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Edited by FRIAR ROBERT LEIGHTON.

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CLUB DIARY.

The second half of the winter session was opened on January 8th with a successful dinner, at which Friar R. Lee Campbell acted as Prior. The Club Guest was Mr. Max Beerbohm, who gave us a humorous address on "The Curse of Uniformity in Costume." Himself attired in the most orthodox of costumes, Mr. Beerbohm vigorously inveighed against the sameness and tameness of modern dress—the neat reefer suits and billycocks, the neat frock coats and top hats, of precisely the same cut and pattern. He sounded the bugle note of courage, and called upon us to be original in our dress, and to permit our personalities to be apparent in our outward appearance. "Cease your craven efforts towards uniformity," he recommended. "Take a little less trouble in ordering your clothes and arranging your hair. When next you go to your tailor order the first kind of coat that comes into your head, and see that the

The Rt. Hon. Sir George Trevelyan, Bart.

tailor makes the coat exactly according to your inspiration. Adopt the same method at your hatter's and your hosier's. Above all, let your hair be as you will it. Personality is a sacred trust, and the man who, when he passes through the streets, is unattended by a mob of ribald urchins hardly deserves to be called a man."

Friar Carruthers Gould was in sympathy with the tendency of our guest's plea, that our emotions should be expressed by our dress, and that we should be more bold in introducing colour into our attire. He considered that our present uniformity in costume was largely due to the uniformity of the lives we have to lead, and that it would be impossible for modern men to clothe themselves in the gay apparel of the sixteenth century. The man who should go through Fleet Street to-day dressed in the costume of Elizabeth's time would, he said, be like a dragon-fly walking through hell. The conversation was continued on lively lines by Mr. Frankfort Moore, who was in support of uniformity; Mr. Walter Emanuel, who looked with dread upon a possible competition between men and women in the matter of millinery; Mr. D. C. Calthorp, Mr. Desmond Coke, Mr. Osman Edwards, and Friars Dr. Robertson Nicoll, Algernon Rose, Walter Bayes, G. B. Burgin, and Rev. C. H. Grundy.

In the absence of Friar Benjamin Swift, the Prior's chair on January 15th was occupied by Friar Alexander Paul. The Club guest was Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart., M.P., who opened a conversation on the suggestively contentious topic, "Stands Scotland where it Did?" Sir Herbert was perhaps too judiciously logical to provoke opposition. He submitted that in language, literature, politics, and theology Scotland stands precisely in the position which she has always held, and there was none among his hearers bold enough to controvert his statement that the charge so frequently levelled against the Scot's lack of humour is unfounded. Friar Clement Shorter, however, did indeed ruffle the backs of some of the Scots Friars by making a distinction between English and Scottish literature, and declaring emphatically that all the best things in the literature of Great Britain had been produced south of the Border. Friar Richard Whiteing spoke of the growing tendency towards cosmopolitanism and the lessening of national characteristics, and his points were taken up by Mr. James Manson, Mr. Kinnaird Rose, and Mr. Duffas. Others who joined in the discussion were Friars W. Senior, Morseby White,

J. A. Hammerton, and Alfred Miles. In his reply, Sir Herbert Maxwell dwelt tenderly upon the love of the Scots for Scotland, and answered the statement of one speaker that a Scotsman never wants to go back to his native land by quoting the lines :—

"Hame, hame, hame, O hame wad I be,
Hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie ;
For the oak and the ash and the bonnie ivy tree
They're all blooming bonnie in the north countrie."

ALTHOUGH the topic of conversation, "The Gods of Muscle—False and True," was in no direct sense connected with the law and lawyers, yet we had a thoroughly legal company to dinner on January 22nd. Friar Newton Crane, himself a man of law, was the Prior for the evening, and we had Lord Alverstone as the guest of the Club, while among the guests of the Prior and the Friars were Mr. Rufus Isaacs, K.C., Mr. R. A. McCall, K.C., the Hon. Gilbert Coleridge, Mr. F. Gore Browne, K.C., Mr. Montague Shearman, K.C., Mr. Adam Walker, Mr. Walter Durham, and Mr. Wilfred Trickett. During the dinner a new Friar, Tom Gallon, was introduced to the Brethren.

THE Lord Chief Justice made an admirable speech, dealing with the position of athletics among educated people, and indicating the false lines upon which he considered outdoor recreations were taking at the present time. He reprehended the tendency common at our public schools and the Universities to place physical strength and agility in higher estimation than mental ability, and to consider the man who was captain of his eleven or stroke of his eight of more importance than him who was at the top of his form. He objected strongly to professionalism in cricket and football, mainly for the reason that it attracted sightseers who might otherwise themselves be deriving benefit from healthy physical exercise. The true note of athletics, he urged, should be to encourage as many as possible to take part in the game. Friar Richard Whiteing led off in the discussion and was followed by Mr. Eustace Miles and by Friar Grundy, who gave us one of his most refreshing "Grundy my boy" speeches. Mr. Montague Shearman in his turn avowed himself a worshipper of muscle, and defended the public school system of highly organised athletics carried on under a strict discipline which contributed to the formation of high character. Mr. McCall spoke but briefly, Mr. Gilbert Coleridge gave his experiences of the benefits of running

as an exercise for busy men, and Mr. Rufus Isaacs, in giving his support to the advantages of boxing, referred to athletics as being based upon the primitive instincts of man. When all attributes are taken into account, he said, the well developed human being must always be the conqueror.

By way of a variant on our usual post-prandial conversations we had on February 5th a musical entertainment conducted by Friar Coulson Kernahan as Prior. Sir August Manns was the Club guest, and in proposing his health the Prior spoke with eloquence of Sir August's distinguished career as a musician and of his influence upon English music. Friar B. L. Mosely added a eulogy of our guest, particularly with reference to his great work of popularising classical music in England. In responding, Sir August Manns read a short address on the history of orchestral music, in which he maintained that the old criticism against England that she is not a musical nation is everlastingly exploded. The entertainment included songs by Messrs. Ortner, Hardwick, and Albert Garcia, and humorous sketches by Mr. Walter Churcher and Nelson Jackson.

On the following Friday, when Friar Haldane McFall was in the chair, Mr. A. Chichele Plowden opened a discussion on the question, "Is Bohemianism of Advantage to Letters and the Arts"? The conversation was somewhat desultory, but the general conclusions were in favour of a moderate Bohemianism in which the worker is neither hampered by extreme poverty, nor made unproductive by luxury. The meeting seemed to agree with Friar Shorter, who pronounced the dictum that it is in early struggle, not in comfort, that the most significant work in art and letters has been produced. On this evening Mr. Frankfort Moore made his first appearance among us as a Friar.

The House Dinner on February 12th was decidedly successful. It was a gathering of past and present Friars. Many past Friars who had been invited sent letters of regret for their absence. Among those who attended were our old friends, W. B. Tegetmeier, Thomas Catling, David Christie Murray, looking most distinguished with his long silver hair and black velvet coat, Eric Robertson, who had travelled all the way from Westmorland to be with us, Byron Curtis, W. Jameson, William Poel, Charles Lowe, Gordon Thompson, Hammond Hall, J. H. Ingram, L. F. Austin and James Manson. The Prior for the evening was Friar Angelo Lewis, and

he welcomed our visitors right heartily. Friar William Senior proposed the toast of "Our Guests," to which Mr. Tegetmeier and the Rev. Eric Robertson responded, the latter remarking upon the "sweet sentiment of brotherhood" which he found still to be a distinguishing characteristic of the Club. As reminisences were in order, Mr. Catling recounted some of his early experiences in Fleet Street, and Mr. Byron Curtis recalled many of his memories of the White Friars. In a felicitous speech Mr. L. F. Austin proposed "The Whitefriars Club," and the Prior and Friar Carruthers Gould replied. One of the memorable events of the evening was David Christie Murray's dramatically and impressively told story of the rescue of a party of miners entombed in a coal mine. Another was William Poel's reading of Ben Jonson's tribute to Shakespeare. The health of the Secretary and Treasurer was drunk, and Friar Spurgeon made a fitting response.

THAT this re-union of past and present Friars was fully enjoyed by our guests, as by ourselves, will be seen by the following letter addressed to the Editor of the JOURNAL, by Mr. Eric Robertson :—

Vicarage, St. John's, Windermere,
February 16th, 1904.

DEAR LEIGHTON,—For the last three years I have vainly tried to "do" our difficult Windermere Golf Course in less than 90. On Saturday night I returned from London, on Sunday I had a long day's work, and on Monday I beat a man at golf by 8 up, getting round in 83--the best score I have secured on any long links. Such is the rejuvenating effect of dining with the Whitefriars Club ! My friends present at that dinner all looked so young—I had not seen one of them for twenty years —that I came away resolved to emulate them. I will not for yet another twenty years consider myself an old buffer. The cordiality of you, Senior, Joyce, Aaron Watson, Curtis, Manson, and many another was a medication to my spirit even more invigorating than the buoyancy of your features. Your secretary's invitation was "a note of enchantment" to me, but the welcome of friendship accorded me when I ventured to turn up in answer to that invitation drove warm pulsings through my heart that I cannot be so poor a creature as to forget—ever.

I had expected to find that the Club had taken on the manners of a younger generation, and I was meekly prepared to acquiesce in the inevitable.

"Les anciens, monsieur, sont les anciens,
Mais nous sommes les gens d'aujourd'hui."

Nothing of the sort. There was no newness to disarray the courage of a fogey-guest. You can remember how the equable style and engentled voices of men like Sawyer and Tom Archer graced the Whitefriars table in earlier days. That was a balanced mirth that seemed to me peculiar

to the Club. It was founded on sincerity. I hope I may not be deemed impertinent if I venture to express the delight with which I recognised that even in an age of stridency—shall we call it the age of the county councillor?—the Friars, young and old, are handing on the foundation-secrets of the dear old Club, unwounding humour and a tranquil zest in life.

In tendering my thanks to the Club for remembering me, I should like to say through you that it will give me true pleasure if any Friar travelling in these northern parts will look in on me. I am no celebrity, such as you visit of a summer's day, I hear. But my home is poised in beauty. Wordsworthshire lies all around me.

I am, cordially yours,

ERIC S. ROBERTSON.

A FULL report of the annual dinner held at the Trocadero Restaurant on February 19th appears in this number of the JOURNAL, and it need only be noted here that the occasion was in all respects a brilliant success, as, indeed, it was bound to be, as a result of Friar Arthur Spurgeon's endeavours to attract a company of distinguished men of letters, science and art, and to provide them with good entertainment.

MR. HENRY NEWBOLT was the Club guest on February 26th, when the Prior's chair was occupied by Friar Clement Shorter. In responding to the toast of his health, Mr. Newbolt opened a conversation on "The Relations of Editors and Contributors." He defined the duties of an editor, and related some of his own experiences in dealing with various types of contributors. An editor, he said, holds an intermediate position between his proprietor and his public, but his chief aim must always be to give to his readers what his readers want, rather than to make his paper or his magazine an expression of his own personal literary tastes. He encounters many disappointments, but his disappointments are counterbalanced by the joy of accepting and publishing contributions which influence the public, or introduce to them work of sterling literary quality. Friar Carruthers Gould spoke humorously of the Christian editor who, careful not to displease his contributors, fills his pigeon-holes with a superabundance of accepted material, and finally discovers that the limitations of his paper force him to become brutal. In subsequent speeches we heard a good deal about the ideal editor and the ideal contributor, and Friar Charles Garvice told a story of an ideal editor to whom he took a serial story of 300,000 words in length. The editor accepted the manuscript without even looking at it, and offered payment at the

rate of fifteen guineas a thousand words, but when the author went next morning for his cheque, the editor was not at his desk. He had been removed to a lunatic asylum. Dr. Macleod Yearsley, Friar Edward Clodd, and Mr. Robert Mackray joined in the conversation. Mr. Hugh Spottiswoode gave us some of his funniest anecdotes. Friar Anthony Hope Hawkins spoke of manuscripts as being the breath of an editor's life ; but the most impressive speech of the evening was that of the veteran journalist Mr. Frederick Greenwood. He spoke from an editor's point of view, but his sympathies were with the contributor, and he had always endeavoured to help even crazy and offensive contributors with a little patience. If he found something in a man who was not doing himself justice, he would never let him go. It is part of an editor's duty to take pains to discover good writers, and he can do much with a little patience, care, and the nursing of a suitable man.

TRAVEL Reminiscences were the order of the evening at our dinner on March 4th, when Friar W. H. Helm was our Prior. Sir Harry Johnston, G.C.M.G., as the Club guest, started the conversation with a couple of travel pictures, one having as its scene the Tunisian Sahara, and the other the equatorial forest of West Africa. He spoke of the pleasures of going back to pre-civilised times and of travelling in unexplored regions where one could see Africa in its primitive state before man has meddled with it. He discoursed on paleolithic man and described in interesting detail a locality he had visited in the Tunisian hinterland where he was confronted at every turn with the evidences of Phallic worship. On this point Friar Edward Clodd made some instructive comments. Mr. F. G. Aflalo spoke of the difficulties of landing in a foreign land with an insufficient knowledge of the language, and Mr. E. A. Maund told us of how he had brought over two of Lobengula's Indunas to see Queen Victoria in 1888. Mr. Archibald Colquhoun regretted that, although he had gone through two campaigns, and spent many years in Western China and South Africa, he had no reminiscences of an adventurous sort to contribute. Captain W. Speeding gave us a yarn or two concerning the spread of civilisation and Christianity in West Africa as observed by himself during his years of service on the coast. These narratives of travel were not, however, confined to the reminiscences of our guests. Friar Grundy had his stories to

tell, Friar Osman Edwards could speak with intimate knowledge of Russia and Japan, Friar Burgin of Armenia and Vancouver, Friar Sachs of life in Burmah, and Friar Foster Fraser of travel in Manchuria.

FRIAR SIR ERNEST CLARK was our chairman at the dinner on March 11th, when there was a discussion on the influence of art on life, introduced by Mr. Walter Crane, who was the guest of the evening. It was the general impression that art is influenced by life rather than life by art, and that art is the highest expression of life. Much was said in reference to decorative design and the application of art to the surroundings of daily life. Sir Wyke Bayliss made a vigorous speech, in which he asked if there was any such thing as art in the Whitefriars Club; a question which was sufficiently answered by Friar Carruthers Gould, who also referred to the residue of good effect left by the much ridiculed æsthetic movement of some years back. Mr. G. C. Haité contributed to the conversation with a lively speech on the value of observation, and told some amusing anecdotes. Other speakers were Mr. John Hassall, R.I., and Friars Aaron Watson, Moulton Piper, and Walter Bayes.

AT the dinner on March 18th, when Friar G. B. Burgin occupied the Prior's chair, Mr. Adrian Ross was the Club guest and he gave us a recondite address on the uses and abuses of Burlesque. He defined burlesque as caricature in words, the travesty of a recognisable original or number of originals—a humorous performance designed to excite laughter. He dealt with the musical burlesques of the Gaiety Theatre, and with the French *revue*, which latter he described as the only proper form for a burlesque of any length. He felt convinced that the *revue* is to be a future feature of the London stage. He advocated the adoption of the triple bill on the London stage—consisting of a farce, an operetta, and a burlesque. Incidentally Mr. Ross referred to the use of the pun in burlesque, and this led several of the subsequent speakers into a rather fruitless discussion as to relative merits of the monosyllabic and the polysyllabic pun. Mr. Richard Ganthony spoke in favour of a national theatre of burlesque. Friar A. E. W. Mason made an admirable speech, in which he argued that the institution of a Revue Theatre was foredoomed to failure and that the triple bill was not to be encouraged. Friar the Rev. C. H. Grundy humorously advised a fuller attention to the burlesque of Suburbia. Friars Algernon Rose and J. R. Geard also joined in the conversation.

ANNUAL DINNER.

The Annual Dinner of the Whitefriars Club may now be classed among the chief social events of Literary London. This is no doubt very largely due to the energy of our Honorary Secretary, who certainly has the art of giving to these occasions the swing which carries them to success. To our banquet held in the Empire Hall of the Trocadero Restaurant on February 19th, the Friars brought many distinguished guests to meet the special guests of the Club. They were received by Friar Richard Whiteing, who acted as the Prior for the evening, and, previous to our going in to dinner, ample time was afforded for introductions and conversation.

Our Guests.

The guests of the evening were Sir George Otto Trevelyan, Bart., and Chevalier G. Marconi. Letters of regret for their unavoidable absence were received from Lord Lytton, Professor James Bryce, Mr. Austin Dobson, and Mr. Stephen Phillips. Among our visitors were Mr. Leonard H. Courtney, the Rev. R. J. Campbell, Dr. John Clifford, Mr. Charles Trevelyan, M.P., Mr. L. F. Austin, Mr. Kenneth Grahame, The Rev. Dr. James Gow, Mr. J. W. Comyns Carr, Mr. Joseph Hatton, Mr. Ernest W. Beckett, M.P., Dr. Richard Garnett, Mr. J. L. F. Barnes, C.M.G., Mr. Frank T. Bullen, Mr. Henry W. Nevinson, Mr. J. Nicol Dunn, Mr. G. W. Prothero, LL.D., Sir Wyke Bayliss, Dr. Ginsburg, Mr. John Lane, Mr. Mortimer Menpes, Mr. Mostyn Pigott, Dr. Horace Jeafferson, Mr. Watson Nicol, Mr. Arthur N. Gilbey, Mr. Filson Young, the Rev. J. H. Shakespeare, and Mr. Hugh Dumas. The company numbered 128 Friars and guests.

The following acted as sub-Priors: Friars William Senior, F. Carruthers Gould, Aaron Watson, J. A. Hammerton, and Douglas M. Gane.

"Literature and Science."

When the King's health had been proposed and honoured, and the Roll-Call of Welcome had been read,

Mr. L. F. Austin proposed "Literature and Science." A few nights back, he said, he was present at a dinner where an eloquent

gentleman, proposing the toast of the distinguished visitors' made a striking allusion to the Poet Laureate, who was one of them. "I understand, gentlemen," he said, "that the Poet Laureate has been occupying himself with the higher poetry. I do not know anything about it, but it is a great subject, and it is safe in his hands." (Laughter.) He must confess that literature and science so rashly committed to his charge that evening were two great subjects, but he felt that neither of them in his hands was at all safe. Of science he would say quite plainly he knew nothing. Chevalier Marconi, whom they welcomed with fervour—(applause)—made a great mistake if he expected to learn anything from him. (Laughter.) It must be a bitter disappointment to Chevalier Marconi—he condoled with him on a wasted evening. Of literature he did happen to know a little. For instance, he had qualified himself by a warm admiration for the writings of Sir George Trevelyan, from that delightful biography of Macaulay to the history of the American Revolution, and he flattered himself that he was in a position to tell Sir George Trevelyan something that would surprise him. Sir George knew very well that the fame of his illustrious kinsman had led a somewhat chequered career among the critics. There was a time when they dismissed Macaulay, as Dr. Johnson on a famous occasion dismissed an opponent who would not be put down: "Sir, I perceive you are a vile Whig." Then there came a reaction, and it was admitted that, although a vile Whig, Macaulay was a man of prodigious attainments. Now he perceived an effort to stem that reaction, and he read in an organ of literary criticism, which he would not name, as it would be too cruel, that Macaulay was a great journalist. (Laughter.)

A Most Brilliant Poem.

It was rather an extravagant compliment to journalism. Even in the Whitefriars Club they did not breed Macaulays. Then it seemed he was a Clapham Protestant—that, apparently, was a term of opprobrium; but, above all, though a well-informed writer, he was hardly a gentleman. (Laughter.) That, he thought, was absolutely new to Sir George Trevelyan. Therefore he need not condole with him on his wasted evening. (Laughter.) He wondered, however, whether Sir George agreed with Mr. John Morley that it was better to make history than to write it. Sir George had done both those things with much distinction, and he could give them an unbiassed opinion. He had forgotten all about it, very probably, but a great many years ago he wrote a most brilliant poem, from which he (Mr. Austin) would venture

to quote a passage, describing the political candidate of the time, and of all time, in the act of making history :—

> " For this did I canvass, and promise, and flirt,
> And drink so much sherry and eat so much dirt?
> For this did I stand on the hustings an hour,
> My mouth full of egg and my whiskers of flour,
> Repeating in accents bewildered and hoarse,
> That sentence to which I have always recourse,
> Whenever I come to the end of my tether,
> About a strong pull and a pull altogether? "

What better description of a party speech? (Applause.) Manners had changed very little. The Parliamentary candidate did not drink so much sherry, but dirt was still an article of political diet. (Laughter.) Whiskers had gone out of fashion, and that, he supposed, was the reason why electors had left off throwing flour ; but if they kept an eye on the by-elections they would see that the candidate's mouth was still full of egg. (Laughter.) Eggs flew before they were hatched—(laughter)—and there were still appeals for party unity, and for the strong pull and the pull altogether. But he wondered, even if the pull altogether should land a man in office, if it were not more agreeable to sit in one's study, and write the history of the American Revolution.

A Scientific Sorcerer.

To Chevalier Marconi he could only tender hearty congratulations that he was not born in an earlier age which would certainly have burnt him as a sorcerer. Even now the fisher folk of Cornwall regarded him as worse than any witch in their traditions. And that superstition seemed to be spreading, for he met a poetical friend of his the other day who told him he was sure Chevalier Marconi's messages were transmitted by a species of black art, and that he employed imps to carry them, mounted on broomsticks. (Laughter.) This friend admitted he was a shareholder in a submarine cable. He (the speaker) was not a shareholder in any company—(laughter) —but he could not, as a journalist, ignore the allegation that there was a connection between the mysterious practices of Chevalier Marconi and that deluge in which they had been leading the lives of amphibious animals. (Laughter.) It had been a fine day. Chevalier Marconi had reminded him of the fact. That might be his artfulness. (Laughter.) He now gave Chevalier Marconi an opportunity to remove from their minds any misgiving that the price they had to pay for his science was rain to-morrow, rain the next day, and for ever and ever. (Laughter and applause.)

SIR GEORGE TREVELYAN'S SPEECH.

The Arcadia of St. Stephen's.

SIR GEORGE TREVELYAN, in responding, said that ever since he heard the pleasant and most unexpected news that he was to be entertained by the Whitefriars Club he had been studying the records of their proceedings, which had been generously supplied to him. It was a real privilege to read transactions so interesting and animated, especially when one knew that in these days of universal publicity they were confined to the inspection of those immediately concerned. He had gathered that they practised three rules or customs which appeared to him to constitute a complete and very effective code of hospitality and good fellowship. In the first place, they had no party politics. (Hear, hear.) It was a universal tendency of the human mind to divide mankind into opponents and supporters of their questions and their fads. He supposed there were a good many men walking without strait waistcoats in the streets of that City who really believed that they might class mankind into monometallists and bimetallists, into Great and Little Englanders, and into High and Low Churchmen. All this was an illusion; and something less of an illusion, but an illusion still, was the belief that every man at all times lived, moved, and had his being with the consciousness that he was either a Conservative, a Liberal, or a Radical. When he was a young man, as young as some very fortunate people whom he saw round him, he was in the full rush and whirl of London society, and used to meet multitudes of people, and never had the slightest conception, care, or curiosity as to whether any of them was a Whig or a Tory. Then he went into Parliament, and for thirty long and somewhat dreary years every man seemed to be a political partisan, and, alas! every woman likewise, and the whole of Society appeared to be coloured by political partisanship. That was a period during which, to refer to something which Mr. Austin said in his charming speech, he stood on a platform with the late Archbishop of Canterbury, then the Bishop of Exeter, in his own cathedral city, and both his hair and his whiskers, and the Bishop's hair and whiskers, were filled, not with ordinary flour, but with blue and yellow flour—(laughter) — thrown there by certain inhabitants of his episcopal town. But even in the arid desert of party politics there were some oases. The Lobby of the House of Commons was sometimes an over-busy, and sometimes a very dull and dreary place, but even in those precincts there might occasionally be found

a touch of Arcadia. The General Election of 1874 was a great Conservative triumph, and the result was, as was always the case after a Conservative triumph, to fill the House with a most cheerful tribe of lively and vivacious young aristocrats. One of these appeared to take a great fancy to him, and used to affect his company very much. This young member was a rare speaker in the House of Commons. In the course of six Sessions he made two speeches, one an exceedingly humorous and successful defence of his own constituents against certain charges of corruption—(laughter)—and the other a performance of greater ambition, of the most singular and original nature, to which the House of Commons listened with amazement, and something of bewilderment. He was very seldom inside the House, but he never tired of walking together arm in arm, or side by side, up and down the House of Commons terrace,—the most splendid riverside terrace in Christendom,—in those sterner days when those of the male sex could walk up and down there of an afternoon, talking—(laughter)—of books, and only of books, with the most delightful joyousness and freshness of interest. His friend gave him books. He had now—he sent it the other day to the binders with great pride—a most famous, a most entrancing, a most classical French volume, but a French volume that was, perhaps, more classical than edifying. (Laughter.) Within ten years that young man had run one of the very greatest and most memorable careers in their Parliamentary annals ; and when he remembered the last years of the active life of Lord Randolph Churchill he sadly and gravely said that his premature removal from the sphere of public action was a lasting and incalculable loss to the country. (Applause.) It was for that reason he had always taken a paternal and almost pathetic interest in the career of one who was so curiously like him, and who, he was sorry to hear, was prevented from being present by the detestable exigencies of the political platform. In his place they had had a speech from Mr. Austin, who had been a stranger to him so far as the ceremony of introduction could go, but who was not altogether a stranger. Sometimes they were glad to believe they had a sentiment of friendship for a favourite author, whose face they had never seen ; but that friendship was only renewed at intervals of two, or three, or even more years when he published his successive volumes. Mr. Austin, however, at every week's end—

" Pours himself out plain,
Like downright Shippen, or old Montaigne."

There were few matters under the sun—such sun as they had been blessed with during the last twelve months—(laughter)—with regard to which he had not some knowledge of Mr. Austin's opinion. It was reserved for him that evening, however, to hear what that opinion was about his own humble personality, and about the reputation of one whose reputation was as many times dearer to him as it was greater than his could ever be ; and he could discern a genuine admiration of Macaulay beneath that charming fire of jokes which fell from Mr. Austin's lips. All he could say was he was deeply gratified at his kindly observations, and the response which they evoked ; and he should do his best in the future to deserve it. He should endeavour, as he had always endeavoured hitherto, to use no means of pushing himself except by doing his best at the work which came to his hand, while rejoicing at the hard-earned successes of other people, and making it a rule that no word of his should ever be spoken which should destroy or diminish the credit and satisfaction they derived from them. (Applause.) He had spoken of the rule laid down to leave politics alone. Party politics were just now in a very critical state, and there never was a time when the introduction of them was so much resented in literary, artistic, and theatrical circles. He had heard that it was very ill taken that in some pantomimic representation, the King of the Cannibals came on the stage, and told an audience of divided sympathies he was for his part a staunch and confirmed Free Fooder. (Laughter.) He passed to the second feature of the Club's entertainment. Their guests appeared to think it necessary to give an autobiographical account of themselves, and especially to insist on any circumstance which connected them with literature. That was to a marked degree the case with Lord Goschen, whose example he supposed he must follow ; the more so as, since the Friars paid him that compliment, the University of Oxford, not to be left behind, had appointed him their Chancellor.

Emendations by Macaulay.

His own first literary work was a prize poem written at Harrow on the invasions of England. He was very proud of the performance, and submitted it to the judgment, and, as he hoped, the admiration of an older relative, who himself could turn a sentence and round a stanza. Well, he was bound to say that the emotions which his poem excited in Lord Macaulay's breast were drowned by his intense amusement in discovering that out of one hundred and fifty lines there were no less than forty false rhymes.

(Laughter.) He never forgot his speechless admiration when Lord Macaulay took up the paper, and, as fast as he could read it, threw out a succession of emendations, which turned his crude and halting verses into noble and stirring poetry. From that time forward, whatever he did, he never perpetrated a false rhyme, until at five-and-twenty the power of rhyming, happily for himself and others, deserted him suddenly, absolutely, and irrevocably. (Laughter.) Since then he had written prose, sometimes in the strain and stress of a rather turbid political career, and of late years in the full and delightful leisure which every man has a right to give himself who in the course of his early life had done all the work, congenial or uncongenial, which it had fallen to his lot to do. In the choice of subjects he had confined himself to those for the treatment of which it was an advantage to have known the House of Commons and the public offices and departments from the inside, and that perhaps was the chief qualification he had for writing history. He had, however, another qualification; for that he was possessed by a firm and intense belief that in the past their forefathers took just the same keen and vivid interest in public affairs as their successors; that one could form a true picture of that past by the study of books, if only one read them accurately, unsparingly, and lovingly; and that if the picture, when it was finished, came off the easel dull and dead, it was the picture of no times that ever existed, or of times which were not worth reproducing. He knew it was the custom of people to say that history was a science, and in no sense an art. In that case it was the duty of Mr. Marconi to return thanks for history; though he was quite certain that a man of Mr. Marconi's eminence would be the first to say that their respective studies belonged to a different department of human industry.

The Ethics of History.

Another doctrine which had of late been promulgated was that there should be no ethics in history, and that the historian should avoid praising one man and reprobating another, or saying that one policy was righteous and another unjust. That was a deadly doctrine. If it once were established, the effect would be that the great ones of mankind would have no means whatever of guiding their conduct by warnings and examples taken from the men and events of the past. So far from that, his firm belief was that a man could not be a good historian unless he had a very strong feeling indeed with regard to the events he was narrating. It was so in history, and it was so in fiction. A man had no right

to distort a truth. He must keep his feelings in check; and he must not allude to modern politics under the guise of history; but he must have strong feelings and beliefs with regard to the events which he narrated. So, in fiction, he little loved a man who was always lecturing and indoctrinating his readers; and yet novels might be so written that beneath the narrative could be seen faiths and beliefs and opinions which filled the whole work with life, and allowed the reader to draw from it valuable lessons. There was every difference in the world between a novel with a purpose and a novel written by a man with a purpose. (Applause.) For an illustration he would ask them to look no farther than the chair in which the Prior sat. (Applause.) The last of the lessons he had drawn from a study of the Club's proceedings was that they had a recognised limit of speeches. When a man first got upon his legs in public he had a very grievous doubt whether he could possibly say anything which his fellow men might find worth listening to. A county member, who was the father of a Minister in the present Government, gave him an account of his first speech in the House of Commons. He said by the time he had been up five minutes there all of a sudden came over him an overwhelming feeling. He felt the Speaker was going to rise from his chair and address the House in these words: "I am going to take a course which is unprecedented, but in taking which I believe I shall have the full concurrence of the House. In this place we can stand a great deal; but this is too bad for anything; and I must request the honourable member to resume his seat." (Laughter.) Well did they who had been in the House of Commons know that feeling; but it passed away; it gave place to quite another sentiment; and when a man had made a few speeches, he began to overrate the strength and length of human endurance. Great artists, in all branches, never lost sight of that great fact in human nature. Neville Rolfe, the British Consul at Naples, the greatest cicerone in the world, told him that two hours of sight-seeing was as much as anybody could do with profit or pleasure. So M. Coquelin, in a moment of confidence, told him that two hours was the precise time during which the edge of an audience's attention could be kept keen and bright. If that was the case in the theatre, with the variety of actors and scenery, what would it be when the same man was continually speaking, and was uttering his own words, and not those of Molière, of Scribe, or of Alfred de Musset? His own belief was that within twenty-five minutes people got tired of a man's voice, of his thoughts, and his turn of phrase, and that it was high time for him to sit down. If speeches in the House of Commons, with rare exceptions, were reduced to a limit of half an hour the debating would be immensely improved, and the authority

of that assembly would be heightened. Having said this, he knew his own time had come; and he would sit down after saying in one sentence what an immense gratification it was to have had such a greeting from such a brotherhood and in the presence of such guests, and assuring them that he should always recall gratefully their most welcome and overflowing hospitality. (Applause.)

CHEVALIER G. MARCONI'S SPEECH.

Wireless Telegraphy.

CHEVALIER MARCONI, who also responded, said he regretted that the task of replying for "Science" had not fallen upon one who could respond in a better manner. Science, it was true, had done very much for modern civilisation—so much indeed that they could hardly conceive or contemplate civilisation existing without it. It would be useless for him in a gathering like that to attempt to show what they owed to Science, any more than it would be possible for him to demonstrate how much was owed by Science to Literature. He thought it was pointed out only recently by Sir William Ramsay, who had been teaching them so much with regard to the wonderful discovery of Radium, that most recent inventions and discoveries in Science had been foreseen, and in many cases described, by literary men, who, if they could not be termed inventors in the way it was understood at present, had encouraged scientists to pursue certain lines of research by the fascinating descriptions of what certain inventions, if made possible, might achieve. His own connection with Science had mostly referred to the propagation through space of certain effects which they termed electric waves. Wireless telegraphy had certainly exercised a great influence on the imagination of certain writers, especially in the daily papers, judging from the contradictory reports one saw. One read sometimes on one side of a paper that wireless telegraphy was unreliable, that its messages got mixed up, that the whole thing was a failure, and that it would never have any practical application. On the other side of the paper, or perhaps in another column on the same page, they read that its practical application on a large scale was assured, if not achieved, that ordinary telegraphs were of no use, and that all those who had invested in cables were certain not to see their money again. (Laughter.) From what he had seen of wireless telegraphy—and he was in rather a good position to follow its developments — (laughter and applause) — its progress, and especially its application to shipping and navigation, was exceedingly rapid. Already there were 200 ships and liner stations equipped with apparatus for the service of the Navy, or for the convenience of passengers, and they had lately learned that the Government had determined to install wireless telegraphy on all the lightships round the Kingdom. (Applause.) The opposition to the efforts made to communicate from continent to continent was considerable, and it was generally caused by the attitude of the cable companies,

which saw a certain danger to their interests if those communications should become real and practical. Now there was another form of opposition raised by a number of people who had got into their heads that wireless telegraphy was the cause of all the bad weather they had had for the last few months or years. (Laughter.) It was impossible for him from a scientific point of view to take this suggestion seriously, especially when they considered that the power used in those experiments was only two or three horse power, whereas the horse power developed by storms was of many millions. It would be a pretty form of perpetual motion to employ two or three horse power of energy to produce some billions of energy in storms. It was incredible that there could exist people ready to believe that. At the same time modern civilisation was organised in such a way that he was safe, even in Cornwall—(laughter)—at any rate, if the police were near, whatever might have happened early in history. For himself, he liked fine weather. (Laughter.) He had spent most of his time in Italy, and knew what fine weather was, and if anybody could prove he was spoiling the English weather or climate—or what was left of it—he would be quite ready to stop work and sell his apparatus to Australia or to Egypt, where rain was so often badly wanted. (Laughter.) He wondered whether some company promoter would take up this idea of his, and form an Australian Rain-producing Company, Limited. (Laughter.) Another suggestion was made to him by a gentleman connected with the lighthouse department of Trinity House. He said: "You are a fine fellow; you first make a system which is supposed to help ships in distress, and then you put up another apparatus to make a storm last the whole year round." (Laughter.) His hope was that wireless telegraphy might increase in value to shipping and navigation, and facilitate and maintain communication between distant parts where at present it was very expensive to communicate with the methods of cabling. He believed with wireless telegraphy communication could be effected more cheaply than with cables. Whether this was so time must show. Of course, he knew those interested in cable companies did not believe in it at all. He thanked the Whitefriars Club for the honour they had done him in inviting him, and for the kind way in which they had accepted the toast. (Applause.)

The Toast of "The Club."

Mr. J. Comyns Carr, in proposing the Whitefriars Club, said, Sir George Trevelyan in his eloquent speech had quoted the opinion of a famous actor, M. Coquelin, who was a great friend of his own, that an audience might listen to certain voices for two hours without losing the edge of appetite. Sir George had only partially tested that opinion. He was in a mood to test it altogether—(laughter)—but while he was in that mood he must

congratulate them that he was not in health to do it. Like Sir George, he had been favoured with literature relating to the Club, but, unlike Sir George, he had not read it. (Laughter.) He preferred to see the Club as it was, and form his own opinion as to what manner of men they were. To remove any dormant anxiety he would say at once he liked them. (Laughter.) It had been said that on occasions of that kind they must not introduce politics, and yet from Sir George Trevelyan and from Mr. Austin he had heard arguments more cogent than he had ever listened to before in favour of taxing flour. (Laughter.) Admitting, amid renewed laughter, that he had just glanced at one or two facts in a little red book which had been sent him, the speaker said he had noticed that the members of the Club should at no time exceed one hundred paying members, and that was coupled with the statement that the Club was composed of literary and artistic men. Not at any time to exceed one hundred paying members—he should think not! He did not believe in the whole world there had ever been, or would ever be, so many as a hundred paying literary members. (Laughter.) He noticed that Chevalier Marconi assumed that he and those with him had introduced wireless telegraphy. On behalf of the Whitefriars Club, many of whose members were journalists, he begged to inform Chevalier Marconi that wireless telegraphy was invented by the Press very long ago. (Laughter.) It had been current in the Press for years, and he had read, possibly written by members of the Whitefriars Club, most exciting telegrams concerning events which had not happened, which he was confident were wireless. (Laughter.) They who were guests that night were like the cannibal king of Sir George Trevelyan, Free Fooders. (Laughter.) They hoped to attend again, and to find that in the manner which was supposed to be so irreproachable everything was given them below cost price. (Laughter.) He felt it a distinguished honour to propose the toast of the Club, coupled with the name of the Prior. (Applause.)

THE PRIOR, in responding, said the Club had risen from rather small beginnings to a position which it would be an ill compliment to the guests at their board to say they did not feel proud of. He ventured to say there were few clubs in London which could assemble such a list of guests, to say nothing of members. They had always met as lovers of literature, as lovers of art, as lovers of the various things of the spirit to which the Club was devoted. They had kept true to their principles, and this was the result.

The toast of "The Prior" was proposed by FRIAR F. CARRUTHERS GOULD, who introduced a clever mythological description of the White Friars.

During the dinner an excellent musical programme was rendered, and on our adjournment into the Alexandra Room a very pleasant hour was spent in informal conversation. The proceedings concluded with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

CLUB NOTES.

THE next dinner will be held on Friday, April 8th, when "Q" will be the Club Guest, with Friar Dr. Robertson Nicoll as Prior. The topic for conversation after dinner will be—"What are the Dominating Influences in Literary Production?"

ON the following Friday, the Rev. J. M. Bacon, an authority on aerial navigation, will be our guest. He will discourse to us on "The Conquest of the Air." Friar F. J. Cross will preside.

ON April 22nd, the eve of Shakespeare's birthday, we intend to have a Shakespeare Commemoration Dinner, with Friar Max Pemberton in the chair. As stated in the last issue of the JOURNAL, Sir Squire Bancroft will propose the toast of the evening, "The Immortal Memory of William Shakespeare."

THE arrangements for the Annual Ladies' Banquet at the Hotel Cecil on April 29th are nearly complete. Friar A. E. W. Mason will receive the guests in the Grand Hall at six o'clock. Dinner will be served in the Victoria Room. The Club guests will include the following well-known writers: Mrs. Flora Annie Steel, Miss Elizabeth Robins, Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, Mrs. Campbell Praed, Mrs. Katherine C. Thurston, and Mrs. de la Pasture, while Art will be represented by Mrs. Ernest Normand (Henrietta Rae) and Miss Laurence Alma-Tadema.

A CAPITAL musical programme has been arranged, an interesting feature of which will be selections on the violin by one of the most eminent violinists in London, Miss Gertrude Baker, Silver Medallist R.A.M., daughter of Friar Charles Baker. Madame Edith Hands and Miss Winifred Siddons will sing, and Mr. Walter Churcher will give two of his interesting sketches.

AT ten o'clock a conversazione will take place in the Grand Hall.

THE Committee hope the Friars have made a note in their diary of the date, Saturday, June 25th, which has been fixed for the pilgrimage to Dickens' country. A special train will run from Holborn and St. Paul's to Sole Street, where carriages will be in waiting to take us to Cobham and Rochester. Luncheon will be served in the Pickwick Room of the Bull Hotel, and the Dean and Mrs. Hole have kindly invited us to afternoon tea in the rose garden at the Deanery. After tea, we shall drive to Maidstone, where dinner will be provided at the Royal Star Hotel. The special train will start on the return journey from Maidstone East. The Prior for the day will be Friar Robert Leighton.

March 26th, 1904. A.S.