of literature, science, civic life, or what not ; others carry that smug content which generally goes with easy circumstances. (Laughter.)

There may be one or two who wear the white flower of a blameless life. (Laughter.) Friar Perkins, however, carries the bag. (Laughter and applause.) You may have observed that in all religious communities from the very earliest times somebody has had to be set apart to perform that particular duty, and occasionally it is the bag that has suffered. (Laughter.) Happily, in our orderly and modest community we have always been exceedingly fortunate in this respect, and in our distinguished Guest to-night we have had a model treasurer who has always been master of his duty, always above reproach, always amiable, helpful, and lenient to erring Brothers ; always ready to sacrifice, not only his time, but, what is more to the purpose, if need be, his

money also, rather than the bag should be empty. And here I cannot resist calling attention to the most fortunate conjunction of circumstances under which we sit at meat to-night, for we can say that we are no longer living in risk of overdrafts, no longer living in fear of overrunning the constable. (Applause.)

Time fails to say how this high water-mark of prosperity has been brought about, but the happy conjunction of circumstances to which I have referred is admirably illustrated by the fact that our Prior of to-night is Friar Arthur Spurgeon, our honorary secretary, while our special Guest is Friar Perkins, our treasurer. What the Club owes to the Prior of to-night is an old story, with which all are familiar. Without him—though we do not, and never intend to, forget what previous officers have done—the Club could not have become the prosperous concern it is, and it is very likely our treasurer would not have been the complete success he has been as a treasurer but for the stalwart and loyal support he has had from his brother-officer, our Chairman. (Applause.) However, let us get back. The fact is, that after some ten years' work on the treasurer's part as carrier of the bag, we, on our part, have come to the conclusion that the time has arrived when we should express in some tangible form our appreciation of his cheerfully rendered services. (Applause.)

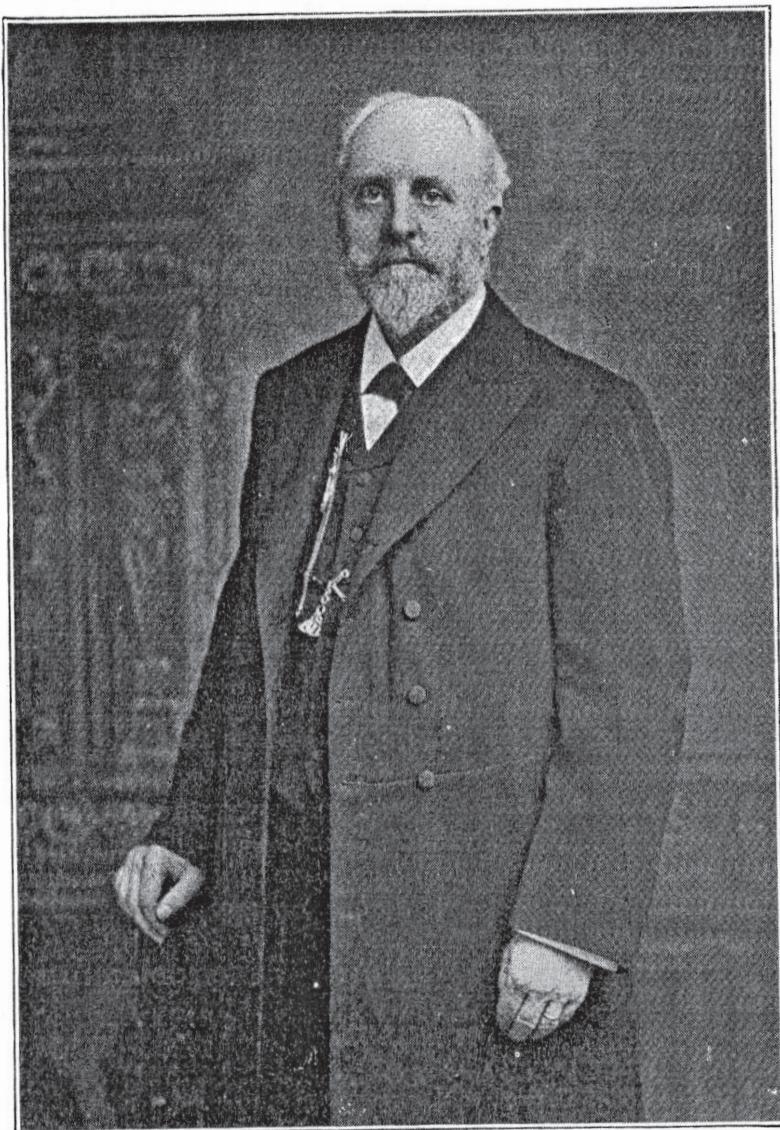
We, therefore, resolved upon giving him on this particular occasion a testimonial, and the marvellous response to the appeal which went out amongst the Friars is proof positive of the fact that this offering is the tribute of the whole Club, and not, as is often the case in matters of this character, of a few personal admirers. I believe practically all the members who were in this country at the time the appeal was sent out responded. Had Friar Perkins, however, been the faithful treasurer only, this probably would not have been quite so manifest, but behind the bag is always the man who carries it, and from that point of view, we of the Club have had, for close upon a score of years, intimate knowledge of Friar Perkins as one of ourselves. As many of our Guests know, our Club is somewhat exceptional in the close character of its Brotherhood, and in the personal relations that exist between the members, and therefore I can appeal to you all in perfect confidence, to corroborate me in the avowal that, because we know our man, the Guests present may be quite certain that in drinking his health in this special form to-night we do so as much to the man as to the official. (Applause.) And now I would state that the symbol of our sentiments towards the Guest of the

evening takes the form of what I might call a choice little sample of portable property. It is laid out before the Chairman at the present time, and, as one of the veterans of the Order, I am asked to-night to present it in the name of the Friarhood to our Treasurer. It is a tea and coffee service and salver, with the inscription: "Presented to Friar George Henry Perkins by the Members of the Whitefriars Club as a token of affection and esteem, and appreciation of his valued services as Hon. Treasurer. Christmas, 1902." (Applause.) This is a little gift, I think, which none of us would care to refuse, or shall refuse, if the chance ever comes in our way. (Laughter and applause.)

The duty of selecting a really suitable gift is a matter which will come home, I think, to every lady present, for all must have gone through the usual worries at the approach of Christmas as to what are sensible offerings to make. The only way of escape, in our case, was to utilise a jury of Friaresses, and I may whisper that they were deputed to sound such members of Friar Perkins' family as they could encounter with the view of finding out something that he would really like. It did, therefore, happen that the fair deputation managed to discover—as ladies generally will if there is anything of the kind in the wind—that an event was likely to occur in the not far distant future that would render any present of this kind particularly acceptable if, to the test of touch, it responded with a sound suggesting, let us say, the inspiring music of wedding bells. (Laughter and applause.) That being so, of course there was an end to the matter. The ladies, with great wisdom, I am sure, made a most happy selection, and have done what we all approve in putting our thanks and good wishes into the shining and solid form upon which the Prior is now laying his covetous eyes. (Laughter and applause.)

And now, dear Friar Perkins, before we unite in the always pleasant act of drinking the toast, it only remains for me, as the chosen mouthpiece of this Club, formally to ask your acceptance of this testimonial, with the assurance that it represents the affectionate regard in which you are held by us one and all, from the hoariest Friar to the callowest neophyte. We do not ask much of you; but you must know that it is my duty in this particular capacity to enjoin upon you to continue in the path of rectitude and virtue. (Laughter.) We require you to remain in strict fidelity to the interests of this gracious Order, for in carrying the bag you must always remember that you do so in our interests and not for your own personal aggrandisement. (Laughter.) We wish you,

sir, long life and happiness ; and should you, in that not far distant future which has been hinted at, have occasion to apply this offering to a purpose which has been already sufficiently indicated, I have only to say that you may be of good cheer ; we



OUR HONORARY TREASURER
(FRIAR G. H. PERKINS).

Brother and Friend, no strange sun shines on thee
Through thy kind life so graced with dignity,
No sun with light now clouded, now intense,
But aye the unclouded sun of common-sense.

—MACKENZIE BELL.

shall raise no objections. (Laughter and applause.) Your own knowledge of the revised tenets of modern Friarhood would inform you that in the matured belief of this particular Community, marriage is quite admissible—nay, is sometimes honourable and glorious. (Laughter and applause.) You need be under no fear ;

we shall not cast you out, but, on the contrary, we shall offer you our encouragement, and shall always be ready to support you, individually with our advice, and collectively with our hearty good fellowship. Friar Perkins, long life and happiness ! (Applause.)

FRIAR PERKINS, who was received with musical honours, in replying, said : In rising to thank our good friend, Friar Senior, for the kind way in which he has proposed my health, and the cordial manner in which you have received it, I must ask permission to say that, amongst too many things which he has placed to my credit, he has omitted the fact that I have seldom taken up the time of the Club by speech-making. (Hear, hear.) Even on an ordinary occasion, to reply to the toast of my health is a burdensome duty, but an occasion of this kind is, as has been pointed out, altogether exceptional, and I must simply confess that I am overwhelmed, and that no words of mine can even in the faintest way express my heartfelt gratitude.

Still, I must say that I feel very proud of the honour you have so cordially paid to me, and for the appreciation which I am bound to believe actuates you in making me your special Guest. I cannot say how much I thank you for the handsome testimonial now before me, and to which the attention of all of you has been so pointedly called. (Hear, hear.) The spirit in which it has been provided, no less than the form it takes, makes me, indeed, your debtor. I accept it with pride and with gratitude, and shall so treasure it for the rest of my days. (Applause.)

It is, indeed, no light honour to be made the Guest of this evening. It is an honour rarely conferred, and I can honestly say I never dreamed the day would come when it would be conferred upon me, but it has happened, and believe me when I say no one has ever more highly appreciated it, and I doubt whether anyone ever will. As to what I may have done for the Club, I can only assure you it has been done willingly, and had ten times the work been demanded of me it would still have been done. (Applause.)

May I remark that the delight which has been given to me during many years by the Membership of the Whitefriars Club I owe, primarily, to my dear friend, Friar Angelo Lewis, who introduced me to the Brotherhood some eighteen years ago, and it is always with a sense of pride that I remember that it was our genial and kind past Hon. Secretary, Friar T. Heath Joyce, who was responsible for my initiation as a Friar. I here should like to say that I have had the pleasure of being Hon. Treasurer for the Club

with three Hon. Secretaries. The first, our very dear friend, Friar Henry Frith ; next, our regretted and never-to-be-forgotten, kind and good Friar Richard Gowing ; and now I have the honour of acting as Hon. Treasurer of the Club with our indefatigable Hon. Secretary, Friar Arthur Spurgeon, our Prior of to-night. To him I am much indebted for many kindnesses, and all of us for the present success of the Whitefriars Club. May his health long remain good to enable us to work together, studying the pleasures and interests of the members of the Club as far as lies in our power. (Applause.)

A collateral subject has been introduced by Friar Senior which places me in a somewhat difficult position. I cannot pass it by in silence. What has been said has been said, and it will be enough for me to express my heartfelt gratitude for the spirit which animated the remarks of Friar Senior and of the way in which you received them. (Applause.) So far as the absent lady is concerned, I am sure I can on her behalf thank him most sincerely for his very kind reference to her. (Applause.) Speaking for myself, I will endeavour to obey his solemn injunction ; and I can only add that, should the day, sooner or later, arrive when this most handsome and acceptable gift is used in the manner which has been indicated, I trust my brother Friars will be amongst the earliest to test its practical value as a very highly-valued portion of my household treasures. (Applause.) Once more, Friars, Ladies, and Guests all, I thank you from the bottom of my heart for all your kindness. This will certainly be remembered as one of the red-letter days of my life. (Applause.)

“A Merry Christmas” and Homage to Monsieur Taunay.

FRIAR F. CARRUTHERS GOULD proposed “A Merry Christmas.” He was not, he said, one of those who objected to extraneous criticism about the ways and characteristics of our people at home, because he thought that if we so constantly prayed

Oh wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see ousrels as others see us !

we ought not to resent it if occasionally that prayer was answered unexpectedly and even unpleasantly. (Laughter and hear, hear.) He thought, however, there was one injustice done by their gay-hearted critics across the Channel, and that was in the suggestion that John Bull was a gloomy, a morose, and a pessimistic creature who dragged out a mournful existence amid his native fogs until it ended in suicide. (Laughter.) His own idea was that John

Bull was one of the most cheerful people on the face of the world. He was cheerful in spite of the fact that there are Bishops in the House of Lords—(laughter)—and that the income-tax was 1s. 3d. in the pound. (Hear, hear, and laughter.) He thought, however, one of the strongest proofs that John Bull was persistently optimistic was that he regarded Christmas as a festive season. Christmas was a season when most of them gathered together their relatives, and that meant sometimes but an aggregation of the family failings which they possessed in a smaller degree in themselves. (Laughter.)

It was very much like a person conscious of some slight physical defect finding himself in a room with a large number of mirrors. (Laughter.) Christmas was the season when itinerant musicians woke one up in the night with tunes suggestive of gloomy tragedies, and even when they were intended to convey the idea of theological festivity they generally had quite the opposite effect. Christmas was the time when the dustman who had during the year past spread the dust from their bins over the pavement and scattered the fragments of their correspondence all over the district came to ask for a Christmas-box. (Laughter.) Christmas was the season which, if they had been uneconomical in the past, brought the fact home in the concrete form of bills.

Yet, in spite of all, they were cheerful, and cherished the idea of Christmas as a national institution. In this matter he warned off all Celtic fringes. (Laughter.) The Scots, he believed, economised Christmas, and concentrated themselves in spirit on the New Year's Eve. (Laughter.) He claimed Christmas as an English institution, because it was Charles Dickens who gave us Christmas in the modern sense. (Applause.) They had Christmas in the Middle Ages. They had their yule-logs, and their lords of misrule. Charles Dickens had broadened and sweetened the idea with the humanity of his Christmas. (Applause.) They were delighted, he proceeded, to have the ladies with them—collaterals he believed Friar Perkins had called them. ("No, No," and laughter.) Some cynical critics might say they were throwing a sop to Cerberus in inviting the ladies, but heaven forbid that Cerberus should be mentioned with such in connection with a Trocadero Paradise. He thought the ladies should have some recognition of their sacrifice—or otherwise—during the year in allowing their worse halves to attend so frequently during the year the dinners of the Whitefriars Club. Their confidence in the Club was justified. (Laughter.) They were not Freemasons, or anything of the kind. They were

not a secret society ; they practised no mysterious rites. They did not send any initiates home seared with fire and shivering with terror. (Laughter.) He believed, though he said it on their behalf, the Friars were really good people. ("No," and laughter). He heard a voice say "No." Well, he would not tell a lie. He was like George Washington, who stood out in isolated glory in American history. (Laughter.) Even in the interests of domestic harmony he would not tell a lie, and so he would only say how delighted they all were to see the ladies present. (Applause.)

Now he had a different task to perform. They were entertaining a most distinguished visitor from across the Channel, M. Victor Taunay, who had paid them a great honour by coming specially for that assembly, and he had been requested to propose M. Taunay's health in French. He did not mind speaking French in the common or garden way, for if one were doubtful about a declension or a verb one had only to shrug one's shoulders and the thing was done, or if one were not certain whether a noun was masculine or feminine, one took off one's hat to it with impartial politeness, regardless of its sex, and one got there all the same. It was different when one came to make a speech. He felt rather like the Prioress in Chaucer :—

And Frenche she spake ful fayre and fetisly,
After the scole of Stratford atte bowe,
For Frenche of Paris was to hire unknowe.

He thought it was a little unfair to call upon him to address M. Taunay, a master of French literature, when there were so many in the Club who could do it better. ("No, no.") However—Par exemple : Il y a notre bon frère, M. Grundy. Je ne le vois pas —ah ! le voilà, caché comme un serpent au milieu des fleurs de Paradis. On me dit qu'il a visité Paris plusieurs fois pour récupérer son elasticité dans la langue Française. Il a même parlé Français sur les boulevards. Et voilà notre honoré frère, M. Perkins. Il connaît bien la France. Pour lui il n'y a point des mystères, même de Paris ! Voilà encore notre President, M. Spurgeon. Lui aussi, il connaît la France. Il a visité tous les Paradis de Montmartre, mais il cache bien les secrets.

Addressing M. Taunay : Monsieur Taunay ! Monsieur le President a commandé que je vous parle en Français, et pas en Anglais. Il me faut l'obéir, mais je vous assure que je le trouve très difficile à exprimer dans votre belle langue tous les sentiments de notre considération pour vous avec la facilité que l'occasion mérite. Nous sommes honoré par votre présence ici ce soir, la présence

d'un littérateur, d'un journaliste si distingué. Dans le monde de littérature il n'y a pas des étrangers, car nous sommes tous des concitoyens! Alors, je désire, au nom des Frères, au nom de toute la compagnie, vous accorder une bienvenue très cordiale, une bienvenue offerte, pas à un étranger, mais à un frère bien aimé, bien honoré. Il y a deux ans, Monsieur Taunay, je vous ai vue à Chamonix près de la statue de De Saussure et Jacques Balmât et en face de Mont Blanc. En regardant un si beau, si magnifique représentatif de la génie de France, il m'a semblé que Mont Blanc lui-même paraissait très petit, et pas seulement par la loi de perspectif. Monsieur Taunay! au nom de toute la compagnie je bois à votre santé. (Applause.)

MONSIEUR TAUNAY replied in French, in a witty and brilliant speech, which was frequently applauded. The fame of the Whitefriars Club, he said, had gone forth throughout the world, and it was held in the highest possible esteem and honour by his colleagues in Paris. Two of the members of the Club, Friars Spurgeon and Perkins, had rendered very great assistance in connection with the visit of the English Journalists to the Great Exhibition in 1900, and he had much pleasure in asking their acceptance of the silver medal which had been struck by order to celebrate the International Congress of the Press held in Paris in the Exhibition year. (Applause.) At a critical moment the courageous attitude taken by Friar Spurgeon did much to soften the differences which had arisen between the Press of the two countries, and Friar Perkins had rendered invaluable assistance as interpreter. (Applause.)

THE PRIOR and FRIAR PERKINS warmly thanked M. Taunay for making a special journey from Paris to present the medals, which would be greatly cherished by them. They were deeply sensible of the honour conferred on them by the Comité de Direction des Associations de Presse de France. The medal, which is a beautiful work of art, bears a symbolical figure on the obverse, with the words: "Exposition Universelle, 1900," and on the reverse a figure of a worker, with the inscription: "Congrès International des Associations de Presse, Paris."

"The Ladies."

FRIAR RICHARD WHITEING proposed "The Ladies." His task, he said, would very soon be finished, simply because of the impossibility of doing justice to the toast: To propose the health of

the ladies seemed just as simple as proposing the health of the sun in heaven, but because the thing was so vast it was impossible to tackle it. On such a subject one was bound to fall short of expectations. He had been trying, in twenty minutes' silent meditation, to rise to the height of the occasion, but he had not succeeded. All preparation in a matter of that kind was really vain. There was an added perplexity of late years, in that it was so difficult to satisfy, not the men to whom the toast was proposed, but the ladies who were the subject of it. Their demands had risen with their opportunities in life. There was a time when they were thankful for small mercies. They were proud to receive any recognition of their transcendent merit. They were ready to take the debt in instalments. Now it was very different. The critical spirit was growing among women. It seemed to him there was something singularly infelicitous in the motto from Catullus affixed to the programme, "Let us live and love." Really this was far too sentimental in these days of sex rivalry in all the arts. A more appropriate motto would be, "Let us live and collaborate." (Laughter and applause.)

The toast was to be associated with the name of a lady who was, he was going to say, an honoured member of their Order; but she was next door to that, for her counsels and encouragement inspired one of its most active members. And those who were in the trade themselves and wielded the pen, really, without flattery or persiflage, looked up to her as a most excellent example of that power which woman had brought into literature. It was not only her wealth of romantic invention that surprised one, but the enormous output of thoroughly good work. (Applause.) In conclusion, he would only entreat the ladies to believe—as something had been said of their charming and encouraging presence—that although they were shut out from the unions of the Club during the greater part of the year, yet all the Club meetings were only a training in preparation for the great occasions when ladies were admitted. (Laughter.) They felt, as it were, an invisible presence hovering over them, and if they could not attain to those habits of niceness and perfect propriety of behaviour shown on ladies' nights, there was a feeling that at any moment they might be called upon to exhibit those qualities; and there was an urbanity in their behaviour to each other. This was unknown when ladies were shut out, or, as a mark of extreme favour, relegated to the gallery. He would not risk offending the ladies by paying them a compliment, especially as no com-

pliment he could pay would do justice to his sense of their deserts. He often thought, however, when he looked at a gathering of that sort, where there was any considerable assembly of ladies, that after all no possible human being—they could take it as they liked—could be half so good as most women looked. (Laughter and applause.)

MRS. ROBERT LEIGHTON, who responded to the toast, said : I have been told—and I believe it was by a White Friar—that the great art of living is to know how to do the wrong thing in the right way. In trying to respond to this toast of "The Ladies" to-night, I feel that I am doing the right thing in the wrong way. In spite of our now having dined with you quite a considerable number of times, we are not hardened, but are still susceptible to your compliments, not to say overwhelmed by them ; especially when they are expressed to us as Mr. Richard Whiteing has just expressed them. (Hear, hear.) It has been said that the hatred between the sexes is an unquenchable thing ; but I always doubt this when I come among the White Friars. (Hear, hear.) It is true that men, and even members of this Club, sometimes make mistakes about us. (No, no.) They think, for example, that we are vastly vainer than they. (Oh !) If you tell a man he has a dimple, he will say "No ! where ?" but will point his finger straight into it, and you may know that he has studied the geography of that dimple before the looking-glass for hours and hours. (Laughter). Man has by nature a mutable fondness for woman, according to his temperament and his opportunities, usually dividing her into two classes—the kissable and the unkissable. We are all kissable here, so I may venture to betray this little confidence. Woman, on her part, makes no such impertinent personal criticism, but accepts man as he is, and likes him. With him she is quite candid, whereas the only part of her own history which she ever confides to another woman is the index. She wonders sometimes why man wastes so much time in resisting temptation, preferring herself to hurry up with things. A man dies only once, but a woman twice—the first time when she marries—and each time wondering what the there-after is going to be like. (Hear, hear.) In these circumstances, she is glad to make the best of her chances of enjoyment, and is delighted when man asks her to dine with him. She is aware of his devastating desire for food ; she has learned with her A B C the great truth that a woman who feeds a man satisfactorily is leading trumps, and she knows that a wish to enjoy her society in combination with food is the greatest tribute

he can pay her. So if she is single she comes shyly, while if she is married she leaves off flirting with her husband—that lamentable process of washing her clean linen in public—and comes gaily to dine with strange but clever specimens of man.

She dines with him largely for his own sake, and refuses to leave him when the fruit comes on, because she knows that if he is left alone at a dinner table he is apt to become dangerously retrospective. Of course I would not for the world appear to hint that any White Friar could have anything to be retrospective about. (Hear, hear.) We women, who know you well, look upon you as an association of Galahads, and, within limits, Saint Anthony's. (Laughter.) I personally have such an ardent admiration for you that I am constantly tempted to write to individuals among you warm and impulsive letters. My husband, however, urgently assures me that letter-writing is the root of all evil, and so I have hitherto abstained. But the admiration burns hotter for being repressed, and it burst forth fiercely the other day when a Frenchman told me that Englishmen are very unsatisfactory in their relations with women, and that the only masculine creature who is worth speaking of in the capacity of lover is a Parisian. (Oh, oh!) Englishmen, he said, have died, and the worms have eaten them, but not for love. I answered him that there are Englishmen—and White Friars.

Sometimes I have thought that in the social stress of the present day a woman ought, for convenience sake, to have six or seven husbands. (Hear, hear.) They could take it in turns then to escort her out, and if she wanted a new diamond necklace or a set of furs they could syndicate the expense. (Applause.) If I knew of any woman anxious to put this idea into practice, I should recommend her to select from among the members of the Whitefriars Club. What higher compliment than this could any woman pay you? (Applause.) And now I must say how grateful we all are to you for all your charming manners towards us, and to Mr. Whiteing and Mr. Carruthers Gould for their good opinion of us. "Thank you" does not pay for everything. But, at least, you know that if it could do so we should say it until we were out of breath. You have treated us as friends, and the word "friend" is the dearest that a man can apply to any woman—even to the woman he loves. (Applause.)

"The Prior."

FRIAR REV. C. H. GRUNDY, proposing "The Prior," said he was not only charmed with the lively speech of Mrs. Leighton,

so clever and so epigrammatic, but also to see the lady he had known all his life as "Annie Swan" compensated him for coming from a prize distribution at a ladies' school. He would like the ladies to understand that the Friars were not always so festive as on that night, and that only twice a year—at their Christmas dinner and at their banquet to the ladies in May—were they allowed to gaze upon such charming faces and to look into such lovely eyes. Twice a year were they allowed to leave the long, dark corridors of Anderton's Hotel and the cloisters leading to their cells beneath the billiard-room, and, under the guidance of their Abbot, Friar Spurgeon, now in the chair, to see the world. He thought they could not leave without honouring him who had presided over them to-night with that easy calmness which was the essential of a successful secretary of the Whitefriars Club. He knew that look from his kindly eye, the look of unutterable sorrow when men did not attend all the dinners, the look of sympathy with Friar Perkins when people forgot to pay their subscriptions, which happily was not often the case. (Hear, hear.) He was an ideal secretary and a charming chairman. (Applause.) Many of his brother-clergymen, when short of material for their sermons, said "First of all we will see what it is not."

In the same way he would mention three negative qualities of Friar Spurgeon. There was no fuss about him. (Applause.) Everyone hated fuss, unless he happened to make it himself. Even the affectionate fussing of a wife might irritate at times, but he had no reason to complain personally. He had brought his wife that evening because he felt that society and propriety ought to be represented in that character celebrated in drama and in fiction—(laughter)—and he was glad to say there was no fuss about their chairman. Next, there was no nonsense about him, and there was also no despair. He believed if only three men turned up at the Friarhood's dinner Friar Spurgeon would make it go with immense verve and vim. Of his three positive qualities, the best was untiring energy. A secretary must never be tired. Next, was his unusual tact, for you require it in a secretary. Last, was his unfailing courtesy all round. Friar Spurgeon deserved the best thanks of the White Friars, and when he looked round at that galaxy of beauty, interspersed by the male brute, and when he said to himself it was all through Friar Perkins and Friar Spurgeon that their gathering was a great success, he felt that no words of his could adequately describe the love, the affection, the admiration, and, what struck him so much among their Brother-

hood, the loyalty they felt to their officers. (Applause.) He asked them to drink the health of a secretary of whom there might be an equal in England, but there certainly was not a superior. (Applause.)

The PRIOR having briefly responded, an adjournment was made to the Balmoral Room where tea and coffee were served and conversation was kept up until eleven o'clock, when "Auld Lang Syne" was heartily sung in Friarly fashion.

During the evening a first-rate programme, arranged by Friar Lacy, was carried out by the following artistes : Miss Edith Kingsford, Miss Annie Northcroft, Miss Patricia Plowman (Medallist, R.A.M.), Messrs. Harrison Hill, John Ortner, G. W. Turner, and Ernest Cherry, with Mr. Percy Fell as accompanist.



COME ALL YE FRIARS AND LADYES FAIRE.

At the Christmas dinner Mr. Harrison Hill composed and sang the following to the air of the old Christmas carol, "God rest ye merry gentlemen" :--

I.

Come all ye Friars and ladyes faire, I'll sing you, if I may,
A lyttle songe about ye Guest, so debonnaire and gay ;
Who goeth toe bee mar-ri-ed soone after Christmas Daye,
Which is tydings of conforte and joye.

II.

To-night we singel oute one Friar from alle ye genial reste,
He carryeth ye monie-bagge, collects ye coine with zeste ;
Friar Perkins is, of alle goode Friars, ye verrie, verrie beste,
Which is tydings of conforte and joye.

III.

When he setteth uppe ye keepynge howse we'll alle goe there toe tea,
And, therefore, is ye silverplate before you alle toe see ;
We trust that he may use it longe and live ryghte happilee,
Which is tydings of conforte and joye.

IV.

A Merrie Christmass toe you alle—Prior Spvrgeonne, here's toe thee,
Votre santé, Monsieur Taunay, et vive la Belle Paris ;
A Merrie Christmass toe you alle, a year from sorrowe free,
Which is tydings of conforte and joye.

ARMORIAL BEARINGS OF THE WHITE FRIARS.

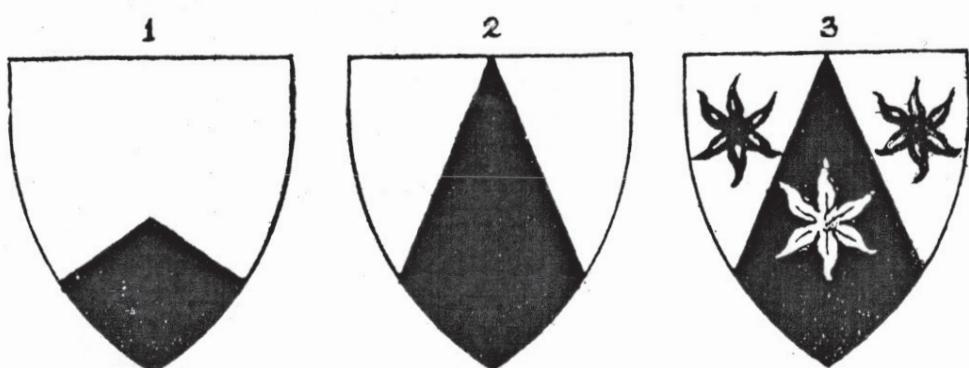
THE Arms of the White Friars, or Order of St. Mary of Mount Carmel, are given by Continental authorities thus :—

Sable, chapé d'argent, à trois estoiles de l'un en l'autre.

This being interpreted into the jargon of English Heraldry would be thus expressed :—

Per pile reversed, argent and sable, three estoiles counter-changed.

I do not know that this can be put into more intelligible English, but the arms as described will be seen in Fig. 3 of the illustration.



Originally the arms of the Order were :—

Sable, mantelé (*or chapé*) d'argent.

Fig. 1 shows the shield “mantelé d'argent” and Fig. 2 “chapé d'argent.” The three estoiles (six-pointed stars) were added subsequently.

Without professing to be able to read with certainty the thoughts which were at the back of a herald's head in the fourteenth century—when these arms probably originated—it may be assumed with a reasonable amount of confidence that the “tinctures” of these arms, “black and white,” were meant to refer to the garb of the Order, the dress in which the White Friars of old were “mantelé” (mantled) or “chapé” (caped). The reversed “pile,” or black point, may have been intended, further, to denote the peak of Mount Carmel, where the Order had its origin. The stars were, doubtless, symbolical of the Holy Land where Mount Carmel stands. The use of the star to represent Palestine is not uncommon in Heraldry. Thus it will be seen that this ancient coat of arms, belonging to the White Friars of old, is worth cherishing for its historical meaning as well as its antiquity.

To the modern White Friars the arms may also be considered full of significance and suitability. The black and white tinctures are obviously appropriate as referring to the transcendent importance of paper and ink. The black peak may signify the steep ascent of Parnassus, or the easy descent of Avernus, or may even contain some cryptic allusion to the dark hiding places of Alsatia. But I have a misty notion that the Alsatian mountains are reputed to be blue. As for the three stars, whether their symbolism to modern White Friars is celestial or terrestrial, spiritual or spirituous, Biblical or bibulous, poetical or post-prandial, must depend upon the way in which each White Friar is accustomed to see such things.

W. GURNEY BENHAM.

CLUB NOTES.

The current session had a good send-off in the dinner held on January 2nd, with Friar Sir William Treloar as Prior for the evening. There were fifty-three present. "T.P." was the Club Guest. In replying to the toast of his health he indulged in some interesting reminiscences, making special reference to the kindness shown to him by Friars Senior and Pearce when he first came to London as a "raw Irish provincial." The Prior's health was drunk with great enthusiasm on the invitation of Friar Browning.

The Committee have practically concluded the arrangements for the Annual Dinner, which is to be held in the Empire Hall, Trocadero Restaurant, on Friday, January 30th. The honour of the Priorship has been bestowed on Friar Robert Leighton, one of the most popular members of the Brotherhood. The Club Guest will be Lord Goschen, whose forthcoming book, to be published by Mr. John Murray, is likely to attract much attention on both sides of the Atlantic. The other speakers will be Friars Hall Caine, Anthony Hope, F. Carruthers Gould, and Richard Whiteing. A short musical programme is in course of preparation.



THE PRIOR OF THE ANNUAL DINNER.

The following letter from Lord Goschen to the Hon. Secretary will be read with interest :—

Seacox Heath, Hawkhurst.

DEAR MR. SPURGEON,—Thank you for your kind note and your information as to the proposed proceedings on the 30th. I feel much flattered by the prospect of having my health proposed by Mr. Hall Caine, and I shall be much interested in listening to the other speakers whom you name. I am sure that, but for the unavoidable nervousness in addressing a very critical though friendly audience, which even "old oratorical hands" must feel, I shall enjoy myself greatly.

I was much interested to hear that the Prior, Mr. Leighton, had read my forthcoming book for the publishers in America. It is on the point of issue, and possibly may have run the gauntlet of some criticism before the 30th.—Yours very faithfully,

GOSCHEN.

The programme of the Annual Dinner will contain two drawings by Friar Pennell, illustrative of Homes and Haunts of White Friars. Friar Louis Kight has kindly designed the dinner ticket.

There is some appropriateness in the fact that Viscount Goschen's biography of his famous grandfather is to appear within a few days of the occasion of our Annual Dinner. Certain Friars who have had the privilege of reading the book in advance of its publication predict that it will be of permanent value as a contribution to the history of literary friendships. Georg Joachim Goschen, in his capacity of publisher and printer in Leipzig, came into friendly relations with most of the leading men of letters of his time, including Goëthe, Schiller, Klopstock, Wieland, and Körner; and Lord Goschen's two handsome volumes contain many most interesting extracts from his correspondence with these world-known poets and thinkers.

Mr. Hugh Clifford, C.M.G., who has enjoyed many remarkable experiences in the Malay Peninsula, is to be the Guest of Friar Clodd on January 23rd. Mr. Benjamin Kidd, the famous sociologist, who is to be the Club Guest on that occasion, will open a conversation on "Britain and Civilisation."

The next number of the JOURNAL will be the first of a new volume. The pagination of the new volume will be continuous. An index to the contents of the first twelve numbers appears in this issue. It has been prepared by Friar J. Farlow Wilson.

At the request of the Committee, Friar Robert Leighton has kindly consented to act as Editor of the JOURNAL.

Friar George Meredith has presented the Club with his portrait by Hollyer. It occupies the place of honour in the Club Room.

Friars who have not yet given Friar John Russell a sitting for the Club Portrait Gallery are requested to do so at the earliest opportunity. His address is 17, Baker-street, W. There is no charge.

Friar A. Moresby White was paid a high compliment by the Lord Chief Justice at the recent Nottingham Assizes. Friar White was Counsel for a man charged with murder, and made such an able defence that the jury found his client guilty of the lesser charge of manslaughter. Upon the termination of the case Friar White had the honour of being called up to the Bench by the Lord Chief Justice, who complimented him upon his able defence, remarking, "You have done extremely well. I have never heard a case better done by a young man." Coming from the Lord Chief Justice of England, this is high praise indeed.