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Edited by FRIAR G. B. BURGIN.

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CLUB DIARY.

The Spring Session was opened on January 28th by a congratulatory dinner to Friar Sir William Robertson Nicoll, LL.D.

Prior Clement E. Shorter, in welcoming the guest of the evening, gracefully alluded to the honour which had been so recently conferred upon him, and expressed great gratification at the representative nature of the attendance at the dinner.

In opening a discussion on "Literary Journalism," the guest of the evening acknowledged his pleasure at the kindly reception accorded him, and said:—

"There are seven ways of reviewing; yea, there are eight. But at present it will be enough to stick to the seven.

"I.—THE OSTENTATIOUS ESSAY.

"The reviewer in this kind of essay has little or nothing to say about the book which is supposed to be under notice. He takes occasion to display his own knowledge, and is recalled to the fact that he is expected to write, not an essay, but a review, at the eleventh hour, when there is but a corner of his space to be filled.

"Suppose he has to deal with a new edition of the 'Letters of Obscure Men,' edited, and edited carefully, let us say, by Mr. Smith. The ostentatious essayist will begin early. He may perhaps trace the first glimmerings of the dawn of the new learning in Europe, penetrating into the darkness of the scholastic philosophy. The dispute between the Nominalists and Realists will next engage him, and William of Occam presents an inviting theme, especially if the reviewer happens to know Principal Lindsay's essay on that subject. Quotations from Cardinal Nicolas von Cusa and Rudolf Agricola look well.

"Next a brief survey of the Italian Renaissance literature and an estimate of its influence on the Germans may come in. Readers are referred to the works of Geiger, with which the reviewer is apparently on the most intimate terms. A few

sagacious though inconclusive observations on the authorship of the letters are now in order, and by this time the critic has wakened up to the fact that two and seven-eighths of the three columns allowed him as a maximum by a grudging and reluctant editor have been filled. Suddenly the book before him catches his eye. It occurs to him that he was meant to review it. He will probably feel some compunctions, and end his task with a complimentary sentence, in which that convenient phrase 'on the whole' is pretty certain to occur.

"This is not the worst kind of review. It is a kind detested by authors and disliked by publishers, but if it is well done by a competent person the reader may get some good of it.

"II.—THE HYPERCRITICAL REVIEW.

"By this I mean the review of the expert who is intent on finding mistakes. The passion for accuracy is admirable, and in many cases in which books are written with scandalous ignorance and carelessness the expert is doing the public a service when he exposes a fraud. Many shoddy pseudo-historical books of our time ought to be reviewed much more thoroughly and severely than they are. But the passion for accuracy may mislead a reviewer. It may even carry him unawares into a certain malicious pedantry.

"There is perhaps no such field for the hypercritic as accents. Accents are troublesome in French, in Italian, in Greek, and no doubt in many languages not known to me. In an English book where French is freely used the accents are perhaps hardly ever quite rightly given. But I call it hypercriticism when a reviewer writes: 'Our author is evidently unaware that the word *déjà* has two accents in French.' Or when he writes: 'Mr. —— fancies that he can read Italian, yet we see him actually putting an acute accent on the word *è*.'

"Next to accents the great chance for the hypercritic is to be found in dates. Hardly any writer is immaculate in that respect. Some readers may remember James Rowley's attack on J. R. Green's 'Short History of England,' published in *Fraser* many years ago. Rowley was undoubtedly right in many of his criticisms, but S. R. Gardiner gave the proper reply when he said that mistakes in dates did not necessarily prove much, if anything, against the real merits of a book. E. A. Freeman was not a fair critic on the whole, and he made a great deal too much of trivial inaccuracies. Since he died, historians have

risen who have disputed many of his own statements. Still, I say the hypercritic has a chance, especially if he knows the difference between old style and new style. 'Dr. —— is under the extraordinary misconception that Calvin died in 1561.' The hypercritic should bear two facts in mind. (1) No historical book was ever written that did not contain some slips. (2) In many cases the slips are due to the printer. It may be said that the author should correct them in proof. So he should, but many authors are bad proof readers. Also it will happen that the printers fail to carry out corrections made in proof. Well, then, I am told, authors should get friends to correct their proofs for them. Do people understand what it means to correct the proofs of a historical book properly? It means that you must practically go over the whole ground trodden by the author, and that for no reward. The casual glancing at proofs is a good service to a friend, and may help him to avoid obvious blunders, but to expect any friend to revise proofs as they should be revised is to expect too much.

"The hypercritic therefore ought to show some modesty and consideration. Unless he can prove that his author is really untrustworthy he should make allowance for some mistakes, and accept them as misprints if he can.

"Here I may relate a little experience which raises an ethical question. Some years ago I reviewed a little biography by a well-known author, and remarked that the proofs had not been properly read. The author wrote to me saying that he had taken special pains with his proofs, putting them in the hands of some well-known men of letters, whom he named. He asked me to specify the mistakes I had found. I put the letter aside intending to look up the book again and reply, and unfortunately and disgracefully forgot all about it. Later on in an essay on critics the same writer returned to the charge. He said that generally speaking he had been well treated by reviewers, but that on one occasion a man (meaning me) had said that his proofs had not been well read, etc., etc. On this I looked up the book in question, and found a certain number of errors in the first few pages. Then irritation calmed down, and I simply could not compel myself to go over the book again. There the matter rests, but I may yet read the book and take up the controversy. My conduct in forgetting the letter was inexcusable, but was I bound to read the book a second time and supply the author with a list of corrections? I think not.

"III.—THE-MAN-OF-ALL-WORK'S REVIEW.

"To almost every journal is attached a reviewer who is a man-of-all-work. It is his business to do the short reviews. He is understood to be able and willing to undertake any parcel of volumes that may be sent to him. His parcel may contain—will contain—all sorts and conditions of books, novels, treatises about Christian Science and Anglo-Israelitism, school-books, editions of the classics, medical books, works on 'The Secret of the Universe,' and minor poems. He has to get notices of these into a column or two. This man-of-all-work is generally an intelligent person. He can see whether an author is obviously incompetent. He knows all about 'and which' and the 'split infinitive.' He can tell by looking at the authorities quoted what class each volume belongs to. Above all things, he knows where the ice is thin. He is exceedingly cautious in committing himself. As he is not usually well paid, he deals in extracts as much as possible.

"This gentleman finds in his parcel one evening a work on that extensive subject, 'The Stellar Universe.' He does not know any astronomy; he cannot name a single star in the heavens, but he examines the book, beginning with the preface. The preface, if judiciously written, supplies him with a fair portion of the review. Then he turns to the titles of the chapters, and enumerates them more or less fully. He then looks to see whether there is anything about the inhabitants of Mars, and quotes a racy passage, headed in black type, Is Mars Inhabited? Then comes an appetising little extract, also headed, on the Craters of the Moon. If he is very young, he will probably assert his individuality by saying that if the moon is inhabited, the fact that so large a space is occupied by only one individual must press hard on the minds of really serious thinkers. This the reviewing editor will be sure to blue pencil. The last sentence will be something like this: 'This volume is well worth consulting by all students of astronomy.' The publishers are moderately satisfied with this review; the author is not at all satisfied. But the miscellaneous reviewer is not such a fool as people think him. He knows his way about through snares and pitfalls, and generally has travelled it for many a mile.

"IV.—THE PUFF.

"This kind of review is ancient and lively. We need not go far to find it; we shall never need to go far.

"Mr. Vaughan Robinson's very latest work of fiction is to be noticed, and the notice runs thus: 'Mr. Vaughan Robinson's enormous and world-wide public will hail with rapturous delight the appearance of this masterpiece of fiction. In our opinion he touches in this book his high-water mark. As compared with his novel which we reviewed three months ago, this book shows an amazing literary development. There is much in these pages which reminds us of Dickens—the rich humour, the bubbling gaiety, the vivid and graphic sketches of character. But in the quiet and deadly irony of some of his passages, Mr. Vaughan Robinson has no rival, save, perhaps, in the immortal pages of Thackeray. In this instance, however, comparisons are idle. Mr. Vaughan Robinson has the gift of condensation. He wastes no space, introduces no irrelevant episodes, and no otiose reflections. In 100,000 words, or fewer, he does the work which Thackeray and Dickens barely accomplished in 500,000.'

"'This kind of review probably pleases authors, but I doubt whether it does them much good. In one of his stories Ian Maclaren satirises the gushing testimonial written by the Rev. Professor MacDuff MacLeear, D.D., for a probationer. In this the professor describes the Rev. Hiram Clunas as 'a ripe scholar, a profound divine, an eloquent preacher, a faithful pastor, an experienced Christian, with an attractive and popular manner, and general knowledge of a varied and rich character.' The testimonial that is worth while is that from the great scholar, Dr. Zechariah Carphin, who describes his friend as 'fully competent to expound the Hebrew Scriptures after an accurate and spiritual fashion, to any body of intelligent people.'

"'Pardon me, it is my foolishness, but you notice "fully"; this extremity of language is, I need not say, undeserved, but that Dr. Carphin should have written it is . . . a compensation for many little disappointments.'

"V.—THE MALIGNANT REVIEW.

"I wish I could say that the malignant review was extinct. It is happily not so common as it was. Happily also, respectable editors are setting their faces against it. Still you come across it pretty often. It is a review in which a book has been judged before it has been read. The author is criticised not for what he has written, but for his particular views, political or religious. The word goes round that no good thing can come out of that camp, and so work of genuine merit is pooh-poohed. The history

of literary criticism in this country—it is not a very long history—has many dark pages recording these iniquities. Far worse is the case of a reviewer who has a personal quarrel with his author, and tries to avenge himself. This also is not rare. No man of honour will ever allow himself to criticise a book by a man who is a personal antagonist. Let him seek refuge if he must in a Salvation Army shelter; anything rather than run the risk of indulging personal rancour by an apparently honest and candid criticism. The day will come when this kind of attack will be considered so infamous as to debar its perpetrators from all decent society, and exclude them from all respectable newspapers.

"VI.—THE HONESTLY ENTHUSIASTIC REVIEW.

"There is no such pleasure in a reviewer's life as when he comes across a book of sterling merit by an author previously unknown to him. Then he legitimately enjoys to the full the noble pleasure of praising. It is not a very common experience by the very nature of the case. To find a sovereign where you expected to find at most sixpence is a surprise. But open and appreciative minds do come on this pleasure sometimes, and it is a pleasure which often leads to much. It is no easy matter for a new writer, however gifted, to make his way. If there is stuff in him he will come to his own by degrees, but he may be spared many a heart-ache by a strong and cordial word of praise at the right time. The happy reviewer who has a chance of speaking this word may occasionally find that his life has been enriched by a precious friendship.

"VII.—THE RIGHT KIND OF REVIEW.

"By the right kind of review I mean the honest and careful criticism of a competent judge. Let me suppose that I have written a sound book on Socialism, giving thereto a careful study of many months and of many books in various languages. It will please me if I find my critic saying that the subject has been carefully studied, and that the results are presented in a clear and impartial way. But something more than that should be found here and there. Let me have a critic who knows more than I do, or at least who has read in directions I have not followed out. Let me be able to see that he has read and pondered and understood all I have written. His praise will then be very sweet. His criticisms will be thankfully received and considered,

even when they are not accepted. I shall feel to my critic as Charlotte Brontë felt to Sydney Dobell when she read his review of her sister's 'Wuthering Heights.' 'The article in the *Palladium* is one of those notices over which an author rejoices trembling. He rejoices to find his work finely, fully, fervently appreciated, and trembles under the responsibility such appreciation seems to devolve upon him.' There ought to be at least some periodicals and newspapers in this country in which an author who has done his duty may look for just appraisement."

The discussion was continued by Friar Anthony Hope, Professor Dennis, Friar Sir F. Carruthers Gould, Mr. William Archer, Sir George Riddell, and Friars Charles Garvice, Bram Stoker, and G. B. Burgin.

On Friday, February 4th, the Club guest was Dr. Bernard Hollander. Friar Robert Leighton was the Prior, and the topic of conversation was "What are the causes of the apparent increase in insanity?"

The Prior, on introducing the guest of the evening, referred to Dr. Hollander as an eminent brain expert and the practical exponent of a scientific phrenology wholly distinct from the empirical craniology of Gall and Spurzheim. Dr. Hollander's claim to recognition as a specialist in his particular line of inquiry and practice lay in his system of investigation into the localisation of the mental functions of the brain and his skill in the surgical and hypnotic treatment of insanity. By his diagnosis of symptoms and the outward manifestations of brain disturbance, he was able immediately to localise the seat of a lesion or contusion and to concentrate his treatment upon the diseased point. In these directions he was certainly original, and the Friars, who appreciate originality wherever it is to be found, were glad to welcome him as their guest.

Dr. Bernard Hollander stated that the real cause of the increase of insanity is undoubtedly the higher civilisation of to-day which renders the nervous system more refined, more sensitive, more irritable, and less resisting to adverse influences. Owing to the spread of civilisation and education amongst the masses, the number of insane has correspondingly increased. Taking it from that point of view, namely that with increased culture and prosperity insanity increases, such increase means really a higher development of the people. Here is an example

which supports this view. Everyone knows the great disparity in culture, industry and prosperity of the northern provinces of Italy as compared to the south. Now official figures show that in the northern provinces there are from 16—25 persons insane for every 10,000 of the population, whereas in the southern provinces there are only 1—6 persons per 10,000.

An undeveloped nervous system can give rise to idiocy and imbecility only and not to insanity, hence there are no lunatic savages, animals, and infants.

That the higher civilisation has really increased our sensibility is borne out by the fact that we suffer pain more keenly, and few of us can submit nowadays to even a mild surgical operation without an anæsthetic, whereas our grandfathers before the discovery of chloroform in 1847 submitted to such big operations as the amputation of a limb with full consciousness.

The liability of men of genius to insanity is due to their great sensibility. Sensations and observations which the ordinary man hardly notices are transformed by gifted men to great creations; at the same time disappointed hopes, failures, and adversity are felt more keenly by them. Formerly, too, a disorderly life was indulged in especially by literary geniuses, which they fondly believed to help their inspiration, but fortunately this is both unnecessary and impossible now; hence, our literary men are saner. Literary people and artists are perhaps more subject to oddities, sensitive pride, extreme irritability, which tend to imperfect equilibrium, and may make them neurotic, but not insane.

As regards the causes of insanity, they are of considerable complexity. Amongst what may be called the psychical causes are the restless spirit of the age, the struggle to maintain appearances, disappointed hopes, concealed grief and domestic incompatibilities, the intense competition in all pursuits, the breakneck race for wealth, place and power, and the feverish activity of life in general. Not only are we always in a hurry, but we should be ashamed to admit that it was otherwise. Our haste is further increased by the greater rapidity of communication, and such factors as steam, electricity, telegraph, and telephone. Then the roaring traffic grates on our nerves, if not consciously, at least unconsciously. All these factors tend to undermine nervous resistance.

Intellectual work is rarely a cause so long as the effort made is natural, for warning follows; but many fly to stimulants—

alcohol, tea, coffee, and narcotics—and with their aid suspend the warning influences of exhaustion. Over-work is rarely injurious, but the superadded emotional strain is, for emotions are not limited in activity to the brain, but affect the bodily organs as well. Worry, anxiety, and fear exhaust the nervous energy and cause damage also through the insomnia which they produce. Unfortunately, work and worry are closely connected.

All " prolonged " emotions exhaust the brain and may get out of control. Thus, excessive anger may lead to acute mania, excessive fear to melancholia, excessive suspicion to delusions of persecution, excessive conceit and vanity to delusions of exaltation. Love, passion, jealousy, avarice, may all get out of control by being too ardently indulged in.

Of the internal causes the most important (besides degeneration of the brains of aged people resulting in childishness and dementia) is the factor of heredity. Only it must not be thought that insanity is transferable to any great degree to the offspring, for it is in only 23 per cent. of all insane that a family history of insanity can be obtained. What is really hereditary is an unstable nervous system, which may have shown itself in a number of ways in the ancestry without any having been insane. In fact, it would appear that the danger of association with lunatics is greater than heredity, for sometimes whole families are affected by one genuine insane, and it is well known that asylum-physicians, after years of association with lunatics, have themselves become affected.

Between twenty-four and forty-five are the most common ages in which insanity occurs. The abnormalities which appear early in life are chiefly weak-mindedness, idiocy, and imbecility. Amongst physical causes the chief one is injury, a slight blow on the head sufficing to produce insanity many years after; but fortunately, when this cause can be traced, sanity can as a rule be restored by surgical operation.

There are a number of toxic causes, bacteria of all sorts, produced from diseased organs of the body, which can affect the brain. But these are more fit to be the subject of a medical lecture. There are other poisons, however, which we must mention, namely alcohol, morphine, cocaine, lead, etc. Here sometimes the patient's occupation has something to do with his insanity. Thus alcoholic insanity is common in cabmen from exposure, printers go insane from lead poisoning, and laundry workers from carbonic oxide. Alcohol, in Dr. Hollander's

opinion, is exaggerated as a cause. It is really the effect of an insane tendency. He has found that it is "rank poison" to brains unstable, injured, or diseased. People drink to excess whose brains are already defective, but the percentage of those in whom the defect is due to excessive drink is not so great as is commonly stated. We all know that intemperance is declining while the insanity rate is increasing, and we also know that insanity is as prevalent among the Society of Friends as in the general population.

Another cause of increase is postponement of treatment of the insane because of the stigma which is attached to a certified lunatic and the disqualification residence in an asylum leaves behind. The asylum has been made brighter, more sanitary, and fields and workshops have been supplied for those who can be employed; but treatment has not advanced, and the recovery rate is still the same. No attempt is made to get the patient out of the mental groove, no individual treatment is possible. This is the fault of the system. Asylum-physicians are insufficient in number; there is only one doctor to 350 or 400 patients. As a rule, boys fresh from school are preferred, who can have little or no knowledge of practical psychology and of human nature. Only men brought up in asylum grooves are made superintendents, that is to say, men who never see the early and curable stages before certification. Superintendents have to be farmers, stewards, caterers, treasurers, business managers, have to do a lot of clerical work, records, reports, and correspondence, in addition to being physicians, and as such, treatment of the common ailments of the inmates requires so much attention that it is a wonder they have any time left for the study of the mental states of their patients. The remedy for this defect of the asylum system would be to open these institutions to visiting physicians, the same as general hospitals have their honorary visiting staff.

Lunatics should be allowed to associate as long as possible with healthy beings, and this method is carried out with success in the family colonies in Scotland and Belgium. Twenty per cent. of all pauper lunatics in Scotland are living in private dwellings; in Gheel, in Belgium, 1,100 patients live in 600 dwellings, small cottages and farm houses.

The disease should be arrested before it is fully developed. It is estimated that 80 per cent. of recent cases are open to treatment. Curable cases should be sent to mental hospitals, so-called reception houses, where they can be detained from two

to three weeks before being sent to the asylum. Every English borough, as every German city of 50,000 inhabitants, should have such a hospital for mental disorders with a staff of resident and visiting physicians and facilities for research and treatment.

Lunatics must be treated like ordinary patients. This has been done successfully by Dr. Marr at Woodilee Asylum, near Glasgow, who has a reception house for recent cases through which already 15,000 patients have passed without restraint. No day nurse has keys, the doors being open all day; the windows are open night and day. Similarly Dr. Toogood, at the Lewisham Infirmary, keeps patients for fourteen days before sending them to the asylum; he has no padded rooms, and uses no mechanical restraint whatever.

It is true the London County Council intends to establish experimentally such a reception house in London, but according to their report it is to be feared that it will be a very small affair entirely inadequate for the needs of London.

Dr. Percy W. Ames, LL.D., F.S.A., etc., said that his hobby was physiology of the brain, and proceeded to deal with its normal and abnormal developments. Insanity was a disease of the mind, and the physiological view of modern doctors a great advance in dealing with it. He felt sure that the scientific phrenological division of the brain would materially assist in discovering how to treat certain cases. He knew a great many authors, and they were just as sane as other people. What really produced insanity was worry. The great thing was to give the brain sufficient rest.

Mr. Douglas Sladen remarked that Darwin had collected statistics as to the children of first cousins, and could not discover that the fact of their parents being cousins made any difference. People often became mad from boredom. He knew a family living in the Australian bush, and every one of its members was mad. If families intermarried a great deal, the fact undoubtedly helped to produce insanity. At Cookham, for instance, where he had been spending the summer, half the lower classes were imbeciles owing to intermarriage. The speaker came to the conclusion that if a man wished to remain sane, he must amuse himself. "Partial indulgence, even in vices, seems to be wholesome and recreative." The great difficulty with insanity was that the relations of the person who was becoming insane waited until he was insane before calling in a doctor.

Mr. Constant Huntington, in discussing insanity in America,

said that in New England, during the end of the last century, many people undoubtedly went mad owing to spiritual exaltation. Jonathan Edwards' sermons "In the Hands of an Angry God" frightened many otherwise sane persons into the asylums. Even the children worried themselves about the Deity, and one little girl asked her mother what was God's Christian name. The mother replied that she did not know; whereupon the little girl said: "I shall always call Him Percy." A Protestant was once telling a meeting that he had dreamed that he was in heaven and saw a door marked "Jews' Heaven." He peeped through it, and found that all the Jews there were carrying on their business as usual. A Rabbi also stood up and said that he had dreamed he was in heaven and saw a door marked "Protestant Heaven." He went in, and there wasn't anyone there. We should always remember that there are two sides to a man, the material and the spiritual. People exhaust themselves too much nowadays. No man can keep his sanity when each day is decided by outside influences. One should develop the spiritual side of one's nature as a rest from the material side. The imaginative side was particularly valuable in this respect. A mother was driving with her little boy one day when the boy saw a rabbit and asked his mother what it was. The absent-minded mother did not see it. He saw another, and repeated his question. She saw nothing, and said that it was nothing but his imagination. The boy thought for a moment and then said: "Well, mother, are imaginations always white behind?"

The Prior then thanked the Club guest, and Dr. Bernard Hollander replied.

Friar Walter Jerrold was the Prior at the House Dinner on February 11th, when he was supported by seven or eight members.

On Friday, February 18th, the Club guest was Mr. George Whale. Friar Richard Whiteing was the Prior, and the topic of conversation, "Why I love Dr. Johnson."

The Prior felicitously introduced the guest of the evening as a sheep who had strayed from the fold inasmuch as he was an ex-Friar. The White Friars cordially welcomed him back again, and hoped that he would one day rejoin them. Personally, he

anticipated a delightful address from so well-known an authority on all that pertained to the great man who was the subject of the evening's discussion.

Mr. Whale, in opening the discussion, said that men of letters whom we wished to remember might be divided into those whom we respected, those whom we loved, and those whom we both loved and respected. Gibbon and Smollett were examples of those to be respected rather than loved. Johnson was one to be both respected and loved—both as an author and as a man. Dr. Johnson maintained the dignity of literature in an age when it was much depressed and largely dependent upon patronage. Johnson took an independent stand which compelled respect. His letter to Chesterfield* was the knell of patronage. He also recognised that literature was only of importance in relation to life. His Dictionary, at the time it was produced, was a great achievement, and was compiled under much hardship. Johnson's poetry, especially the "Vanity of Human Wishes," and "London," evinced high feeling. His poems have been greatly admired by Byron and Sir Walter Scott, and when the fashion of poetic taste changed again, they would be admired once more. As to Johnson's prose, it was only the people who had not studied it who regarded it as pompous. Upon this subject, Mr. Whale quoted Professors Earle and Raleigh of Oxford.

Johnson was an enemy of slang. His "Lives of the Poets" was a joy for ever to those who loved literary history. Apart from his work as an author, Johnson was to be loved as a man of vigorous understanding and humour and one of kindly heart. Boswell and Macaulay had exaggerated Johnson's defects. They were also partly the result of inherited bad health. It was incredible that Johnson's roughness should have been so excessive when we consider his friends amongst the distinguished men and women of the day, such as Garrick and Goldsmith, that blandest

* This is the text of part of the letter referred to.—EDITOR.

"Seven years, my lord, have now passed since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it at last to the verge of completion without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a Patron before. . . . Is not a Patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it."

of men Sir Joshua Reynolds, and such women as Fanny D'Arblay, Mrs. Thrale, and the stately Mrs. Montague, whose house, where Johnson was present at great receptions, still stood at the corner of Grosvenor Square.

Johnson, as Goldsmith said, had nothing of the bear but the skin. His kindliness of heart was proved by many references in Boswell. When some predecessor of the Charity Organisation Society asked Johnson why he gave money to beggars, he said, "To help them to beg on still." His house was an asylum for several poor people who enjoyed the residence much more than the owner did, and who by their quarrels often rendered Johnson miserable; yet he endured it out of kindness. That house in Bolt Court was often mentioned in the greatest of biographies, Boswell's "Life of Johnson."

Johnson's humour, which sometimes seemed to give people hard knocks, really afforded no just ground for offence. A Scotch lady quoted Johnson's Dictionary definition of "oats" as "a food for men in Scotland and of horses in England," and assured Johnson that they gave oats to their horses also in Scotland. Johnson replied: "Madam, I am glad that you treat your horses as well as you do your men." Mr. Whale gave other illustrations of Johnson's humour, and asked why these should be seriously resented. He then spoke of Johnson's vigour of mind which kept up his intellectual interests to the end and made him passionately devoted to conversation and to clubs, where he was always very great. Human society is one of the greatest wants of the healthy mind.

The address concluded with a reference to Johnson's and Boswell's visit to Greenwich in July, 1763, and to the boy who rowed them down the river. Then came the time when, as they stood by the Observatory on the hill in Greenwich Park, Johnson said, "This is fine, sir." "But not so fine as Fleet Street, sir," said Boswell. "You are right, sir," said Johnson. When he (Mr. Whale) recollected that they were that night in Fleet Street and the hospitality which he enjoyed, he also agreed with Boswell and would remember that present occasion in Fleet Street when next he stood, as he often did, on the hill in Greenwich Park where Johnson and Boswell surveyed the scene.

The Prior suggested that it would be well to remember that the Club was in Fleet Street, and begin by limiting the discussion a little to Fleet Street. For that reason he called upon Friar Sir Francis Carruthers Gould, the *doyen* of Fleet Street.

Friar Sir Francis Carruthers Gould said that there was a delicate touch on the menu to-night, as they had been provided with veal to welcome the return of the prodigal son, the guest of the evening, to the club of which he had once been a member. In the words of Dr. Johnson, "A whale must every now and then come to the surface to spout." Being in a somewhat cynical frame of mind, he had asked himself why he loved Dr. Johnson, and came to the conclusion that he did not. If he did, the principal reason was because Dr. Johnson was dead. If he had been alive during the General Election and had been a member of the Whitefriars Club and had lunched there every day, they would have come to loggerheads. Dr. Johnson was not altogether lovable. He had prejudices, was rather cantankerous and domineering; but after listening to the eloquent pleas put forward on his behalf by the guest of the evening, the speaker found himself converted. Even if he did not love Dr. Johnson, he was bound to respect him. Here was a man born in bitter poverty, proud, with physical disabilities, a rugged man who lived in an age of silks and satins and velvets; and yet no man stands out more clearly against the background of the eighteenth century. This would not have happened had it not been for Boswell. Dr. Johnson was a literary power but not a literary genius. Still, the fact remains that Johnson was the most prominent person of the eighteenth century, although it produced so many great men. He was so thoroughly British, a sort of Chesterton of that time, but rather dyspeptic. We have heard of his rolling down hill to pleasure himself when he was sixty-seven or sixty-eight. "I hope," the speaker added, "when I get to that age that I, too, shall take my keys out of my pocket, lay them aside, and roll down hill."

Friar Clement Shorter had been sitting next to a newly-elected member of Parliament, and could not help thinking that if he were in that gentleman's place he would call attention to the fact that Dr. Johnson's name was omitted from the dome of the British Museum Reading Room. Next, he would inform the House of Commons that there is no statue of Dr. Johnson in London. He would also urge the necessity for the nation's buying Dr. Johnson's house in Gough Square. In enumerating the reasons why we love Dr. Johnson, Mr. Whale omitted to mention his prayers and meditations, which were among the most impressive and beautiful in the language.

Friar Gurney Benham, of Colchester, said that Dr. Johnson

had once visited that town. The visit is recorded by Boswell. They stayed at the White Hart, and after supper Dr. Johnson "spoke with uncommon fervour about good eating." The eighteenth century was always so interesting because, owing to its contrasts and contradictions, it was the most difficult to understand. We all owe a great debt of gratitude to Boswell. Dr. Johnson was entirely free from the snobbery of a snobbish age. He "loved a good hater." His faults and failings were those of an honest man with a good head and a good heart. Whatever our religious beliefs, we cannot help being touched by Dr. Johnson's simple, natural, unaffected piety. We ought to love Johnson and love Boswell also. The speaker always felt indignant when he saw Boswell's many faults exposed. In spite of his serious failings, we ought to forgive him anything on account of his having given us one of the most delightful, the most perfect, books which English literature possesses.

Mr. H. B. Wheatley, Past Prior of the Johnson Club, was of opinion that "We all agree in loving Dr. Johnson, but I want to know why it is we love him now. He has always been respected and highly esteemed, but I don't remember when I was a boy that the feeling, which is now so universal, of loving him was the feeling of the general public. Though the dictionary was a great work at the time, modern discoveries in philology have put it out of the running; but it still holds its position of being the dictionary with the most splendid explanation of the words. No other dictionary has ever equalled it in that respect."

Mr. Denny, the well-known bookseller, was really at a loss to know why he should love Dr. Johnson. He had been selling Dr. Johnson for thirty years and hoped to go on selling him for another thirty. Beyond that, he was afraid that he had little personal feeling in the matter.

Friar Gilbert Coleridge told a story of Dr. Johnson and Wharton, the Principal of Trinity College, Oxford. Sir Joshua Reynolds painted a very good portrait of Dr. Johnson for the College and, in his desire for accuracy, the Doctor urged Reynolds not to forget to "put in the warts." Wharton placed a Latin inscription beneath the portrait, the substance of which amounted to "Great genius lies hid under this rough exterior." Johnson was told of this, and when he visited Trinity College, went to see the picture. Wharton, who had heard of his coming, took the inscription away lest Dr. Johnson should feel insulted.

Johnson looked at the portrait, then turned to Wharton and said: "Sir, it was kind of you to put the inscription I have heard of under the picture; and it was not unkind of you to take it away."

Friar Helm, in continuing the discussion, remarked that someone had said that Dr. Johnson had no snobbery. That wanted saying, as it was one of the most striking things about him. There was also an utter absence of cant. If anyone wished to say anything against Dr. Johnson, it might be well to examine his position as a critic of poetry. Thackeray once quoted the concluding lines of "The Dunciad" in proof of his contention that Pope was really a great poet. He tells us that on one occasion when these lines were quoted, someone said to Dr. Johnson that Pope was so proud of them that he was overwhelmed with emotion when he quoted them. "And well he might be," said Dr. Johnson. But many things had been fathered on Dr. Johnson of which he was innocent. In particular, the "'Sir,' said Dr. Johnson, 'let us take a walk down Fleet Street,'" was invented by the late George Augustus Sala.

Mr. Worthington Evans, the newly-returned Conservative member for Colchester, and Friars Sir Robert Hudson and A. D. Power continued the discussion. In conclusion, the Prior eloquently thanked the Club guest for his luminous and admirable contribution to the debate. To adapt the words of Dr. Johnson's epitaph on Goldsmith in St. Paul's Cathedral, it might be said of Mr. Whale that he touched nothing that he did not adorn.

The Club guest briefly returned thanks for his kindly reception. The remarks of the speakers reminded him of many things which he had not remembered concerning Dr. Johnson. There was a story of his going to see his friend Chambers at Oxford. When they were walking in Chambers' garden, Johnson observed Chambers picking up the snails and throwing them over the wall into his neighbour's garden. "Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "that is a very unneighbourly thing to do." "Oh," said Chambers, "but my neighbour is a Dissenter." "Pitch away, sir," said Dr. Johnson. "Pitch away!"

On Friday, February 25th, the Club guest was Captain Scott, R.N., C.V.O. Friar Sir Robert A. Hudson was the Prior, and the topic of conversation was "Why I want to reach the South Pole."

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The Prior, in introducing the guest of the evening, said that he had read with very great interest everything that Captain Scott had written about his wish to reach that uncomfortable and inhospitable spot on the map, the South Pole, and was thoroughly convinced that it was a most undesirable place for a residence. It might be all very well for those who wanted quiet, but, on the whole, he preferred the society of men to that of penguins. He had given this reason to Captain Scott for his

CAPTAIN SCOTT, R.N., C.V.O.

Photograph by J. C. Dinham & Sons, Torquay.)

inability to accompany him, and the Captain had taken his explanation in the kindest spirit. If Captain Scott were going to call for volunteers, he would like to say there were many men whom it would afford him the greatest pleasure to send with him. Captain Scott's scheme was to depend on bases, small parties which were to be left in complete isolation for long periods of time; and he would gladly give to Captain Scott a list of politicians, drawn from all parties, whom he would like to see deposited on an isolated floe for the next eighteen months or two years. There they could "jaw" to the penguins till all

was blue, and, for all he knew, those interesting birds might like it.

The Prior had also inquired into Captain Scott's reasons for wishing to get to the South Pole. One of them, he felt sure, was because there were no Eskimos there. The most ardent explorer could not expect to be believed if he had anything to do with a person bearing the name of Etukishook. He might be a very desirable person—a chairman of the Polar Parish Council—but it would be impossible to induce Fleet Street to take seriously anyone bearing that name. In the meantime, there was a race for the South Pole between the American and English expeditions, and he hoped that when Commander Peary arrived at the entrance, that the door would be opened to him by Captain Scott. The North Pole had already been "snatched," and, as there was only a pair of these desirable articles, it was "up to us" to take the other.

The Prior was sure that the White Friars greatly appreciated the honour Captain Scott had done the Club by coming to them, and that they were all like Miss Rosa Dartle, who was always asking for "information," because she "wanted to know." They also wanted to know the objects of his going. He wished Captain Scott every possible good fortune, and hoped that on his return he would dine again with the White Friars and tell them all about the South Pole.

Captain Scott said that he hoped to start in the *Terra Nova* in June. They would have twenty-five men in the crew, and when they left New Zealand, which was the final departing place, they would have other twenty-eight men, who were to form the landing party.

They were going south to McMurdo Sound, the same quarters as used by Sir Ernest Shackleton, and would land twenty-two men there, and then he hoped to go to a part where no one had yet landed—King Edward's Land—and in that place he would leave a small party of six. The object of that was to get comparative meteorological observations, and the party would also try to work out the geography of the region. He hoped to leave New Zealand in November and get down in December. In January, the huts should be erected and the party landed with their stores. That would be half-way through the summer.

In July and March he intended to do some laying out of depots, taking about twenty ponies, twenty-five dogs, and some motor sledges, which were being built in this country, and of

which he hoped great things. With these various means of travelling he hoped to get a good deal of provisions 200 or 300 miles to the south that season before settling down for the winter, which started about May. The main journey for the Pole would probably start in October, 1911. They would have then to travel over 800 miles, and the probability was that they could not do more than ten or fifteen miles a day. That would bring them to the middle of December before they got to the South Pole—if they were going to get there at all.

The day on which he hoped to get to the Pole was Mid-summer Day down there—what would be mid-winter here—December 22nd, and he hoped to get back about the middle of March, 1912.

With the various means of traction, they would, he thought, be able to carry a great quantity of food down south over the great ice barrier, and make a big depot there, and from that place he hoped not only to send or go with a party to the South Pole, but also to send other parties in various directions to do additional exploring work. If he could not get to the Pole at the first attempt he hoped to do it the next year, and if they failed then he trusted that the young men who were going with him would want to try a third time.

He thought he was right in saying that when they got their base established, the party would not leave until the thing was done. He did not say it in any boastful spirit, he did not say he would do it, but the main thing was to lay down plans so that some British subject should be the first to reach the South Pole.

The Prior then called upon Admiral Sir W. Acland to open the discussion.

The Admiral was glad to have heard Captain Scott's reasons for going to the South Pole, and hoped he would be the first to hoist the British flag there and that he would get 120 miles further on than Sir E. Shackleton.

Dr. Scott Keltie said that Captain Scott had a brilliant career before him. In his last expedition Captain Scott had made a further journey from his base than had ever been done before, and had brought back a mass of information about the South Polar continent which threw a flood of light upon it.

Friar Foster Fraser thought that there was an appalling amount of ignorance on the subject of the Poles. Dr. Nansen once told him that he went to a party where a lady said to him: "I hear that you are going to the South Pole. I hope you will

be able to bear the heat as well as you bore the cold at the North Pole."

Mr. Dodd, of New York, said that Peary had got to the North Pole, and he hoped with all his heart that Captain Scott would get to the South Pole and get there first.

Mr. Pett Ridge was greatly interested in the suggestion thrown out that undesirables should be deported to the South Pole. He was prepared to go with Captain Scott as far as the London Docks and wish him good luck with his expedition.

Friar Clodd called attention to the scientific aspects of the expedition, and the debate was continued by Mr. Steuart Cullen, Friars Hocking, Leader, and Spurgeon. Friar Hocking caused some amusement by requesting Captain Scott to keep an eye on plots for stories. Captain Scott had been always a man of deeds, not words, while the White Friars were men of words, not deeds. Friar Spurgeon incidentally alluded to Captain Scott's fidelity to his first publisher.

In his reply, Captain Scott went at some length into the objects of the expedition, and said that he was taking with him three geologists, two biologists, and two physicists. He thanked the White Friars very heartily for their welcome, and looked forward to meeting them again on his return.

THE ANNUAL DINNER.

THE Annual Dinner was held at Anderton's Hotel on Friday, March 4th, when Friar Edward Clodd was Prior, and, as usual on this occasion, toast was interspersed with song. The musical programme was provided by the Harmonic Singers, Messrs. Sydney Hart, Foot Lambert, Frank Hicks, and Seward Phillips. Mr. Walter Churcher gave some recitations. To Mr. Leonard Huxley, as the Prior's guest of honour, fell the duty of proposing the toast of Literature.

He said: "You are all aware of the terrible duality of Jekyll and Hyde, or the more complicated personality of John at the Autocrat's breakfast table—John as he thinks himself, John as he appears to others, and John as he really is. Well, you have a similar phenomenon before you to-night: you all know the genial humour of Mr. Clodd—excellent friend, a very Jekyll of human capacity and kindness; but when he assumes the personality of a chairman, little as some may guess it, he doffs

the genial Jekyll and becomes a monstrous Hyde. (Laughter.) I believe it is as demoralising for a simple man of letters to become a chairman as for a dean to become a bishop or an ordinary citizen a party politician. Dean Stanley warned us of the one, Dame Experience warns us of the other. Your chairman has concocted a plot of diabolical ingenuity. He has lured me here with soft words, and now smiles to see the outcome of his torrid and calculated jest. I am in a very ambiguous position, as the lamb said when he found himself shaking hands with the butcher. (Laughter.) I cannot conceal the fact; I am a humble publisher flung defenceless before a horde of ravening authors. (Laughter.) But no, not ravening; I may yet escape without being torn from limb to limb. Mr. Anderton's chef has done his duty manfully, and I mark an indulgent smile on the face of the tigers—(Laughter)—and I will pray for further leniency, in that besides being a publisher I have also been a publishee. That literature in honour of which I am supposed to say a few words to-night, presents itself to me from most varied and opposite points of view—as writer, as reader, and as marketer. At the sign of the Golden Bough, your humble servant, with a proper perversion, may be described as

> The priest who is the slayer
> And has himself been slain,

so he knows all about the process. (Laughter.) Now of the joys and glories of literature, the good it does to the public at large (and individually to the author or publisher), and the duty of all good citizens to buy and not to borrow books, I will not speak. Have not all things been said of all books by that series of writings—sparkling wine or still—which lie between the book of Birrell and the aphorisms of Avebury? Nothing so serious I assure you. But I may be able to amuse you with a topic that of course has its serious as well as its comic—perhaps pathetic—side, and that is the efforts of the struggling souls who mistake aspiration for inspiration.

Literature has spead its branches so widely over the modern world that a large section of the people shape their very thoughts and ambitions in terms of literature. It seems to be the divinely appointed method of expression for yearning souls—and how many yearn! One confidante used to suffice the epistolary outpourings of an earlier age, now the whole English-speaking race can be made confidantes at one fell swoop.

And what is more, fame can be achieved, thousands and tens of thousands of pounds pocketed, by dissecting your friends or giving history a new cap and feather, or, as in some of those crowded shopfronts of coiffeurs in Regent Street, letting down your literary back hair before a convenient window. (Laughter.) There are various kinds of literature—books that are no books, election literature — (Laughter) — novels, serious literature, poetry—all divided into two all-embracing classes—published and unpublished. (Laughter.) It is my peculiar privilege to see a good deal of the great unpublished. These are the people who respond fatally to the literary influence and impulse. Sometimes they have a message—the unravelling of the Scriptures, the re-flattening of the earth, the epic of the future, or the lady and her deceased mother. Generally they seek fame and fortune. And fame and fortune stand by the way of the novel. Hence, novelists bear a special responsibility towards nascent literature. Whoever invents a vogue, a new realm of fancy, a new style of writing, has countless imitators, who, as usual, "have the air of saying grace while they defile the dinner plate." They write formula novels in weird attempts at a lofty style. The rule therefore is to be inimitable. (Hear, hear.)

Mr. Huxley then went on to delight his hearers with a number of gems of the first water which he said were as yet unknown to a wider world. As illustrating the dangers of style, he quoted among others such as the following: "She gave him a large blue eye which really puzzled him," "Her mystic words had filled the vacuum in his insatiable heart," "Her eyes seemed to plumb his mind, and their eloquent silence more significant than a lexicon stirred strange emotions within him." Here, as one skilful analyst of letters had put it, he felt convinced that "There is an element of corollary in the process of the facts." Referring to queer turns of style, Mr. Huxley gave some gems from the *haute école* of the literary menagerie, such as: "She answered his sanguine pause by saying," and the lady who "must ever hold love's consummation at bay till it harms no one." One exquisite conceit in verse was:

"Like a mermaid's daughter
Up from the water,
My love a-bathing comes:
And her golden ringlets,
Like angels' winglets,
With her lily hand she combs.

"And the golden train of her tresses,
Like strings in their stresses,
Makes harp with her legs.
And the salt water dripping
From her coralled red lipping
Is like syrup of figs." (Laughter.)

"What was the end of such literature?" asked Mr. Huxley, in conclusion. "If it did not bring in a fortune it helped to keep the wolf from the door." (Applause.)

Friar Anthony Hope Hawkins, with whose name the toast was coupled, in reply, said that with sixteen years' experience of responding to that toast he had long ago given up preparing a speech. (Laughter.) There was no use coming down prepared with epigrams. The greater part of Mr. Huxley's speech had been a deliberate holding up to ridicule of his craft. (Laughter.) He had come there pulsing with a passion. (Laughter.) He proceeded to speak of three forms of literature—good literature, bad literature, and election literature. One great art in writing election literature was to stop quotations at the opportune moment. (Laughter.) Next to election literature came bad literature. Anyone who wanted to write good literature must die. (Laughter.) Good literature was very rare, and was generally written by dead men. If written by living men it was usually found that it was written by them fifteen years ago, and that they had never written any good literature since. (Laughter.) There was probably nothing so pathetic as the young man starting out in life to write good literature. One of the dangers threatening the literature of the present time was that books carried with them the expression of the man who wrote them. The next thing to a good book was a really bad one. (Laughter and applause.)

Friar Senior afterwards gave the health of the Prior, with a hearty eulogy of Friar Clodd's qualities of heart and intellect, and the toast was drunk with enthusiasm.

The Prior having briefly responded, a pleasant evening's entertainment was brought to a close.

On Friday, March 11th, the Club guest was Mr. Maurice Hewlett. Friar Alfred Sutro took the chair, and the topic for discussion was "Is Modern Fiction Decadent?"

In opening the after-dinner proceedings, the Prior said that it was unnecessary to introduce so well-known a guest as Mr. Maurice Hewlett, and he need scarcely assure him how glad the Friars were to welcome him in their midst. The question for the evening's conversation was "Is Modern Fiction Decadent?" and the Prior suggested various definitions of the word decadent. Paul Verlaine was a typical decadent. He was once at a meeting where Verlaine, asked to talk about modern French poets, began the debate by saying: "As there is only one modern French poet of any importance, I will now talk about myself." Verlaine was a decadent, and he had a friend, Bibi la Purée. This Bibi la Purée had no home, slept where he could, and, for Verlaine's sake, people were very hospitable to him. Though Bibi was grateful for all this hospitality, he had one failing: he could never resist walking off with his host's umbrella. After Verlaine's death, his friends got up a subscription for Bibi and gave him a banquet. Of course, Bibi was there, and someone alluded to him as a reformed character. Bibi was so touched by this unexpected tribute to his moral worth, that he went out of the room in order to hide his emotion and disappeared with twenty-six umbrellas. There was another decadent who walked about with a live lobster decorated with a pink ribbon, and when he was questioned he used to say to his friends: "Think! He knows all the secrets of the bottom of the sea!" The Prior described decadence as a state of decay, and the question to be solved was, whether modern fiction had or had not sunk into that state? He then called upon the guest of the evening to open the debate.

Mr. Maurice Hewlett said that he proposed carefully to avoid any criticism of his contemporaries. His definition of "decadent" was "that which contains in itself the germs of decay, and has already begun to decay in consequence of those germs." Comparing the English novel with the French, he argued that the English novel had its root and its origin and end in poetry; the English novelist was essentially a poet. If the speaker started to write a novel, the whole thing had to be done apart from himself. He could not produce novels by a mechanical process as if they were sausages. Every novelist created something, and therefore added to the population. The English novel began with Chaucer, and went on through Malory, Sir Philip Sidney and Spenser, down to "Tristram Shandy" and "Tom Jones," the two finest and greatest English novels, and so to Scott, Thackeray, and Dickens. Meredith and Thomas Hardy

were poets. The English novel is a poetical effort. The French novel proceeds upon analysis, and its mainspring is curiosity. Curiosity in the French novel had become morbid in certain directions. The English novel has fallen into two classes, and it is perishing. It is either an anecdote or a tract. Novelists cannot concentrate sufficiently to tell a story. An old gardener once said to the speaker: "If you want a fig tree to bear figs, you must torture the roots." Emotion cannot be depicted by an author unless he has suffered. However mortal man may be, poetry is immortal.

Friar Whiteing, in continuing the discussion, thought there was something to be said about the instances which had been adduced. The self-conscious spirit was very strong in Fielding and Sterne. One ought to be careful in saying that any school of fiction precludes inspiration, and ask for a little more catholicity of judgment as to methods.

Friar Anthony Hope Hawkins, though reluctant to speak on the subject, was an ardent believer in progress. As to the question of inspiration, he thought there was no difference between novelists and poets. The methods of writing of different authors differed extraordinarily, but did not therefore offer a basis for an accusation of decadence. The only real evil is over-consciousness in the author. Decadence he would call writing for writing's sake. Where there is real life in the work is where authors are trying to lead the thought of the day.

Friar Sir Francis Carruthers Gould looked at the matter from the point of view of the man in the street. He no more wanted the novel to be an aphrodisiac than he wanted it to be an aperient, and objected that the decadent devoted himself too insistently to sex psychology. The abnormal development in this direction has grown to be an evil.

Mr. Dion Clayton Calthrop, in a speech exquisitely phrased and delivered with great animation, declared that poetry was the basis of everything in life.

Friar Robert Donald thought that the germ which was destroying modern fiction was the germ of commercialism.

Mr. A. G. Blane and Friars Helm and Shan Bullock continued the discussion, and Friar Shorter regretted that, owing to the lateness of the hour, he could not tell the guest of the evening how thoroughly he disagreed with every word he had spoken. Novelists, he declared, were not poets, and he did not think modern fiction decadent.

Mr. Maurice Hewlett replied briefly to the effect that, owing to the stress and strain of circumstances, the novelist's strength was being dissipated and the power of expression weakened.

On Friday, March 18th, Lord Ronaldshay, M.P., was the Club guest. Friar Foster Fraser took the chair, and the topic for discussion was, "Is Sport Wholesome?"

The gathering was small, but the speaking good, with no lack of material to draw upon.

Lord Ronaldshay began by asking, "What is sport?" He defined the term as the translation into action of the natural and primeval desire of a biped to get the better of somebody else fairly, as, for example, a boxing match or big game shooting. Sport was not sport to a real sportsman unless the quarry had a chance of hitting back. Sport was the sign of a manly and virile people. The Arabs had a proverb to the effect that a day not spent in the chase did not count in the annals of life. The Arabs and the British were the most virile nations. The opener concluded with a graphic description of a Mongolian trip, the moral of which was, he said, that sport did not necessarily involve the taking of life, but that it demanded intense patience and perseverance.

Mr. King, in continuing the discussion, referred to the sport of politics, and told how a member of the Press Gallery once "hit back" by mentioning in his parliamentary letter that "Mr. So-and-So spoke for thirty-five minutes. It seemed longer." In the Press Gallery they often sighed for one of those long silences Lord Ronaldshay had experienced in the wilds of Mongolia.

Friar Gilbert Coleridge followed with reminiscences of deer-stalking in Scotland, and Mr. H. F. Jenkins gave an account of sport in the United States. Mr. James Blackwood spoke of his experiences in Ireland, and Mr. Arnold Lunn instanced himself as an example of how, when mountaineering, the quarry sometimes hits back again and gives the sportsman a compound fracture.

Mr. Lionel James ("Intelligence Officer"), in a breezy and racy speech, gave examples of sport in India, including that of horse-racing from a gentleman jockey's point of view.

Mr. Nevill Jodrell spoke of sport in Norfolk and other parts

of Great Britain, and Mr. Henry L. Lee approached the subject from the American standpoint, declaring that the popularity of Mr. Roosevelt as President was due to his sportsmanship. He insisted on the fact that sport compelled people to control their tempers.

The Prior wound up the discussion, deprecating the growing practice of merely talking sport by those who never took part in it, and bemoaning the fact that having spent most of his life in search of adventures, he had never yet found sufficient to satisfy him. On behalf of those present, he thanked Lord Ronaldshay, who briefly replied.

On Friday, April 1st, the Club guest was Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree. Friar Peter Keary was the Prior, and the topic of conversation "The Press and the Stage."

Friar Peter Keary, in welcoming the guest of the evening, thanked the Brethren for coming to the dinner half an hour earlier than usual to meet Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree. He would touch on only one issue—and only one side of that issue—to give a lead to the debate between the Press and the Stage—newspaper criticism in the daily papers. He thought that every man there would agree with him that under normal circumstances the Press of this country was fair to the Stage in its criticism, that it loved the Stage, and was always anxious to do what it could for it. But to-day the practised critic was in this dilemma: he was given neither time nor opportunity to do any individual justice—himself least of all. A play finished between 11.30 and 12 midnight, and a morning paper goes to press with more than half its issue before the final curtain falls. What happens? More than a million people next morning read nothing at all about the play. "But," continued the speaker, "I must leave it to Sir Herbert Tree and Mr. Irving to say how they are going to help us to help them. All first nights should be afternoons. Newspaper reports of stage plays are of value to the Stage and to the paper, and we journalists want to give them.

"There is another aspect of criticism which perhaps deserves attention and discussion to-night. You have a paper—a valuable advertising medium—going to press at the same moment a play ceases. You get a critic who sees and understands two-thirds

of it and writes so, and who, at the end of the second act, or say about 10.30, sends off by a messenger what he has written, with a note to his Editor, 'A stick to follow.' Now, it is only a heaven-born genius who can observe a play and write even unintelligently about it whilst it is in progress; and I have known it happen that the last act of the play being delayed, and the remaining 'stick' of copy not having come along in time, a smart Sub-Editor has filled in the missing two inches with two lines of nonsense, or he has cut the whole thing out.

"Things have changed quickly with the London daily Press. The halfpenny newspaper is here and the special newspaper train is carrying it to every corner of the kingdom at midnight, and you don't get nowadays the former criticism of a play. You get reporting or smart writing. That is a serious thing for you gentlemen of the Stage to consider. It may be a much more serious thing for those who run a daily newspaper to consider. If they are forced to neglect the art of the Stage—if they are going to dismiss in a paragraph or two the thing that a man of genius has spent years in studying—then they are going to be forced to destroy one of the most far-reaching factors in our education. My experience has been that people want and will read first-night criticisms, and these are of value to the theatre. It is 'up to you,' Sir Herbert, to try to help us out of this one difficulty, out of which we can't help ourselves."

Sir Herbert Tree confessed that he had endeavoured with some success to postpone the fatal moment of speaking until after the first course. The Prior had intimated that he was to speak after the fish, but he had said "No. Let me go on after the cutlets." He would endeavour to clear away the mists which had arisen from the observations of the Prior, and was delighted to hear that that gentleman had paid for his seat at His Majesty's Theatre on the previous night. He, the speaker, was in a somewhat difficult position. It had often occurred to him on "first nights" what a hardship it was that the management detained the critic, for every moment between eleven and twelve was of importance to him if he wished his notice to appear the next day. "Were I your host to-night," Sir Herbert continued, "I would put on your plates your own criticisms, in order that you might eat your own words. Under the pretence of enjoying your hospitality, I am really offering myself up as a morsel for the post-prandial delectation of the Whitefriars Club, and feel at this moment the need of that tact which is the most

useful, as it is the most contemptible, of all the virtues. 'Suffering is the badge of all our tribe.' As the old lady said, 'We are manured to it!' Your chairman to-night is hoist with his own petard. Let me reassure him. I put the button of courtesy on the weapon which he has placed in my hands. It is a difficult position for a person who wishes to be sincere and would like to be brilliant. In the words of Mark Antony,

> "'That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
> Either a coward or a flatterer.'

"There is no Press so fair as the English Press, and, so far as dramatic criticism is concerned, I believe it to be honest. I have often hoped that it was not equally intelligent. When it is too intelligent I hide my head in the sand, and that attitude enables me to turn a smiling back to my enemies. The good critics are those who praise us; the bad critics are those who don't. I am glad to say that among the latter I have many friends. I keep two books. One of good criticisms, the other of bad ones. When I am threatened with conceit, I say, 'Bring me the book I have never looked at.' When I am too modest to do good work, I say, 'Bring me the good book. Let me quaff from it a refreshing draught.' I also thought of starting another book, to be called 'Maxims for my old age.' In that I would begin to write down maxims for my old age. But what is old age? At fifty-five, life seems opening out before me; at sixty, I am just beginning to enjoy it. I gave up the idea, because I knew that I should only send for this book on my deathbed from old age.

"With regard to criticism, I think to-day it is more independent and less bitter than it was some years ago. You cannot bribe the Press, alas! to do justice to you. In this country the pen is mightier than the sword, and the stylograph is more deadly than the stiletto.

"It would be very difficult to have the first performance of a new play in the afternoon. At that hour, there would be no public to affect the critics. If one could begin a first-night performance at 6.30 the audience would be there, and the critics would have the necessary time in which to write their notices. I believe the Press to be of the greatest importance to the serious theatres. For the great honour you have done me in inviting me here to-night, I thank you with all my heart, and trust I have not wrung your withers by anything I have said."

Mr. H. B. Irving said: "Gentlemen, I shall keep you but a very few minutes. You have suffered great inconvenience in having your dinner postponed but it is nothing to the inconvenience you cause us. We have to go and work. Sir Herbert has said he is my friend, and I am delighted to be associated with him in the Shakespeare Festival. He told you that one of my qualities was tact, and it was for that reason I did not applaud him when he said that first-night notices had spoilt our dinners. He then said that tact was the meanest of qualities. His next statement was that I am an orator, and you have every reason for judging the truth of that. Then he said that he was delighted to see the Press was taking upon itself a plainness of speech with regard to acting which it had not taken ten or twenty years ago. I cannot help thinking that we are getting on, and I believe that possibly from my own family may proceed a happy method of dealing with the Press. My brother is at present touring in America with a play which he finds is too short for the evening's entertainment, and he supplements the shortness of the play, with the most satisfactory results, by nightly addressing the audience, both in the United States and Canada, on the subject of the criticisms which have appeared in the American and English papers."

Mr. William Archer rose because he had something to say. While he concurred with the Prior as to the difficulty of writing newspaper criticisms in time for the next morning's papers, he must say that the ability displayed by the critics was very great. The dress rehearsal was a good idea, and so was that of beginning performances at 6.30; but people would not come at that hour.

Mr. Comyns Carr thought himself peculiarly fitted to continue this discussion. Mr. William Archer had said it was wonderful to think of what critics did in the time at their disposal. The conditions under which the notices were written did not give the critics time to think. Criticisms must not be discouraged by the compression of time. A whole school of epigram has been bred by 'bus conductors, who have only a moment in which to pass one another. There was a natural antagonism between journalism and art. Journalism in the past was instinct with the desire to find something new. The essence was not in the discovery of anything new, but in the recognition of something which had existed unappreciated for a long time. Discoveries were nothing compared with the undying forms of beauty which have survived all time.

Friar Whelan advocated the beginning of first-night performances at seven o'clock.

Mr. A. H. Robbins thought that a great deal had been said in the discussion without adequate knowledge of the subject, and that no journalist of repute would allow any sub-editor to add a few lines of nonsense to a snippety paragraph. The daily journalist gave us the best picture of the play. The curse of the modern theatre was the worship by managers of the West End, which excluded the mercantile and working classes. The theatre existed for the amusement of the public; journalism for the information of the public.

Friar Morrison asked how could the critics do adequate notices of plays? All critics were dissatisfied with the state of affairs. The dramatic critic of a morning paper had not a fair chance to get his notice done. It takes the author a year to write his play, and the critic has to write his notice of it in twenty minutes. The consideration of an important play should be held over until the day after, only, unfortunately, the evening papers would then do the work.

An American visitor wound up the debate by addressing a few inaudible remarks to the Masonic sunset on the wall. The Prior (a new member) was unaware of the Club rule which limits each speaker to six or eight minutes; consequently, some of the speakers indulged in an inordinate prolixity.

On Friday, April 8, the Prior of the evening was Friar Arthur Spurgeon, and the Club guest Mr. John Murray, the topic of conversation being "Is the Censorship of the Libraries' Association justifiable?"

In proposing the health of the Club guest, the Prior said Mr. John Murray was not only a personal friend of many White Friars, but they particularly welcomed him that night as an undoubted authority on the subject about to be discussed.

Mr. John Murray, who was cordially received, said that when first asked, some two months before, to open the discussion on the justifiability of the Censorship of the Libraries' Association he hesitated, but thought he would wait and see if his own publications were boycotted. (Laughter.) He believed that everyone would agree that there were certain books which no one would like to leave about, such as those condemned by police magis-

trates, and others withdrawn from circulation on threat of prosecution. (Hear, hear.)

The question arose, first, was a censorship desirable, and, next, was a censorship possible? One publisher had said: "A large section of the public likes dirt, and I will see that they have it"; but that publisher was exceptional. Last December the libraries issued a circular, saying that they had decided to place an embargo on certain books. The publication of those resolutions, although not intended, was not to be regretted, as they had done more good than harm. Dr. Gosse's letter in the *Times* went somewhat off the track. There was, of course, no design to boycott such books as Darwin's or Matthew Arnold's. We had heard in the newspapers of views in opposition to the action of the libraries, but little of the very strong feeling of those who did not write to the papers. (Hear, hear.) The libraries were within their legal rights in not issuing books to which they had an objection. Libraries had to please their customers. Yet the libraries had not withheld certain books for their pecuniary benefit, because many of the objectionable works sold readily.

At first, the attitude of the authors was resentful. But the danger they apprehended was in anticipation and not in fact. He had not yet come across any real instance of hardship. In fact, to get a book censored was looked upon by certain authors as a good thing. (Laughter.) Some authors, who resented the idea of any sort of censorship, had suggested starting a library for the sale of their own books. After referring to the idea of limiting the price of books, Mr. Murray upheld 6s. as being the fairest price for a novel. Finally, he maintained that some sort of check on obscene literature was desirable, and that the censorship of the Libraries Association would do more good than harm.

The other speakers were Friar John Foster Fraser, Mr. Moberley Bell, Friar Sir Ernest Clarke, Friar Algernon Lockyer, Mr. A. D. Acland, Friar Grundy, Friar John Lane, Mr. John Murray, jun., Mr. William Heinemann, Mr. Edwin Oliver, Mr. Eveleigh Nash, Mr. Fisher Unwin, Friar Shan Bullock, Mr. Roberts (of Boots' Library), and the Prior.

Mr. John Murray responded.

On April 15th there was a House Dinner, under the genial presidency of Friar A. Hervé Browning. The evening was

pleasant, bright, restful, and without any of those demands for speeches which disturb the equanimity of non-oratorical Friars.

On Friday, April 22nd, the Club guest was Lord Kinnaird, and the Prior Friar W. H. Helm, the topic of discussion being "Are Games carried to Excess?"

Lord Kinnaird said that in his opinion games and sports were absolutely necessary. Drill had brought a marvellous recreation of national life and civic duty, and the improvement in the national physique caused by it was astonishing. The spirit of discipline impressed people. With regard to the question whether games have gone too far, he had worked in clubs and polytechnics from which we get all our recruits. Forty years ago there were very few games for the masses. It would have been impossible to get a hundred people to go to look at a game of football. For good or ill, Association football has become the game of the masses. He himself had tried to popularise the game for people who had little money and not much time to spare. There were amusements for the upper classes, but no game in which the masses could indulge in the open air. At one time, there were no Bank Holidays and no Saturday afternoons. In short, there were no holidays at all. The children in the big cities were shut up in them, and never had a chance to be healthy. Every child ought to have a week in the country at least every two years.

There was a marvellous change in popular feeling with the beginning of Saturday afternoon holidays. To people who objected to the vast crowds who went to look on at football matches, he would ask where were 500,000 men to find a game to play? Were they not the better for going to look on at a football match rather than loafing about in public-houses? Football was now a popular game. The speaker thought that we were getting near the limit, and that certain classes made too much of a profession of the game. But the poor had not too many games. A great many of our young men, unfortunately, paid too much attention to games, and neglected their work in consequence. Anything, however, which recreated a man and taught him to do his duty was undoubtedly good. In view of the national life, it was the duty of all good citizens to do what they could to bring intelligent recreation within the reach of the people. Clubs and polytechnics should become an asset for the building up of our

national character. We had given the masses of the people leisure. Now they must be taught how to spend that leisure.

Sir John Kirk contrasted the difference between his own childhood and that of present day children. Poor lads ought to be taught games and have spaces in which to play them. The day in the country is all the chance that poor children have in which to play. The Fresh Air Fund sent out 100,000 children into the country last year. A week would be better than a day. But sport got on the wrong lines when it took men from their work, and games were dangerous when associated with gambling. "The cultivation of the human in man hardly pays expenses; the cultivation of the divine always reveals dividends."

Friar Cross pleaded for sports to ameliorate the condition of the London poor.

Mr. H. C. Biron said that good magistrates should be seen and not heard, "unlike our jokes, which are apt to be heard and not seen. This is a very difficult subject. I am rather prejudiced in favour of games. Lord Kinnaird's idea is that everybody should have a sound mind in a sound body. Work is carried to excess, and we are dominated by dull, hard-working people. There is a great deal of variety of opinion about excess of games, but there can be no doubt about excessive oratory."

Friar Kinross did not think that games were carried to excess. They taught him to understand character.

The Rev. Wesley Dennis thought that the growth of professionalism was not favourable to the best interests of sport. He was not in sympathy with the young fellow who gives up the whole of his holidays to sports and is too tired in the evening to open the door for a lady. He sympathised with the city clerk, and wished that he could have more games. But he did not like to think of forty or sixty thousand people looking on at games—people who were physically deficient or mentally unwilling to assist in defending their country.

Friar the Hon. Gilbert Coleridge was of opinion that games at public schools were carried to excess. At Eton they trained for football. At the universities games were not carried to excess. All round London ground should be saved from the land grabber for the purposes of games. England owed more to the love of games on the part of her people than to any other quality she possesses.

Mr. Vernon Rendall thought that the professional was the crux of the matter. Football was the popular game; and Rugby,

because it was played in a much cleaner way than Association, was the superior game. Sport was work that was done for fun and not for profit.

Sir George Riddell said that the people who attended games were people who were engaged in manual labour, and the British working man goes to a football match to see others work. The trend of public life is to make life happier for the working classes. The game spirit has always existed in England, and will continue to exist.

Lord Kinnaird had not much to say by way of criticism. He thought that professionalism was coming into all games and should be guarded against. Work was the basis of success, and everything that could possibly be done to preserve the national honour in games was worthy of serious attention.

On Friday, April 29, Sir Horace Plunkett was the Club guest, and took for his topic "Is Ireland Worth While?" Sir Francis Gould was Prior, and there was a more than ordinarily large gathering of Friars and guests.

Sir Horace took up Irish problems in a speech that was at once philosophical, humorous, and statesmanlike. He confessed to the difficulty of talking about Ireland without infringing the understanding in the Club that religion and politics were to be avoided in conversation. It would indeed be impossible to conceive of Ireland without these considerations actuating it largely.

Sir Horace went on to discuss other characteristics of Irish life, and particularly the difference in temperament between the English and the Irish. Without expressing any opinion on the subject, he cited the remark of an observer that it was arguable that Ireland was never so near and never so far off Home Rule as she was at the present time. On the one hand, the position of political parties supported the belief that this method of dealing with the national problem was near. On the other, the passing of Mr. Wyndham's land measure, with the financial obligations under which it placed Ireland to England, seemed to tighten the hold of this country on the other. The speaker also quoted the remark of an American that if he were an Englishman he should not want to keep Ireland, and that if he were an Irishman he should not want Home Rule. The agricultural conditions of life in Ireland were described—with the breadth of mountain bog in the West, relieved by the multitude of small holdings elsewhere. Sir Horace spoke modestly of his own

work in fostering agricultural production, but none the less hopefully of the steady advance in cultivation and sales.

The discussion was continued with much interest by Friars Harold Spender, Shan Bullock, Robert Donald, Silas Hocking and others, and by guests, including Mr. Sydney Brooks, Mr. R. T. Cuddiky (of Funk and Wagnalls, New York), and Mr. M. C. Seton. Friar Spender touched on the genius of the Irish for public service in different countries to which they emigrated, and of the work they had done for the Empire. Friar Shan Bullock, in a moment of amiable candour, said he had lived in England twenty-six years, and had got no nearer understanding the English people yet. Mr. Cuddiky contrasted his impressions of Ireland on a return visit years after a long interval, and said he had come to the conclusion that the condition of the people was improving. Mr. Brooks, in paying a tribute to the work of Sir Horace Plunkett, said it was an open secret that Mr. Roosevelt held that the "Back to the land" problem was the greatest one of our modern civilisation, and in his schemes to solve it for the United States was acting in consultation with and on the advice of Sir Horace. Eminently practical, Friar Silas Hocking testified to the good qualities of Irish dairy produce sent over to this country.

LADIES' BANQUET.

THE Ladies' Banquet was held at the Trocadero on Friday, May 6th, the evening of His late Majesty's death, and the proceedings were clouded by the knowledge of His Majesty's serious illness. In view of the bulletin which had been issued early in the evening, a feeling of general uneasiness prevailed and did much to mar the completeness of what would otherwise have been a most enjoyable function. Friar Sir Gilbert Parker, M.P., was Prior, and Lady Parker officiated as hostess.

The guests were :—

THE PRIOR—Lady Parker. FRIAR H. J. BROWN—Mrs. H. J. Brown, Hon. J. L. Griffiths, Mrs. Griffiths. FRIAR A. H. BROWNING—Mr. H. W. Standen, Mrs. H. W. Standen, Miss Hilda M. Fear. FRIAR G. B. BURGIN—Mrs. G. B. Burgin. FRIAR SIR ERNEST CLARKE—Lady Clarke, Mr. B. Blumenfeld, Mrs. B. Blumenfeld. FRIAR R. NEWTON CRANE—Miss Alleen Crane, Miss Winefred Grundy, Miss Mildred McCheave. FRIAR DESMOND COKE—Mrs. Talbot Coke. FRIAR F. T. CROSS. FRIAR C. D.

CROSS. FRIAR R. M. FAIRBANKS—Mrs. R. M. Fairbanks, Mr. H. Gordon Selfridge, Mrs. H. Gordon Selfridge. FRIAR LEWIS H. FALCK—Mrs. Lewis H. Falck, Mr. Arthur Polak, Mrs. Arthur Polak, Mr. Osborn Walford, Miss Flora S. Walford, Miss Dorothy Falck. FRIAR J. FOSTER FRASER—Mrs. J. Foster Fraser, Mr. Prettyman Newman, Mrs. Prettyman Newman, Mr. Lisgar Lang, Mrs. Lisgar Lang, Mrs. Spurgeon. FRIAR TOM GALLON—Miss Nellie Tom-Gallon, Mr. E. C. Engelbach, Mrs. E. C. Engelbach. FRIAR D. M. GANE—Mrs. D. M. Gane. FRIAR W. L. GANE—Miss Ethel M. Gane. FRIAR E. PAGE GASTON—Mrs. E. Page Gaston. FRIAR J. MORGAN DE GROOT—Mrs. J. Morgan de Groot. FRIAR J. H. HAMMERTON—Mrs. J. H. Hammerton. FRIAR SILAS K. HOCKING—Mrs. Silas K. Hocking, Mr. Ernest Hocking, Mrs. Ernest Hocking. FRIAR G. THOMPSON HUTCHINSON—Mrs. G. Thompson Hutchinson, Miss Hutchinson, Miss Ray Hutchinson, Mr. Walter Hutchinson, Mr. J. R. Tennant, Mrs. J. R. Tennant, Miss Marcia Maxwell-Stuart, Hon. L. J. Bathurst. FRIAR ROGER INKPEN—Mrs. Roger Inkpen. FRIAR WALTER JERROLD—Mrs. Walter Jerrold, Miss Dorothy Jerrold. FRIAR LINDLEY JONES—Mrs. Lindley Jones, Mr. H. T. McAuliffe, Mrs. H. T. McAuliffe, Dr. Victor Jaynes, Mrs. Victor Jaynes. FRIAR PETER KEARY—Mrs. Peter Keary, Miss Keary, Mr. James Douglas, Mrs. James Douglas. FRIAR C. KERNAHAN—The Lady Kathleen Pilkington, Mr. H. R. Cerlewis, "Ethel Turner." FRIAR ROBERT LEIGHTON—Mrs. Robert Leighton. FRIAR G. MOULTON PIPER—Mrs. G. Moulton Piper, Mr. Gordon Piper. FRIAR MAX PEMBERTON—Mrs. Max Pemberton. FRIAR A. D. POWER—Mr. J. Danvers Power, Mrs. J. Danvers Power, Miss Betty Power, Rev. H. Wesley Dennis, Mrs. Wesley Dennis, Miss Dennis, Dr. Vivian Orr, Miss Aileen Orr. FRIAR ALGERNON ROSE—Mrs. Algernon Rose, Mr. G. H. Thring, Mrs. G. H. Thring, Dr. V. Dickinson, Mrs. V. Dickinson, Mr. Robert Machray, Miss Agnes Wheldon, Mr. Ralph D. Paine. FRIAR W. B. SLATER—Mrs. W. B. Slater, Miss Slater, Mrs. Whitlock, Miss Whitlock. FRIAR W. N. SHANSFIELD—Dr. S. Rideal, Mrs. S. Rideal, Mrs. A. W. Rideal, Mr. Guy L'Estrange, Miss Maillet. FRIAR CLEMENT SHORTER—Mrs. Clement Shorter. FRIAR J. BURNETT SMITH. FRIAR WALTER SMITH. FRIAR RICHARD WHITEING—Mrs. Clifford Whiteing. FRIAR J. HODDER WILLIAMS. THE HON. SECRETARY—Mrs. J. Shaylor, Mr. H. Shaylor, Mrs. H. Shaylor, Mr. H. J. Shaylor, Mrs. H. J. Shaylor, Miss Shaylor, Mr. F. Hanson, Mrs. F. Hanson, Mr. F. W. Elliott, Mrs. F. W. Elliott.

CLUB GUESTS—Mr. and Mrs. Baillie Reynolds, Mrs. G. Riggs (Miss Kate Douglas Wiggin), Mrs. Margaret Woods, Miss G. Robins.

A pathetic interest attached to the first toast—"The King." THE PRIOR briefly said: "I beg your support of the toast of the evening—the health of his Most Gracious Majesty the King. God save the King." The National Anthem was then rendered by the company with an increased fervency and heartfelt emphasis.

THE PRIOR, having announced with regret the unavoidable absence of the Japanese Ambassador, impressively read the recital of the Order, and in a few words gave "The Whitefriars Club."

In giving the toast of "Literature," the PRIOR, in a reminiscent vein, reminded the company that ten years had elapsed since he presided over a similar gathering of the Club, and also made a passing allusion to the fact that the publisher of his first book, "Round the Compass," was among the guests at the present function.

Dealing generally with the subject of the toast, SIR GILBERT adopted an optimistic attitude. Whatever faults might be found with fiction, in the fields of poetry, prose, and history he considered as high a standard was being maintained as in the days when Steele and Addison made journalism and literature memorable in our annals. "I am an idealist and optimist," he added, "because life is hard; nothing will help us to maintain the struggle except the belief that out of the striving comes a brighter accomplishment and a larger and better day."

Touching on the altered conditions of the present day, the PRIOR remarked that there were now ten thousand readers of some kind of literature to the hundred readers in the days of Walter Scott. Perhaps we had not the same feeling of elation which the lovers of Dickens and Thackeray experienced when a new book from the pen of these authors came out; their circle of readers was smaller, and the number of books less than in the present age. He had read the other day a phrase used by a modern writer, indicative of the spirit which exists: "I would rather," he said, "live on a crust of bread and write fiction than be the owner of a rubber plantation or a mine in South Africa." The Prior in earnest tones urged the infusion of a spirit of idealism in their work; there was much to inspire them as in the days of the Crusaders. He associated with the toast the name of Friar Max Pemberton, "a popular, genial, and honest worker in the field of literature."

FRIAR MAX PEMBERTON replied, with many apt humorous allusions and anecdotes. Coming to the subject of the toast, he expressed delight at the fact that the Prior was not a pessimist, although he wished he had said something of the romances for which he was distinguished. The fact was sometimes overlooked that the wildest dreams of the past were becoming the realities of everyday life. Paradoxically, he announced that he had studied the literary papers for some weeks, and had come to the conclusion that there was no literature. (Laughter.) "We all live in the hope of some day," he added, "catching a publisher with our masterpiece—catching him young—even if the publisher has to go to Carey Street with a stock of remainders as his only asset." (Laughter.) He concluded with an animated eulogy of the Whitefriars Club, "where there are bonds which bind us, and friendships born of the books we love. May that spirit endure. We do not believe that literature is dead; we believe that for many generations to come it will inspire and ennoble the human race." (Applause.)

A cordial welcome was extended to the Consul-General of the United States on rising to propose "The Ladies." MR. GRIFFITHS at once demonstrated that, combined with a rich, sonorous voice, he possesses that gift of felicitous after-dinner speaking which appears to be the special qualification of the representatives of the Western Republic in this country. He commented on the antiquity of the subject he had to handle. From a far-off epoch to the present hour, the form of the toast had been preserved. Whilst it was true that the toast had a perpetual interest and defied all sense of birthday chronicles, it had kept women younger as the toast grew older. In an apologetic tone he confessed to approaching the theme with a great deal of timidity and apprehension, for he realised that whatever he said must be expressed imperfectly and inadequately; every sentence would remain in the thoughts of his hearers as an object of their pity, if not derision or scorn. How could any man, he asked, describe the tantalising, bewildering, tumultuous, elusive creature of whims and graces, her inconsistencies and contradictions, her hopes and fears, joys and sorrows, ambitions and aspirations, ecstasies, generous enthusiasm, ardent views, devotion, self-sacrifice, heroism, and, if need be, martyrdom? "Woman! How futile to give the name at all, when we invariably failed in our definition. There was always disclosed some fresh light, new phase, emotion, thought, or activity; and when we

endeavoured to compress this infinite variety into words, we realised that 'language is really made to conceal thought.' (Laughter.) The fact was, the nature of woman revealed itself in a succession of surprises; this constituted the beneficent female charm. Married men realised that there were depths in the character never sounded; no plummet could fathom the tangled shoals and shallows of temperament."

Next dwelling on what he described as "the most delightful subject of marriage," the speaker quoted Robert Louis Stevenson's advice that a sea captain was one of the best men to marry, as "long absences generally keep love pure and delicate." Breaking off from this particular theme, the Consul-General asked: "Why waste time in talking about marriage? No one ever accepts your advice concerning it." In a warm-hearted eulogy, he remarked that men prided themselves on the energy and efficiency of their brains, and that in a spiritual and intellectual arrogance they spoke depreciatingly of women's mental capacity. To this he rejoined that a woman knew nothing about major or minor premises, details of argument, but it was marvellous the way she arrived at a just conclusion. "We realise that we are in the presence of some power which we do not ourselves possess. Woman has never been a lay figure in history; she has played with crowns and dynasties, faiths, creeds, and systems, and more than once altered the map of the world."

Enlarging on the part women had played in history, the speaker commented on the fact that she had inspired the muse of the poet, guided the pen of the novelist and dramatist, and influenced the thought of the statesman. Amidst appreciative plaudits, Mr. Griffiths chivalrously defended his countrywomen from prejudiced misrepresentation. The American woman, he remarked, had been grievously misunderstood abroad. The European conception appeared to be that she was a strenuous creature, who went over the earth in seven-leagued boots; effaced her husband, save on the Stock Exchange, club, or market place; her chief delight, as pictured, was to impose her personality, robed in expensive gowns and hats, with rare and costly jewels; annoying with a nasal twang all those about her. (Laughter.)

The truth was, that the modern woman had not achieved her position by assault and battery; she had not compelled her husband to abdicate by violence; he had the good sense to recognise her claims, and to give her the place to which she was

rightly entitled. There was a perfect system of camaraderie amongst married people in America, although, of course, there were exceptions. The husband was not a prisoner and only allowed occasionally to emerge into publicity; on the contrary, the wife was constantly forcing him forward. "Having performed this act of long postponed justice to my country-women," Mr. Griffiths concluded, "nothing remains for me but to propose the toast in appreciation of our mothers, wives, and sweethearts; in appreciation of those who have done most to make the world clean, sweet, and pure. Our lives without them would be vapid, dull, and desolate. In the name of the mercy they practise, the joy they diffuse, the hopes they inspire—in the name of the sorrows which they lighten, the burdens they have lifted, the wrongs they have righted, and in the name of that torch of divinity they have always held aloft, flaming and radiant, I give 'The Ladies.' I take great pleasure in associating with the toast one who in her charming personality embodies the graces and virtues which make women the tolerant, beneficent, autocratic rulers of mankind." (Applause.)

Mrs. Baillie-Reynolds, in a concise reply, diffidently disclaimed being regarded as a representative woman, but after the magnificent way in which the Consul-General had proposed the toast she was proud of her sex. Endorsing what had been said by the eloquent proposer, she realised how difficult it was for a man entirely to understand a woman, even those they knew best. (The Prior: Hear, hear.) "The Prior agrees with me," Mrs. Reynolds parenthetically interposed. "It always seems to me rather a curious thing," the lady speaker proceeded, "that I have never been present at a function at which 'The Gentlemen' have been toasted in a body in the same way as 'The Ladies.' I have a great idea that at the dinner of the Society of Women Journalists next year we might have the toast of 'The Gentlemen,' and they might get Mr. Gilbert Chesterton to respond. (Laughter.) We can all imagine the fiery violence with which he would repudiate this insolent title." (Laughter.)

In alluding to women's work, Mrs. Reynolds commented on the fact that amongst writers of her sex they now found more humour than existed in former days. The gift of humour gave one a sense of proportion which was often difficult to attain when making a speech. In conclusion, she said: "There is only one thing necessary to make a good speech, and that is to break off soon enough. This, with your permission, I will do. On behalf

of the women present, allow me to thank the Whitefriars Club for the hearty welcome given to us to-night." (Applause.)

FRIAR SIR ERNEST CLARKE thanked Sir Gilbert Parker for having interrupted his well-deserved parliamentary holiday in order to preside over that gathering. The Prior was a member of whom the Friars were very proud; on their behalf, they wished Sir Gilbert and Lady Parker all possible success and happiness.

The toast having been cordially honoured, after paying a graceful compliment to the Consul-General's striking speech, the PRIOR related the following amusing story: "At a club in New York I met a member, and in the course of our conversation I informed him that I was writing a series of literary articles for a great magazine. 'I began writing literary articles for the best magazines,' the American said, 'but I write novels now for the million. My writing is very bad, but so closely do I understand the underlying feelings of human nature, that I have a standing order to the compositors at the printing office that if there are any blanks, owing to inability to read the copy, they are to insert these words: "O God, the pangs of unrequited love."'" (Laughter.)

After an exceedingly interesting musical programme, contributed by Miss Moulton Piper, Mr. G. M. Reid, Mr. Barclay Gammon, and Mr. C. W. Wreford, the Friars and their guests adjourned to the Alexandra Room for "coffee and conversation."

CLUB NOTES.

At the Committee Meeting on May 31st (Friar Sir Francis Carruthers Gould in the chair) it was unanimously resolved that, in view of the generally expressed sentiments of the members, the "Annual Pilgrimage" should not take place, and that a sum of ten guineas should be forwarded to the "Country Holidays Fund." The unsettled weather, the depression caused by his late Majesty's death, and the falling through of other arrangements owing to the regrettable illness of Friar Lord Northcliffe, who had generously placed his country seat at the disposal of the White Friars, were all potent factors in influencing the Committee's decision. Of course it is understood that this decision is not in any way to be taken as a precedent for the abandonment of the annual pilgrimage.

The Editor regrets that members have not availed themselves more fully of the opportunity for informing their fellow Friars about their own forthcoming books, &c. The only exception is Friar Desmond Coke, who forwards the following eloquent review of his new book, "Beauty for Ashes," which appeared in "The Author." This is the review: "Seven and three-quarters by five: 337 pp." The review is unsigned.

As a matter of fact, Friars have been particularly active in the literary and journalistic world during the present Club Session. Owing to stress of other work, however, Friar Heath Joyce has been compelled to lay aside for a short time his "Reminiscences." Friar Clement Shorter, in spite of his exacting editorial duties, brings out his new book on Buckinghamshire, and Friar Arthur Spurgeon, sun-bronzed and vigorous, has returned from his recent trip through Canada and the United States.

Friar Robert Leighton makes a new departure in editing a book of Napoleonic memoirs, which Evelyn Nash will shortly publish. His adventure story, "Kiddy," has had a great success in the columns of the new paper *The Scout*.

As for the Club novelists, most of their spare time has been taken up in answering the printed queries of "The Author's Society," with regard to the effect of publishing new novels at 2s. The information on this point, published by "The Author's Society," is singularly luminous and instructive.

Under the presidency of Friar Sir Carruthers Gould, the Club lunches have largely increased in popularity, and Friars have brought many interesting visitors.

On the whole, the Club Season has been highly successful. There are many eligible candidates waiting for election, but, owing to the monastic pursuits of the Friars, they are a singularly long-lived race, and, happily, the vacancies are few. Friar Joseph Shaylor has devoted a great deal of time—time which so busy a man could ill spare—to furthering the best interests of the Club. His kindness, courtesy, and tact make him a model secretary.

Members who have not yet been photographed will find Friar Russell waiting to perpetuate features which never fail to add to the impressive stateliness of the Annual Dinner or draw forth honeyed compliments from women speakers at the delightfully named "Annual Ladies'" banquet.

These haphazard notes scarcely touch the fringe of Club activities and productions during the last few months. But the Friars are all busy men. Even the editor of the Club journal has had to work hard nearly every guest night in recording the "Subjects for Discussion," and is eager to make way for a younger man, if he will kindly come forward. Friars Algernon Rose and A. D. Power have been very helpful in taking notes when the Editor has been unable to attend the Club gatherings.

G. B. B.