

WHITEFRIARS JOURNAL.

Edited by
**FRIAR G. B.
BURGIN.**

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PRIVATE
CIRCULATION

CLUB DIARY.

JANUARY 20th.—*Club Guest*: SIR G. LAWRENCE GOMME, F.S.A. *Prior*: FRIAR EDWARD CLODD. *Topic*: "The Fascinations of Folk Lore."

JANUARY 27th.—HOUSE DINNER AND DISCUSSION. *Opener*: FRIAR E. P. GASTON, F.R.G.S. *Prior*: FRIAR T. ATHOL JOYCE, M.A. *Topic*: "The Mystery of Ancient Man."

FEBRUARY 3rd.—*Club Guest*: SIR COURTENAY ILBERT, K.C.B., K.C.S.I. (Clerk of the House of Commons). *Prior*: FRIAR SIR ROBERT HUDSON. *Topic*: "How Parliaments Differ."

FEBRUARY 10th.—HOUSE DINNER. *Prior*: FRIAR ROBERT SOMMERVILLE.

FEBRUARY 17th.—*Club Guest*: THE RIGHT HON. EARL OF SELBORNE, G.C.M.G. *Prior*: THE RIGHT HON. WALTER RUNCIMAN, M.P. *Topic*: "United South Africa."

FEBRUARY 24th.—HOUSE DINNER. *Prior*: FRIAR WALTER B. SLATER.

MARCH 3rd.—ANNUAL DINNER. *Prior*: FRIAR SIR ERNEST CLARKE, M.A. *Toast*: "Literature": Mr. Rowland E. Prothero, M.V.O.

MARCH 10th.—*Club Guest*: MR. H. B. IRVING. *Prior*: FRIAR ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS. *Topic*: "The Psychology of the Criminal."

MARCH 17th.—HOUSE DINNER. *Prior*: FRIAR WILLIAM ARCHBALD.

MARCH 24th.—*Club Guest*: MR. ERNEST THOMPSON SETON. *Prior*: FRIAR SIR F. CARRUTHERS GOULD. *Topic*: "Wood Lore."

MARCH 31st.—*Club Guest*: PROFESSOR J. P. MAHAFFY, C.V.O., LL.D. *Prior*: FRIAR W. H. HELM. *Topic*: "Conviviality, Ancient and Modern."

APRIL 7th.—HOUSE DINNER. *Prior*: FRIAR H. J. BROWN.

APRIL 14th.—GOOD FRIDAY.

APRIL 21st.—*Club Guest*: MR. CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.
Prior: FRIAR RICHARD WHITEING. *Topic*: "Wild Life in Nature."

APRIL 28th.—LADIES' ANNUAL DINNER.

"The Fascinations of Folk Lore," in the hands of Sir G. Lawrence Gomme, F.S.A., proved to be a good subject with which to start the spring programme. Nearly every Friar present said something of interest from experience or observation; and Friar Clodd, as Prior, was of course at home on this special topic, while Friars Gould, Shorter, Gaston and others contributed to an unusually interesting evening. Among the guests present were Mr. Horace Headlam, of the Record Office, Mr. W. M. Gallíchan, Mr. George Whale, and Mr. Adam Dingwall, Manager of "Current Literature," of New York.

One of the most successful House Dinners of late years was held on the 27th January last. The topic for discussion was "The Mystery of Ancient Man," with Friar T. Athol Joyce, M.A., in the chair, and Friar E. P. Gaston as "Opener."

Friar Gaston briefly sketched the history and mystery of ancient man in various countries, but wisely forbore from trying to solve the enigmas of precise human origin, which have always exercised the mind of man. The speaker especially dwelt upon the prehistoric races of America, discussing the possibilities of their Mongolian origin, and touched gingerly upon the theory of a lost Atlantis. The most interesting portion of the talk dealt with the personal explorations of the speaker, who was associated with Cushing and other notable American archaeologists in the first extensive series of explorations carried out on a definite plan among the buried cities and cliff-dwellings of the South-western United States. He showed various photographs and illustrations of the ruins of Yucatan and Honduras, and reconstructed the past in outline by glimpses from his life among the Zunis and others of the ancient American-Indian tribes, which trace their descent directly from certain of the ancient peoples whose rise and origin are still one of the age-old mysteries of the world.

On Friday, February 3rd, Sir Robert Hudson was Prior of the day, with Sir Courtenay Ilbert, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., as club

guest. Among the guests present were: Mr. H. D. Erskine, C.V.O., Mr. J. Dods Shaw, Mr. Arthur Ponsonby, M.P., Mr. Vaughan Nash, C.B., Mr. H. W. Massingham, C.B., editor of the "Nation," Mr. Charles Geake, of the "Westminster Gazette," Mr. A. H. Boyd, Mr. Hubert Carr-Gomm, M.P., and Captain James Grant.

Sir Courtenay Ilbert illustrated very effectively the difference between the United States Parliament and the English House of Commons—the King's Speech a definite statement of policy, the Presidential address generally a blank cartridge; the British Bills counted by hundreds, the American running to over 40,000 a session; the scrupulous fairness of the British Speaker and the partisanship of the American; the appointment of the American Clerk of the House of Representatives because he is a "good party man."

Sir Courtenay Ilbert's recollections led the company to that famous sitting of the French Chamber at Versailles in 1872, when Thiers made his dramatic speech ending with "*Quand on demande que je déclare la République, je réponds que non!*" In describing the French Chamber of to-day, he made the point that the Continental system favoured the formation of groups, whilst that of the House of Commons was largely responsible for the party system. Sir Courtenay had some amusing anecdotes of the questions asked him by distinguished visitors; and he concluded a most interesting address with the confession that the sand glass, so much revered as an antiquity by Colonial visitors, was no hoary survival of the past, but was purchased in a little shop off Westminster Bridge only a few years ago.

The discussion was continued by Friar Foster Fraser, whose Rabelaisian reminiscences of beer drinking in many foreign parliaments were listened to with much interest. He had also something to say of the evolution in parliamentary speaking. Mr. Massingham elaborated this idea of the disappearance of oratory, and said that the House tended more and more towards the Committee type of speech. Friar Cecil Harmsworth, Mr. Ponsonby, M.P., and Mr. Dods Shaw, editor of "The Debates," carried on the debate, which ended with a capital anecdote from the Sergeant-at-Arms of a blackbeetle which had disorganised a most important debate, and had succumbed beneath a careless heel amidst a howl of execration from the whole House.

On February 10th Friar Robert Sommerville took the chair at the House Dinner. As this was Friar Sommerville's first appearance in an official capacity, the dinner was looked forward to with much interest and proved to be very successful.

Earl Selborne was the club's guest on February 17th, when Friar Runciman (Minister for Education) presided. He addressed us on "United South Africa," speaking with rare frankness and impressing the brethren with a strong sense of his honesty and balanced shrewdness. What he urged was a plea for non-interference with South African affairs by English politicians and journalists; justifying this plea by a close account of the situation, the Boer character, and the manner of the settlement. He had no doubt of the Boer loyalty, but as modern methods of agriculture and trade are rapidly introduced there must be a steady increase of indigence among those too ignorant to take advantage of them. The ultimate hope lies in education, now made compulsory. The racial division will pass into one of progressive North versus stagnant South.

After the war was over Lord Selborne went round the country trying to persuade the Boers to visit the experimental farms and use the modern agricultural appliances sent out by the Government. He got a patient hearing, but could raise no enthusiasm. At a meeting at a certain "Leonfontine" farmhouse, the spokesman said: "My father was a foretrekker and he settled here and made this excellent farm without any of these new-fangled notions, and what was good enough for my father is good enough for me." Just then a horned animal appeared on a small hillock about a thousand yards away. "I should like that animal's head as a souvenir of this meeting. Can you shoot it for me?" said Lord Selborne. The old Boer went into the house and brought out a Mauser rifle. His lordship took the gun and examined it. "Your father's gun, I presume?" "Oh, no!" said the Boer, and, returning to the house, produced a very old-fashioned gun. "Shoot it with your father's gun." "My father's gun could not do it." "Oh," said his lordship, "I thought that what was good enough for your father is good enough for you."

Among other things sent out by the Government was a preparation for destroying locusts, and Lord Selborne met with

no better success in trying to induce the old Boer to use this. "They are God's creatures, and it would be a deadly sin to kill them," was the Boer's argument. "By the name of this farm, Leonfontine, there must have been many lions here when your father foretrekked. What has become of them?" "My father killed them all." "Then your father must be in Hell." "My father in Hell! Why do you say that? He was a good, God-fearing man and an elder of the Church." "Well," said Lord Selborne, "the lions were as much God's creatures as the locusts, and you say it would be a deadly sin to kill them."

Lord Selborne told us some funny things about the transportation of the Boer prisoners. To most of them the sea and ships were merely names, and when they were afloat their first idea was that they had been poisoned; sea-sickness was an unknown quantity to them. Then they wondered why the ship did not stop and outspan at night.

Friar Hamilton Fyfe, lately returned from a three months' visit to the Colony, predicted that ten years will probably solve all present problems. But there is still the stupendous ignorance of a race long cut off from contact with the world. Friar Fyfe once heard a Boer discussion as to which is the most beautiful language. One man said he had been told that Italian is. His son objected: "Father, how can that be? If it were, God would have written the Bible in Italian; but, as we all know, He wrote it in Dutch."

Sir George Toulmin, M.P., complimenting Earl Selborne on his great achievement, said that, while revealing the Boers to us, he had also revealed one of the great riches of this country—its possession of a type of men who may be sent out in any great emergency; and Mr. David Williamson remarked upon the faculty of country-bred Englishmen for understanding their fellow-men. Friar Haldane McFall introduced Mr. Laszlo, an Hungarian artist, who was painting the guest's portrait.

As customary, the night following the last guest dinner, there was a cosy little House Dinner. Friar Wolfe B. Slater officiated as Prior.

At the annual dinner on March 3rd, Sir Ernest Clarke was Prior, and Mr. Rowland E. Prothero, M.V.O., gave the toast of "Literature." Among the guests present were Sir George

Truscott, Bart., Mr. W. E. Wallace, Mr. Fabian Ware and Mr. Max Montesole.

Mr. Prothero's speech was a charming personal confession, with stories of "The Quarterly," which he began to edit at the age of thirty-eight. Of Huxley, the man who impressed him most among many famous writers, he said that behind the seeming ferocity of his phrases there was a great breadth and geniality of feeling toward those who differed from him. The article on "Lux Mundi" was ornamented with caricatures which would have been no disgrace to Sir Francis Gould. Mr. Prothero ventured to say to him once: "Why do you mix so much vinegar and mustard in subjects so dear to many people in this country?" "My dear young man," said Huxley, "if you could only remember what it was fifty years ago, when Lyall and Murchison were not considered fit to lick the dust off the heels of a curate, you would understand why I feel as if I should like to get my heel into their mouths, and twist it round!" Then, with a beautiful smile on his deeply-lined and ugly face: "Do you never reflect what a miserable position a man has, standing on a point of Nothing in an abyss of Nothing?"

Of Gladstone, the guest related that the "Nineteenth Century" had three scales of payment for his work—£5 a page for a political article, £3 if he wrote on a novel or literature of the day, and £1 if he wrote one on the Greek gods. (Laughter.) There was a considerable collection of articles on the Greek gods. Mr. Prothero's conclusion of a delightful review of his literary life was that literature is worth any man's pursuing for its friendships.

Sir Francis Gould proposed the toast of "The Club," and the Prior responded.

On March 10, Friar Anthony Hope Hawkins presiding, there was excellent speaking in a debate on "The Psychology of the Criminal." Among the guests present were Mr. J. Evans Jackson, Sir Robert Anderson, Sir Charles W. Mathews (Director of Public Prosecutions), Mr. W. J. Evans, of The Admiralty, Mr. Bernard Allen (Department Education Officer of the L.C.C.), Sir John Macdonell, C.B., and the Rev. J. Thompson Phipps, Chaplain of Wandsworth Prison.

Mr. H. B. Irving, the guest, chatted about famous murderers and their motives; Sir Charles Mathews told with a dramatic

interest not to be forgotten the criminal lapse of a noble, kind, and honourable man; Sir Robert Anderson and Sir John Macdonell gave us the results of their long experience; Dr. J. Campbell McClure (Glasgow University) stated the modern medical point of view with great cogency; and the Rev. J. Thompson Phipps, Friars Grundy, Moresby White, and G. E. Morrison continued the discussion.

Friar William Archbald officiated as Prior at the House Dinner on March 17th.

With Friar Sir F. Carruthers Gould in the Prior's chair, and Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton as the club guest, a most fascinating evening was spent on March 24th. The Prior introduced the guest as the Chief Boy Scout of North America, and referred to his work in organising the great Seton Indian movement. For himself, said the Prior, he would rather watch a red fox at its earth than any Coronation procession.

Mr. Thompson Seton said that his guiding principle in observing animals was to go into the woods with a ready-made theory, and then to observe if it were right or wrong. For example, in looking for a suggestion of morals in animals, he had assumed that animals had some equivalent to our ten commandments, and he sought for some proof of disaster following upon the transgression of this code. He found a law of property particularly in food: all foxes, wolves, weasels and bears store food for famine-time, and others of their own race will not touch the larder. The law of parity was admirably vindicated in the case of wild animals, since the young of monogamist animals have two protectors and teachers, whilst those of polygamous or polyandrous animals have only one. Thus the monogamous wolves are able to hold their own, whilst the antelopes, deer and other polygamists need special laws and havens for their protection.

In speaking of the relation of man to the animal world, Mr. Seton told several good stories illustrating the fact that animals when pursued by other predatory beasts would often fly to man for protection. He himself had experienced it when a hare chased by an ermine had sought the protection of his camp fire.

Friar Clodd spoke of the continuity of psychology between animal and man, and of how the savage has realised the identity of himself with things that live and move. He reminded the company of Pastor Gessler who was promoted for banning certain sparrows for being unchaste during sermon time, and of the cock that was burnt for laying an egg.

The Prior interpolated a story of a mother-cat who stole a toy belonging to his grandchild in order to give it to her kittens as a plaything.

Mr. Dressler had many recollections of wild antelope and moose, and of being treed by a band of peccaries in 1865; and Mr. ——— Gould had some interesting experiences to relate of birds which had preferred to brave his gun rather than face a hawk which was following them.

Mr. Pyecroft entered a plea for a fuller sympathy between the freed naturalist and the naturalist whose work is done in the study. He questioned whether monogamy in animals was a virtue or a necessity; and suggested that it was adopted because monogamous young were quite helpless, whilst the others could run about and feed at birth. Friar Robert Coleridge had some stories of hares and golden eagles, and Friar Gaston some of his experiences in the wilds of America.

In his reply, Mr. Seton spoke mainly of rearing wild animals in captivity, and gave some most interesting examples of how not to do it. He instanced the case of a syndicate which had attempted to rear silver foxes, and had succeeded in killing all they handled because they fed them too well. Yet a farmer's lad who fed his foxes on scraps—when scraps were available—had been extraordinarily successful. He suggested that fur farms were likely to spread and be exceedingly profitable as the wild fur-bearing animals were gradually extinguished by trappers.

"The charm of true conversation lies in its inaccuracy," observed Professor J. P. Mahaffy, C.V.O., LL.D., at the end of the March dinner, when Prior Helm called the attention of Friars to the topic of "Conviviality, Ancient and Modern." "The English language has no equivalent for the French 'convive' or table-mate," continued the genial guest of the evening. It was well that we had dined, or Dr. Mahaffy might have placed his

listeners in the position of the guest at another dinner who complained that "The Bishop told us so many stories that we had no time to eat." According to the uncle of Plutarch, the kitchens of Antony and Cleopatra were so perfectly appointed that they could send eight wild boars to table at once, as was the custom in those generous days; and Dr. Mahaffy traced the changing order of conviviality down through the gastronomic ages with a lively but sure touch. A luncheon with James Russell Lowell lasted from two to seven o'clock; but the pyloric feasts did not rival those of the twelve Irish priests of the peasant class who sat down to a little dinner: a large joint of beef and a saddle of mutton at each end of the table; a boiled ham on one side, and on the other two turkeys and four boiled fowls; and there was practically nothing left for the next day!

"Conviviality must be a joint-stock affair," said the Greek scholar from Dublin; "conversation must be free; one must have in stock many topics, must never be accurate, and always natural."

Lord Killanin, Friar Shan Bullock, Mr. A. P. Graves, Friars A. G. Gardner, Clement Shorter, and others took part in the discussion which followed. Among the Club guests were Mr. T. L. Gilmour, Mr. Vernon Rendall, Mr. H. C. Biron, Sir John Kirk, Sir George Riddell, Mr. Francis Barrett, and Mr. Thomas Marlowe.

On April 7th, Friar H. J. Brown, who kindly devotes so much time to the musical interests of the Club, acted as Prior. The dinner was a very pleasant and genial one.

On April 21st, Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts was the guest of the evening, with Friar Richard Whiteing in the chair. The topic for discussion was "Wild Life in Nature," and Professor Roberts led off by declaring that:

"I became a reformed sportsman practically from the day when a bull moose at bay, belly-deep in the snow, turned upon me a pair of almost human eyes as it calmly awaited its fate at my hand. Afterwards, I stopped shooting birds, but I still fish." Friar Richard Whiteing, as Prior, turned from the syllabus subject of "Wild Life in Nature" to what one might

call "Tame Life in Town," as a topic with which he is a trifle more familiar; and treated both phases with true sympathy. Mr. Roberts modestly confessed to being the father of the breed of so-called "Nature fakirs," according to Mr. Roosevelt. "And it was a bit of hard luck," he said, "that this term, which was invented right in my own family to describe a real Nature fakir, should have been employed against me by our ex-President."

Friar Helm observed that Nature study from a sympathetic standpoint is quite a modern science. "There was Noah, for instance, who had unexampled opportunity for studying wild life at close range," he remarked; "and yet he left us none of his observations."

Friar Torday unfolded a budget of stories from the wilds of Africa, and declared that the stupidity of sheep, which Friar Helm held for a first place in animal foolishness, is more than matched by the guinea-fowl. "A guinea-hen can fly, but will only run from danger," said Friar Torday. "You can shoot one after another of twenty guinea-fowl sitting side by side on a tree, and not one will ever think of flying from the danger."

LADIES' BANQUET.

THE Ladies' Banquet was held at the Trocadero on April 28th. Friar James Walter Smith was the genial Prior of the night, but modestly confined himself to the shortest of speeches.

The club guests were :—

Mrs. Alec Tweedie, Miss May Sinclair, Miss Beatrice Harraden, Mrs. Stepney Rawson, Miss Gertrude Page, Countess Von Arnim, Major Diver, Mrs. Maud Diver, Miss Janet Hogarth, Mr. Iiro Harada, Miss Utagawa, Mr. Baillie Reynolds, Mrs. Baillie Reynolds, Mrs. Alice Perrin, Dr. Harry Campbell, Miss Marjorie Bowen, Mrs. Florence L. Barclay.

The other guests were :—

THE PRIOR—Mrs. Walter Smith, Mr. J. Scott Stokes. FRIAR W. GURNEY BENHAM—Mrs. Gurney Benham. FRIAR H. J. BROWN—Mrs. Brown, Mr. H. C. Hill, Mrs. Hill. FRIAR A. HERVE BROWNING—Miss Mary Browning, Miss Mildred Fear. FRIAR G. B. BURGIN—Mrs. Burgin. FRIAR L. H. FALCK—Mrs. Falck, Mr. Arthur Polak, Mrs. Polak, Miss Dorothy Falck, Mrs.

Nicholson. FRIAR J. FOSTER FRASER—Mrs. Foster Fraser, Mr. Felix Cassel, K.C., M.P., Lady Helen Cassel. FRIAR E. PAGE GASTON—Mrs. Gaston, Mr. L. Upcott Gill, Mrs. Upcott Gill. DR. J. MORGAN DE GROOT—Mrs. Morgan de Groot. FRIAR SILAS HOCKING—Mrs. Silas Hocking, Mr. J. Carmichael, Mrs. Carmichael, Mr. A. V. Hocking, Miss Hocking. FRIAR T. ATHOL JOYCE—Mrs. Athol Joyce. FRIAR W. G. LACY—Mrs. Lacy. FRIAR F. A. MCKENZIE—Mrs. McKenzie. FRIAR G. E. MORRISON—Mrs. Morrison, Miss R. M. Morrison. FRIAR G. H. PERKINS—Mr. Alf. B. Garside, Mr. C. E. Fagan. FRIAR A. D. POWER—Mr. J. Danvers Power, Mrs. Danvers Power, Mr. H. B. Viney, Mr. L. D. Power, Miss David, Miss Betty Power, Mr. R. G. Longman, Miss F. D. Power, Mr. F. Wesley Dennis, Miss Una Maclardy. FRIAR S. J. PRYOR—Mrs. Pryor. FRIAR W. N. SHANSFIELD—Mr. Arthur Reavell, Mrs. Reavell. FRIAR JOSEPH SHAYLOR—Miss Shaylor, Mr. S. J. Shaylor, Mrs. S. J. Shaylor, Mr. F. Hanson, Mrs. Hanson, Mr. F. W. Elliott, Mrs. Elliott. FRIAR H. SHAYLOR—Mrs. H. Shaylor. FRIAR W. B. SLATER—Mr. Arthur Beaume, Mrs. Beaume, Mrs. Slater, Miss Slater. FRIAR ALFRED SPENCER—Mrs. Spencer, Miss V. Sefton Spencer. FRIAR E. TORDAY, Mrs. Torday, Miss Gordon. FRIAR SIR W. P. TRELOAR, BART.—Lady Dorothy Nevill, Miss Meresin Nevill, Miss Treloar, Miss Dunn, Mr. T. R. Treloar, Miss Herault, Mrs. Treloar, Dr. Helley, Mrs. Helley. FRIAR RICHARD WHITEING—Mr. Heaton, Mr. Charles Roberts.

Mr. J. Scott Stokes proposed "Literature." He said that many years ago he was secretary or amanuensis to a master of English prose, a man whom his own Church made too late a Cardinal, but whom the whole of the English-speaking peoples on both sides of the Atlantic acclaimed the greatest master of the English language in his day—J. H. Newman. Just after the "Apologia" was written, Mr. Scott Stokes said to Newman, "Father, where did you get your style?" Fancy the impertinence of the boy asking the greatest master of English prose where he got his style! Newman looked at him in his quiet way and said, "Boy, I have no style. All my life I have tried to think out clearly what I know, what I see, what I feel; and to put it into the simplest and truest words. That is all my style." Then Mr. Scott Stokes said to him, "What is Literature?" He took two books out of the library. One was a wretched little thing done by some drudge whose name matters nothing—the

other was the Antigone of Sophocles. He read a sentence or two from the paltry book, and threw it down. Taking the Sophocles, he read first in the original Greek and afterwards in English that wonderful chorus, the appeal to Love before Antigone is taken to her doom. Then Newman said that to produce Literature, you must first of all know what you are writing about; write in as simple words as you can; cut out the purple patches; be sincere without being dull; grip the subject before you; feel it and translate it, not into the tall words which are the disgrace of modern journalism, but the simple English our fathers have handed down to us.

Mrs. Florence L. Barclay felt the difficulty of responding to so great a toast as that of Literature in her first after-dinner speech. Still, the subject helped one to lose thought of self, for they knew, especially in novel writing, that the best work was that which came from their subconsciousness—work which they could think of almost as the work of another.

The present occasion reminded Mrs. Barclay very vividly of almost the last literary dinner at which she was present, nearly twenty years ago. It was a dinner of the Authors' Society, and she went there knowing practically nobody, and absolutely unknown. After dinner she retired to a corner and felt a little out of it. A young man who also got into the corner confided to her that he was a poet. He said he always wrote at night, and asked her if she wrote at night. She evidently sank in his estimation when she told him she slept at night and wrote in the prosaic hours of day. So she lost her poet and sat alone in her corner.

Presently, Mrs. Barclay saw the great lady who had been the guest of honour, and who was surrounded by all the best known people, lean a little to one side and look over to that corner with the brightest, sweetest, kindest smile imaginable. She was helped at once, felt at home, and began to move about the room. She asked this lady's name and was told it was Lynn Linton. She had never spoken to Mrs. Lynn Linton, and never saw her again. Years afterwards, however, in a little white churchyard among the lakes, she found a grave beneath an old grey wall, and read the words, "Beneath this tablet rest the remains of E. Lynn Linton, authoress." Never had she since visited the district without laying there no perishable flowers but the garland of an imperishable memory of a bright smile sent to a

lonely, unknown, young stranger out of a generous, kindly woman's heart.

When one realised the enduring influence of a look, how much more must one realise the enduring influence of the written word of a printed book. It was impossible too greatly to emphasise the never-ending influence of books. All through each hour of the day there must be someone reading our books, making acquaintance with our characters, and, even when we sleep, our Australian brothers on the other side of the world are reading. One might feel that at any moment one's thought, one's suggestion, one's message was being read.

And then, one's characters! Mrs. Barclay had sometimes thought of writing a little allegorical sketch called the "Authors' Paradise." She imagined, in the great Hereafter, some distant land where authors would find the characters of their books actually living, and in the scenery which was the descriptive setting of the book. The whole point would be, however, that only those characters received life and immortality who had helped one human soul upward, forward and onward.

Fancy Shakespeare reaching that country and finding the woods and glades peopled with his creations, and in courts and palaces, and streets and cities, and in shady cloisters the noble men and women who owed to him their immortality. Fancy Sir Walter Scott, after traversing miles and miles of descriptive scenery (laughter), meeting the creations of his imagination. Or fancy Charles Dickens in a great crowd of men and women whose humanity makes them dear to us all. And think also of other authors travelling to that land to see if any of their characters had earned life and immortality.

May I say, Mrs. Barclay concluded, if we can keep before our eyes and treasure in our hearts that book which all agree to be the greatest of all possible literature, if we can live true to the ideals of that great book, then, when the testing day comes in no allegorical authors' paradise, the real testing day, we shall hear the voice which means more to us if it speaks approval than any human voice, say of our work, and of our contribution, however humble, to literature, "Well done!"

Sir William P. Treloar proposed "The Ladies."

Miss Janet E. Hogarth, in responding, said that she had dabbled in journalism for more years than she cared to remember, but she was in no sense a professional journalist, for she took

it that to be a professional you must get your bread as well as your butter by journalism, and she had never had the courage to trust to it for her sole support. She confessed, too, that she knew a little of how things were done, not so much in the higher circles of journalism as in the lower circles of the two-column advertisement. (Laughter.) She knew something also of indexing, and it occurred to her that perhaps the present system of classifying intelligence for the newspapers was responsible for the fact that journalists were so constantly being amazed at the most ordinary facts. Mr. Arnold Bennett had pointed out that the favourite journalistic epithet was "amazing." She had at once been on the lookout for that word, and could assure the company that she had found it at least three times a day. Could not the Coronation year be signalled by the discovery of a new adjective?

CLUB NOTES.

In the December number of "The Bookman" I happened to use the phrase from the Club ritual, "For those who, broken by Fortune, dwell in Alsatia." An intellectual Scotsman became so enamoured of it that he put it on his Christmas card, and then wrote to ask me what it meant.

Who incorporated it in the Club ritual? Alsatia was originally the Whitefriars sanctuary for debtors and law-breakers. The name is borrowed from Alsace, which, being a frontier of the Rhine, was everlastingly the seat of war and refuge of the disaffected. There is a long description of "Alsatia" in "The Fortunes of Nigel." If the late Sir Walter Scott could revisit it, he might describe the "ha'penny journalism" to which a large part of it is now given up.

Of no political cartoonist can it be said with better justice than of Friar Sir F. Carruthers Gould that he always "plays cricket." For the fourteenth year in unbroken succession, Mr. H. E. Nicholls has presented a selection of "F. C. G.'s" original drawings of "Westminster Cartoons" at Walker's Gallery, 118 New Bond Street. It is only when you see them thus together

that you realise to the full their unfailing good humour and good taste. No other country in the world could show a series of drawings so merciless—from the party point of view—and yet so entirely without offence.

In addition to his book, "The Happy Vanners," Friar Keble Howard's "Chicot in America" will be published immediately. In the autumn will appear "One of the Family."

Friar Shan Bullock has just finished a long Irish novel.

Friar Warwick Deeping's "Joan of the Tower," published this spring, has been one of his most successful mediæval romances. His new book, "Fox Farm," a tale of modern country life, will appear in the autumn.

Friar St. John Adcock has finished a new Children's book, entitled "Two to Nowhere." It is illustrated by Morris Meredith Williams, and will appear in November. He is also engaged on a book dealing with certain aspects of Literary London, illustrated with thirty drawings by Mr. Frederick Adcock, which will be out late this autumn or early next spring.

Friar Richard Whiteing writes me: "I don't think I'm doing anything in particular except that I've just moved to 6 Buckingham Mansions, Golder's Green Road, N.W. (which please note for the Club archives), and that I like the change. If you care to put the address in Club notes—good; it may save needless trouble to the bailiff and other officers of the Law. I haven't yet settled down to work again, for, naturally, the first thing after a moving is to find one's books and papers and things. My new principle will be Tidy and Burn and never store anything any more."

Friar Douglas Gane's (he is a great traveller in Australia, Ceylon, Morocco, etc.) works include "New South Wales and Victoria in 1885" and a new edition of "The Building of the Intellect." He has lately written a good deal on the Eastern and

Moroccan questions, besides contributing to the "Pall Mall Gazette" and periodical press on home and foreign politics generally.

Sir Robert Hudson told a story at a recent dinner of a man who had not spoken to his wife for five years, whereupon the lady brought an action for separation against him. "Why didn't you speak to the lady for all that time?" asked her counsel. "I didn't like to interrupt her," said the peccant husband.

Friar Sedgwick's new books are "Pocket Book of British Butterflies," "Holiday Nature Book." A new village opera from his pen will be forthcoming in January next.

Friar Desmond Coke's achievements are summed up in "Wilson's," which the critics unanimously declare to be one of the best boys' books that has ever seen the light. It has also been held up "as a book for all parents."

Friar F. J. Cross has just published "Character and Empire Building." He sends me an interesting account of the social evenings given by members of the Whitefriars Club to the newsboys.

Friar Thomas Catling, after fifty-three years in Lloyd's office, has retired. His "Press Album" brought in over £1,000 for the Journalistic Orphan Fund. He has also written "My Life's Pilgrimage."

Friar F. A. Russell has published a volume of sermons, "The Crucible of Experience." His "Lectures on God in History" will appear in Bombay.

Friar Hinkson's new book for the autumn is entitled "The House of the Oak"—a more or less historical tale of the time of Charles II.

Friar Grundy, with his customary devotion to theological problems, has not been able to tear himself away from "The Sunday at Home."

Friar Morgan de Groot has made a distinct hit with his new novel, "The Hand of Venus," and has already contracted for the sale of his next two books.

Here's a lunch table anecdote: A model of Shakespeare's house was being shown, and a tipsy man among the audience said: "Wash the good of Shakespeare? Talksh in sush a shilly way. Alwaysh saysh, 'Go to——.' Wash I wantsh know ish where." "Sir," said the harassed explainer, who had been greatly bothered by similar interruptions from the same man, "Shakespeare was far too much of a gentleman to finish the sentence. If you interrupt me again, you'll tempt me to do it for him."

The more we study the eighteenth century, the more interesting its annals are shown to be, and Friar Charles E. Pearce's new book, "The Amazing Duchess," which is the latest contribution to the history of the period, proves that previous writers have very far from exhausted the wealth of romance in which it abounds.

Friar J. M. Dent is moving to big premises in the autumn, where he intends to extend his business. He is issuing fifty classics in "Everyman's Library" in September, and venturing on the thin ice of novel-publishing, with two or three new writers.

Friar J. Russell tells me he has acquired the sole English rights of a new process of printing colour pictures on paper in permanent artists' pigments (not aniline dyes).

Friar William Archbald, the genial associate and friend of many great literary celebrities, has been kind enough to help me with several notes about the Club Dinners. One of the many claims to interest which Friar Archbald possesses is that he is the custodian of the correspondence between R. L. Stevenson and Henley. Of course I am not at liberty even to hint at the cause of the quarrel between these two old friends; but I

am under the impression that it was as trivial and ridiculous as that of the carpet question between Gilbert and Sullivan.

The postcard issued by the Joint Secretaries, asking the Friars for information, was intended to apply only to the doings of the last few months, and I must apologise to some of the Friars for having been the innocent cause of making them rake up the dark secrets of a guilty past.

Sir Laurence Gomme, when talking at a recent dinner on the fascination of folklore, told the story of a young telephone girl who was so much influenced by her surroundings that, on kneeling down at night to say her prayers, she invariably began, "Are *You* there?"

And this same Sir Laurence, after holding forth with wonderful wisdom and fascination concerning folklore, mentioned a cow as "him." I once heard a schoolboy define a heifer as a "young female cow."

The lightning flash. At the same dinner, Friar Sir Ernest Clarke pathetically insisted that "there *are* hills in Suffolk." "Mole-hills," retorted Friar Clodd.

I should like to take this opportunity of calling attention to the good work done by the Joint Secretaries, Friars Shaylor and Gaston, during the past session. When we come to the dinners, we find everything cut and dried, and have no idea of the immense amount of preliminary labour and worry involved in preparing for a successful evening.

I should also like to thank those Friars who have helped me with reports, etc. Of course they cannot be given in full, and the great thing is to catch the spirit of the evening.

As a Club we are "going strongly," and I am told by the Joint Secretaries that there is every prospect of the autumn session proving a very successful one.

May I appeal to absentee Friars to make an effort to attend the Club dinners at least three times a session? Their doing so would greatly help to form an audience for the distinguished visitors who come to us as guests of the evening. If the non-comers would be unlike the late Mrs. Dombey, and "make an effort," it would greatly lighten the self-denying labours of the Secretaries.

G. B. B.