

WHITEFRIARS JOURNAL.

Edited by
**FRIAR ROBERT
LEIGHTON.**

No. 8, Vol. II.

APRIL, 1905.

PRIVATE
CIRCULATION.

CLUB DIARY.

THE Whitefriars Club suffers a most serious and irremediable loss in the retirement of Friar Arthur Spurgeon from the position of its honorary secretary. Every member of the Brotherhood will



FRIAR ARTHUR SPURGEON.

feel deep and poignant regret that one who has made himself so vital and integral a part of the life of the Club—one who has so skilfully guided its destinies and maintained its success—should

determine suddenly to draw his hand from the helm which he has held so long. It is hardly possible to think of the White Friars without thinking, and always with affection, of Arthur Spurgeon. But those who best appreciate his value as a secretary and who know what it has cost him to arrive at this regrettable decision, are also the most ready to withdraw their claims upon his self-sacrificing devotion. Friar Spurgeon's new and important business appointment will, of necessity, absorb his entire time and energy, leaving him no opportunity of further engaging himself in the active and arduous duties which he now resigns. The Committee who have worked under his direction, and the Friars as a body, rejoice exceedingly in his acceptance of a post which will give full play to the exercise of his genius in organisation, his skill in administration, and his power of carrying to a successful issue all that he undertakes. He assumes the control of a historical publishing house which has always been intimately associated with the Whitefriars Club, and his brother Friars have confidence that their fervent wishes for his prosperity will be fulfilled. It is a satisfaction to them to know that, although Friar Spurgeon relinquishes his office of their honorary secretary, he hopes still, as a member of the Committee, to do all in his power to promote the welfare of the Club.

It was the commonly expressed opinion of the Friars that the programme of arrangements for the weekly dinners presented by the Committee for the current session excelled in its promissory interest all programmes hitherto devised for the entertainment of the Club. That promise is being amply fulfilled, and the combination of a prominent guest, a popular chairman, and an engaging topic for discussion has had the effect of making each dinner a memorable success.

At the first meeting of the session Friar Richard Whiteing was the Prior, and Friar Anthony Hope, in a delightfully sincere and earnest speech, opened a conversation on the "Modern Novel." He spoke admiringly of the old novelist, but thought that Fielding and Smollett would have done their work much better to-day, having the advantage of the modern skill in construction. The modern novel has in it an increased humaneness, and it has more the characteristics of a play, with the balanced requirements of a beginning, a middle, and an end. The modern writer, he said, is apt to start with his problem,

while the old writer started with his people, thinking most of his characters, describing and narrating. The new writer, however, thinks most of his subject, striving to get his philosophy into the web of the story, in the situation. In the conversation which followed there was a considerable divergence of opinion. Friar Robertson Nicoll spoke with approval of the simple scheme of the eighteenth century novelist who illustrated his belief in the punishment of vice and the reward of virtue, contrasting him with his modern representative who challenges the ten commandments and our whole system of ethics. Mr. Maurice Hewlett compared literature with cookery and maintained that the true test of a novelist lies in his power to beget living characters—characters who become familiar and who have an actual existence in the reader's memory. Friar Grundy instanced some opinions of working people on modern fiction, and Friar G. B. Burgin declared that the problem novel is false in art; that the function of the novelist should be to tell a story to serve as a recreation and a rest from the present day. Friars Silas Hocking and Robert Donald having spoken, the Prior made an impressive speech, in which he said, "We are all thinkers on cause and effect and we cannot help it. The truth of the matter is that you have neither character without problem nor problem without character."

MR. HECTOR MACPHERSON, of the *Edinburgh Evening News*, was the Club Guest on January 13th. He was unable to speak, and his written address was read by the Prior, Dr. Robertson Nicoll. In dealing with the subject of "Books and How to Read them," Mr. Macpherson laid stress upon the importance to a young journalist of extending his reading beyond the range of his own immediate work, particularly in philosophy and in imaginative literature. Among the guests who joined in the conversation were Mr. A. G. Gardiner, Mr. Hammond, Mr. A. P. Watt, and Mr. William Archer, and among the Friars, Edward Clodd, Robert Donald, J. A. Hammerton, Robert Leighton, Alexander Paul, Rev. C. H. Grundy, and A. Macallum Scott. It was generally agreed that reading in London was very difficult. Some thought that unless much reading was done in youth it was impossible to become widely read in the busy, crowded years. The advantage of system was also referred to. The Prior expressed the opinion that the necessary thing was to acquire a taste for reading in early years, and then, in spite of obstacles, the taste would insist on getting itself gratified.

“DOES the Royal Academy represent the art of the nation?” This was the topic which engaged the Friars in their after-dinner symposium on January 20th. Count Plunkett, as the Club Guest, introduced the subject with a historical review of the work of the Academy, which he compared with similar institutions on the Continent. Some of his remarks on the annual exhibition at Burlington House were severe in their biting criticism. He argued that the Royal Academy was not fulfilling its purpose if it did not strive to make art an essential part of National education. Friar Joseph Pennell created merriment by his humorous reflections on the Academy, which he called the suburban villa of British art, and he took the opportunity of quoting instances of the Academy's neglect of great artists. Friar Carruthers Gould earnestly spoke in favour of the British art of to-day, and Friar Aaron Watson as earnestly supported the work and aims of the Royal Academy. Other speakers were Friars Haldane McFall, Moulton Piper, and Robert Leighton. The Prior for the evening was Friar Clive Holland, who closed the conversation with a judicial summing-up of the arguments.

THERE was a large gathering of Friars and their friends at the dinner on January 27th, when Friar Clement K. Shorter occupied the chair. It was a Cervantes evening, and Mr. Augustine Birrell, K.C., delivered an eloquent and spirited address on “Don Quixote.” He had not read the book in the original, he said, since he did not know the Spanish language. He hoped he might learn Spanish some day. Cato had learned Greek at eighty, because he feared that Charon might not know Latin. But “Don Quixote” was a great English book, after all, and there were many excellent translations. He had read Jarvis's translation, perched in a pear tree in a manse garden at Kelso. He referred to the widespread influence of the book, to the familiarity with which it is regarded. Speaking of its haphazard origin, he said that its immediate popularity was due to the elements of farce, humour, and comicality, by which it entered into the broad affection of the human heart. Major Martin Hume said that the reason for the popularity of “Don Quixote” was largely due to the universality of its interest and to the fact that it was first in a time when prose works of imagination were very few. Mr. Fitzmaurice Kelly, in estimating Don Quixote, dwelt with emphasis on his adorable sweetness of nature. Friar Carruthers Gould proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. Birrell,

and said a few words on the use of Don Quixote in caricature. Professor Ray Lankester humorously seconded the proposition, and, in response, Mr. Birrell surprised and delighted the company by putting aside all restraint and making a speech sparkling with wit and epigram on the subjects of literary pretence, permanence in literature, and the essential qualities of great books.

FRIAR MAX PEMBERTON was in the chair on February 3rd. The invited guest, Sir John Gorst, intimated at the last moment that he could not be present, and the Prior had provided a substitute in Mr. Arnold White. Taking the subject set down on the programme—"Pressing Social Problems"—Mr. Arnold White gave a virile, impassioned, convincing address on efficiency and degeneracy. He introduced statistics on public health, and spoke with eloquence on the increase of tuberculosis, lunacy, and other physical and mental diseases, which were tending to populate the Empire with the degenerate and the unfit. We have made drafts on nature, he argued, and the physical and mental health of the community should be the first consideration of politics. He sternly advocated a check on the marriage of degenerates by a segregation of the unfit, even by the production of a medical certificate for marriage. The future of the race, he said, depended on physical and mental efficiency, and this efficiency could only be ensured by the elimination of the unfit, by a better regulation of marriage, by attention to the purity of milk, and to a settlement of the housing question. Mr. Percy Alden related some of his experiences in the East End of London in support of the opener's contentions, and he advocated the abolition of the casual ward in favour of the institution of compulsory industrial colonies. Friar the Rev. C. H. Grundy added his wisdom to the discussion, and was followed by Mr. Sidney Low and Friars Silas Hocking, Edward Clodd, and S. N. Sedgwick. Replying to the various arguments, Mr. Arnold White cautioned his audience against the supposition that he was a pessimist. He had merely sounded a warning note as to the tendencies of civil life at the present time, and he could not sympathise with the gloomy outlook of Friar Silas Hocking, whose attitude reminded him of the words of Tennyson: "O'er his bowed head there glowered a haggard Anabaptist."

At the house-dinner on February 10th there were no guests, and a select gathering of Friars was presided over by Friar Lee

Campbell, whose return to the Club after a painful illness was feelingly alluded to by Friar Alexander Paul. Friar W. Runciman, M.P., was introduced to the brethren as a new member by Friar Foster Fraser, who, later in the evening, on the invitation of the Prior, told some stories of his recent experiences in Canada, which were capped by some excellent anecdotes from the Prior himself.

UNDER the Priorship of Friar Robert Donald, the Club, on February 17th, entertained Mr. J. St. Loe Strachey, the Editor of the *Spectator*, who, in responding to the toast of his health, opened a conversation on the topic "Is the Influence of Journalism on the Wane?" Weighing the question with carefully adjusted balance, Mr. Strachey came to the conclusion that the influence of the Press is not declining. When there was such a multiplicity of journals as there are now it was a natural result that the public should know much more about newspapers than the journalist himself. The newspaper was no longer oracular, and there are no longer any eminently great writers on the Press to sway and guide public opinion. Nevertheless it was the Press that gave the nation back her Navy; it was due to the efforts of the Press that the laying of the Baghdad railway was checked, and in many other instances the Press had shown that it remained a great power, often influencing the destinies of nations. Mr. T. P. O'Connor paid an eloquent tribute to the influence of Mr. Strachey's own paper, *The Spectator*, which he read with diligence, ignoring only the articles on Ireland. There were some influences on the Press which were not wholly for good, and he doubted whether the men who advocated the repeal of the taxes on knowledge would have been so energetic if they had known that they were to produce the halfpenny morning paper. He objected to the tendency on the part of the public to regard a great newspaper with the awe that they might exhibit towards the oracular utterances of the Dalai Lama of Tibet, and to bow to the dictates of that corporate body called the *Times*, when, after all, what was written was but the expressed opinion of one man. If he had his way, every article in every newspaper would be signed. When all was said, however, the newspaper remained what it ought to be, the veracious interpreter between man and man, between nation and nation. A fluently eloquent speech from Friar W. R. Paterson (Benjamin Swift) was followed by some vigorous remarks from Mr. W. T. Stead, who hinted at the dangerous influence of certain irresponsible journalists in the disturbance of the national peace. Mr. Frederick Green-

wood, who was referred to as the Nestor of Journalism, spoke with quiet sincerity, advocating reticence of opinion on the part of journalists. Mr. Mostyn Piggott was humorous, and Friar Dr. Robertson Nicoll brought forward some figures of circulation to illustrate a comparison between the newspapers of thirty years ago and the newspapers of to-day. The conversation, although inconclusive, was extremely interesting.

THE dinner on February 24th was probably a record in point of attendance. The presence of Friar Winston S. Churchill, M.P., as Prior, and of Mr. Lloyd-George, M.P., as Club Guest, was no doubt the attracting cause of so large a gathering of Friars and their friends. In proposing the health of the Guest, Mr. Churchill spoke of him as a fighting politician with courage and consistency. Mr. Parnell had been called the uncrowned King of Ireland, he would call Mr. Lloyd-George the uncrowned Prince of Wales. Taking as his topic "The Future of Parliamentary Government," Mr. Lloyd-George avowed that the House of Commons had lost a good deal of its powers of criticism and initiative. It had become an electoral college without voice in the election of the Prime Minister. In legislation its authority was lessening. It had practically ceased to determine acts of policy, owing to party politics having been carried to extreme limits. The collective wisdom of the House had no effect on public policy. He wanted Parliament to be emancipated from the thralldom of the extreme party system. At present Parliament did not legislate; it was the Executive which legislated. He would like to see the business of Parliament diminished by the relegation of minor and local matters to provincial parliaments, as in Canada. He took no gloomy view of the future. All that he considered necessary was that Parliament should have the courage to treat national questions without consideration of party.

The discussion which followed Mr. Lloyd-George's thoughtful and forceful speech was not brilliant. Mr. Stephen Gwynn spoke from the literary man's point of view. Friar Robert Donald advocated the adoption of the group system as in France. The Rev. C. Silvester Horne joined in with some eloquent banter, and Friar Carruthers Gould argued that Parliamentary Government was never in a more healthy condition than at present. Behind all the apparent trivialities of Parliamentary procedure we had still the magnificent spectacle of a nation making its own laws. Friar Dr. Robertson Nicoll said that what he wanted was that

Mr. Lloyd-George should make things hum and that Members should make a few jokes occasionally. Other speakers were Mr. W. Cornforth, the Rev. J. C. Stevenson, and Mr. R. Storry Deans.

The speech of the evening was that of the Prior. It was an eloquent, humorous, thoroughly statesmanlike oration. It had been suggested that Parliamentary procedure was too elaborate for carrying through the necessary business of the House of Commons. He did not think so. It was only by giving opportunity for discussion that the rights of minorities were protected. The methods of Parliament, though wasteful at times, were the best that could be devised. Mr. Lloyd-George had shown two dangers from which the House of Commons was suffering. The first was the danger to business. Too much meat would choke any dog. The House of Commons was so choked that it was not able to guide the country on many matters, and it had lost some of its former powers. The second danger was the growing authority of the executive government, so that we found many questions were not decided upon their merits, the alternative being either to put up with a Bill as it stood, or turn the Government out of office. To remedy this, future Parliaments would have to face, no doubt, great departures in government, but whatever the shortcomings of the House of Commons might be, it was well to remember what Friar Carruthers Gould had said. After the Prime Minister, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Mr. Rudyard Kipling, the Prior considered that Mr. Carruthers Gould had the most powerful influence at the present time. When the United States had fifty separate governments, in spite of which, or because of which, the nation was a coherent unity able to exert a mighty force on the history of the world, he (the Prior) could not understand why people should be afraid, in our own little islands, to hand over to the local government to different districts. But it was necessary to be careful to preserve the power of personality of members of Parliament. No measure would ever pass without a great man to push it through. By personality he did not mean personalities. Members of Parliament ought to be elected because of their individual characters rather than because of the formulas they professed. It might be true that Parliament was not so respected now as it once was. But the history of Parliament should be remembered. Every nation, after a long period of time, possessed the Parliament which it deserved. The golden age of Fox and Pitt, and the silver age of Gladstone and Disraeli might be gone, but

the House of Commons, with all its defects, was the only instrument invented by which the principles of the people could be upheld, and the fortunes of the Empire worthily advanced.

FRIAR E. F. KNIGHT acted as Prior on March 3rd, and he was accorded a hearty welcome on his reappearance at the Club after a long absence in the Far East. The Hon. Secretary introduced four new Friars to the brethren, namely, Friars Wilfred Whitten, Keighley Snowdon, Alfred Spencer, and Cyril Davenport.


The Guest of the evening was Sir Douglas Straight, who, in the course of his address on "Patriotism in Life and Literature," referred to the fact that he had been a Friar in the earliest days of the Club, and he paid a glowing tribute to the Prior. In his definition of patriotism, Sir Douglas quoted from various poets and prose writers who had given expression to their high ideals of patriotic aspiration, but when he came down to the present prosaic world and looked about for an example of a really valiant patriot he considered that he had found one in Lord Selborne, who was sacrificing, out of a sense of duty, his high position at home to undertake and grapple with unknown difficulties in South Africa. Sir Horace Plunkett gave his impressions of patriotism in Ireland, and an interesting conversation was carried on by Friars Charles Garvice, W. H. Helm, Clement K. Shorter, G. B. Burgin, Wilfred Whitten, Arthur Morison, Robert Leighton, Keighley Snowdon, and Dr. Seligmann, who had come as the guest of Friar T. Athol Joyce. Frequent references were made to the adventurous career of Friar E. F. Knight, whose health was proposed by Friar Shorter, seconded by Friar Henry Frith. In responding to the toast, the Prior said that it was over twenty years since Friar Frith had proposed him as a member of the Whitefriars Club. He spoke with first-hand knowledge of the patriotism of the Japanese. It was a greater patriotism than had ever before been seen in the world's history. A young nation was struggling for recognition, and not only men, but women and children were making every possible sacrifice to attain the end they had in view.

At a meeting of the Committee, held on Friday, March 24th, Friar Arthur Spurgeon announced that in consequence of his acceptance of the responsible post of General Manager of Messrs. Cassell and Co., he found it expedient to tender his resignation as Hon. Secretary of the Club. The Committee regretfully accepted his resignation, On the invitation of the Committee, Friar Robert Leighton undertook temporarily to act as joint hon. secretary with Friar F. J. Cross.

THE ANNUAL DINNER CARD.


Design by Friar W. Boucher.

MARCH 10TH
1905



The Chief Club Guest:
Sir Edward Grey, Bart., M.P.

WHITEFRIARS
CLUB
ANNUAL DINNER.



The Prior:
Friar F. Carruthers Gould.

TROCADERO
RESTAURANT
Reception
6 p.m.
Dinner
6.30 p.m.

F. CARRUTHERS GOULD,
PRIOR.

THE ANNUAL DINNER.

THE Annual Dinner at the Trocadero Restaurant on March 10th may be numbered among the most successful of the Whitefriars gatherings. Sir Edward Grey, Bart., M.P., was the special Guest of the occasion, and during the after-dinner proceedings Lord Rosebery, K.G., joined the company, taking his place between Sir Edward Grey and Friar Winston Churchill, M.P., on the Prior's right. The Prior of the evening was FRIAR F. CARRUTHERS GOULD.

The Sub-Priors were Friars Arthur Spurgeon, T. Heath Joyce, Commander Robinson, William Senior, and W. G. Lacy.

The speeches were interspersed by modern ballads sung by Mr. Claude Ravenhill and Mr. F. Ranalow.

Our Guests.

The toast of "The King" having been honoured, the PRIOR read the Roll Call of Welcome. There were present the following Friars and Guests:—

THE PRIOR—Mr. J. A. Spender, Mr. Henry Newbolt, Mr. Chas. Geake, Mr. F. H. Carruthers Gould. FRIAR H. J. BROWN—Mr. R. A. Roberts. FRIAR J. BLOUNDELLE BURTON—Mr. Holderness Gale. FRIAR C. B. BURGIN. FRIAR CHARLES BAKER. FRIAR F. J. CROSS—Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace. FRIAR C. DUNCAN CROSS. FRIAR WINSTON CHURCHILL. FRIAR R. LEE CAMPBELL—Mr. Robert Wallace, K.C., M.P. FRIAR T. C. CRAWFORD—Mr. W. A. Goode, Mr. E. Flynn, Mr. J. R. Crawford. FRIAR SIR ERNEST CLARKE. FRIAR ROBERT DONALD—Sir George Newnes, Bart. M.P., Mr. George Lynch. FRIAR J. DRYSDALE. FRIAR OSMAN EDWARDS. FRIAR ERNEST FOSTER. FRIAR LOUIS H. FALCK—Mr. Arthur Polak, Mr. George Chillingworth. FRIAR JOHN FOSTER FRASER—Mr. H. A. Gwynne. FRIAR R. N. FAIRBANKS. FRIAR WM. L. GANE—Mr. A. J. Bird, Mr. F. R. Duffield. FRIAR J. REGINALD GEARD. FRIAR J. A. HAMMERTON. FRIAR BERNARD E. HODGSON—Mr. L. R. Erskine, Mr. Charles Burney, Mr. R. M. Newman. FRIAR WM. HILL. FRIAR T. HEATH JOYCE—Mr. Whelpdale. FRIAR T. ATHOL JOYCE—Mr. W. Whyte. FRIAR A. KINROSS. FRIAR ROBERT LEIGHTON—Mr. Ralph Hall Caine. FRIAR W. G. LACY—Dr. Allan, Mr. Edmund Smith, Mr. John Pulman. FRIAR A. E. W. MASON. FRIAR ALEX. MACKINTOSH. FRIAR DR. ROBERTSON NICOLL—Mr. W. W. Jacobs. FRIAR JAMES B. PINKER—Mr. Ripley Hitchcock, Mr. Horace Morgan. FRIAR G. H. PERKINS—Mr. C. E. Fagan. FRIAR COMMANDER ROBINSON—Mr. Edward Hudson, Mr. Anderson Graham, Mr. Geo. Riddell. FRIAR

ALEX. GRAHAM SIMPSON—Sir Wyke Bayliss, Mr. H. B. Tress. FRIAR JOSEPH SHAYLOR—Mr. D. Hills. FRIAR WM. SENIOR—Mr. E. Brindle. FRIAR ALFRED SPENCER—Mr. Geo. W. Thompson. FRIAR ARTHUR SPURGEON. FRIAR CLEMENT K. SHORTER—Sir Horace Plunkett. FRIAR RICHARD WHITEING—Dr. Emil Reich.

THE PRIOR offered a very hearty welcome to the guests of the Brotherhood, and continued by saying: "We, although we claim to be more or less a religious order, are simply human, and it is just possible that we may be guilty of the human weakness of desiring occasionally to shine in the reflected glory of distinguished guests. After all, we had an earnest wish to do honour to the guest of this evening. (Hear, hear.) He is a type of that class of man of whom England is justly proud—men who, happily for themselves, have not only the qualifications but the facilities for that quiet life to which we can only, most of us, look forward as a Utopian dream that will not come true—(laughter)—but who nevertheless give a large portion of their time to the service of the State. We are also glad to see him here because he is a good sportsman. We, as a religious order, meeting on a Friday, are bound to do honour to one who is a fisherman. (Laughter.) Fishing and Statesmanship go well together, because fishing has an educational value. It teaches a man to be not foolishly optimistic, but persistently hopeful—(laughter)—and it promotes the virtue of opportunism—(laughter)—not the sort that consists in being afraid to carry out your principles, but the sort of opportunism that teaches you it is just as well to use a right fly as a wrong fly, and that if you have to play a big fish you should sometimes give him line. (Laughter, and hear, hear.) It teaches also the valuable lesson that there is such a thing as a psychological moment. (Laughter.) It is just as futile to strike too soon as to strike too late. Then, for the politician, fishing counteracts that extreme reluctance we find in some people occasionally to go to the country. (Laughter.) We welcome Sir Edward Grey also this evening as a literary man. It is very remarkable how literature and fishing do seem to go together. The isolation which is one of the conditions of fishing is probably one of the great incentives to imagination." (Applause.)

"Literature."

FRIAR WINSTON CHURCHILL, M.P., proposed the toast of "Literature," coupling with it the name of Sir Edward Grey, M.P. He said: "I think I appear to be getting rather a favourite with the Whitefriars Club—(applause)—because I am very often asked

to come to dinners and functions which it holds, and I am not only asked to come very often, but I notice when I am invited I am always given the most delightful and pleasant task that could possibly be given to anyone. I have been asked to propose a good many toasts in the last twelve months, but I can assure you that there is no toast that I have been asked to propose that gives me more real pleasure than the one you have asked me to propose to-night. Sir Edward Grey has achieved rare distinction, and when I found I had to couple his name with the toast of 'Literature,' I said to myself: 'Here's a pretty kettle of fish!' because Sir Edward Grey has achieved in a single book a very considerable literary reputation. You all of you know of this, at least you who have the opportunities to which the Prior has referred of going to the country, with the book on Fly-fishing which he has contributed to the Haddon Hall series. So far as angling goes, it is a classic. It is not a book written for the sake of writing. It is a book written by a man who had something to tell, who had examined the subject very closely and who had lived every page he wrote. (Hear, hear.) It breathes the spirit of Hampshire meadows and Northumbrian burns, and if in our modern days anybody can be said to revive the spirit of Izaak Walton it is our distinguished guest to-night. As to the other works which Sir Edward Grey has contributed to English literature, his works on history, on Arabian art and Spanish armour, his poems and his philosophical treatises—(laughter)—I need not speak of them at any great length, because anyone of you who has a library or has access to a library—and who, in these days of Mr. Andrew Carnegie's uninvited philanthropy, has not?—(laughter)—everyone of you is just as well qualified to speak on these works as I am. I pass to two aspects of Sir Edward Grey's character, which, perhaps, are not altogether relevant to his literary character. I am told there never was a salmon or a trout who could resist his advances—(laughter)—no matter how fast the river may be flowing (I am rather ignorant of this subject)—(laughter)—or how muddy or clear the water may be—(laughter)—or whether it be full of water or there be very little water—(laughter)—and I have heard great complaint made on both occasions, for my experience of fishermen is that the river is always in bad order when they go out—(laughter)—he has got a fly, and a particular kind of cast, that will catch any fish, however often he has been hooked before; and, however often he has bitten the fly (if it is the technical expression)

—(laughter)—Sir Edward Grey may be relied upon to bring him safely home in a basket. (Laughter and applause.) You have mentioned the importance of fishing as a recreation of politicians. There are many recreations which a politician should seek, because his life is the most severe and most miserable of any class of our fellow subjects. Most of them take to golf, because, no doubt, it inculcates the quality of restraint—of restraint of language. (Laughter.) Fishing inculcates a still more valuable quality. Lord Beaconsfield was once asked what was the most necessary qualification for a Prime Minister. He replied 'In the first place, patience; in the second, patience; and in the third, patience.' No better method of acquiring patience could be found than a prolonged and careful pursuit of fishing. I am quite sure those who enjoy that sport are able to get more pleasure out of less appearance of pleasure than any other class of sportsmen in the world. (Laughter.) At the Whitefriars Club we have no politics. We never discuss politics, though we sometimes allude to them; we never criticise politicians, though we invite them to dinner. (Laughter.) Only last time we had Mr. Lloyd-George in a non-political capacity—which is a rather rare capacity for him to attend a public function in. (Laughter.) We have welcomed some of the most distinguished of his Majesty's Ministers. I forget their names—(laughter)—but I daresay you remember them, and we should, quite irrespective of party, be delighted to welcome the others—some because we should rejoice to think their official duties no longer kept them away. (Laughter.) But Sir Edward Grey is also a fisher of men. As a politician he has done a great deal to raise the reputation of members of the House of Commons. They are supposed to be such a stupid lot, so incapable of attending to business and settling the smallest question of importance in a sensible manner, that we are told the offices of State ought to be filled by persons brought in from the great commercial enterprises all over the country, but in Sir Edward Grey you have an example of a man who carries the war into the enemy's camp.

BAITING THE HOOK.

He is a politician taken from the House of Commons and put into one of the greatest and most responsible positions in this country as the chairman of an important English railway. His piscatorial pursuits remind one that baiting the hook is not unknown in the House of Commons. Sometimes we bait it with Free Food—

(laughter)—sometimes we bait it with sugar. (Laughter.) All sorts of bait are used, and the same politician does not always use the same bait. Mr. Chamberlain has used many baits in his time. One has been immortalised by the Prior of this evening as the Long-Spoon bait. (Laughter.) Mr. Wyndham has used co-ordination bait with great success, or it would have been a great success if the fish had not mistaken it for devolution and spat it out. (Laughter.) Mr. Gladstone did not use a bait and a rod at all. He had a net that he cast round a great many fish and took them all with a certain amount of noise. The Prime Minister is partial to 'trimmers,' and he always uses a double-pronged hook with ambiguous barbs. (Laughter.) Last, but not least, my right hon. friend differs from all these because he baits his hook with good taste, good sense, and good courage. (Hear, hear.) I have not known my right hon. friend for a long time as a political associate, but I have known him long enough to feel the greatest respect for his judgment, his political instinct, and the high principles which he introduces and maintains in our public life. I remember last session when we had a weakness for sitting up late, and for keeping others sitting up late, it was Sir Edward Grey who alone upon the front Opposition Bench was always in his place ready to lend that air of dignity and decorum which is very often required by those who sit below the gangway. He comes to you not only with a reputation which appeals to the past, but he comes to you with a considerable share of the hope of the future. The confidence of the people of Great Britain is very rarely and very guardedly bestowed. There are many men in whom they take an interest, many of whom they have hopes and expectations, but there are very few to whom they extend their hope and their trust. In the guest of the evening, whose health I propose to you, you have a man whom the people of Great Britain regard not only with hope and expectation, but to whom they have accorded a very generous, and I believe a lasting measure of confidence and respect." (Applause.)

Sir Edward Grey's Speech.

SIR EDWARD GREY, in reply, said: "I thank you most cordially for your reception of the toast, and I thank Mr. Churchill most sincerely for the terms in which he proposed it. I hardly recognised myself in some of the eulogy which he bestowed upon me, for I think he gave me credit for distinction in at least three separate careers—as a fisherman, a politician, and a business man

—a very formidable record, but not nearly so formidable as Mr. Churchill's record. He has achieved distinction in at least five different careers—as a soldier—(hear, hear)—a lecturer, a war correspondent, an author, and last, but not least, as a politician. (Hear, hear.) I think I have understated it now ; he has achieved two careers as a politician—(laughter)—one on each side of the



OUR GUEST.

House. That makes six altogether. (Laughter.) His first career on the Government side was a really distinguished career. I trust that the second will be found even more distinguished and more prolonged. (Hear, hear.) The remarkable thing is that he has done all this when, unless appearances very much belie him, he has not yet reached the age of sixty-five—(laughter)—which is the minimum age at which a politician ceases to be young. All

of us who have been in the House have watched his career there with great interest and great admiration, and those of us who had the privilege of spending some years in the House when his father was still there have watched it with especial appreciation, since, sometimes when I am watching Mr. Churchill speaking in the House of Commons, I think I see gleams like the flashing of his father's sword, which, to all of us who had the privilege of being in the House with Lord Randolph Churchill, quicken old memories which are dear to us, and quicken the appreciation and satisfaction in the career of his son. (Applause.) But he is not going to be any pale reflection of anyone; he is going to leave his own mark on the public life of the country in no unmistakable fashion. (Hear, hear.) He has the three qualities necessary for success—ability, courage, and insight. I would have said I think it is possible he will some day be Prime Minister of this country, if it were not that there are some fifty or sixty promising members of the House of Commons of whom, when they make a speech on the platform, this is invariably said by the gentlemen who move and second the vote of thanks. (Laughter.) But it is not in politics enough that a man should have ability and intellectual qualities. The question is not what a man is but what he is going to become. Politics either make or mar a man. The man who is tested by politics is sure to be pretty well hammered. If he is of good metal the hammering does him good, and only gives the metal a finer temper and a keener edge. I have seen Mr. Churchill tried by adversity, and if I can judge by the sparks that flew from him bright and strong, I think his metal is hard and true. There is a severer test, the test of prosperity and success. There are signs that he is entering upon that. I trust that it may be a really severe test and long prolonged. (Applause.) Before I come to what I judge, from what I have heard, to be the subject of the evening, namely, fishing—(laughter)—I should like to say a word or two about literature. I am neither a poet nor a literary man; I gather from the Prior's speech that the two are distinct. I remember that in one of Ibsen's plays one of the heroines, or perhaps I should say one of the girls, said that, as far as she was concerned, she did not care for books—books were so irrelevant.

POLITICS AND LITERATURE.

I cannot help thinking I am not very relevant to the toast, though, after what Mr. Churchill has said about my book on fishing, I feel I must read the book again. Politics, in my opinion, are not a good

training for literature. There is a certain antipathy, I think, between literature and politics. The question, in putting a notice of motion on the order papers of the House of Commons, arose the other day whether the word 'mysterious' should appear in the terms of the motion—to avoid a suspicion of party politics, I should say this motion did not have reference to the Prime Minister and the fiscal question. (Laughter.) I was rather in favour of the word being included in the motion, but I was told it would not do; it was not Parliamentary. I asked, if 'mysterious' was not a Parliamentary word, what was it? (Laughter.) I was told it was a literary word, and not suitable for the order paper of the House of Commons. (Laughter.) In politics we have not time to give to the missiles we hurl at one another the perfect shapes of works of art, and I am not surprised that you should shudder at the rough and uncouth way in which Parliamentarians often express themselves. (Laughter.) When to Macaulay was put the enquiry why, with his brilliant gifts of writing, he should take the trouble to take any part in the current politics of the day, he replied that a man who was in the habit of writing about the deeds and the great men of the past could not help wishing to take a hand in the public affairs of his own day. (Hear, hear.) That, I think, is what men of energy undoubtedly feel about public life, that the energy and emotion which are so concerned with literature should be applied to the facts of the day in which we live. Still, I think there is an antipathy between literature and politics. If I am asked how I reconcile the fact that men like Mr. Gladstone and Disraeli were men of letters as well as politicians, my answer is that I do not reconcile it at all, and that I do not wish to reconcile it. My ambition and desire is to be a great author; this I shall never be, but I like to think it is politics that prevents my being a great author. If I like to hug that idea I do not see why I should not. It is no great harm to anybody. You will remember that Frederick the Great wanted to be a poet, and that Carlyle, who wrote his life, wanted to be a great silent man of action. (Laughter.) It would be something to be a great and anonymous author. I suppose you can be great and anonymous in literature; but you cannot be in politics. The risk in politics is that you are small and notorious. (Laughter.) I do really wonder whether any great literary man has been anonymous. I except everybody who writes for the Press, for they, of course, merge their individuality in a great organ of public opinion. There is the author of the 'Letters of Junius'—brilliant, I think, but not

great. There is Homer, somebody may say. But I think his anonymity was unintentional, even if it was real. And there is the question also whether the author of the plays of Shakespeare is anonymous, but I hope that question is not seriously raised in the Whitefriars Club. (Hear, hear.) For us in political life, literature is not a career but a recreation. You have to be very careful about your recreations in public life. There are some which are legitimate and some which are illegitimate. (Laughter.) The legitimate are riding and golf. I never get on a horse if I can help it, and I play no golf. But I have two recreations, one game and one sport, the sport of fishing and the game of tennis, and I have seen it stated that anyone who indulges in these two things disqualifies himself from taking part in public affairs. (Hear, hear.) May I suggest that, no less than golf, fishing, besides patience, cultivates restraint of language—as do some other things? I remember one day when Mr. Churchill and I were guests in a house in the Highlands I had spent the day in fishing. It was a hot day in August. I had fished hard and caught nothing. Every fly I had used had gone back into my box, as Mr. Churchill would say, unbitten. (Laughter.) I thought I had acquired considerable practice in the art of patience, but more was to come. My lesson in patience was not complete. In the cool of the evening, when I was somewhat exhausted, Mr. Churchill arrived, fresh as paint, in a motor-car to take me home. (Laughter.) My lesson in patience, as I thought, was at an end. I longed to be home. I entered the motor-car. We had not gone more than one hundred yards, Mr. Churchill driving, when the motor-car broke down. (Laughter.) In the end my lesson in restraint of language and in patience was far more complete than it would have been if it had been restricted to my fishing experience. (Laughter.) The difficulty about literature is that it is not a recreation if you bring a tired mind to it.

THE SOLACE OF BOOKS.

In active middle-life the opportunities of getting recreation out of literature become more and more rare. There are some authors, no doubt, who are so gay, so happy in themselves, so light-hearted, that they give us recreation when we are tired and have lost the resources in ourselves. I forbear to mention living names, for there are some here who both in poetry and prose give us that recreation, and we are grateful to have it, however tired we may be. When we go further back to other days, we find three authors, whom I may call light-hearted and happy, to whom

we can go—Izaak Walton, Gilbert White, and Thomas Love Peacock. I see there are some lovers of Peacock present. I warn them against trying to get others to read Peacock. Have you known what it was to invite two people to dine in order to meet each other, and then find that they did not get on, and to experience the uncomfortable sensation that each of them thought the worse of you for being a friend of the other? So it has happened to me with regard to Peacock. I have tried, at least once, to introduce a friend to Peacock and I have failed and been conscious that my friend, I fear, thought the worse of me for my enthusiasm about Peacock; and what was more disagreeable, I felt sure he suspected me of thinking the worse of him for having failed to appreciate Peacock. (Laughter.) But it was not of these people that Mr. Churchill mainly thought when he spoke. He was thinking of Plato and Cicero and Erasmus and Bacon and Wordsworth and other great names, and in deference to him I feel I must say something about these giants of literature. You cannot, I think, get your recreation from these great men when politics or business are taking all your energy. The great men in literature ask of you something in return before they give their gifts. They ask of you some enthusiasm, some imagination and some freshness of your own. A friend of mine, Mr. Birrell, quoted the saying as a rule to follow 'Whenever a new book comes out, read an old one.' I do not say I follow that precept; if I did I should not say it in this company. If you have made the acquaintance of these old writers when you were younger, you go to them not as to strangers, but as to old friends. Some years ago, there was a song with a refrain, 'He's all right if you know him, but you've got to know him first.' It always reminded me of Browning's poetry. (Laughter.) The question is—At what age ought we to begin to make the acquaintance of great men of literature? I think the general experience is that you do not do it much before twenty-one. I remember at school a boy of thirteen who spent his spare hours, while we were playing cricket and football, reading Greek plays in the original for his own amusement. What was still more remarkable was he was a very good fellow and was very popular, but he was a rare exception. The usual practice is, in early days, to read what we should afterwards consider as literary trash. There is an old saying that a man ought to have read enough philosophy to have found that he can do without it, and we should have read enough trash before the

age of 21 to find that we do not want any more. From 21 to 35, I think, comes the golden age of making acquaintance with the great authors, and when you have once made their acquaintance you can always, I think, in later life return to them and find easily, however tired you may be, the things you put there when you read them when you were young. There is a further stage beyond the stage of middle life—the stage of old age. Of that I may speak freely, as I know nothing about it. It is a time of unlimited leisure that we shall spend with old friends in a library. There is a garden outside the library, and, of course, a suitable river—not flowing too fast, nor, at the same time, flowing too slow, which is a worse fault. (Laughter, and hear, hear.) That will be the happiest time of all. I, in those days, shall have no thought of politics except to read the reports of the brilliant speeches which Mr. Churchill will still be making in the House of Commons. (Hear, hear.) Just think, those of us who are engaged in political occupations, what our libraries are now, compared with what they will be when we get old—the quantities of clippings, the drawers full of opponents' speeches kept in the hope of being able to produce a quotation at an inconvenient moment; pamphlets and magazines by the hundredweight; blue books and Hansards by the ton. I think of the splendid time I shall have making a bonfire of them all. How I will stir the fire and how I will mulch my rosebuds with the ashes! But there will be one exception. I shall have there, amongst my old most cherished friends on the library shelves, a complete and well-bound set of your Prior's political cartoons, which I venture to prophesy—in spite of all the warnings we have had in public life against prophesying—will still be then, as they certainly are now, not only unsurpassed but unequalled for wit and humour and point and good sense. (Applause.) And when I turn their pages I shall not fail to remember with pleasure that in the middle time on which I have been dwelling, of work and drudgery and comparatively little leisure, there was an occasion when I spent a pleasant evening and had a lucid interval as the guest of the Whitefriars Club. (Applause.)

It was at the conclusion of Sir Edward Grey's speech that Lord Rosebery entered. The Prior took the occasion of a momentary interval to propose his Lordship's health, which was cordially honoured. Lord Rosebery was not pressed to respond, and, in signing his name in the visitors' book, he signalled his silence by writing the words "Rosebery (dumb)."

"Our Club."

MR. HENRY NEWBOLT toasted "Our Club." He said: "It is not every man who would turn up at a dinner after being informed that he was to follow Mr. Winston Churchill and Sir Edward Grey. But as so poor a thing as one who has been called a poet must follow somebody through the mazes of this world—especially through the mazes of this political world—if I must follow anyone, I shall be happy to follow Sir Edward Grey anywhere. As for Mr. Winston Churchill, I have rather preceded him, since my opinions were what they are when his perhaps were not yet so. But I am glad now to follow Mr. Winston Churchill, especially as it has become safer to do so since the second reading of a Bill to legalise conspiracy. (Laughter.) In submitting this toast of "Our Club" since I am not a member of the Whitefriars Club, I am, I am afraid, required to do the impossible. At least, I thought it was impossible till I read this morning the speech of a very distinguished statesman, now happily present, who, not being a member of the constituency which he was addressing, nevertheless succeeded by an effort of the imagination in putting himself, throughout his long and brilliant speech, in the position of a voter of the City of London. Following that great example, I propose to divest myself of my character as an ordinary citizen, and to invest myself with the imaginary character of a member of the Whitefriars Club. I propose to inquire from that standpoint what it is that the Whitefriars Club exists for. It might be said—I am not sure that it has not been said by enemies of the Club—that the typical White Friar takes this view of his institution: 'I wish to dine; I cannot dine in dulness. When I have dined, call in giants and let them play before me.' (Laughter.) That is a view which only an outsider could take. It is a view which was taken on a conspicuous occasion in history, but those who took it were called Philistines, therefore it cannot be taken here. The true White Friar says, rather, "I must dine; I cannot dine alone." There are here to-night two distinguished politicians who have on separate occasions complained of loneliness—one of ploughing a lonely furrow, the other, on a later occasion in the House of Commons, that he was a somewhat lonely politician, and he was not much consoled when the House roared at him, 'Not now!' (Laughter.) No White Friar desires to be in a condition of intellectual loneliness and isolation. And for a White Friar it is necessary that he should be in touch with and know the men he writes about, in order to write of them with greater frankness and

good humour, and it is because our Prior has studied them so well that he treats of them not only with so much wit but with so much good humour and good sense. By way of amusement he enables one to take a more sound and wholesome view of public affairs. This desire to be in touch with men of all kinds is the principle of the White Friars, and that being so, I find it an easy and a congenial task to propose to you this toast. Speaking, therefore, in my imaginary character as a White Friar, I invite you to drink heartily to the welfare of 'Our Club.'" (Applause.)

FRIAR SIR ERNEST CLARKE, in reply, said : "The gentleman who introduced this toast for your acceptance hardly carried his Scriptural researches far enough. He referred to the Philistines and to Goliath (I hope no personal allusion was intended)—(laughter)—but if he had gone a little further he might have seen that the White Friars or Carmelites claim as their founder the Prophet Elijah. (Laughter.) The Tishbite was not, as far as I know, a fisherman. He was more of an agriculturist—(laughter)—and when he first met his successor Elisha, the latter was ploughing with twelve yoke of oxen. I should like to add, as mention has been made of the ploughing of lonely furrows, that we never plough lonely furrows at the Whitefriars Club. We welcome not only politicians, of whom we are proud to see so many distinguished representatives this evening, but workers in other branches of life; and if Mr. Newbolt will do us the honour to join us at an ordinary Friday evening at Anderton's he will see that we do not go there in order to dine. (Laughter.) There are great advantages to be derived from that association with our fellow men for which opportunities are given us on Friday nights. It rounds off a great many corners. We are fortunate in our Executive Committee and in our selection of Priors; we are, above all, most fortunate in our honorary officers. It must be a standing wonder to the brethren to see the wonderful fertility of resource with which subjects of debate are set down for consideration week after week. And it is fortunate for us that we are able, by the mere fact of our catholicity of interests, to attract to our more or less festive board many gentlemen of great distinction in all walks of life. (Hear, hear.) Mr. Newbolt's imaginative statement of the purpose in life of the Whitefriars Club is not so far from the truth as many of these imaginative statements are. The Club is, under the efforts of our Honorary Secretaries, in a state of great prosperity and great activity: long may it remain so." (Applause.)

Our Prior.

FRIAR A. E. W. MASON gave the health of "Our Prior." He said: "We are, as you, Mr. Prior, have already told us, human in the fact that we take pleasure in entertaining guests of considerable distinction, but we are also human in that we take pleasure in providing out of our own number a Prior of eminence to play the host on these occasions. (Applause.) In you, Mr. Prior, we have such an one, for to be the prophet of one political party and the envy and terror of the other is a position to which all politicians aspire, and to which, after all, not every statesman attains. That is your position, Mr. Prior, at the present moment. (Applause.) We are often told, and we are told wrongly, that the art of epigram in these days is lost. I think it would be truer to say that the art of epigram has changed its medium—that if it is no longer expressed in phrase it is no less truly and no less forcibly expressed by the pencil. In the cartoons of our Prior to-night, we have epigrams as pointed, as easily apprehended, and as weighty as any which fall from the pen of a phrase writer. (Hear, hear.) I should like to tell you a story with reference to another paper in which cartoons appear. A friend of mine upon the staff of *Punch* told me they were in some doubt what to do for a cartoon. Whereupon my friend suggested that the cartoon should consist of a dinner-table, cleared at night, with the whole of the *Punch* staff sitting round it with haggard and drawn faces, pondering what should be the cartoon for next week; that there should be an open window, and that seen through the open window, smoking a big cigar, wrapped in a fur coat, smiling cheerfully and going gaily home, should be Mr. Carruthers Gould. (Applause.) He is one who hits hard, but never below the belt; one who can sting but leaves no poison in the wound. (Hear, hear.) We know him as a most genial brother of a genial Brotherhood, one who has the interests of the Whitefriars Club at heart and is constant in his duties and his attendance. No toast could be proposed that we should drink with greater heartiness." (Applause.)

The PRIOR in acknowledgment said: "It is extremely difficult to respond to a toast proposed as Mr. Mason has proposed this, because I am always trying to make out that, as a Prior at a Whitefriars Dinner, one has no individuality; he is simply the representative for the time being of the Club itself. But it is no use struggling against it when friends like Mr. Mason get up and present a toast in this fashion. Mr. Newbolt's description was absolutely and perfectly in harmony with the old spirit of the

Whitefriars Club. Friar Sir Ernest Clarke, in responding to the toast of the Club, is very fond of going into past history of the Club, and he knows more about past history than anybody else. If two sets of bones were placed before him he could tell you, for instance, which were the bones of Susannah, of 'Susannah and the Elders' notoriety, and which were the bones of Edmund the



THE PRIOR

Martyr. (Laughter.) His reference to Elijah is particularly interesting because Elijah was one of the first recorded Free Fooders. (Laughter.) But, for my part, I am not sure whether the White Friars have any religious significance. I gather they rather take their title from the name of Whitefriars Street, and that it is really a little community of men connected with literature, journalism, and art, who gather together and rub shoulders and

rub ideas with each other. We desire to keep up the best side of the old spirit of Bohemianism—not the old Bohemianism of Fleet Street, some of which had an unpleasant side. It is an association of cultured men meeting together and really enjoying the pleasures of the best and brightest side of the literary life. Something has been said about the Utopian dream many of us have of enjoying the quiet life. Perhaps one day I may—when I feel my work is done—retire myself into the quiet life. I envy men who go fishing—(laughter)—but I judge from the photographs I have seen of our distinguished fishermen that they are not always alone even when they are on the banks of a river. (Laughter.) Still, if you are by yourself, you are arguing out things by yourself, and if you convince yourself you are well convinced indeed, and you want to take a lot of the raw material of thought before you have any great exports in the way of wisdom. (Laughter, and hear, hear.) A kind of reference has also been made to myself personally and the work I do. I can only say there is nothing I appreciate more keenly than the extreme kindness which is shown by those whom I attack most violently. Nothing touches one more in English political life than the absolute absence of anything like venom. When one looks round upon the different styles of caricature in different countries we realise how they depend upon the character of the times in which they are produced. In the days of George III. the caricatures of Gilray and Rowlandson were more coarse than those of our own day; they were suited to the times. Thomas Nast, when he attacked and killed Tammany for the time being, employed the bludgeon instead of the rapier. It was no fault of the man that he used brutal weapons. It was the method of the men whose influences he had to destroy that dictated the character of the weapon used. It is a strange thing that there is nothing the public will resent more strongly and more swiftly than anything like unfairness, and I think that is a spirit of which we have every reason to be proud. (Hear, hear.) I am very glad that I have been able to live in a time when I have been able to do political caricature in a way that accords with my own tastes. We are living in an illustrative age, and pictures are yet to take a much larger part than they have done before in the political life of the country. I am glad to think that to-day they are free from the venom which characterised the cartoons of earlier days.” (Applause.)

This concluded the more formal part of the entertainment, and the company retired to the reception room, where a pleasant hour was spent in general conversation.

CLUB NOTES.

SINCE the last issue of our Journal we have been able to elect several new members, owing to resignations and transference from town to country membership. Their appreciation of the honour conferred upon them is shown in the letters which have been sent to the hon. sec., a few extracts from which are given below.

MR. CYRIL DAVENPORT, V.D., F.S.A., of the British Museum, says :—

“I am most gratified by your kind letter and the information therein.”

MR. RICHARD KEARTON, F.Z.S., the well-known naturalist, says :—

“A thousand thanks for your kind letter of the 24th inst., just to hand. I am delighted to hear of the honour conferred upon me by the Brotherhood of Whitefriars. Honestly, I do not think I have done anything to render me deserving of the very flattering treatment you have one and all been good-hearted enough to mete out to me. Rest assured, however, that I shall strive hard to grow up a worthy Friar.”

MR. H. A. HINKSON, who is not only esteemed for his own writings, but is, moreover, the husband of that charming writer, Katharine Tynan, says :—

“I am very much obliged to you and to the Committee of the Whitefriars Club for electing me so quickly. I recognise that that compliment is due not to any merits of mine, but to the fact that I was fortunate enough to make my application under your auspices.”

MR. KEIGHLEY SNOWDEN, the novelist and journalist, writes :—

“I am most grateful to the Committee of the Whitefriars Club for the honour they do me, and to yourself for an extremely kind letter of greeting and particulars. The Whitefriars are the first literary club to make me welcome in London. I shall be loyal.”

MR. ALFRED SPENCER, of the well-known house of Hutchinson and Co., publishers, says :—

“I feel that I have been specially privileged in being allowed to join the Brotherhood, and it will certainly be a real pleasure to me to be a member of it.”

MR. WILFRID WHITTEN, the acting editor of *T.P.'s Weekly*, says :—

“I am extremely gratified by your news, so kindly conveyed, of my election to the Whitefriars.”

THE HON. GILBERT COLERIDGE, M.A., Assistant-Master, Crown Office, Royal Courts of Justice, writes :—

“I need scarcely say how gratified I am by your letter, and by my election to the Whitefriars Club. I shall look forward to many a pleasant evening spent in the company of the Brethren.”

W. LINDLEY JONES, Editor of the *Mercantile Guardian*, says :—

“I am delighted to become a member of so gracious a Brotherhood.”

THE Committee hope Mr. Rufus Isaacs, K.C., M.P., will take Mr. Geo. Wyndham's place at the Shakespeare Dinner on April 14th.

THE annual Pilgrimage this year will take the form of a visit to Oxford and a trip down the river to Goring. Full particulars will be announced later.

THE following letter has been addressed to the members of the Club :—

March 31st, 1905.

DEAR FRIAR,

You will be pleased to learn that our Honorary Secretary, Mr. Arthur Spurgeon, has been invited to fill the place left vacant by the late Sir Wemyss Reid as General Manager of Messrs. Cassell and Co.

Friar Spurgeon's acceptance of this important appointment has rendered it necessary for him to relinquish his duties as Honorary Secretary of the Whitefriars Club, and I have to announce that at a Committee Meeting, held on Friday last, his resignation was reluctantly accepted by the Committee, who expressed to him, on behalf of their brother Friars, their sense of deep obligation to him for his valuable services to the Club during the past seven years.

I am pleased to say that the Club will still have the valuable assistance of Friar Spurgeon's advice, and that his interest in the Whitefriars Club will remain unabated. Although he has been compelled to resign the secretaryship, he will remain a member of the Committee.

Friar Robert Leighton, having been unanimously invited by the Committee to act with me as joint Hon. Secretary, has kindly consented to give his services until the next Annual Meeting.

I desire to assure you on behalf of Friar Leighton and myself of our united earnest intention to forward the highest interests of the Club.

Yours fraternally,

F. J. CROSS,