

WHITEFRIARS JOURNAL.

Edited by
**FRIAR ROBERT
LEIGHTON.**

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PRIVATE
CIRCULATION.

CLUB DIARY.

IT is with deep regret that we record here the very sudden death, on May 9th, of Russell Spurgeon, the son of our Hon. Secretary, a youth of unusual promise and scholarly ability who had attained distinction in a great public school. The members of the Club offer to Friar and Mrs. Spurgeon sincere fraternal sympathy in their great sorrow.

IN a letter to the Hon. Secretary, Friar Thomas Hardy writes :—

“On looking at Friar Pennell’s drawing of Monte Cassino in the Club Journal, it occurs to me to remark that Bindon Abbey (which you inspected on your visit to Dorset) was a particularly appropriate object of pilgrimage for the fraternity of White Friars—though I did not think of it at the time. That was an abbey of the order (Cistercians), their habit having been white, with a black scapular and hood.”

COPIES of the Lord Goschen number of the journal were sent to Lord Rosebery and to Mr. John Morley. In response, Lord Rosebery writes :—

“I am extremely obliged to you for Lord Goschen’s speech, which is full of interest, and which otherwise I should probably not have had an opportunity of seeing.”

Mr. Morley’s opinion of the speech is equally gratifying. In a letter to Friar Spurgeon he writes :—

“Thanks for sending me Lord Goschen’s truly brilliant speech. I never read a better.”

THROUGHOUT the session the luncheons in the club room have proved highly popular. Friars who have occasion to be in the neighbourhood of Fleet-street at one o’clock find that they can get a more comfortable lunch here than in any restaurant, with the

additional advantage of taking part in table-talk which is always interesting and frequently brilliant. Friar Carruthers Gould and the Hon. Secretary are constant in their attendance, and the company, which seldom numbers fewer than half-a-dozen, is always sufficiently varied to give unexpected turns to the conversation. The material comforts are secured by the solicitude of Robert, who is remarkable among waiters to the extent of regarding payment as an entirely subsidiary accompaniment of the pleasures of the table.

SIR WILLIAM H. PREECE, as Club guest, opened an instructive discussion after dinner on February 20th, when Friar Robert N. Fairbanks acted as Prior. The topic was "The Magic of Electricity," and Sir William spoke with intimate knowledge of the advancement of the electric telegraph, the telephone, wireless telegraphy, and the practical application of electricity in locomotion. In the conversation which followed, Friar Paul referred to certain blemishes in the method of transmitting Press messages over the wires, and to the need for a recognised system of literary punctuation in telegraphic despatches. Dr. Batten, of Dulwich, who was a guest of Friar Cross, gave examples of the value of electricity in medical practice, and Friar Foster Fraser told us much that was new about the extension of electrical power from Niagara Falls. Mr. Charles Bright, a guest of the Prior, spoke at considerable length, and was followed by Friar Grundy.

ONE of the most interesting meetings of the session was that of February 27th, when the Right Hon. James Bryce was our guest, Friar George Whale being in the chair. In responding to the toast of his health, Mr. Bryce gave an exhilarating address on "The Personal Factor in History." He considered that, on the whole, the importance of the personal factor in history had been somewhat exaggerated; that the destinies of nations were largely influenced by circumstances or accidents which could not be foreseen or controlled by any human personality. Taking the story of Robert the Devil, how, looking from his castle, he saw the tanner's daughter bathing in the stream in the valley, sent for her, and she became the mother of William the Conqueror, Mr. Bryce said that if the Norman Baron had not glanced from his window at that psychological moment there might never have been a William the Conqueror, and the whole course of British history

might have been different. Touching on the Reformation, Mr. Bryce said that if there had been no Luther, he believed some other man would have risen to play Luther's part, for the time was ripe for the Reformation and it had to come. The man did not make the time, but the time the man.

ILLUSTRATING this point further, our guest sketched the career of Napoleon and of Parnell, showing how circumstances moulded them and gave them their opportunities, and how, at length, in the face of circumstances each of them was powerless. No great movement was organised, no great discovery was made by any one man ; the movement had been growing obscurely, glimmerings of the discovery had dawned upon many minds long before each came to definite shape and utterance, and found in this or that great man its leader or interpreter. It was clear that before Darwin discovered the origin of species many scientific minds had suspicions of it and were groping towards that discovery, and, in the end, Darwin and Alfred Russel Wallace arrived simultaneously at the same conclusion. The discussion which followed Mr. Bryce's speech was on a high level. It was carried on in turn by Friars Carruthers Gould and Silas Hocking, by Sir W. Brampton Gurdon, Dr. W. R. Washington Sullivan, Mr. George Lawrence Gomme, and Judge Adams.

MAJOR MARTIN SHARP HUME, the author of many valuable books on Sixteenth Century history, and an eminent authority on Spanish history and literature, was the guest of the Friars on March 6th, when Friar Joseph Hocking presided. Major Hume gave us a most interesting address on the Romance of Spain, handling his subject dexterously, philosophically, and examining with shrewd insight the romantic spirit of the Spanish people. Friar Richard Whiteing spoke with his usual keen discernment on the lines suggested by our guest, but thereafter the conversation drifted into the backwaters, pursued thither by Friars Leighton, Shorter, Kinross, Lee Campbell and Mr. G. P. Wight.

As if to make amends for the small gathering of the previous Friday, there was a record attendance at the dinner held under the popular Priorship of Friar Carruthers Gould on March 13th. Mr. M. H. Spielmann was the Club guest on this occasion, and he

made an admirable and witty speech on the topic of "Art and the Man in the Street." Referring to various definitions of Art, and notably those of Tolstoi and Zola, Mr. Spielmann gave his own definition as "The doing of a thing, on the thing, so well, that the joy of the Doer is pleasantly manifest to the beholder," and he defined the man in the street as being any man who exists between the latitudes of Marlborough House and Rowton House. In the course of his speech he exposed, and held up to playful ridicule, many popular errors in artistic judgment. He was particularly disdainful of the man in the street's appreciation of mere prettiness. Prettiness, he pointed out, is not necessarily art, nor ugliness—tragedy—necessarily unbeautiful. Neither is imitation art, or photography would be art. Precision is not to be desired. "When precision comes in at the door, art flies out at the window," was one of his many epigrammatic flashes.

SPEAKING of colour and form in art, Mr. Spielmann made the generalisation that in the northern countries of Europe, where clothes are worn, we have the worship of colour; whereas in southern countries, where clothes are less worn, it is form which constitutes the highest achievement in art. This led him into an interesting criticism of the place of the nude in pictorial and sculptural representations, and to a hit at the man in the street, who too often mistakes the absence of clothes for the throwing off of clothing.

IN the conversation which followed Mr. Spielmann's address we had contributions from Mr. Alfred East, A.R.A., Mr. Coutes Michie, A.R.S.A., Friar Harry Powell, Mr. E. T. Reed, Friars Haldane McFall and Aaron Watson, Mr. Walter Bayes, and the Prior.

IT was a foregone conclusion that the discussion on the question, "Is the French Novel a True Representation of French Life?" would meet with a negative answer. Mr. Hillaire Belloc, who, as our guest on March 20th, opened the after-dinner conversation on this subject, put the question immediately aside by proclaiming that the novel cannot be a picture of life. Mr. Belloc made a very eloquent speech, which was listened to with appreciative attention. He carried his audience with him, suggesting little that was open to disagreement or criticism. His

point which was mainly taken up by subsequent speakers, was that of the effect of war and great national crises on literary productiveness. Friar Clement Shorter, who occupied the Prior's chair, conducted the debate with admirable tact. The guests who spoke were Mr. Henry Harland, Mr. G. K. Chesterton, and Mr. Herbert Vivian ; and we also had speeches from Friars W. H. Helm, C. Arthur Pearson, J. A. Steuart, George Whale, Silas Hocking and Albert Kinross.

STILL bearing in his bronzed cheeks the traces of his recent travels in Morocco, Friar A. E. W. Mason was the genial Prior at our dinner on March 27th, when Mr. Edmund Gosse was the Club guest. Mr. Gosse made a scholarly comparison between the Victorian and Georgian literature, and passed in review the literary tendencies of the present day. The talk which followed was of a desultory sort, contributed by Mr. Stephen Gwynne, Mr. E. C. Bentley, Mr. J. W. W. White, and Friars Whiteing, Harold Spender, Hammerton, Burgin, Kinross, and the Prior.

FRIAR W. G. LACY was prevented from taking the chair on April 3rd owing to the serious illness of his wife. It was with deep regret that the Friars heard some three days afterwards of Mrs. Lacy's death. Mrs. Lacy had been present at many of our ladies' dinners and summer outings, and had won the esteem of the Brotherhood.

IN the absence of Friar Lacy the Prior's chair was occupied for the first time by Friar Henry J. Brown. The topic of the evening was "The Pleasures of a Bibliophile," and the conversation was opened by the Club guest, Mr. Buxton Forman, who spoke lovingly of books, and of the joys of pursuing, acquiring, and possessing a rare edition or a coveted copy. Various aspects of the subject were presented by Friar Robertson Nicoll, Mr. Thomas J. Wise, Mr. W. B. Slater, and Friars Shorter, Grundy, and Moulton Piper. An interesting feature of the meeting was a small exhibition of books, which included first editions of Shelley's "Cenci," "Epipsychedion," and "The Necessity of Atheism" ; Tennyson's "Lover's Tale," and Dickens's "Strange Gentleman." Friar Luzac exhibited a unique copy of the Koran, written in

beautifully minute Naskh characters on a roll of silk five feet long, valued at a thousand pounds.

THERE was a large attendance at the dinner on April 17th. The invited guest, Sir James Crichton Browne, was not able to be present, and in his place the Prior, Dr. Robertson Nicoll, opened a conversation on "The Stress and Strain of Literary Life." Referring more particularly to work on the Press, the Prior said that one of the essentials of success in journalism was a good home-training. If we went back to the root of things we should probably discover that it was owing to the absence of home-training that Adam and Eve originally made such a mess of things. It was a mistake to suppose that journalists were opulent. They had to make the most of their small means. He saw around him to-night opulent novelists with their £3,000 motor cars, whilst journalists and critics dwelt contentedly in garrets. There were no holidays in journalism. On the other hand, the life of the journalist was supremely interesting. No life was richer in warm congenial friendships, and one of its greatest charms was when its followers met together. But we had to remember that it was a very crowded profession. People said "Welcome everyone to it;" but he, the Prior, advocated closing the doors against inefficiency. He was continually receiving applications from unsuitable persons craving him to help them into journalistic work. Only that day he had received a letter from an earnest young neophyte addressed to him as "Dr. Robinson Nicolson," in which the writer stated that he had come to London, got a little work, and could not get paid for it. He had had to pawn his clothes and could not afford himself the pleasure of calling on "Dr. Robinson Nicolson" as he was forced to remain in bed until he redeemed his one costume. "But," continued the neophyte, "I love literature more than ever and I will write while I breathe."

FRIAR RICHARD WHITEING, in a very earnest speech, referred to journalism as the most trying of all professions. He remembered one overworked journalist who had nearly finished a leader and could not get it done. "For God's sake," said he to a comrade, "finish this sentence for me." Then he collapsed. The journalist, said Friar Whiteing, is the most wonderful creature that God and the Age have produced—the highest product of unnaturalism. He

coquetted with every subject under the sun, was on with the new love before he was off with the old, was like a dancing dervish gyrating from one theme to another ; he thought in compartments, was a mesmerist who lived by giving away his nervous forces, and was continually indulging in intellectual gymnastics. The old Greek Sophists were not in it with the modern journalist.

MR. MAARTEN MAARTENS, the Dutch novelist, who was a guest of the Prior, spoke a few graceful words concerning the Whitefriars Club and of an evening he had spent with us many years ago when he sat between the late Thomas Archer and Friar Manville Fenn. Mr. Maartens appeared to have little personal knowledge of the stress and strain of literary life. He was followed by Mr. Pett Ridge, who gave us his customary triplet of new anecdotes, and the conversation was carried on by Mr. W. W. Jacobs, Sir George Douglas, and Friars Shorter, Whale, Silas Hocking, Grundy, and Senior. The speech of the last-named was one of the most effective of the session.

MR. RIDER HAGGARD was our guest at the last members' dinner of the session, on April 24th, when Friar F. J. Cross occupied the chair. In responding to the Prior's complimentary references to his important book on Rural England, Mr. Haggard made a vigorous speech on the subject of "The Rush to the Towns," in which he explained very clearly the condition of the agricultural labourer and the small farmer, and pointed out the economic reasons of their preference for urban life. Mr. Haggard suggested certain remedial measures for checking the stream of migration to the towns—mainly by an increase in the number of small holdings and a diminution in the number of large and unproductive estates, and these suggestions were earnestly discussed by Sir Robert Ball, Mr. George White, M.P., Friar Carruthers Gould, Friar Kenric Murray, and Mr. F. W. Wilson, M.P.

AT a recent meeting of the Committee, the Treasurer was authorised to encroach upon the funds of the Club to the extent of ninepence for the replenishment of the Wedgwood snuff-box, which has hitherto rested on the mantelpiece an empty ornament.

THE ANNUAL LADIES' BANQUET.

THE Annual Ladies' Banquet, held at the Hotel Cecil on the 1st of May, was a brilliant success, the Hon. Secretary having excelled himself in the skill with which he had organised the proceedings, even to the smallest details. It was unfortunate, perhaps, that the reception room was somewhat small to accommodate so great a number of members and guests, and doubtless it was as difficult for the ladies to protect their trains as it was for the men to navigate their way among billows of recalcitrant silk and gossamer lace. Friar Max Pemberton, the popular Prior of the day, and Mrs. Pemberton welcomed the company with cordial affability at the entrance of the reception room, and long before dinner was announced everyone seemed to know everyone else and to have caught at least a glimpse of each of the specially invited guests of the Club. Friar Perkins, on behalf of the Club, presented Mrs. Pemberton with a handsome shower bouquet. With the exception of Mrs. St. Leger Harrison (Lucas Malet) and Signor Marconi, whose acceptance was tentative, all of the Club guests were present, the Countess of Warwick making a graceful entrance on the arm of the Prior in time for Friar Grundy's Benediction.

Friar Max Pemberton acquitted himself with admirable tact throughout the evening's proceedings. The following rendered valuable assistance in the capacity of sub-priors: Friars F. Carruthers Gould, W. J. C. Lancaster, Coulson Kernahan, Richard Whiteing, William Senior, Joseph Shaylor, and T. Heath Joyce.

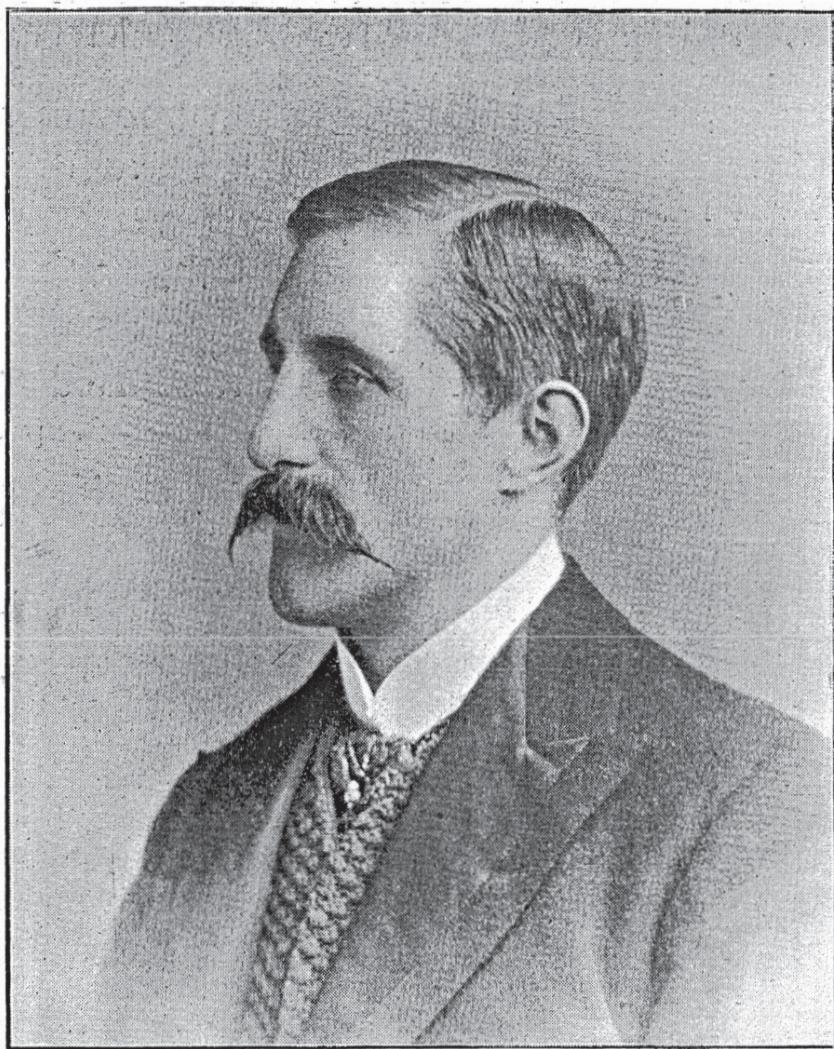
The Roll Call of Welcome.

The toasts to the King and the Queen having been given, the Prior said:—

Before I proceed to read the Roll Call of Welcome, I wish to say that "Lucas Malet" is prevented from being with us this evening owing to illness, and Signor Marconi was obliged to leave for Italy on Tuesday, much to his regret. As all the Friars present and most of the guests have read the little book, "A Few Words About the Club Guests," it is unnecessary for me to say more than a very few words concerning those who have honoured us by their presence at our banquet to-night.

I welcome Lady Warwick, without whom on such occasions as these we were poor indeed, my Brethren. I welcome her

as a friend of the Club, and as one of us in spirit, a true Friar in the soul of the Literary Church. (Applause.) I welcome Madame Sarah Grand, who brings to us "The Heavenly Twins," oratory and letters fashioned so well that we award the palm with difficulty; and Mrs. W. K. Clifford, whose appeal to us is



Henry Dudeney
Mrs. Alice Meynell
Miss Lucy Kemp-Welch

as sure as it is rare. Impossible to name her and not to feel that here is a friend of all that is best in our literature. (Applause.) I welcome Mrs. Henry Dudeney, the novelist; Mrs. Alice Meynell, essayist and poet; Miss Lucy Kemp-Welch, who has done so

much for sovran woman in the domain of art; Madame Amy Sherwin, one of Australia's greatest gifts to us; Miss Beatrice Harraden, too rarely permitting us to offer her new tributes; and Mrs. Katherine Tynan Hinkson, poet and novelist and honoured daughter of Ireland. (Applause.)

I welcome His Excellency the American Ambassador. (Applause.) It is a memorable day which sends us as our honoured guest one who in the short time he has been with us has so endeared himself to every Englishman, and maintained so surely the illustrious traditions of a great Embassy. First among orators, first among friends of peace, Mr. Choate must stand for all we most esteem in men and in their activities. I welcome him most cordially in your name, and acknowledge gratefully the compliment he has paid us. (Loud applause.)

The Prior brings Mrs. Max Pemberton, Lord Kilmorey, Statesman and Traveller, and the author of that great play "The Danischeffs;" Sir Wemyss Reid, who needs no introduction to the Whitefriars Club; Mr. Arthur Diösy, who knows all languages living and dead and a good many more; Mr. L. F. Austin, well-known in the journalistic world; Mr. Charles Albert Lidgey, musician, whose admirable Coronation Ode has already delighted you; Mr. McInnes, and Mr. Walter Churcher, who recites poetry and other things.

Friar F. A. Atkins brings Professor W. E. Dalby, Professor of Mechanical Engineering, and Mr. James Bowden, publisher.

Friar Henry J. Brown—Mr. Hubert Hall, of the Public Record Office, and Director of the Royal Historical Society.

Friar Edward Clodd—Miss Clifford, daughter of Mrs. W. K. Clifford, and a poetess of high promise.

We are especially pleased to see that Mrs. Farjeon is well enough to be present. The daughter of Joseph Jefferson, the world-renowned "Rip Van Winkle," is always welcome at a gathering of the Friars.

Among Friar F. Carruthers Gould's guests is Miss Fell Smith, the novelist.

Friar Grundy brings Mr. Bernard White, well known in the public school cricketing world.

Friar J. B. Gilder—Miss Elizabeth Marbury, well known in the dramatic world.

Friar J. A. Hammerton—Mr. F. A. McKenzie, of the *Daily Mail*.

Friar T. Heath Joyce—Mr. Carmichael Thomas, managing director of the *Graphic* and *Daily Graphic*.

Friar Coulson Kernahan—Mr. Henry Newbolt, editor of *The Monthly Review*, and author of “Admirals All;” Mr. Donald Robertson, grandson of Robertson of Brighton; Miss Wootton novelist.

The guests of Friar F. S. A. Lowndes include Mr. Hugh Clifford, who has greatly distinguished himself in the Malay Peninsula, and whose stories in “Blackwood” are read with delight, and Mr. Hilaire Belloc, author of “The Path to Rome.”

Friar Robert Leighton brings Sir John Leng, M.P., the well-known newspaper proprietor, and Lady Leng.

Among Friar Miles’ guests are Mr. G. T. Hutchinson, known to all authors, and Mr. Alfred Spencer, who is also popular in any literary assembly.

Friar Haldane McFall brings Miss Agnes Tobin, who has enriched English literature with her exquisite translation of Petrarch’s love sonnets, entitled “Love’s Crucifix.”

Friar G. H. Perkins brings Mr. C. E. Fagan, Secretary of the British Museum, Natural History Department; Mr. H. Plowman, Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries.

Friar Alex. Paul—Sir William Collins, former Chairman of the London County Council, and a Master in Surgery. (Applause.)

Friar Arthur Spurgeon brings Lady Marjorie Greville, Lady Warwick’s daughter—this is the first literary dinner Lady Marjorie has attended, and we all tender her a very special welcome (applause)—Mr. Alfred Tennyson, grandson of the late Poet Laureate, and Mr. John Oxenham, the author of that wonderfully successful book “Under the Iron Flail.” It is interesting that it should be at a Whitefriars Club Dinner, Mr. John Oxenham should make his first appearance as “John Oxenham.” We are delighted to have the privilege of greeting him. (Applause.)

Friar Walter Smith—Miss Lilian Rowland Brown, known to us “Rowland Grey,” author of “The Unexpected,” “Myself when Young,” etc.

Friar Joseph Shaylor—Mr. Young J. Pentland, medical, publisher, Edinburgh.

Friar W. M. Saunders—Mr. Herbert Bennett, of the *Standard*.

Friar E. T. Sachs—Mrs. Stepney Rawson, the author of “A Lady of the Regency” and “Journeyman Love.”

Friar Richard Whiteing—Miss Alice Corkran, late editor of the *Girl’s Realm*.

Friar Aaron Watson—Mr. Walter Runciman, M.P., and his wife, a distinguished educationalist.

Friar A. Moresby White—Mr. T. Hollis Walker, a popular member of the English Bar.

“Sovran Woman.”

The American Ambassador, MR. CHOATE, in proposing “Sovran Woman,” said: Coming as I do from a land which is the Paradise of women, I feel most highly complimented in having assigned to me in this great company of sovran women and mere men—(laughter)—the honour of proposing the better half of this portion of creation. For mere man I have no use to-night. (Laughter.) My thoughts, my feelings, my aspirations, and my hopes are all directed towards the better portion of the audience. I have some doubts about the word “sovran.” (Laughter.) I hesitated a little when I was asked by your Honorary Secretary to apply it to the fairer portion of creation, and he told me I might treat the toast in any way I pleased. So I ventured to look into the history of the application of this term “sovran.” It is a word which has become obsolete for the last two hundred years, except as in that period it has been used by the White Friars. (Laughter.) It appears to have been invented by a great literary authority, no less a man than John Milton, but he did not apply it himself to these fair companions. He put it for the first time that it was ever used in this application into the mouth of one of the greatest personages that ever existed in the world.

High on a throne of royal state which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind
Satan exalted sat; by merit raised
To that bad eminence.

(Laughter and applause.) I do not know how popular “Paradise Lost” is in the company of White Friars. I suspect it to be the most popular book ever written in the English language, except those of the authors and authoresses present. (Laughter.)

AN EPISODE OF THE GARDEN.

But that memorable story that he tells, and this misapplication, as it seems to me, of the word “sovran” to women is one which once read can never be forgotten. Shall I tell it you very briefly? Well, they were in the Garden, you know. (Laughter.) Adam and Eve had finished their gardening at last, and had gone out for their morning’s walk. Adam had never thought of applying the word

"sovran" to his consort. He called her "partner," part of all his joys, associate, and companion. There was absolute equality between the sexes before the Fall. (Laughter.) Well, this great personality had determined upon their destruction. You remember the story, how he appeared in the Garden, rising out of the ground like a black mist—very much as we have seen mists



*Faithfully Yours
Joseph H. Choate*

arising upon the surface of Hyde Park—and how, entering into the coils of the serpent, resolved, if possible, to induce the common Mother of Mankind to do his will, and partake of the forbidden fruit, he applied to her this word "sovran," and, by no end of adulation, by such flattery as has never since entered into the

ear of woman, he moulded her to his purpose. Such phrases he addressed to her as "Sovran Mistress," "a Goddess among Gods, adored and served by angels numberless," "Empress of this fair world, resplendent Eve," "Fairest resemblance of thy Maker fair." Have you any wonder that she yielded at last to such inducements, and such flattery?

EVE'S HALF-HOUR OF SOVEREIGNTY.

Then for a very brief period, having partaken of the prohibited food, for only half an hour woman was superior to man. (Laughter.) She had acquired all the knowledge of the world, and he was without it. (Laughter.) But by the methods she had learnt she succeeded in moulding mere man to her will, and inducing him to taste of the apple which has stuck in his throat ever since. (Laughter.) Well, now that women are no longer subject or susceptible to flattery—(laughter)—it seems to me that some gentler term might be applied to her. In my own country she is an object of devout and general admiration, and in the four years I have been in England I have been happy to see that in that respect there is no difference between Englishmen and Americans. Women undoubtedly do make great sovereigns. (Applause.) You have but to glance at the history of England to tell that. If you were to strike out from English history the great Elizabethan age, and the greater Victorian age, the two periods in which England and the English race have made greater progress than in any other equal period of time, you would create two fearful gaps which mankind would ever mourn. With what woman has done in the last twenty-five, the last fifty years, I will not say to assert her place, but to prepare to take her real place in the world you are all perfectly familiar. What she has done in industrial pursuits, in the fine arts, in applied arts, in literature, and in music, you have but to look up and down these tables to-night to have full evidence of.

WELL-WISHERS ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

I consider it a very great honour to be here to-night in this very choice company of journalists and literary men, and of men and women who are in kindred sympathy with them. I have learnt from my predecessors in the office I hold what the hospitality of the White Friars has always been. It finds an echoing response on the other side of the water, where there are hundreds of men of my own nation who have partaken of your

hospitality, and have carried across the seas the delightful flavour of this Club. I think it is not too much to say that the common feeling that prevails between the journalists and literary men of your country and mine is one of the connecting and abiding links which will, as I hope, preserve the peace and unity of the two countries. (Applause.) But, ladies and gentlemen, I do not propose to occupy the portion of your time which is reserved and assigned to finer lips than mine. I have asked the lady who sits at my right (Mrs. Max Pemberton) which she thought upon the whole had better times in the world, the Friars or the Friars' wives. (Laughter.) She could not say exactly, but she told me what laborious lives the Friars live, how they suffer from anxious days and busy nights, of their hard toil, of their self-denial, and their renunciation of all those joys which to other men are most dear. (Laughter.) It made a rather pitiful show for the Friars. Then it occurred to me that the Friars' wives have rather a worse time than the Friars, because they have not only to put up with everything the Friars endure, but they have also to put up all their lifetimes with the Friars themselves.

“THE HEAVENLY TRIPLETS.”

Ladies and gentlemen, this toast to which I have called your attention is to be responded to by one the mention of whose name just now drew, very naturally and properly, a handsome round of applause. Who is not familiar with her writings? Who has not read “The Heavenly Twins?” (Laughter and applause.) Who has not heard from her lips something about the possibilities and the aims of mere man? What could she do possibly that would increase her popularity or her fame? Might I presume to venture upon a suggestion for a theme for her next book which might possibly widen her renown? If so much impression has been made upon mankind by “The Heavenly Twins,” why not next time try “The Heavenly Triplets?” (Much laughter.) I know one distinguished Chief Magistrate from whom it would draw a tribute of admiration. I mean the President of my own country. (Laughter and applause.) She would make herself very dear to him, and would do something to atone for the shortcomings of our race, about which he has spoken so feelingly. Ladies and gentlemen, I give you the toast. I drop the obnoxious adjective, I give you women as they are, our equals always, our superiors sometimes. (Applause.)

Madame Sarah Grand Responds.

MADAME SARAH GRAND responded to the toast. His Excellency, she said, has dealt finely to-night with that fine abstract subject, "Sovran Woman." I do not see sovran woman like that myself, as a rule; but this may be due to some defect of vision. To me sovran woman *is* sovran woman; but sovran woman is not



Sarah Grand

women. Woman is great, but women—well, what one always thinks with regard to women is: what splendid material! (Laughter and applause.) I see no use in blinking the fact that much of the material is raw material. (Laughter.) The thing is to find out why it has been left in that state so long—why it is that sovran woman is still an abstract after-dinner phenomenon, and not an everyday occurrence. It does us good, I think, to see

ourselves sometimes as others see us—after dinner. (Laughter.) But whether this after-dinner point of view is not the one which it would be best for us to cultivate is, with me, not an idle question, but a very serious consideration, because I believe that the mistake which has been made with regard to women is the mistake of not having idealised them enough in everyday life. Woman is lauded to the skies, but the policy of the world towards women has been a policy of discouragement, of depreciation. Woman is put on a pedestal ; women are dragged in the mud. A man is judged by himself individually : a woman is judged by her whole sex collectively. It is hardly, even yet, understood that a woman may have a separate existence. Put a man in an important position, and, if he does badly, he is quietly and promptly removed ; a substitute is found for him, and that is the end of the matter. But if a woman does badly in any particular position, everybody exclaims, "There, now ! I told you so ! That's women all over !" and the whole sex is made to answer for evermore for that one woman's fault. (Laughter and applause.) The label prepared by tacit consent all the world over for any work of a woman is, "Considering—not so bad, considering." (Laughter.) Women are not to be judged by what they do, but by what they have not done. Women produced no great work of art in the Middle Ages, therefore Elizabeth Thompson was not elected to the Royal Academy in the Nineteenth Century.

TRIED BY A STANDARD OF CONVENTION.

There is much crude misapprehension in the commonly accepted generalisation about women ; the standard by which they are tried is the standard of convention. A woman writes a hand all splashes and dashes, and the world see in it the sign of something womanish and silly until Charlotte Brontë appears. They get a magnifying glass to examine *her* handwriting, they find the splashes and dashes, and they exclaim : "How splendidly emotional !" (Laughter and applause.) Anything that is customary with women is set down without enquiry as a bad custom. Women are twitted with reading the Births, Deaths, and Marriages in the newspapers ; it is considered a sign of the smallness of their minds that they should want to know what may be happening to their friends and acquaintances, and perhaps it is. But, at any rate, it saves them from the embarrassment that overwhelmed that humourist, who sent an invitation to a bachelor supper party, couched in facetious terms, to a man in an agony of grief, who

received it on the day of his wife's funeral. (Laughter.) It is made a reproach to women that they put the most important part of a letter into a postscript. Where else should they put it? What is the most conspicuous part of a letter—the first to be read, the most convenient to which to refer? Why, the postscript, of course. (Laughter.) Naturally a woman puts the most important part of a letter into the postscript. It is made a reproach to women that they are curious. Dr. Johnson said: "A generous and elevated mind is distinguished by nothing more certainly than an eminent curiosity". Women *are* curious. (Laughter and applause.) Then in the matter of keeping a secret. It is said that no woman can keep a secret. This fallacy is a great convenience to the women who have secrets to keep. The difference between men and women in the matter of keeping a secret is a simple difference of procedure. When a man has a secret to keep, he goes about telling everyone that he has a secret, and is keeping it. (Laughter.) When a woman has a secret to keep, she carefully conceals the fact of the existence of any secret at all. She has noticed that a secret known to exist is a secret half revealed. Women do tell secrets? O yes! But the secrets women tell are the secrets men betray to them. (Laughter and applause.) Women are observant; they are anxious to improve themselves; they profit by men's mistakes. When a man gives his opinion of women, he holds up the mirror to his own antecedents. There are some men who, when they touch upon the subject, make us feel that it would have been a privilege to have known the ladies of their family and of their acquaintance; whilst other men, in their least allusion to women, make us ashamed to belong to the same sex as the ladies with whom they associate. (Applause.)

WOMAN'S SPLENDID INHERITANCE.

"There is no understanding a woman," says the average man—generally by way of prelude to his own interpretation of her. And the average man is right and he should stay there. He does not understand woman. A man's opinion of a woman is apt to be a reflection—the reflection of the opinion of his particular lady friends. Any man will tell you what he thinks about a woman, will give you his idea of her—which is generally the invention of his comic newspaper; but he cannot tell you what that woman is. Foreign writers, particularly the French, expend themselves in elaborate studies of women, weighted with hackneyed physiological details, which they crudely mistake for subtle psychical phenomena.

But the modelling is flat, the treatment largely stale, and the result wholly unprofitable. (Applause.) The Anglo-Saxon is better, but even he sees the surface only as a rule, and rarely, if ever, draws a woman's character quite in the round. A man, apostrophising the Venus of Milo, adores the goddess, gives himself up to the apotheosis of the woman with one attribute, that primitive creation Venus. A woman, apostrophising the Venus of Milo, asks in surprise :—

“ Why did they call thee Venus, thou fair shape—
 Goddess of love? Is love alone so good?
 I would have named thee, thou Imperial thing,
 Not “ Love ” but “ Womanhood.”
 For thou art Love, and Hate, and many more—
 And Scorn and Pride and Faith and Unbelief—
 Great faults and follies that we half adore,
 And sweetest sympathy in joy or grief!
 Beneath the gracious calm of thy fair form
 A world of passions lies, of ill and good:
Not love alone, but composite of all,
 Thou marble dream of glorious womanhood.”

(Applause.) It would, of course, be ridiculous to pretend that women do not deserve all that is said of them, for they do—every-thing, good, bad, and indifferent. (Laughter and applause.) There is no denying, for instance, that women are inconsistent, for are they not the daughters of their fathers, bearing a strong family likeness to man himself, who pins his faith to the Eternal Feminine, yet holds that the suffrage, and a share in the duties of citizenship, must convert the Eternal Feminine into something essentially masculine and horrible—so he says, something like himself; who dubs women “ *sovran* ” and upholds her *sovra*nty on the one hand, whilst imputing to her, on the other, anything but regal splendours of conduct in the phrase, “ *So like a woman!* ” (Laughter.) Lack of logic is the birthright of women, their splendid inheritance from their fathers. (Laughter and applause.)

THE OTHER POINT OF VIEW.

That happy woman up there on the pedestal, who is sure of the perfect chivalrous devotion of man so long as she asks for nothing else—that happy woman is said to be at heart a gaudy savage. Certainly the majority of the women you see loitering about the streets, looking into the shop windows, are intent upon self-adornment—at least, that is one way of putting it, the way to put it if you want to find fault. But you might say more kindly, and

with just as much truth, that they are intent on the bargains which will enable them to clothe themselves decently on the very limited means which men allow them. (Laughter and applause.) And the proof of that is to be found in the fact that the majority of women show no more sign of having mastered the art of self-adornment than a Zulu in a sun-bonnet. (Laughter and applause.) Hang a woman about with diamonds until she glitters like a glass chandelier of the early Victorian period, let her spread her train and peacock in public to her heart's content, and Heaven is supposed to contain no happier creature. And that may be so; I don't know. The admirable in women is isolated, but the undesirable draws them together like a flock of sheep. Some impossible person in Paris, whom they would not recognise as a fellow-creature at a Christian funeral, decrees that walking dresses shall be long, and every woman in the place, often at considerable personal inconvenience, is out in a microbe catcher, sweeping the streets. (Laughter.) Yet those same women, were *you* to suggest to them some alteration in their dress which would make for health, cleanliness, and beauty, would turn to you the cold shoulder of avowed antipathy. Give the accustomed to women, even the accustomed horrors, and they feel safe; but anything original, any innovation, makes them suspicious. (Laughter.) The ball-dress they condone when they do not adore it, the bathing-dress they approve, the modern riding habit, surely on foot the most hideous dress a woman ever appeared in—("No, no")—passes without objection; but the bicycling dress of France, the safest, most economical, and most comfortable for the machine, is tabooed. Why this anomaly? Simply because a good reason was given for the bicycling dress. It does not do to attach good reasons to wearing apparel. (Laughter.) Women on the war-path, on the look out for insults, invariably fall foul of a good reason. (Laughter and applause.)

WOMAN'S CHARACTERISTICS CURIOUSLY MIXED.

Certainly the characteristics of women are curiously mixed—mixed past all comprehension until you know how it has come about. The average woman is said to be an unmitigated bore, and she is also said to be a very worthy person, whose honest ambition is to look well and be received by the best people in the neighbourhood. She it is who comforts us when it is comfort that we require—and worries us to death at other times. If, on the social side of her character, there be no desire to please in her,

if she be idle, suspicious, jealous, carping, censorious, it is not her fault, but rather the fault of the social conditions to which she has to submit. Do you find amongst English women a dead level of dull mediocrity tempered by mannerisms? Then you find what you expect. Women answer to expectation, and these things are expected of them. Hence the anomalies. Women *must* answer to expectation; if they do not they are punished—as in the case of the Borough Councils. Women were expected not to do well in public life. When it was found that they were doing exceedingly well, they were promptly deprived of the right to serve on the Borough Councils. Everything that has gone wrong since the days of Adam has been imputed to women, and if some here and there have done their best to deserve the imputation, in that also they have obliged the men and answered to expectations. In the beginning man said generously, “It wasn’t me,” and he has been saying it ever since. “I have sinned, punish the woman.” (Laughter and applause.) Of old, those reverend fathers of religion who have been responsible for so much history, looking about for something to account for all that was wrong in themselves, happened upon woman.

THE SEARCH FOR THE IDEAL.

If you would master the whole art of vituperation read what has been said about women by sacred and holy men, such as the blessed St. Anthony, who, we are assured, even in extreme old age had never been guilty of washing his feet. (Laughter.) It is a queer world, my masters, but one comfort is it is queerer than it need be. The remedy is in your own hands. “Sovran” woman acknowledges that she has received her due meed of honour and admiration; but even “sovran” woman has cause for complaint, for was she not put on a pedestal, and is she not rigorously kept there? Now, the fault of a pedestal is that there is no room on it, no room for individual expression in any direction. Try it, gentlemen, try what it is to be confined to a pedestal, and you will understand why “sovran” woman asks for more room. (Laughter and applause.) If you will give to the average woman the honour which, in your daydreams, you bestow upon your ideal lady, mayhap one day your eyes will be opened, and you will find that there sits at your table an angel whom you have been entertaining unawares. (Applause.) She will not be perfect—Heaven forbid! It would be a dull world if women had no faults. But if the little faults be overlooked, the nobler qualities will come

to light, and make your narrow homes the ante-chamber of a palace. The search for the Elixir of Life gave incentive to learning in the Dark Ages, the search for new worlds sent men to brilliant adventures in the large days of Great Elizabeth ; and it may be that the search for the ideal woman may give to many a man, outwardly commonplace, the inward beautific vision and the splendid aim which make of life a glorious achievement. The more you idealise women, the more you honour them with your respect and confidence, the more you require of them and the higher your expectation, the less will they disappoint you. (Applause).

Lady Warwick Proposes "Mere Man."

THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK was called upon to propose "Mere Man." She said : Before I have the honour to propose this toast may I say a word to you personally on two subjects ? The first is the kindly, and more than kindly, welcome you have given to my child and myself this evening. (Applause.) Although I am not a Friar, nor, alas ! even a Friar's wife, nor connected with any monastic order I am laid thrice under a deep obligation to the Whitefriars Club. I am indebted to you for the entertainment this evening, and my memory goes back to some years ago, when I was also entertained here by the Club. But, perhaps, the best of all was the occasion when the Whitefriars Club did us the honour and the very great pleasure of coming to the old Castle where I live, and of spending a day with us. (Applause.) I only hope and trust that such a visit may be repeated on another occasion, and that the friendship begun so many years ago may be thus renewed from time to time. (Applause.)

THE DESECRATION AT STRATFORD.

I should like to say now just a word about the discussion you all know of, which intimately concerns leafy Warwickshire, but is one which touches the whole literary world—I mean the proposed destruction of certain picturesque cottages, to erect a modern Carnegie library in the most deeply venerated street we know of —Henley Street, Stratford-on-Avon, where Shakespeare first saw the light. For three centuries this small and humble thoroughfare has remained substantially the same, and it is considered that a modern edifice there would be out of place. Therefore I have ventured to bring here a paper which is an appeal against the unbecoming invasion of this most sacred territory, and I should be very glad if the members of the Whitefriars Club would oblige me

by signing it, in order to help the good cause, and to keep this little street in which Shakespeare was born sacred to his name and his memory alone, as it has been for so many years. (Applause.) It is a cause which I feel commends itself to all who truly love the best and highest literature, and so I have ventured



Frances Delyah Warwick.

in this very unconventional way to ask you to-night in this great assembly to which you have done me the great honour to invite me, this assembly of glorious brains to which you have asked a mere woman, and asked her to propose the toast of "Mere Man."

MAN AN ELUSIVE SUBJECT.

I confess, ladies and gentlemen, when I was first told the particular subject of the toast to-night, I felt some little misgiving. I thought it was a difficult, not to say elusive, subject. (Laughter.) But, after all, I find it is a very ordinary one, for Mere Man is always ordinary—(laughter)—except when he develops into a hero or a rogue. (Laughter.) Then he becomes extraordinary, and is less easy to manage. Fortunately these abnormal developments are very rare. Mere Man is nearly always "mere," and in that condition he is generally very agreeable. When he is more than "mere" he is prone to think too much of himself, and when he is less than "mere" he thinks too little. (Laughter and applause.) Either of these two extremes of his self-assertion make an unpleasant social companion, but in the happy state and in the normal state of "mere," he knows how to make himself useful in so many ways. He says many civil things. He is always ready to be charmed and to be dominated by us women, and to do anything we tell him. From the management of empires to providing us with our latest fancy in bonbons he employs his life in carrying out our wishes. *Cherchez la femme* is an old saying, but none the less true for its constant repetition. Mere Man always has *la femme* hidden away somewhere—(laughter)—in all his pet schemes, in his political ambitions, and in all his hopes and dreams of happiness. If he can please her all is well, and if not all is ill.

MERE MAN A VERY GOOD FELLOW.

Antony who lost Antium for Cleopatra's sake was a very mere man. No one would call him a hero. Equally no one would call him a rogue. He was just "mere." (Laughter and applause.) Considering, therefore, how much mere man has done and will do for woman, it is right I should, in proposing this toast, do justice to his adaptability. No one fetches and comes for woman so patiently and willingly as he does. To win a glance or a smile from her, mere man will almost do anything, and it would be cruel and ungrateful to deny him a glance and a smile from the high, imperial throne of state from which she issues her orders, and sends him through the world on her service. Whether we desire him to conquer a province for us, or give us a rose to wear for an hour mere man will always do his best to gratify our wishes. No fame is quite perfect to him without the seal of our approval. If he makes great political

success he comes to us for the final praise. He will face danger and meet death for our sake. Taken all round, mere man at his best is a very good fellow. At his worse we will be glad to do without him—(laughter and applause)—but at his best he may be admitted to be indispensable to the world's business. On behalf of all men at their best, their bravest, and their truest I propose the health of Mere Man. (Applause.)

The Prior Responds For "Mere Man."

THE PRIOR, in responding to the toast, said : Mr. Dooley has told us if you write to Mr. Carnegie for his autograph he will send you a free library. (Laughter.) I can assure Lady Warwick, to begin with, of our most strenuous support in that scheme of hers, and even to the exclusion of the books of the Whitefriars Club from that library we will prevent the desecration. (Laughter and applause.) As to the toast of Mere Man, and the burden which is placed upon me, I cannot but recall Dr. Johnson's saying on the occasion when the lady's daughter played the fiddle to him. When she said, "Doctor, it is so very difficult," he replied, "Would to God, madam, it were impossible!" (Laughter.) It should, I grant, never be very difficult to find Lady Warwick an inspiration for something gracious and eloquent, but, kind as she has been to us on the whole, she puts me in a dilemma, for either I must be ordinary in this speech, or I must be extraordinary, and therefore a rogue. (Laughter.) Well, I am going to try and be ordinary. I am going to regard myself merely as counsel for the defence, to draw my gown about my shoulders, and to say, "May it please your lordships." Not to Mere Man, but to Sovran Woman shall I direct my appeal, and you will instantly observe the disabilities under which I am placed, for appealing to Sovran Woman, whatever the cogency of my arguments or the power of my eloquence, I cannot hope to carry my audience away with me. That is clearly impossible. (Laughter.)

WOMAN'S MOST BLESSED PREROGATIVE.

I am simply reduced to an elementary plea for mercy. It is woman's most blessed prerogative to forgive. From her first days in that Bohemian existence of which his Excellency has spoken, she has taught man that it is more blessed to give than to receive. I have no doubt that when Adam munched his ribstone pippin he said with the selfish instinct of his race, "There is not going to be any core." (Laughter.) She began by feeding the brute. (Laughter.) And when he was fed, we are

told he went down on his knees and crawled, an attitude which, judging from the ladies' papers, is not unsuited to him in our days. Now, ladies and gentlemen, when this toast was proposed some two years ago a very ridiculous mistake was made by our printer. When first he sent up this menu it was printed, not "Mere Man," but "More Man." (Laughter.) Mr. Spurgeon will bear me out in this. Now, I do not want any adventitious aid of that sort. The toast I am responding to is "Mere Man," and "mere" is a very trivial term. I think it is a very modern term. Dickens, I know, used it, when he said "Strip a bishop of his apron, or a beadle of his cocked hat, and what is left? Man, mere man." As a rule, man's conceit has no hurt from literature. How many sonnets begin with "O man!" You never knew a sonnet begin with "O Mere Man." (Laughter.)

AN APPEAL IN FORMA PAUPERIS.

If I ask a lady what opera I shall take her to she says "Faust," because there she sees man descend in blue fire, while woman goes aloft to slow music made by paper angels. (Laughter.) I was reading a new play the other day. It was not by Lord Kilmorey. It was a comedy of a very modern type, and it showed domesticity the most recent aspect of the married life. The husband was trying to explain in one scene how he had come to post his latchkey to the income-tax collector instead of a cheque, and his wife retorted that a fool as a friend was intolerable, but a fool as a husband was a luxury. To her the husband made reply that the first woman borrowed an idea of the devil, and she had been his debtor ever since. This we were shown as the amenities of the breakfast table. It occurred to me how very little it represents men and women of the world. Madame Sarah Grand says we do not understand her. If Sovran Woman were to press man as a whole to tell his opinion of her he would say that only Almighty God and a little child understood woman truly. (Applause.) This misunderstanding compels me to appeal to you *in forma pauperis*. If, ladies, you will give us a counsel of your sex she will get man off. She has been getting man off for years beyond record, and when she has got him off, and other men have sent bracelets and tiaras, and twelve apostles in a case, do not believe then that Sovran Woman goes round to the jewelers to see if the Apostles are inspired. That is the most vulgar view. Believe this, that we who stand in the dock and you who judge us come at last to the judgment roll together.

WHEN MAN IS TERRIBLE.

And when all is over, and the flowers are dead and the marquees are down and man is at home criticising your work, then is he godlike and terrible. (Laughter.) You do not want to hear about Mere Man then. (Laughter.) Like Mark Twain, when he was asked to speak about heaven and hell, you equivocate. For Mark Twain would say nothing of heaven, and nothing of hell, because he had friends in both places. May we, my brethren, find friends in both places—in the home of lovely woman and in the dens whence man emerges. We thank Lady Warwick for her friendship to the Whitefriars Club. We thank her for the gracious hospitality she has shown us. We thank her, in spite of all, for her speech. Longfellow says in "Evangeline," "When she had finished it was like the passing of exquisite music." Who is your Prior, my brethren, that he should keep you any longer from the memory of that spell? (Applause.)

FRIAR F. CARRUTHERS GOULD proposed the health of the Prior, while admitting there was no historical precedent for the Friars passing a formal vote of thanks to their Prior at the end of their frugal Friday feasts. However, they who were modern and new had changed all that. They were thankful to Prior Max Pemberton for his conduct in the chair, and for bringing Mrs. Pemberton, although that was not a "Garden of Swords" or a "House under the Sea." (Laughter and applause.)

PRIOR MAX PEMBERTON, in thanking the Friars on behalf of himself and his wife, said the success of the evening, whatever it might be, was entirely due to the kindness of their guests and to the indomitable energy of Brother Spurgeon. They all knew how little such evenings would be worth if it were not for Brother Spurgeon.

CLUB NOTES.

OUR sympathies have been extended to Friar Lacy in the great bereavement which he has experienced. His wife passed away on April 6th—the eve of her birthday—and was buried in Wandsworth Cemetery on April 9th. The Club was represented by Friar G. H. Perkins, Friar Douglas Gane, and the Hon. Secretary. Wreaths were sent by several Friars, and many letters were addressed to Friar Lacy, who is most grateful to the Brethren.

MRS. LACY had a peculiarly sweet and affable disposition. She took a keen interest in the social life of the Club, and her loss is deeply deplored by us all.

THE picture of Lady Warwick which appears on another page is from the portrait painted by Mr. Ellis Roberts last year. It is reproduced by the kind permission of the Editor of *Pearson's Magazine* and Mrs. Harcourt Williamson.

THE Committee dined together at Anderton's Hotel on Friday, May 8th, informally to celebrate the conclusion of what is generally admitted to have been a very successful session. A preliminary discussion also took place concerning the programme for next session.

FULL particulars of the arrangements made for the Pilgrimage to Cymbeline's Town and Constable's Country are given in a special circular. All I need say here is we are anticipating a very pleasurable excursion on June 20th, under the priorship of Friar F. Carruthers Gould. It will be a great convenience if applications for tickets be sent as early as possible. Luncheon as well as dinner will be served at the Caps Hotel, Colchester.

WE are much indebted to Friar W. Gurney Benham for having compiled a most interesting description of the places we propose to visit. The souvenir is profusely illustrated. Copies will be presented to the Friars and guests taking part in the pilgrimage. They will be posted with the tickets.

I REGRET to state our beloved comrade Friar J. Farlow Wilson has again been on the "sick list." Acute rheumatism followed an attack of bronchitis and for a time he was confined helplessly in bed. He is still very lame. He is recuperating at Bournemouth. We all wish him a quick and perfect recovery.

FRIAR CHARLES BRAID, the "Father" of the Club, was greatly disappointed in not being able to attend the Ladies' Banquet. The doctor peremptorily forbade him to leave his room. With the return of more genial weather he hopes to pay an occasional visit to the Club.

A. S.