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CLUB DIARY.

The spring session of the club, beginning in January and ending in April, has been an undoubted success under the Secretaryship of Friar Joseph Shaylor.

On the 29th of January, when Mr. Rufus Isaacs, K.C., M.P., was the guest of the evening, upwards of eighty members and friends sat down to dinner.

The Prior of the evening, Friar Newton Crane, in introducing Mr. Rufus Isaacs, said that the old Jack lawyers made their reputations not by their ability or legal knowledge so much as by indulging in sentimental arguments when addressing a jury, or in badgering witnesses in a brutal fashion. In America there was one counsel who claimed for his client 10,000 dollars. Legally he had no case. But in an impassioned address to the jury, counsel concluded an eloquent peroration in the most solemn manner by saying, "My God, is there no justice in this Court?" The jury promptly gave the claimant 15,000 dollars. (Laughter.)

To-day, such meretricious procedure has changed. The characters of our counsel have altered. Verdicts were then determined to a great extent by the way the cross-examination was conducted. There were always two sides to every story. How was the truth to be ascertained? It was not the liar who was dreaded so much as the conscientious man who was a bad witness. At Harvard University an experiment had been tried by the examination of forty-five persons who had witnessed a fight and were examined one month after it had taken place. These forty-five persons told the truth so far as their memories served them, but only five gave a correct version of the affair. A counsel to be a good cross-examiner needed first to possess a complete grasp of his case; secondly, he needed to be good-natured; thirdly, it was necessary for him to be quick in noticing the features of his adversary; and, finally, he must have courage. In Mr. Rufus Isaacs all these qualities were amply shown. (Applause.)

Mr. Rufus Isaacs thanked the Club for the hearty welcome he had received. He had been asked to speak about

"THE ETHICS OF CROSS-EXAMINATION."

In discussing the ethics, one had to infringe on the art of cross-examination, and he would have to take care lest he should betray some of the hidden secrets of his profession. (Laughter.)

He said he would first deal with witnesses, and classify them into four groups. There was the witness who went into the box with a determination to lie; next, there was the witness who meant to be honest but desired to keep something back; thirdly, there was the witness who wished to tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth; and, lastly, there was the most difficult of all witnesses to cross-examine, and that was—the expert. (Laughter.) In dealing with expert scientific witnesses, the golden rule was to bring that witness's evidence into the closest possible harmony with the testimony of the expert witness on the other side. Above all things, it behoved the cross-examiner to be scrupulously fair and to the point. But the difficulty was to apply that rule. To cross-examine a witness regarding some disgraceful act in his career was never pleasant. Sometimes both plaintiff and defendant might be equally guilty, and it was necessary to test the character of two opposing witnesses. It was very hard to inquire into their past lives. But how was it possible to get at the truth and guide the jury except by making such careful examination?

Another point was to determine whether a person should be mentioned who was not named in the case. To get at the truth, if such evidence was essential to the case, this course might be unavoidable. But if a counsel suggested wrongly to a witness that he was the criminal, such action would be visited very strongly upon the counsel. It was a painful ordeal for any counsel to cross-examine a prisoner in the witness-box. In handling him he was usually treated with the utmost fairness and delicacy. Amongst other perplexities which arose was the question whether any counsel was entitled to ask a woman her age. (Laughter.) The question could not be put directly. The truth had to be discovered indirectly, and the counsel was always careful to avoid cross-examining a woman so as not to make her cry, because with a sympathetic jury tears would often wrongly influence the verdict. (Laughter.)

Mr. Rufus Isaacs then gave some illustrations of a witness who had been called in to support a case where a will was disputed. An eccentric old lady had died, and it was sought to prove that she was suffering from delusions when she made her will. In going through her papers he had come across the words, "Sarah suffers from animals under the skin." That seemed to prove that the old lady had delusions, but when Sarah was examined it turned out that what she called animals under the skin meant eczema. (Laughter.) In another memorandum he found that the deceased had written, "Sarah considers pickled onions good for her cough." When Sarah was cross-examined on this subject she explained that her mistress was very mean, and that she herself was fond of pickled onions, so in order to get the pickled onions she pleaded that they always did her cough good. (Laughter.) But, however difficult a witness might be to examine, it was politic for counsel always to be courteous. One art of examination was never to appear to lose one's temper. The unwilling witness, gently treated, often became willing. Juries, again, dislike to see a foreigner or a flagrantly dishonest person hectored by counsel. There were many stories told of hectoring. There was one Irish counsel who in cross-examining a witness endeavoured to frighten him by roaring out, "How about that dog?" The witness stuck to his story, and at last the judge inquired what dog was referred to. The answer was, "The dog that Mr. Justice So-and-So said he would not hang on the witness's sworn testimony." (Laughter.)

Again, misrepresentation of evidence by counsel was always sternly checked by a judge. Turning to the art of ridiculing a witness in the box, Mr. Isaacs said it was so easy in court to get a laugh, and very effective when it was well done. When Hawkins was cross-examining a witness who had deposed that he had seen Roger Tichborne on three occasions at eleven o'clock on separate days, he asked the witness how he remembered it. He replied that he distinctly recalled rubbing his arm at those times when the clock struck eleven because he had been bitten by a flea. "What a punctual old flea!" said Hawkins. (Laughter.) The advocate nowadays wielded the sword of the gladiator, and not the dagger of the assassin. Counsel was not entitled to do anything which was unbecoming a lawyer and a gentleman, and as long as he upheld those ideas there was nothing to fear as to justice being improperly administered. (Applause.)

The conversation was continued very ably by Sir Francis

Carruthers Gould, Mr. Cecil Walsh, Friar Mostyn Pigott, Mr. Comyns-Carr, and Sir Ray Lankester, after which the Prior thanked the Club guest for his opening speech, and Mr. Rufus Isaacs replied.

On February 5th the Club guest was Dr. G. W. Prothero, the Editor of the "Quarterly Review."

The Prior was Friar Harold Spender, who said that the Protheros were to be classed with the Bank of England, Downing Street, and other great British institutions. (Applause.) They had, in a sense, moulded that diction which all good writers tried to infuse into our daily press. Of late the "Quarterly Review" had allowed the world to know who wrote for its pages. It had been giving away the secret of anonymity. The literary England owed a great debt to the Prothero family, who had kept their magazine up to a very high level. The ancient Egyptian hieroglyphics merely recorded actual events. But Herodotus, the father of literary history, had changed such bald records and had described them. Most of our dramatic ideas of history were based on Shakespeare, and latterly on Tennyson or Browning. The Editor of the "Quarterly Review" combined all that was best and most dignified in the connection between history and literature. (Applause.)

Dr. Prothero said that the "Quarterly Review" had lived for one hundred years. History and literature had an undoubted connection. Some asserted that history was not literature, and said that it was science, arguing that if it attempted to be literature it went on to the rocks. He disagreed with that view. History dare not sever itself from literature unless it doomed itself to impotence. Science relied on experiment and observation continually repeated, but the phenomena with which history dealt was seldom twice alike. Science in chemistry and other fields foretold what could happen. It had been said that the verdict of history was the rule on which future actions should be modelled. But the same history never occurred a second time. No historian could foresee the recent Turkish revolution. History could therefore scarcely be called a science, although a scientific attitude might be adopted in the searching of records. In the methods of research we might be scientific, but that did not take us very far. Allowing that the writing of history had become more scientific, it was a long way from becoming a science.

But history could throw a great light on literature. We knew little of the times in which Homer lived. Unless we knew something of Imperial Rome we should understand little of Virgil. Unless we knew the history of the Popes we should understand little of Dante. History, according to Taine, was the outcome of literature. All great literature arose from happenings, tradition, and environment. Unless we knew the environment, we were in the dark regarding a considerable part of any great author's work. Most of the great historians neglected the literature of the time. But in all judgments of history, history helped enormously to the understanding of a period. How should we attempt to understand the Puritans without Milton and Bunyan? How should we know the feelings of the Elizabethans unless we had Shakespeare to drive them into us? We could not understand the Revolution without Voltaire and Rousseau.

The historical novel was a byway of great attraction. It was a subject seldom discussed. There were the novels in which some great historical character, like Quentin Durward, took a principal part. Then there were the novels in which no great characters were introduced but one had the historical atmosphere spread over the entire book, like Hewlett's "Stooping Lady." "Kenilworth" was full of historical atmosphere. All authors owed a reverence to history, and in writing an historical novel no one had any business to alter a real character and inspire people with wrong views. Mrs. Woods was to blame in giving a wrong picture of Swift. "Esmond" was fairer, and an historical atmosphere was produced.

Literature itself had constantly made history, and a great literature was the most precious possession of which any nation could boast. What was it that made Italy united before it became a nation? It was because Dante, Ariosto, Petrarch and others had used one language in which to express their emotion. Attempts had been made to form a common language, but a language without a great literature was of little value. The unification of Germany was not due to the Zollverein nor the needle-gun, so much as to the writings of Goethe, Schiller, Kerner, Fichter, Kant, Herder, and others, who made the people feel that they belonged to one nation. Thus literature made history.

But how far must history be literature? If history did not combine with literature it would fail to have effect, because it lacked the power of expression. Its contents must be such as to stir our emotion. The mere bald statement of facts could not do this.

Literature required order and arrangement. It needed to go from one step to another. In the hands of a master it was capable of illustrating a great thought. It must have style and beauty. Clarendon—who loved Charles I. and hated Cromwell—elevated his subject by his stateliness of style. The same might be said of Tacitus, Macaulay, or Froude. They would not have had their influence without style. Scientific men might say that style was unnecessary, but it was the manner of writing which impressed the reader. A Blue Book made no such impression, and Macaulay's style was above the marshalling of mere statistics. The Greeks were right when they made Clio a Muse. Why did we admire Gibbon? Because he had order, arrangement, and, above all, style. The French said that "Style is the man." Aristotle said, "Style is the gift of saying things lucidly without meanness." Let us never forget that Clio was a Muse.

The conversation was continued by Friar Richard Whiteing, Mr. Charles Graves, Mr. John Murray, Friars F. A. Russell, Walter B. Slater, Burgin, Philip Wilson, Clement Shorter, and Dent. Dr. Prothero then replied.

On February 19th the Club guest was Mr. Frank Dicksee, R.A., and the Prior Friar Cyril Davenport, the topic of discussion being

"THE ARTIST AND THE PUBLIC."

In introducing the guest of the evening, the Prior said that, although the Whitefriars Club might be adverse to the Royal Academy collectively, they were very partial to the R.A.'s individually, and amongst the most popular of pictures which occurred to him were Holman Hunt's "Light of the World," Millais' "Bubbles," Leighton's "Wedded," and "Harmony" by Frank Dicksee. (Applause.) Simplicity was necessary for popularity. If photographic reproductions had done much harm to old line engravings, the linseed oil used in modern pictures would be fatal after a certain time. The oldest pictures in the world which had endured the best were in water colours. Pliny recommended that oil should be mixed with powdered glass. If water colours faded quickly it was because the wrong colours were used. He did not think that their guest's popular picture, "Harmony," had been adequately engraved.

Mr. Frank Dicksee, R.A., said that if, as the Prior maintained,

the medium of oil was so fatal, there would not be much left in the future of the pictures of to-day. But the oil of the Dutch masters had lasted well. In opening the subject of conversation, "The Artist and the Public," it was not necessary to justify the position of the artist. He taught people to see, and by appealing to the emotions of sight extended the human horizon. But the artist required the companionship of the public as well as of comrades in his own profession. For the artist the public was indeed a vitally important factor. And, if the artist owed much to the public, the educated public realised that it owed much to the artist. What each demanded and claimed of the other was sincerity. Each should teach the other.

When Sir George Reid was visiting Israels in The Hague, he asked him what he should do with a picture in a deplorable condition. The reply was that he should put it on one side, and presently some way of remedying its defects would occur to him. The visitor asked what Israels did when he felt depressed, and the answer was, "I put on clean linen, get my wife to do likewise, and then we walk in the public places. When the people bow to us I feel better." Thus, public appreciation could do much for the artist. (Laughter.) But the public could not realise by glancing at a picture the months of work necessitated to produce a pleasing result. In literature, as in painting, the art was to give pleasure. Everybody could not digest Shakespeare, and the ordinary public might prefer a book called "Rosamond and the Purple Jar." (Laughter.) If the artist was insincere he smirched his soul and defrauded the public. But the public must also be sincere, and the pretence of knowledge and empty affectation was distasteful to the artist.

Again, unkind and harsh criticism in the Press was not helpful to the artist. The Press might do the artist a good turn in the matter of copyright, for the copyright law in this country was in a state of chaos. It was of value to the public as well as to the artist that copyright should be put on a sound basis. The artists sent a Bill up to the House of Lords, but Lord Thring said he would draft a Bill. He did so. His Bill enabled the dealer, or owner, not to allow any prosecution on the infringement of copyright. (Laughter and applause.)

The conversation was ably continued by Mr. Frederick Wedmore, Friar Sutro, Friar Moresby White, Professor Rimington, Friar Haldane McFall, and Mr. Beresford Tite. Mr. Frank Dicksee then replied.

On Friday, 26th February, the Club guest was Professor Walter Raleigh, Friar J. M. Dent presiding, the subject of the evening being

"THE CRITICISM OF LIVING WRITERS."

The Prior said that Professor Raleigh had written the one book on Shakespeare which he (the speaker) really cared for, as it was the only volume which made Shakespeare's personality properly felt. Another book of intense interest Professor Raleigh had written was "The English Novel." They were all critics in the Whitefriars Club, especially as regards literature, and they therefore welcomed Professor Raleigh for coming amongst them to talk on that subject.

Professor Raleigh said that he did not value criticism. The criticism of literature was of little worth. Bacon said that critics were brushers of great men's clothes. Men who went out and saw something, wrote about it and made it live, were the writers he valued. The ordinary critic was like a camp follower, who did not fight but talked about how the campaign ought to be conducted. He had great respect for a cook, but no respect for the gourmet who explained how the cooking might be improved. He preferred to take as his subject not criticism but reviewing.

Some critics said reviewing was futile. Nobody had made a scientific inquiry into the reasons of certain books having a big sale. Women cared nothing for a review! They asked each other's opinions about books. (Laughter.) A reviewer nowadays had first to think of the author and what the latter expected. The author considered that the reviewer should give his candid opinion. But if the opinion was given truthfully it was regarded as being untrue. What the author wanted was praise and plenty of it. (Laughter.) The more fulsome the panegyric the better he liked it. If a book were regarded as a social problem the reviewer would get rid of a good deal of trouble. When asked by a fond parent one's opinion of a child it was not customary to say "Yes; it is a fine child, but its face is lacking in proportion and it is not likely to live long"—(laughter)—and no critic of a living author could give a final verdict regarding his work. Criticism of living authors had always been tentative and frequently wrong. In times when there were no monthly reviews, there were no remarks regarding Milton's collective poems that they would not endure. A new article or poem was too like or too unlike things which had gone before. The "Edinburgh

Review" knew what to say of Scott because he came after others of the same school! But the best critics were those which had not got into grooves.

Rightly, the public should be amused. Everyone who criticised literature knew that an author was most sensitive on the subject of his poems, even if he were not a poet. (Laughter.) He was asked to criticise the poem of a great friend for the sum of two guineas. He declined. It would mean amusing the public and losing a friend whom he would not have lost for ten times that sum. Reading a book was like taking a bath. One did not remember an individual bath, but only remembered taking another. (Laughter.) The public read a book and forgot it. But if a book became the fashion it became tedious. He advocated descriptive reviewing, which explained the contents of a book without passing uncalled-for opinions. The whole essence of modern literature was that now the supply came before the demand, whereas formerly a man wrote when he felt deeply, and then went about begging for a publisher. To-day the publisher chose a subject and commissioned an author to write about it. But that question opened up a side issue which ought to be discussed separately. Personally he was well contented with the world as it was. (Applause.)

Friar Richard Whiteing, Mr. Thomas Seccombe, Mr. E. V. Lucas, Friar Sutro, and Friar Dr. Robertson Nicol joined in the conversation.

THE ANNUAL DINNER.

On March 5th the Annual Dinner took place, under the Priorship of Friar Arthur Spurgeon, when there was a special musical programme, and there were no Club guests.

Friar F. A. Russell proposed "Literature," coupled with the name of Sir Edward Clarke. During his life, he said, he had been a reader of every kind of book he could lay his hands upon, and he could say with absolute sincerity he could hardly remember a book he was sorry to have read. Books enabled men to realise their lives, and that was the great business before us in the few years allotted even to those who live longest. Whether men and women looked forward to a continuous existence after death, or whether they were satisfied with the idea of being resolved back into the absolute, they ought all to feel that they were the pilgrims of eternity. He believed

in books because they press the great truths home to us; they make us realise that our lives are immeasurably great; and one of his most inspiring experiences was to stand in a library and realise how great a being man is, with his look before and after, with his imagination, his feelings, his wild impulses.

Then, to stand in a library was also to realise what an abiding being man is. The cities of the ancient civilisations were buried in the sand, but their writings survive to show us how men thought, how they enjoyed, how they suffered. It made one feel that man is indeed a son of the Infinite, and has in himself the element of eternal life.

He spoke not so much of books upon philosophy, books upon law, books upon politics, books which give a sectarian bias and render men slaves to prejudices, as of the literature which makes men feel the wonder and mystery of the world, which widens their horizons, and makes them fellows with all kinds of human beings. Friar Russell cited characters from Dickens, Thackeray, and Shakespeare in eloquent support of his view. They made one tremble, he said, lest any day one lived one failed to be brave and true and strenuous, and speak the thing one thinks, and do the deed one ought to do. Most of the poets of England who have given us golden hours, who have put upon life the light that never was on sea or land, have stimulated men to work with their might while it is day.

Literary men, indeed, were a priesthood, and literature a great church. It need not be very distinguished literature if only the spirit of earnestness were in it. Wherever men carried their souls in words they did good. Personally, he owed some of his deepest obligations to books which had lived only for a season, and even to articles which had been written in monthly magazines, or articles he had read in weekly newspapers. It was foolish to despise books which were less than masterpieces. Sometimes the novel which nobody thinks of, some poem which nobody mentions, just kindles a fire within one. He felt it a great privilege and honour to speak of literature, for the sons of literature were a mighty priesthood, and the influence of literature a growing liberty and joy.

Sir Edward Clarke, K.C., in responding, said that it was a special compliment that he had been asked to respond in a literary assembly to the toast of literature, and that the compliment came to him with special force when he remembered that just about seven years ago his right even to speak on a

literary subject was challenged and disputed. He had said something strong in the way of compliment of Mr. Rider Haggard. He had afterwards said something not so complimentary; and the charge was made against him that he, as a practising member of the Bar, was guilty of intolerable presumption in venturing to have an opinion on literature at all. He hoped he took care of himself in that controversy, but the shock of that charge had never been fully atoned for until he received the invitation to speak for Literature at the Whitefriars Club. That invitation was an assurance on the part of those who had a right to give it that there was no intolerable presumption on his part in attempting to speak upon the subject. He admitted that he had not expected to dwell on the great creative literature to which Friar Russell had alluded, but rather to deal with the sort of applied literature which was represented, he supposed, by the majority of those present.

As regarded this clan of literature, he was prepared to claim for himself to be admitted as a fellow to those who were devoted to its pursuit. He was an editor when he was seventeen years old, and, in a monthly magazine, wrote under six different signatures. His friend and teacher for years, Mr. Henry Morley, made his friend Fox Bourne a literary man, and tried to make him one too, for he allowed him to write in the "Examiner" newspaper before he had reached his twenty-first year, and was a little disappointed because, instead of pursuing the high-minded and æsthetic career of literature, he turned aside to the prosaic work of the Bar. He was afraid the Bar took one into various occupations and gave little time for literature, but he hoped the monument of himself which his friend and publisher, Mr. Reginald Smith, had helped him to issue showed that his work at the Bar and in politics had not been altogether without literary characteristics.

He noticed that in a speech some months ago a member of the Club said that literature had deserted journalism, and that journalism had made its way into literature. He did not think that literature had deserted journalism. No doubt some time ago there were writings in the journals which would be difficult to match from our periodical literature. He was not sure that there was at the present time anything quite equal to the articles which Charles Pearson wrote in the "Spectator," or which Fitzjames Stephen contributed to the "Pall Mall Gazette," but we have an immense amount of strong and sterling literature

in the articles in the daily Press to-day and in weekly papers, and he himself did not think that, so far as journalism and the periodic Press were concerned, the standard had been lowered by the immense output now required. He did not think a definition of literature possible, but one knew it when one saw it, just as one recognised the characteristics of the higher thought expressed in other ways. There was a great deal of sound which was not music, and a great deal of painting which was not art. There was a great deal of writing which was not literature, but the literature of the day, though it had altered in character because of the enormous output required, was still of a very high class.

For novels, there might be no names on the same level as Scott and Dickens and Thackeray, but he thought that if he wanted to show that the literature of the immediate present was literature of an extremely high class, there were three books he should mention as representing literature almost in its best form. "The Garden of Allah" he thought really a great book. "The Secret Woman" of Eden Phillpotts was one of the finest books he had read. "The Marriage of William Ashe" was a brilliant book. He could go on and make up a dozen, but he mentioned these books specially because none of them had been, so to speak, the special and conspicuous book of the season; and that three such books could be put out from the press and not be exceptional in their reception was evidence of the high level of our literature.

He was afraid he could not say the same for poetic literature. He did not understand how it was, but he was afraid the poetry of to-day did not maintain its high level. There were great singers amongst us who were too often silent, but that there was a great deal of true poetry written from day to day one could not help seeing who read the scattered pieces in the "Westminster Gazette" or the "Pall Mall Gazette"—pieces which in nine cases out of ten one put down with a sigh, thinking what a charming poem the author might have made if he had kept it by him for six months. But while the general level of literature is considerably higher than it had ever been, great, conspicuous writers he was afraid we had not got.

When he was working for the Bar, he used to go to Shoe Lane every Friday evening to get two guineas, and this he received for contributing four columns each week of literary reviews to the "Morning Herald" and "Standard." For four

years he wrote the greater part of the reviews of books which appeared in the "Morning Herald" and "Standard." That was a long time, and in regard to that class of literature things had greatly improved. As a boy of eighteen he had books sent him and wrote these reviews. Now we had in the "Times" Literary Supplement the finest work ever done in this country in the way of reviews; and in the "Globe," the "Daily Mail," and other papers, he saw reviews which made him tremble with shame for the time when he, very poorly equipped in literary knowledge, attempted to review books issued from the Press.

His own work took him in other directions. It took him to the Reporters' Gallery, and the study of that scene in which he hoped at some time to take a place. Afterwards, changing from the Reporters' Gallery to the floor of the House, a great enjoyment and great privilege—perhaps the greatest privilege and happiness a man could have who was interested in public affairs—was for over twenty years being allowed to take a part in the House of Commons. All that time literature had been with him, consoling him and making him happy. Now that active work had ceased to be quite so active, he was feeling the advantage of having a little more time to himself, and enjoyed literature as he had never enjoyed it before. He had more time to go into that which represented to him the earthly paradise, his library, and to devote himself to the study of that literature about which he wrote a good many years ago, with but small qualifications for such a task. If he had no other justification for responding to the toast of Literature he had at least this, that from his boyhood till now literature had been his delight, and to be its spokesman was a great pride and pleasure to him.

On March 19th the Club guest was the Rt. Hon. R. B. Haldane, M.P., and the Prior, Friar Sir Francis Gould, the topic for discussion being "Patriotism and Citizenship." The dinner was one of the best attended of the season.

In the course of his introductory remarks, the Prior called the attention of his audience to the serious and timely nature of the topic under discussion, and gave some interesting personal experiences of the Volunteer Movement.

The Rt. Hon. R. B. Haldane said that, while deprecating anything in the nature of the alarmist scares which had been so frequent of late, he felt every confidence that we were in a

much better position in the event of war breaking out than any of our real or imaginary foes; and proceeded to give statistics of our own and various Continental armies—statistics which were strongly in our favour. He then touched upon the importance of the "Territorial" movement, and referred in complimentary terms to Friar Kernahan's book on the subject.

The discussion was continued by Friars Haldane McFall, Coulson Kernahan, and several guests of the Friars.

On April 2nd the Club guest was Mr. Bonar Law, M.P., and the Prior, Friar G. B. Burgin, the subject for the evening being "The House of Commons—The Real and the Ideal."

Mr. Bonar Law, in the course of an exceedingly interesting description of the House of Commons, said that it did not live up to its old humorous traditions, and was, in fact, exceedingly dull. He sketched the way in which its work was carried out, and paid a high compliment to the care and caution exercised by our legislators.

The discussion was continued by Dr. Emil Reich, who confessed that he was disappointed with the lack of oratory in the House. Every other parliamentary body in the world displayed more eloquence than our somewhat stolid members of parliament, who always spoke from the head and never from the heart. Friar Spurgeon gave an interesting account of his own experiences in the House as a sketch writer and lobbyist. Mr. Arthur Diósy contrasted the English House of Commons with parliamentary procedure in Japan, and Mr. Henniker Heaton, M.P., denied that there was any lack of humour in the House.

On April 23rd the Club guest was Mr. W. W. Jacobs, and the Prior, Friar Dr. Robertson Nicoll, the topic for discussion being "Humour in and out of Fiction."

The Prior, after a determined struggle with the Club ritual, briefly introduced the guest of the evening, who made the customary humorous allusions to the secretary, and, in the course of a laughable speech, managed to avoid saying a word about the topic for discussion. His concluding anecdote related to a little girl who prayed that she might be made pure—absolutely pure—pure as Epps's cocoa. The discussion was continued by Mr. W. Pett Ridge, Friars Shan Bullock, Russell, Burgin, and others.

LADIES' BANQUET.

EVERYONE present thoroughly enjoyed the Ladies' Banquet, held at the Trocadero on Friday, April 30th. Friar Walter Runciman, M.P., Minister for Education, was Prior, Mrs. Runciman kindly receiving. The company numbered nearly 200.

The guests were :—The Lady Mayoress, Miss Nancy Truscott, Mr. Sheriff Baddeley, Mr. Hilaire Belloc, M.P., Mrs. W. K. Clifford, Mrs. H. Dudeney, The Rev. A. L. Felkin, Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, Mrs. Hitchcock, Miss Helen Mar, Miss E. M. Moore, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., Mrs. Alice Perrin, Mrs. K. C. Thurston, Miss Violet Hunt, Mr. Zangwill, Mrs. Zangwill.

THE PRIOR—Mrs. Runciman, Mrs. Anderson. FRIAR ST. JOHN ADCOCK—Mrs. St. John Adcock, Miss St. John Adcock, Mr. Stanhope Sprigg, Mrs. Stanhope Sprigg. FRIAR H. J. BROWN—Mrs. H. J. Brown, Mr. J. R. Farquharson, Mrs. J. R. Farquharson. FRIAR G. B. BURGIN—Mrs. G. B. Burgin. FRIAR SIR ERNEST CLARKE—Lady Clarke. FRIAR E. CLODD—Mrs. Edith Watkins. FRIAR DESMOND COKE—Lady Troubridge. FRIAR F. J. CROSS. FRIAR C. D. CROSS. FRIAR J. M. DENT—Mrs. Dent. FRIAR J. DRYSDALE. FRIAR OSMAN EDWARDS—Mrs. Osman Edwards, Dr. Albert Hillard, Mrs. Hillard. FRIAR FOSTER FRASER—Mrs. Foster Fraser, Mr. J. A. Corah, Mrs. Corah, Miss Corah, Dr. H. S. Lunn. FRIAR TOM GALLON—Miss Nellie Tom-Gallon, Mr. Ernest Denny, Mrs. Ernest Denny. FRIAR DOUGLAS GANE—Mrs. Gane. FRIAR A. G. GARDINER—Mrs. Gardiner. FRIAR REGINALD GEARD—Mrs. Reginald Geard, Miss Norah Geard, Mr. Fanto Evans, Mrs. Fanto Evans. FRIAR ALFRED GIBSON—Mrs. Gibson, Miss Gibson. FRIAR THE REV. C. H. GRUNDY—Miss Ella G. Grundy, Mr. J. T. Grein, Mr. C. A. Heimann, Mrs. C. A. Heimann, Mr. Bruce Winston. FRIAR H. A. HINKSON—"Katharine Tynan," Mrs. Blackwell, Miss Agatha Mayo. FRIAR THE REV. JOSEPH HOCKING—Mrs. Hocking, Miss Hocking, Mr. Robertson Dunlop, Mr. Frederick Dunlop, Miss Dunlop. FRIAR SILAS HOCKING—Mrs. Silas Hocking, Miss Hocking, Mr. Ernest Hocking, Mrs. Ernest Hocking, Mr. Rowland Corder, Mrs. Rowland Corder, Mr. George Grant, Dr. Morgan de Groot, Mrs. Morgan de Groot. FRIAR SIR ROBERT HUDSON—Miss Dorothy M. Hudson, Miss Sylvia Thompson. FRIAR G. THOMPSON HUTCHINSON—Mrs. Hutchinson, Miss Hutchinson, Mr. and

Mrs. J. R. Tennant. FRIAR W. G. LACY—Mrs. Lacy, Mr. S. Doune, Mrs. Doune. FRIAR ROBERT LEIGHTON—Mrs. Leighton, Miss Bessie Hatton. FRIAR MOSTYN PIGOTT. FRIAR G. MOULTON PIPER—Mrs. Piper. FRIAR A. D. POWER—Miss L. D. Power, Mrs. C. R. Blain, Miss M. G. Danvers, Mr. Arthur Reynolds. FRIAR ALGERNON ROSE—Mrs. Algernon Rose, Miss Llewella Davies, Mr. M. Bruce Williams, Mrs. M. Bruce Williams. FRIAR WILLIAM SENIOR—Mrs. Senior, Mrs. Sherringham, Miss Sherringham, Mr. C. E. Fagan. FRIAR W. N. SHANSFIELD—Mr. Reginald Bennett, Mrs. Reginald Bennett, Mr. H. Krauss Nield. FRIAR CLEMENT SHORTER—"Dora Sigerson." FRIAR W. B. SLATER—Mrs. Slater, Miss Slater. FRIAR WALTER SMITH—Mrs. Walter Smith, Mr. Charles E. Denny, Mrs. Denny, Mr. Henry E. Dudeney, Mr. Fernald, Mrs. Fernald, Miss Harker. FRIAR KEIGHLEY SNOWDEN—Mrs. Keighley Snowden. FRIAR ALFRED SPENCER—Mrs. Alfred Spencer, Miss V. Sefton Spencer, Mr. Garrett, Miss Hollingsworth, Mr. Mather, Mrs. Mather. FRIAR ARTHUR SPURGEON—Mrs. Spurgeon, Miss Edith Bestwick, Dr. Eric Bayley, Miss Fox, Miss Kathleen Walton. FRIAR BRAM STOKER. FRIAR PHILIP WILSON—Mrs. Philip Wilson, Miss Laura Ainsworth. THE HON SECRETARY—Mrs. Joseph Shaylor, Mr. Harold Shaylor, Mrs. Harold Shaylor, Mr. Sidney J. Shaylor, Mrs. Sidney J. Shaylor, Mr. F. Hanson, Mrs. F. Hanson.

The Prior proposed the toast of "Literature." He approached his task, he said, with all the modesty becoming a member of Parliament. He was not a literary man. He knew nothing of the craft of literary men, and there was no craft in his own profession. (Laughter.) It was true that in his profession there had been men who were also great writers, and he was proud to think that he had had the good fortune to serve in the same Government with one of the finest literary men England had produced—Lord Morley of Blackburn. He saw around him men and women who were responsible for literature as varied as the works of nature, and among them he would like to put in a prominent place his friend, Mr. Hilaire Belloc, who was to respond to the toast. Of Mr. Belloc it might be said that all his writings were absolutely useless, but in so far as they were useless they were good art, and he doubted whether any man living to-day had a finer choice of language or more glowing sense of style. Use was not a very good test of literature. One did not learn much from "Paradise Lost"—

one did not even learn good theology from it. He believed a Senior Wrangler once asked what it proved, and none had been able to answer the question. He supposed a cookery book was the most useful of all books, but he had yet to learn that Mrs. Beeton was a great author.

It was unnecessary to enumerate Mr. Belloc's works. He had not forgotten Mr. Belloc's "Caliban." He did not say it was a self-revelation, but it revealed a good many things to people in general. They welcomed Mr. Belloc among them, not only because he had written well, but because he was going to continue to write well. He did not believe English literature was coming to an end, or that it was even in its autumn. There were some people who feared that all possible contributions of thought and feeling and plot had been played out, just in the same way that some arithmetician had calculated the exact possible number of chords and phrases in music. The wells of inspiration were not yet exhausted, and he could ask the company to drink not only to literature of the past and present, but also of the future. (Applause.)

Mr. Hilaire Belloc responded with felicitous humour, and confessed that writing as a trade he abominated. He never meant to take it up, and the first opportunity he found of dropping it he should drop it. It was the hardest continuous labour he knew, and the most disappointing, with the possible exception of acting; it was the one which produced the greatest number of petty vices in the human soul—vanity, bearing false witness, and a number of others which he could not detail. His friends who took to literature easily, who wrote with lucidity and sense, and seemed to like writing, had always been his admiration, his envy, and his despair. Yet he honestly believed that in the course of earning his living he had written everything except an epic poem.

Mr. Zangwill proposed "The Ladies." He admitted some surprise at the nature of the gathering, having supposed that the White Friars were a monastic body whose members, like the monks of Mount St. Athos, never looked upon the face of a woman. Even the presence of a Cabinet Minister in the chair had not protected them from the encroachments of women. He had seen some rhymes:

> O woman, in our hours of ease,
> Uncertain, coy, and hard to please;
> When Woman's Suffrage makes a row,
> A ministerial nuisance thou

But, seriously, he did not consider women were best served by being considered angels. The truth was, women were neither angels, as modern poets declared, nor devils, as mediæval monks supposed, but just as human as men. In one of her early novels Sarah Grand ran a theory that whatever there was of good in a child came from its mother, and whatsoever there was of bad from its father. But men and women were not two separate races, and that might explain why women refused to be so tremendously inferior to men even in the sphere of work in which men were eminent. Men might leave women out of their Cabinets, but they could not help the genius of politics passing to the female. He was less surprised at the new movement of womanhood, because the more he thought about it the more it came home to him that our conception of woman's proper function had really gone backward in the course of the ages, and not forward. In the middle ages there were great abbesses, great founders of orders, great women saints. Our idea of a woman as a home pet is a modern invention. In Catholic art there was sex equality, and the woman saint had her halo like the male saint. It had struck him, in the famous frescoes of Giotto representing the seven virtues, that of the seven—faith, hope, charity, justice, prudence, fortitude, and temperance—only faith was represented by a male figure, and that probably because it enabled a man wearing pontifical robes and carrying the banner to head the procession. He believed women still manifested these virtues to a high degree, and in toasting "The Ladies" he invited the company to drink to hope, charity, justice, prudence, fortitude, and temperance.

Miss Helen Mar, in responding, said that, to tell the plain, honest truth, she believed that women deserved all that had just been said about them. Did not they wave flags, and even chain themselves to marble effigies of men, because in the flesh men thrust women away and would not listen to their plea? She was grateful for the recognition of women in the social way, though men had not yet asked them to assist in settling the affairs of the nation.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., in proposing "Our Prior," said that in his long Parliamentary experience he had not known any other man who had risen so surely to high position in the State with the appreciation of everyone.

Prior Runciman, in responding, remarked that last autumn he had some experience of monastic orders other than the White-

friars. For months his lot was cast among bishops. Now it was cast among schoolmasters. He must admit he felt more at home among the White Friars. He had been a member of the Club for seven or eight years, and had spent some of his happiest evenings among the members. The White Friars still kept up the traditions of their order; they not only kept on fraternal terms with those greater than themselves, but also with those less fortunate. He was sure that not the greatest sins of any Chancellor of the Exchequer would prevent the Whitefriars Club from doing its duty to its less fortunate brethren.

After an exceedingly good musical programme, supplied by Miss Katherine Vincent, Messrs. Albert Garcia, Nelson Jackson, and Alexander Webster, the Friars and their guests adjourned to the Alexandra Room for "coffee and conversation."

CLUB NOTES.

THE various Priors for the house dinners were: Friars Shan F. Bullock, W. H. Helm, and A. St. John Adcock. Friar Lee Campbell was unable to take the chair on April 16th, and Friar Alfred H. Miles kindly officiated in his stead.

THE sudden and severe illness (pleurisy and pneumonia) of Friar Leighton, the editor of "The Journal," has evoked much sympathy from Friars. The Committee take this opportunity of expressing their sincere sympathy for Mrs. Leighton, and hope that Friar Leighton will soon be restored to his customary health.

IT is announced that Friar A. E. W. Mason, owing to the difficulty of combining literary and political work, will not seek re-election to the House of Commons at the next General Election. Friar Sir Gilbert Parker, on the other hand, finds that political life stimulates literary production. The subject would make an interesting debate for one of the Club dinners.

THE passing of George Meredith is deeply felt by his fellow White Friars, who will always be proud to remember that he was one of the brotherhood, and that he never ceased to be interested in its welfare. Many will recall the delightful afternoon spent

at Flint Cottage in July, 1902, and all will regret that such a visit can never be paid again. Yet to talk of the "death" of George Meredith seems a misuse of words. The author of "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," "Diana of the Crossways," and "The Egoist" cannot die so long as any are left who, even in part, appreciate splendid imagination, exquisite art, and courageous philosophy, and who can respond to the influence of a noble mind that was proof against the importunities of prejudice and convention in the criticism of life.

It is with much pleasure that the Committee have arranged that the Summer Pilgrimage shall be to Colchester on Saturday, June 26th. Friar Gurney Benham, who is Mayor of the ancient Borough, most kindly suggested that, as the Pageant in the Castle Park will be of rare brilliance and historic interest, we might make a pleasant departure from our usual custom and, with a short railway journey, combine a glance at one of the most beautiful of Essex villages with an hour's carriage drive to Colchester for entertainment there. This suggestion will be warmly welcomed, and all the necessary arrangements have been made. Special seats in the Grand Stand will be secured, and it is hoped that a large number of Friars, with their ladies, will avail themselves of this unique opportunity, and apply to the Hon. Secretary for tickets at the earliest possible date.

The Pageant, which has been designed by Mr. Louis Parker, will illustrate the dawn of Christianity in England, with varying incidents in its progress down to the siege of Colchester in 1648, with a final imposing tableau and great Rose Festival. This will form an unique spectacle, and will precede the march past of the entire company of nearly 3,000 performers.

The Mayor-Prior has kindly invited the Friars and their guests to luncheon at the Town Hall. Dinner will be provided at the "Red Lion."

Liverpool Street will be reached on the return journey at 9.30 p.m.

G. B.

Whitefriars Club. . . .

Ladies' Banquet.

THE Committee have pleasure in announcing that the Ladies' Banquet will be held at the Trocadero Restaurant, on Friday, April 30th, 1909, under the Priorship of

Friar

The Right Hon. Walter Runciman, M.P.

A Reception will be held by Mrs. Runciman and the Prior, in the Alexandra Room, at half-past six o'clock.

Dinner will be served in the Empire Room at seven o'clock.

The Lord Mayor, who will be accompanied by the Lady Mayoress