

# WHITEFRIARS JOURNAL.

*Edited by*  
**FRIAR ROBERT  
LEIGHTON.**

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PRIVATE  
CIRCULATION.

## CLUB DIARY.

THE late Sir Henry M. Stanley, who was an honorary member of the Whitefriars Club, was not a very frequent attendant at our weekly meetings, but he always took a keen interest in us and seldom met a Friar without inquiring after the welfare of the Club. When he came amongst us it was generally upon some special occasion, and at such times he was ever willing and ready to contribute to our pleasure. The elder Friars will remember in particular a dinner when Friar Jonas Levy was in the chair and the subject of conversation had relation to travel. Sir Henry then gave us a most impressive and thrilling narrative of the rescue of a party of his carriers from a position of peril at the brink of a cataract on a river in Central Africa. About the last time that he was out of doors, before his illness came upon him, he took a walk through Fleet-street, and lingered for a considerable time in conversation with a Friar at the door of Anderton's Hotel.

FRIARS who have attended the dinners during the past four weeks will have noticed the new design at the head of the menu cards. For this design of the heraldic bearings of the Club we are indebted to Friar Carruthers Gould, and it is the desire of the Committee that their thanks to Friar Gould should be recorded in connection with the following description of the drawing which he has kindly supplied:—

In the "WHITEFRIARS JOURNAL" for January, 1903, Friar Gurney Benham gave us a description, with illustrations, of the armorial bearings of the Carmelites. I have ventured to supplement this with a design combining an appropriate crest with helm and mantling with the shield. It has not received the sanction of the College of Heralds,



but if an independent club like the Whitefriars may not design its own heraldic decorations, whose can it design? To use heraldic terms the full description may now read:—

*Armorial bearings.*—Per pile reversed, argent and sable, three estoiles countercharged.

*Crest.*—A demi-friar affrontée, holding in his right hand a knife and in his left a fork, all proper.

*Mantling.*—Sable doubled argent.

F. CARRUTHERS GOULD.

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MR. MAURICE HEWLETT, who was the Club Guest on March 25th, gave an address on the subject of the Revival of Romance in Literature. Friar Robert Leighton acted as Prior for the evening. Defining the difference between romance and the novel proper, Mr. Hewlett considered the distinction between the two forms to be that romance is concerned with the spirit of place and the novel with character. Curiously enough, he denied the existence of modern romance, and surprised his hearers by declaring that on a cool survey from a distance he found the "Forest Lovers" to be merely a "fake." His unexpected views on romance created some opposition in speeches contributed by Mr. Henry Murray, Mr. H. B. Marriott Watson, Mr. Egerton Castle, the Rev. P. Miller Hamilton and Friars G. B. Burgin, J. A. Steuart, G. Moulton Piper, and Joseph Pennell.

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IT was a very charming address that we heard from Mr. Quiller Couch after dinner on April 8th, when he came as our Club Guest. His subject was: "What are the Dominating Influences in Literary Production?" Mr. Couch took the side of it that relates to State recognition of literary workers, and complained that authors were not assigned their true place in the community. He asked what would be thought if one of our own Royal Family produced such a book as the "Meditations of Marcus Aurelius," and spoke earnestly of the privileges and duties of authorship. The discussion was interesting. Friar F. Carruthers Gould referred to the influence of environment in literary production, as shown in the work of the Brontë sisters, of Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe, of R. D. Blackmore and the author of "Mehalah." The old question as to an author's "message" was revived by Friar Joseph Hocking. Friar Clement Shorter emphatically denied that the novelist ever consciously seeks to

convey a message, and considerable liveliness was introduced into the discussion by Friar Arthur Spurgeon, who energetically criticised Friar Shorter's remarks. Other speakers were Friars G. B. Burgin and Frankfort Moore, Mr. David Munro of the *North American Review*, Mr. G. Leveson-Gower, and Professor Colley, of the University of New York. Friar Dr. Robertson Nicoll, who occupied the Prior's chair, was congratulated upon the success of the evening.

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ON April 15th the Guest of the Club was the Rev. J. M. Bacon, and Friar Cross was in the chair. After a short historical sketch of ballooning Mr. Bacon turned to the scientific aspect of the subject, contrasting the "lighter than air" with "the heavier than air" machines, and pointing out that it was from the latter alone that any real progress could be expected in the future. He also raised various questions for discussion as to the nature of air currents, the best machines for propulsion, and the steering of balloons. Professor Silvanus Thompson made a very able speech on these questions, and Friars Fairbanks, Hammerton, and Whiteing also contributed to the discussion.

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ONE of the most enjoyable and largely-attended dinners of the closing session was that held on April 22nd, when Friar Max Pemberton was our genial chairman. It was a Shakespeare evening, and our special Guests were Sir Squire Bancroft and Mr. W. D. Howells, the well-known American novelist. In proposing the toast to the immortal memory of Shakespeare, Sir Squire Bancroft gave some reminiscences of Shakesperean actors, and spoke of the poet's characterisation of men and women and of his legacy to the actor. Mr. Howells referred to the influence of Shakespeare upon the whole imaginative and intellectual life of those who came after him. Friar Whiteing described Shakespeare as a man of his time as well as a man of all times, and pointed to the evidence in the plays that through them all the poet wrote from the point of view of the actor-manager. Friar F. Carruthers Gould upheld the vitally English nature of Shakespeare's work, and Friar A. E. W. Mason spoke of the intense modernity of the plays, adding that the one thing which had preserved them in continued popularity was the circumstance that they dealt with the essential facts of existence. Friar Moulton Piper also spoke.

## ANNUAL LADIES' BANQUET.

The Session of 1903-4 was brought to a close by a successful banquet, held at the Hotel Cecil on April 29th. Friar A. E. W. Mason was the Prior for the evening, and there were ten specially invited lady guests of the Club. These were Mrs. Flora Annie Steel, the author of "On the Face of the Waters"; Miss Elizabeth Robins, author of "The Magnetic North"; Miss Violet Hunt, author of "The Celebrity at Home"; Mrs. Katherine Cecil Thurston, author of "The Circle"; Mrs. Henry de la Pasture, author of "Deborah of Tod's"; Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, author of "Rulers of Kings"; Mrs. Campbell Praed; Miss Laurence Alma-Tadema; Mrs. Ernest Normand (Henrietta Rae); and Lady Violet Greville.

The company included the following :—

FRIAR F. A. ATKINS—Mrs. Atkins, Miss Lloyd. FRIAR CHAS. BAKER—Miss Gertrude Baker, Miss Winifred Baker. FRIAR W. GURNEY BENHAM—Miss Elwes, Miss Ethel Elwes, Mr. Hervey Elwes, Miss Violet Benham. FRIAR H. J. BROWN—Mrs. Brown. FRIAR A. G. BROWNING—Miss Mary Browning, Sir Wyke and Lady Bayliss, Miss Salzmann, Mr. A. Hervé Browning. FRIAR G. B. BURGIN—Mrs. Burgin, Mr. and Mrs. Cato Worsfold. FRIAR SIR ERNEST CLARKE—Lady Clarke. FRIAR EDWARD CLODD. FRIAR PAUL CRESWICK—Mrs. Creswick. FRIAR R. NEWTON CRANE. FRIAR F. J. CROSS—Miss Winifred Graham. FRIAR C. D. CROSS. FRIAR REV. W. J. DAWSON. FRIAR ROBERT DONALD—Mr. and Mrs. B. Fletcher Robinson, Professor and Mrs. Dalby, Mr. and Mrs. James Milne. FRIAR OSMAN EDWARDS—Mrs. and Miss Edwards. FRIAR LOUIS H. FALCK—Mrs. and Miss Violet Falck, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Polak, Mr. Osborn Walsford, Miss Flora S. Walsford. FRIAR JOHN FOSTER FRASER—Mrs. Fraser. FRIAR TOM GALLON—Miss Nellie Gallon, Miss Nina Boucicault, Mr. E. H. Kelly, Mr. Malcolm Watson. FRIAR DOUGLAS M. GANE—Mrs. Gane. FRIAR J. R. GEARD—Mrs. Geard, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Grogan. FRIAR F. CARRUTHERS GOULD—Mrs. and Miss F. Carruthers Gould, Miss Elsie Walters. FRIAR LIONEL F. GOWING—Mrs. Gowing. FRIAR WM. HILL—Mrs. Hill. FRIAR SILAS K. HOCKING—Mrs. and Miss Hocking, Miss Ethel Lloyd. FRIAR CLIVE HOLLAND—Mrs. Holland. FRIAR R. HOVENDEN—Miss Hovenden, Miss Fox. FRIAR T. HEATH JOYCE—Mrs. Heath Joyce, Mr. Harold A. Joyce, Miss Lovell. FRIAR T. ATHOL JOYCE—Professor and Mrs. Turner, Miss L. Dayrell-Reed. FRIAR COULSON KERNAHAN—Lady Kathleen Pilkington, Miss Mabel Wotton, Lieut.-Col. Paterson, Mr. Percy White, Mr. Francis Prevost, Miss Marion Terry, Mrs. Halford Hewitt, Mr. Seton Jevons. FRIAR W. G. LACY—Miss Lacy, Miss Kathleen Lacy, Miss Ortner. FRIAR W. J. C. LANCASTER—Mrs. Lancaster. FRIAR ROBERT LEIGHTON—Mrs. Leighton, Mrs. Alice Meynell. FRIAR F. FRANKFORT MOORE—Mrs. Alec Tweedie. FRIAR KENRIC B. MURRAY—Mrs. and Miss Murray. FRIAR PERCY L. PARKER—Mrs. Parker, Mr. Basil Watt. FRIAR G. H. PERKINS. FRIAR CHAS. E. PEARCE—Mrs. and Miss Dorothy Pearce.

FRIAR G. MOULTON PIPER—Mrs. Piper, Miss Lilian Young, Miss Bella Young. FRIAR GEO. RICKS—Mr. and Mrs. R. Pochin, Miss Crane, Mrs. Burgwin. FRIAR WM. SENIOR—Mrs. Senior, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. G. Port. FRIAR W. N. SHANSFIELD. FRIAR JOSEPH SHAYLOR—Mrs. Shaylor, Mr. and Mrs. Hanson. FRIAR CLEMENT K. SHORTER—Mrs. Shorter, Mrs. Tuohy. FRIAR ARTHUR SPURGEON—Mrs. Spurgeon, Miss Thorneborrow, Mr. J. Rayner, Dr. and Mrs. R. W. Garle, Miss Kennard. FRIAR J. A. STEUART—Mrs. Steuart, Mr. and Mrs. G. Thompson Hutchinson. FRIAR H. G. WELLS—Mrs. Wells. FRIAR A. MORESBY WHITE. FRIAR FRED J. F. WILSON—Mrs. Fred Wilson. FRIAR J. FARLOW WILSON—Mrs. Snudden, Mr. Wilson, jun. FRIAR PHILIP WILSON—Mrs. Wilson, Miss Elsa d'Esterre.

The sub-Priors were : Friars Robert Donald, F. Frankfort Moore, Coulson Kernahan, William Senior, T. Heath Joyce, H. G. Wells, and Tom Gallon.

During the evening there was a musical accompaniment by the Imperial Blue Hungarian Band, and the after-dinner speeches were interspersed by songs from Madame Edith Hands and Miss Winifred Siddons, violin solos by Miss Gertrude Baker, and humorous sketches by Mr. Walter Churcher.

#### **Woman—Literature—Art.**

After the usual loyal toasts had been proposed from the Chair, and the Roll-Call of Welcome read with the accustomed ceremony,

THE PRIOR proposed the toast of “Woman—Literature—Art.” He said : It may gradually have dawned upon you that an annual dinner of the Whitefriars Club is a night out for the Chairman. (Laughter.) I have spoken to you once, I am going to speak to you now, and at a subsequent period of the evening I shall trouble you with a still further address. At the present moment I feel I stand in rather a different position from the priors who have occupied this position during the last year or two. It was the misfortune of each to come on after several ladies had spoken—after, last year, one lady in particular had proposed the health of “Mere Man”—and to apologise to the other sex for the contemptible existence of his own. (Laughter.) To-day the Prior occupies a more lordly position. He has to propose the first toast, and it is—as you will observe—a toast of an unusually comprehensive kind. It is “Woman, Literature and Art.” There are very few subjects which cannot be included in that toast, and I was not quite sure, when I received the intimation that I was to propose it, whether I should take those subjects separately—for it seemed to me I could talk quite freely about woman ; I mean to say if a bachelor cannot talk freely about woman who can?—(laughter)—but when it came to literature and art I thought, well,

no, I will take that toast all as one—(laughter)—and, proposing it, will propose it with particular reference to the connection of woman with literature and art. Friars and ladies, I venture to suggest to you that if woman had never made a stroke with her pencil or written a word with her pen, the connection of woman with literature and art would still make such a toast as this singularly appropriate—(applause)—for the very reason that ever since the days of Helen of Troy the very best art in the world has found its inspiration and its cause in woman. (Hear, hear.) But women are not only the inspiration of literature and art; they take a very large hand in its production. I think they take to-day a still greater hand in its production than ever they did before, and the gathering of ladies whose presence honours us to-night is conclusive evidence that, when they take a hand in the production of literature or art, the art which they produce is of a very high order. It is suggested to me that their work is produced under more difficult conditions than those which surround men, for a woman seldom, when she has painted a picture, or written a book or a play, or acted a part, can obtain an impartial criticism from any man. (Laughter.) The criticism which she gets is either all flattery or all indignation that she has dared to infringe upon a sphere which has hitherto been regarded as man's alone. Women, therefore, have to find the balance for themselves. We have guests here to-night who have ventured upon almost every field that was recognised as man's activity. It is getting increasingly difficult, I would point out to you, to recognise to-day in work produced whether it is the work of a man or a woman. I take the two guests who sit, one upon my right hand, the other upon my left. I feel very sure that if that book, "On the Face of the Waters"—(hear, hear)—had not had the name of Mrs. Flora Annie Steel upon the title-page, no one would have known it was written by a woman rather than by a man, except for its more intimate knowledge of the feminine heart and the working of the feminine mind, for, as far as the knowledge of the man's heart and the working of the man's mind is concerned, there is no reason to think that it was not written by a man. (Applause.) The same remark can be applied to "The Magnetic North," by Miss Robins. (Applause.)

#### A Trinity of Toasts.

MRS. FLORA ANNIE STEEL, who was heartily welcomed on rising to respond, said: White Friars, Gentlemen and Ladies,—I

fully feel the honour that has been done me in leaving the responsibility of this toast to my care. Yet, with all that, I approach my task with feelings of the gravest despondency—not to say absolute despair. (Laughter.) It is not that I am nervous about speaking. Unfortunately, in the years that are past, I have had to reply to the toast before. Still more unfortunately, in the years, many or few, which will pass before my personal interest in all toasts merges in that one which we all drink in silence, I may have to respond to the toast again. But never before in my life—and I sincerely hope it will be never again—have I been asked to respond to a trinity of toasts—(laughter)—and such a trinity—“Woman, Literature, Art”! It contains everything—almost everything—that makes the game of life worth the playing. Indeed, if we were to add to this trio Love and—continuing our metaphor—were to make this game of solo whist into a game of bridge and cut for partners, we should, in very truth, have everything that makes it worth the playing. As the toast stands, then, I feel my part to be too great for me, for I cannot—like the right reverend Prior—I cannot blend these three spiritual essences of life into what I may call a palatable after-dinner drink. In that great world—the supersensuous world; the world of ideality—that lies around us, and in which art and literature have their places, there is no sex. (Hear, hear.) Male and female are not known. There exists only the artist. For the kindly words he used, I would thank the Prior on behalf of all those who strive to see—to see things face to face, to see things as they really are—for to me it seems that art is nothing but the recognition of the *right* reality. (Hear, hear.) Having done thus with the foreign difficulty, it is a much easier task replying for Woman. (Laughter.) For I am not the least bit afraid of being able to cope with anything that may be said in an after-dinner speech about woman. (Laughter, and hear, hear.) My experience goes to show me that usually two ingredients make up those speeches—fulsome flattery and veiled innuendo. (Laughter.) The proportion of these ingredients varies with the proposer. But there follows after dinner a blessed state of repose, that is to say, a state in which humanity is Osiri-fied out of self; a state, therefore, exactly like an Egyptian mummy’s—(laughter)—all sense of such details as the perpetual conflict of the sexes should be lost. I do not, therefore, in this hour, care either for woman’s rights or woman’s wrongs. (Laughter.) Yet I think you must all acknowledge that if we women are largely tolerated—if we are occasionally welcomed as guests—yet very

seldom are we admitted into what I may call the full communion of any body of men. (Hear, hear.)

#### Woman and Education.

But to-night we know this exclusion is not the fault of the White Friars. It is the fault of the English language. (Laughter.) If you enquire for the feminine of friar the only answer is "*none.*" (Laughter.) To go back to my complaint, the cause of my despondency is that the toast is so unreal. All after-dinner speeches are unreal. (Laughter.) You are expected to be prophetic, and you are. (Laughter.) You are expected to be cutting—well, you try to be cutting. (A Voice: "Ah!" and laughter.) But the most unreal toast in the world is the toast of "The Ladies." I am of opinion that the toast of "The Ladies" belongs to the Matriarchy period, to the time when Mrs. Caudle was young—(laughter)—and you, gentlemen, found it an exceeding convenient thing, when you were challenged with "My dear, how late you are!" to say "I have been drinking your health." (Much laughter.) Surely the time has come to drop this idle toast. Why not drop it and take up the toast of "The Children"? Why not, since here is a subject on which men and women are equally interested? It represents education, this new toast, and, if I may be allowed to say so, is it not quite possible that if the children were the topic of discussion between men and women it might be easier to find a solution of the education question? There are eight million school-children in England. If four millions of these are girls, a large proportion of the remaining four millions must be boys under ten years of age. Now, the law as a rule, provided a woman is virtuous, gives the care of the children to the woman until they are ten years of age. Why, then, should the woman have so little to say as to their education, and why should the little she had to say in past years be now taken from her? I venture to say if you left the education question to us women, we would solve it for you. (Hear, hear.) But I scarcely think it will be solved at all if you have to do it. (Laughter, and hear, hear.) Therefore, I say, one of the greatest real ambitions of my life is to be able to stand up in the House of Commons—when one of those perfectly futile discussions on the Education Bill is going on—and to quote one Indian proverb: "A man owes one life to his father, ten lives to his teacher, and a hundred to his mother." I thank the Prior and the White Friars for their charming reception of us and also for drinking this toast. (Applause.)

**A Charming Body of Men.**

In rising to propose the toast of the Whitefriars Club, MRS. LEIGHTON said : Ever since I have known the Whitefriars Club I have been positively eager to find opportunities to declare my admiration of it—(hear, hear)—and although I had perhaps better not model my remarks now on the complimentary speech in which a certain Reverend Friar praised the ladies at the last ladies' dinner—a speech which may be described as having been as broad as it was long—(laughter)—I yet want to say a few discreet words in responsive praise of a most charming and seductive body of men. I do not know whether there is anything subtle in the atmosphere of the Whitefriars Club which transforms ordinary men and makes them charming, or whether only naturally charming men gravitate to the Club. Whatever the explanation, it is certain that the White Friars are, taken collectively, such a group of delightful and fascinating men as I am sure no other club in London can show. Some of them are young, as we can see by the Chairman. If it be true that a man who can keep the attention of half-a-dozen women for five minutes has the power of holding the House of Commons for an hour, then Mr. Mason is more than justified in his Parliamentary intentions. And some of them are old ; personally I prefer the old ones. (Laughter.) They are at once bolder and safer. (Laughter.) Therefore let them not consider that youth has an unfair advantage, nor carry their age about as if it were a sort of portable crime. But whether old or young, they are equally engaging. Indian clubs are good for the liver, London clubs are not ; and therefore if these clubmen who are our excellent hosts this evening did occasionally appear something less than delightful, we should hardly have any right to blame them. But I am sure that all the women who know them best will uphold me when I assert that a Friar is very rarely known to get out of temper. Neither is a Friar's wife ever out of temper on account of the Club. Not of a White Friar could the story be told which I heard the other day of an unfortunate man who usually met his wife about midnight. His club had been particularly important one evening, and he came home very late. He let himself in very noiselessly with his latchkey, and was proceeding upstairs when the clock on the landing said "Cuckoo" twice. He had a happy idea. He knew that cuckoo was being heard, so he sat down on the top step and cuckoo'd ten times. (Laughter.) It may be true of the ordinary man that if every woman in the world were

weeping her heart out, he would still be found dining—feeding and feasting ; but I am sure it could never be true of any White Friar. If the Friars have any weakness at all it lies in a fondness for womankind, but I must add that they cultivate the difficult art of Platonic friendship more successfully than any other men I have ever known. What the majority of them are like as lovers I cannot say, because I have no facts to go upon. I do not suppose that they are all Sir Galahads, and that they could sit in the seat of perfect virtue without it becoming a trifle unsteady under them. We must remember that it was the first of the angels who made the road to—well, to the infernal regions. We must remember, too, that the White Friars are cultured men, and that more than half of modern culture depends on what we should not know. Still, men are as women made them, and not even a White Friar can venture to say that he is not walking a puppet to some woman. It is because Englishmen never know when they are beaten that they sometimes find conjugal happiness. If a White Friar does anything wrong he usually does it in such a right way that he arouses our tenderest sympathy instead of our reprobation. And with all these graces, the typical White Friars are so human that one almost forgets they represent the intellectual salt of the earth. Some of them are successful editors, some are brilliant descriptive journalists, and some of them are producers of the most popular fiction of our times, while they draw to their weekly dinners all the most distinguished men outside their own ranks. They keep up the standard of intellect in an age when education is largely doing away with brains—(laughter)—and for all these reasons, as well as because they are the best of good fellows, I propose whole-heartedly the toast of the Whitefriars Club.

#### The Spokesman of the Club.

FRIAR ARTHUR SPURGEON, in replying to the toast, said : The task which has been assigned to me by the dinner committee is both easy and difficult. It is easy because, after the kind things said by Mrs. Leighton, the toast lends itself readily to response. It is difficult because, as she has put it, we have so many good qualities. (Laughter.) The plethora of material is embarrassing. It reminds me of the story told by Sir Squire Bancroft at our Shakespeare Dinner last Friday, of a young man who had to undergo an examination in rhetoric. His professor showed him the platform and said “There is the platform, your time five minutes, your subject the immortality of the soul.” (Laughter.)

Replying for the Whitefriars Club is almost a Gargantuan task confined to five minutes. The Whitefriars Club hardly deserves what has been said about it by Mrs. Steel in regard to the ladies. I can assure her that when we propose the toast of the ladies we do it from the bottom of our hearts and in no perfunctory spirit, and I hope that so long as our Whitefriars Club lasts we shall continue to drink "The Ladies" when we gather at our annual banquets and that Mrs. Steel will come on some future occasion and again respond to the toast in the same charming way in which she has done it to-night. (Applause.) Some thirty-five years ago the Whitefriars Club started very modestly in a little hostelry in the precincts of Whitefriars—hence its name—and our first chairman was Tom Hood, junr. During the long period which has elapsed since then I believe the Whitefriars Club has maintained the high ideals which were set before it by the Chairman on that occasion. One Friar who is present to-night was in attendance at the first meeting. (Hear, hear.) When "Antigone," the famous play of Sophocles, was produced in a provincial town, at the close of the play there were cries of "Author, author!" (Laughter.) I cannot produce you the Sophocles of the Whitefriars Club except as embodied in the form of our senior sub-prior. (Laughter and hear, hear.) For thirty-five years Friar Senior has been connected with our Club, with slight intervals when he has been wandering in the Antipodes. We rejoice that he is with us to-night when we do special honour to the ladies. (Hear, hear.) Modesty is one of the characteristics of the Whitefriars Club, and I will give you an illustration of this.

#### An Illustration in Modesty.

In one of our annual reports, a member of the Committee suggested that we should incorporate a reference to the fact that a Friar had been the author of the greatest novel of the preceding year. The member of the Committee who made the suggestion was not an author, but simply an ordinary journalist. When the report was read at the annual meeting, it was quite touching to see the enthusiasm with which it was received by all the novelists of the order. One after another rose and said, "Never had such a satisfactory report been presented to the Whitefriars Club"—(laughter)—"Never had more delightful sentiments been expressed by the Committee." Not being over-blest with subtlety, I wondered why this newly-found enthusiasm for the Committee was so readily forthcoming. I have been to annual meetings of other

organisations when any honeyed phrases in the report—all references to the absence of little rifts within the lute—have simply raised the spirit of contradictoriness on the part of some members present, and the annual meeting has been turned into a veritable riot of criticism. Not so now, and I wondered why. (Laughter). Then Friar Senior whispered in my ear, "Why, don't you know? Every writing Friar takes the reference to the greatest novel of the year to apply to his own particular work." (Laughter). Could I give you a more striking illustration of the modesty of the Whitefriars Club? (Laughter). A remarkable circumstance has occurred in recent times in connection with our club. Notice that if a constituency wants a candidate who is sure to win at the polls, it has to come to the Whitefriars Club. We have two or three Members of Parliament in our ranks now, and how many potential M.P.'s I tremble to think. (Laughter). But, as a matter of fact, they find the White Friars are the very best candidates for a constituency where there is plenty of heckling, because the gift of repartee is sedulously cultivated in the gatherings of the Club. This is a very precious gift on the political platform, as our chairman, who is courting the constituency of Lady Godiva, knows very well. I saw the other day in one of the newspapers that in one of the constituencies a candidate had called his friarly opponent an objectionable quadruped up a tree. The Friar promptly retorted, "That man ought to be kicked by a jackass, and I should like to do it." (Laughter). Here again you see not only the gift of repartee demonstrated, but what a beautiful display of modesty lies behind that sentence, which was all the newspaper reported. (Laughter.)

#### Popular with the Ladies.

I have sometimes wondered why it is that the Club is so popular with the ladies. I think it is because, in our gatherings week by week, we do not take criticism lying down. Across the walnuts and wine we respectfully but firmly insist on stating our views of the case, and on occasion Friars have been known to gently declare to fellow Friars that they are labouring under a slight misconception. A woman likes to feel that the man she loves is her master, and it is the practice at the fireside of the lesson we learn so well at the Whitefriars Club that makes us so admired and revered at the domestic hearth. (Laughter.) I am trespassing on delicate psychological ground, but undoubtedly the Club is a splendid place for the training of husbands.

**Club Doing an Excellent Work.**

During the past session we have had many interesting discussions. We have decided that Scotland stands where it did, although a brutal Southron said no Scotchman ever stood anybody anything. (Laughter.) We have defined the relations of editors and contributors—a subject in which we are all very much interested; we have discoursed on the advantages of Bohemianism to letters and the arts, and we have engaged in the conquest of the air. The Whitefriars Club is doing an excellent work in the Clubland of London. We hear much of plain living and high thinking. The plain living has been exemplified in our menu to-night. Of the high thinking I prefer to be silent. Yet—if I may be serious for a moment—the White Friars realise that there is something better in life than mere eating and drinking. As the old Greek philosopher put it, “If a man has two loaves, let him sell one and buy lilies, for the soul hath its needs as well as the body.” So we in our day—members of the Whitefriars Club—believe that the times demand men with clear minds, pure hearts, true faith and ready hands. As there were heroes before the days of Agamemnon and as there are hills beyond Pentland and fields beyond the Forth, so there are other clubs besides the Whitefriars, but that club will always hold the foremost place in the affections of its members. (Applause.)

**The Prior.**

FRIAR F. C. GOULD said: It is not customary to express our thanks to our Prior for the time being, because on ordinary occasions we feel that the consciousness of having done his duty in that state of life to which it has pleased the Committee to call him should be a sufficient reward. (Laughter.) But a ladies' dinner, to a celibate order like the Friars, is an exceptional thing. It entails our selecting a Friar as Prior who should not only be useful, but ornamental. I daresay that those who have been at these dinners before will have noticed that we always put our best-looking Friars in the chair. That entails a double strain—(laughter)—I don't mean upon the Prior, but on the Committee which has to select him. (Laughter.) We may be all of us, possibly, as good as Mrs. Leighton has told you—with more generosity than veracity—(laughter)—but we are not all of us beautiful. (Laughter.) I may say, without going very much further into that question, that Friar Mason is one of our “Four Feathers.” (Laughter.) Who the other three may be, modesty,

tempered by discretion, keeps me from saying. (Laughter.) We endeavour to select one who keeps up in himself the old profession of celibacy. It is rather a difficulty, for we nearly always get one who changes his estate before the year is out. There was Friar Anthony Hope. There was a little resentment felt when he became a Benedict; but one night he brought Mrs. Hope to one of our gatherings, and then we said we were not at all surprised, and we forgave him. I do not know what the attitude of the present chairman may be, but there are rumours flying about that he is wooing something or somebody. I have heard it called a constituency. (Laughter.) Possibly at Coventry there may be some "Miranda of the Balcony" whose eyes brighten at his graceful approach. At the Whitefriars Club we do not talk politics—not much—but I may express the hope of the Friars that he may win the object of his affection—Constituency, if that be her name. (Laughter.)

The PRIOR said : The way in which Friar Gould has proposed my health seems to compel me to apologise for the fact that I am not married. (Laughter.) When a man reaches my age and is not married, I quite acknowledge that some apology is needed, and I find that apology in a sermon which I read this morning in the *Daily Telegraph*, delivered by a clergyman at Hanley, in Staffordshire. He said that what he wanted people to do nowadays was to spend a long time courting. (Laughter.) I wish to thank Friar Gould for the kindly reference he has made to the little experiment I am making in the Midlands. Soon after I had announced my intention of standing for the constituency a friend sent me a novel by Balzac, with an earnest request that I would read it. It was a story of a sculptor who thought he would like to stand for Parliament. He did stand, and got in. He went to see the lady to whom he was engaged. She said, "Have you got in?" He said, "Yes." Then she said, "Very well. You can go back, and after you have done with all that nonsense and come back to the higher level of Art, you can come back to me." (Laughter.) I hope that example will not be taken by members of the Whitefriars Club, (Hear, hear.)

On our adjournment from the Grand Hall to the Victoria Room conversation was carried on until eleven o'clock, when, in accordance with custom, the company before dispersing joined in the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."



On October 17th, 1890, the Club entertained Friar Sir H. M. Stanley at dinner on his return from Central Africa. The late Friar Paul du Chaillu, also an intrepid explorer, sat next to Stanley at the festive board.

*The above drawing appeared in the dinner programme.*

## CLUB NOTES.

THE Annual Ladies' Banquet on April 29th was a great success. The attendance was not quite equal to that of last year, but our usual standard of interest was duly maintained. The advantage of engaging the Grand Hall for the Reception and Conversazione was strikingly demonstrated, and well worth the extra outlay involved.

THE musical entertainment was much appreciated. The programme was carried out under the direction of Friar H. J. Brown, and his wife kindly acted as accompanist. The professionals acquitted themselves admirably, while the violin playing of Miss Gertrude Baker, the only amateur who contributed to the programme, roused the audience to a high pitch of enthusiasm.

EARLY in April the Sub-Committee charged with the organisation of the Summer Pilgrimage to Dickens' country went over the ground and made arrangements for the comfort and pleasure of Friars and their guests on Saturday, June 25th.

A SPECIAL train has been chartered on the South Eastern and Chatham Railway for both the outward and return journeys. This train will leave Holborn Station at 10 a.m. and St. Paul's at 10.2 a.m., arriving at Sole Street at 10.45 a.m. At Sole Street Station, carriages will be in waiting to convey the party to Cobham, where a visit will be paid to the Church and to the quaint old Leather Bottle Inn, so beloved by Boz. A lovely drive through Cobham Park will take us to Rochester. Luncheon will be served in the Pickwick Room of the Bull Hotel, and, by invitation of the Dean and Mrs. Hole, we shall take tea in the Rose Garden of the Deanery. Between whiles, visits will be made to the famous old Castle, the Cathedral, the House of the Seven Poor Travellers, and other places so intimately associated with Dickens; Friar T. Heath Joyce acting as cicerone.

AFTER tea we shall drive to Maidstone, where dinner will be provided at the Royal Star Hotel. The special train will leave Maidstone East for London at 8.30 p.m. The Club guests will include the Dean of Rochester and Mr. H. Fielding Dickens, K.C., with their wives.

THROUGH the courtesy of Lady Stanley, several members of the Brotherhood were invited to attend the funeral service of Friar Sir Henry M. Stanley, held in Westminster Abbey on Tuesday, May 17th. Friar H. S. Wellcome acted as one of the pall-bearers.