

WHITEFRIARS JOURNAL.

Edited by
**FRIAR ROBERT
LEIGHTON.**

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PRIVATE
CIRCULATION.

CLUB DIARY.

THE second half of the winter session opened on January 18th with a dinner, at which Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton was the guest of the evening. Friar W. H. Helm acted as Prior. The subject of conversation, as set down in the programme, was "Biography, Complete and Discreet." Mr. Chesterton, in responding to the toast of his health, referred to Asser's statement that Alfred the Great was upbraided by the monks for being careless, rash, and for never listening to the cry of the oppressed. It was refreshing to hear that Alfred had been a bad boy, because that fact transformed him from an incredible prig into an interesting human being. Erring humanity cared nothing about earthly perfection which never had lapses, and he, Mr. Chesterton, commended the biographers who were not so indiscreet as to suppress all records of a great man's foibles and vices. There was nothing more objectionable than suppression of facts under the plea of what was called good taste. Friar Richard Whiteing agreed with Mr. Chesterton's protest against the abuse of the ideal treatment in biography, which ought to include characterisation. Friar Alfred Sutro, however, argued that because a dead man was unable to defend himself his biographer should set down only the good things concerning him. Mr. A. G. Gardiner was wholly for the "wart." Friar Harold Spender said that Mr. Chesterton's speech, as a whole, would have been satisfactory and orthodox, but that he had concluded by maintaining that what should be avoided in biography was good taste. Surely, good taste was the sentinel of common morality. The conversation was continued by Friar G. B. Burgin, Friar Haldane Macfall, and Sir Clement Kinloch Cooke.

MR. LIONEL CUST, F.S.A., was the Club Guest at the weekly dinner on February 1st, when Friar J. A. Hammerton presided.

The topic of the evening was "Are We an Artistic Nation?" Mr. Cust began by showing that the great things that had been accomplished in art had been done by inspiration fructified in leisure. The nation, in cultivating hustle, lost more and more its sense of the artistic. He deplored the fact that art is not sufficiently encouraged by the State. National art was in a healthy condition, but it was a wrong policy to allow our galleries to be cramped for want of means. The Prior having opposed the opener's statement that we were living too fast to dream, Friar Sir F. Carruthers Gould restored the balance of argument and made an admirable speech, referring to the high quality of the minor arts and crafts. Art, he said, was creeping everywhere, and far more than formerly it could be declared that we are an artistic nation. Mr. Harry Furniss disagreed with this view of the question, and doubted whether the British public would ever have a natural taste for the beautiful, like our neighbours the French. This gave Friar Richard Whiteing his cue for a comparison between French and English art. Friars Mostyn Pigott, Moulton Piper, Alfred Sutro, and Charles Garvine continued the conversational debate to a satisfactory close.

THERE was a house dinner in the clubroom on the evening of February 8th.

ON the following Friday a smoking concert brought variety into the series of weekly dinners. Friar Reginald Geard, who was in the chair, had brought together a number of clever professional artists who contributed to a most enjoyable entertainment. There were songs from Mr. Furness Williams (tenor) and Mr. Walter Scott (bass), pupils of Mr. Edward Iles, who accompanied them at the piano, Mr. Edgar Edwards (baritone), and Mr. George Foxon (tenor). Mr. Tom Clare created great amusement with his musical sketches, "Bill Bailey" and "Hiawatha," and Mr. Maitland Dicker's humorous recitations and the comicalities of Messrs. Frank Hook and Will Waters added greatly to the general success of the evening. Friar Mostyn Pigott gave the excuse for a rousing chorus in the old Gaiety song, "Botany Bay." Mr. Albert Fox acted as accompanist and contributed some excellent pianoforte solos.

WHITEFRIARS CLUB *ANNUAL DINNER*

TROCADERO
FEB. 22ND 1907



Club Guest :
THE RT. HON. A. J. BALFOUR, M.P.

Prior :
FRIAR ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS

W. N. SHANSFIELD, Hon. Secretary.

MENU



Hors d'Œuvre variés.

POTAGES.

Consommé Printanier.
Queue de Boeuf Liée.

POISSONS.

Turbot d'Ostende, Sauce Câpres.
Blanchaille.

ENTRÉE.

Carré de Pré-Salé Nivernaise.

ROTI.

Chapon du Mans à la Broche.
Pommes Pailles. Salade de Saison.

LÉGUME.

Chouxfleurs Polonaise.

ENTREMËT.

Bavarois Rubané.

GLACE.

Bombe Framboise.

DESSERT.

CAFÉ.

 95 FETTER LANE,
LONDON, E.C.

ANNUAL DINNER.

THE ANNUAL DINNER of the Club took place on February 22nd at the Trocadero Restaurant. The Right Hon. Arthur J. Balfour, M.P., was the Guest of the evening, and Friar Anthony Hope occupied the Prior's chair. As Mr. Balfour had announced that he had been commanded by His Majesty to attend a Court at Buckingham Palace that evening, and was obliged to leave at ten o'clock, dinner was served promptly at seven o'clock and the musical programme was somewhat curtailed.

The following Friars and Guests were present:—

THE PRIOR—Mr. J. Comyns Carr, Mr. C. L. Graves, and Mr. H. B. Irving. FRIAR ST. JOHN ADCOCK—Mr. J. B. Mulholland. FRIAR W. GURNEY BENHAM—Mr. Walter Emmanuel and Mr. Sydney Turner. FRIAR H. J. BROWN—Mr. John L. Griffiths, Mr. G. W. Reynolds and Edward H. Dodd. FRIAR A. G. BROWNING—Mr. C. B. Sebastian, Mr. Henry J. T. Wood and Mr. R. W. Dibdin, J.P. FRIAR G. B. BURGIN—Professor W. E. Dalby. FRIAR J. BLOUNDELLE BURTON. FRIAR R. LEE CAMPBELL—Mr. Charles H. Boucher. FRIAR THOMAS CATLING. FRIAR SIR ERNEST CLARKE—Ald. Sir George Wyatt Truscott and Mr. Lewis N. Parker. FRIAR EDWARD CLODD Mr. Charles Gow, Mr. Arthur Stockley. FRIAR DESMOND COKE—Mr. Cosmo Hamilton. FRIAR RAYMOND COULSON. FRIAR F. J. CROSS—Professor Percy Groom and Mr. Gerald Villiers. FRIAR C. D. CROSS. FRIAR OSMAN EDWARDS. FRIAR L. H. FALCK—Mr. Arthur Polak. FRIAR ERNEST FOSTER—Mr. David Williams. FRIAR FOSTER FRASER—The Right Hon. Sir Alexander Acland-Hood, M.P., and the Hon. Gervase Beckett, M.P. FRIAR D. M. GANE—Mr. E. T. Preddle and Mr. G. W. Denny. FRIAR W. L. GANE—Mr. C. O. Minchin, I.S.O. FRIAR REGINALD GEARD—Mr. W. J. Locke and Dr. R. J. Reece. FRIAR SIR F. CARRUTHERS GOULD—Mr. Charles Geake. FRIAR J. A. HAMMERTON. FRIAR WILLIAM HILL—Major Jones, Mr. S. Peck, Mr. — Maby and Mr. — Mowan. FRIAR H. A. HINKSON—Mr. Herbert Trench and Mr. Frank Mathew. FRIAR REV. JOSEPH HOCKING. FRIAR SILAS K. HOCKING—Mr. E. Lloyd Hocking, A.I.E.E., and Mr. A. Vivian Hocking. FRIAR SIR ROBERT HUDSON—Mr. H. W. Massingham. FRIAR G. THOMPSON HUTCHINSON—Mr. Fitzgerald Molloy, Mr. B. Stephenson and Dr. Langford. FRIAR WALTER JERROLD—Mr. R. B. Byles, and Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer. FRIAR W. LINDLEY JONES—

Mr. Herbert Scott and the Hon. Sir John Cockburn K.C.M.G. FRIAR T. HEATH JOYCE—Mr. W. C. Cluer, Mr. S. S. Hellyer, Mr. Shaw Lovell and Mr. F. Medcalf. FRIAR COULSON KERNAHAN—Sir A. Conan Doyle and Colonel Patterson, D.S.O. FRIAR A. KINROSS—Mr. Percy Barron. FRIAR W. G. LACY—Dr. Allan. FRIAR JOHN LANE—Mr. Austin Harrison. FRIAR ROBERT LEIGHTON—Mr. Herbert Paul, M.P. FRIAR R. DUPPA LLOYD—Dr. Alderson and Captain James Grant. FRIAR HALDANE MACFALL—Major Raymond Smythies. FRIAR PERCY PARKER—Dr. Saleeby. FRIAR MAX PEMBERTON. FRIAR G. H. PERKINS—Mr. C. E. Fagan. FRIAR MOSTYN T. PIGOTT. FRIAR ALGERNON ROSE—Mr. Robert Machray and Mr. F. Adam Smith, F.R.I.B.A. FRIAR E. T. SACHS. FRIAR A. M. SCOTT—Mr. E. Gurney Boyle. FRIAR WILLIAM SENIOR—Sir T. Wardle and Mr. H. T. Sheringham. THE HON. SECRETARY—Dr. Tom Robinson and Mr. W. M. Short. FRIAR JOSEPH SHAYLOR—Mr. W. H. Nicholls. FRIAR CLEMENT SHORTER. FRIAR WALTER SMITH. FRIAR DR. BURNETT SMITH. FRIAR KEIGHLEY SNOWDEN—Mr. J. P. Collins and Mr. Howard Gray. FRIAR ARTHUR SPURGEON—Mr. John Murray and Mr. Frank Lovell. FRIAR ALFRED SUTRO. FRIAR RICHARD WHITEING—Mr. William Toynbee. FRIAR WILFRID WHITTEN—Mr. Lewis Hind. FRIAR J. FARLOW WILSON—Mr. Sydney Jennings.

The PRIOR, in giving the toast of "Literature and the Arts," with which was coupled the name of Mr. Balfour, said : There is no sort of reason why I should detain you at all to-night. You are all very ready and very able to give your own welcome to our Club Guest, and I have no doubt that in a few minutes you will express to him what we all feel, the extreme gratification and pleasure that we have in welcoming him here to-night. (Applause.) I have many prerogatives as a Prior—passing and transient prerogatives—but I do not feel that even these prerogatives embrace pronouncing a laboured eulogium on Mr. Balfour. This is not a leading article—(laughter)—still less is it what I hope will not happen for a great many years—an obituary notice. (Laughter and hear, hear.) I am offering just a few words, poorly put I am afraid, to say what a great honour we feel it to be that Mr. Balfour should come among us. (Hear, hear.) We all know his record, the high offices he has held, with what honour to himself and what credit to the Empire he held the highest of all. (Hear, hear.) I need hardly say that this occasion is non-political ; at any rate, it is non-party political.

It cannot be non-political in one sense, because, after all, though politics is a term that tends to come down in the world, it does in the end mean the science of the good government of a country, and in that sense we cannot be non-political to Mr. Balfour. (Hear, hear.) But it is not party-political, and for that reason I think we find it more easy than it would be with any other political leader to welcome Mr. Balfour. I, myself, have a vote for Parliament; indeed, I still have two. (Laughter.) One is for the Borough of Holborn, and the other for the University of Oxford, so that if I would I could not do any mischief. (Laughter.) What I want to say to-night is that we are not here to anticipate the task of the historian and to say what Mr. Balfour has done or left undone, but to say, as nearly as we can that we appreciate and admire the way he does it. (Hear, hear.) That is badly and crudely put, but I hope you know what I mean. It would be in bad taste to stand here and tell Mr. Balfour what he is, but I am allowed, I think, by all the canons of literature to mention a few things that he is not. (Laughter.) He has many excellent merits, but he is not dogmatic; he is not didactic; he is not solemn. (Hear, hear.) He does not walk the earth like Jupiter in a brown study, nor, in spite of some historic claims, does he imitate Lord Burleigh's nod. (Laughter.) He touches English life at many points. He is not only a statesman; he is also a philosopher, and rumour has it that though he failed to understand our Mr. Haldane's army scheme, he does understand Mr. Haldane's metaphysics. He presents to us, I think, the picture of a man who exactly hits the feeling of the nation, or of the nations perhaps I ought to say, that have their capital in London. Mr. Balfour appeals to us in many ways, but not least, I think, because he is not too solemn. He is not in agony about his own convictions. (Laughter.) Some other people are though. (Laughter.) He is credited with a prejudice in favour of Women's Suffrage which has never yet led him into over-violence. (Laughter.) He comes amongst us as one of ourselves, fortified, as our toast has it, with a great interest in literature, and not only literature but sports, taking a lively and keen interest in every side of the national life, and withall doing it with an air not only of giving but of gathering from every man he meets, simply as a gentleman among gentlemen, holding the place he does hold and will hold simply by the force of a gracious personality and a great brain. (Applause.) The toast was drunk with great cordiality.

“Literature and the Arts.”**MR. BALFOUR'S SPEECH.**

MR. BALFOUR, in the course of his reply, said : The Reverend Prior has explained to you that his speech is not upon the lines of a leading article. I can well believe it. My experience of leading articles is that they are far from possessing the flattering characteristics of his remarks. (Laughter.) I can only say, in answer to his speech, that it has been a great gratification to me to be the guest of this Club. I have sometimes been accused of taking no interest in journalism. (Laughter.) I have heard the charge levelled against me. There is really no truth in it. I am a firm believer in the great influence of journalism in this country, and in its beneficent influence. I am not sure that when I am individually attacked it may not conduce, on the whole, to that impartial judgment which we hope to see extended to the characters of political men, as well as to the problem which the country has to deal with. I do not know what right I have to be associated with this toast, however. Of course, I cannot deny that I have been the author of some books—(hear, hear)—some of which are to be got at an extremely cheap rate. (Laughter.) These, I hope, are balanced by others, which it is extremely difficult to procure, and which I have great doubt whether I shall re-publish. (Laughter.) My trade, after all, is to get up in the House of Commons and attack the Government, and not to deal with these high subjects. It seems impossible that I should be called upon to enlarge upon them in a serious spirit. Indeed, I am not sure that the form of the toast ought not to be altered. I believe that all of us who have been associated with either literature or art must begin to feel that we are to be dominated in the future neither by the man of literature, the man of art, nor by the mere politician, but by the man of science. We hear that the world is governed by ideas, and literary ideas may have their place. The hundred best books may be moulding the destinies of generations. I do not deny that they have their share in that great work, and political ideas and ideals may be a force in moulding the destinies of mankind. But, depend upon it, these sink into insignificance besides the work which is done by some scientist working in an obscure laboratory the result of whose discoveries he is the very last man to foresee, but who is nevertheless starting some train of thought, some development of knowledge, some beginning of discovery and invention which is going to change the face of the civilised globe, and the whole

globe is going to be what we call civilised in a comparatively small number of years. If you go back upon the beginning of discoveries which have brought continents together, made intercourse possible, made the growth of populations possible, and made the feeling of solid communities possible, if you go to the root of these things you will find some man relatively obscure, known to only a narrow circle of competent specialists who has been the beginning of great changes that have affected every civilised nation in the world. I do not mean to underrate what men of letters—even the humblest philosopher among them—(hear, hear)—can do in the way of moulding thought to carry out the destinies of our own generation and of the next generation, so inevitably influenced by our own, either by imitation or, more probably, by reaction and contrast. Nevertheless, the main stream of tendency in the future must certain depend upon your growing knowledge of the physical and material world in which we live. I have often tried to think what future generations are going to say of the last thirty or forty years—how compare it with the generations which have preceded it? I do not believe we can prophecy in the matter, but I venture to throw out the suggestion, I think we can say that with regard to literature there was a very high level, but that we had not been so fruitful in men of great genius as the generations that preceded it; that there was not the outstanding and immortal work which, for instance, the first thirty years of the nineteenth produced, but that the level of literary performance was high, was dignified, was worthy, but I think they will say that was not what marked the generation as noteworthy. I think they will say that it is in originality of criticism, of scientific discovery, of historical study of antiquity, of theological criticism, of the profound modification of ideas, without any revolutionary break in them which marks this generation, the generation now coming to an end; the thirty years preceding the moment in which I speak, as almost unique in the history of the world. (Applause.) Take Darwin's "Origin of Species," which appeared in 1859 as a beginning, and take the whole change of thought which has occurred since upon some of the greatest subjects upon which mankind can occupy itself, reflect upon the magnitude of that change and upon the fact that it has been carried out, or is in process of being carried out, without sharp break or revolution, and then I think you will agree with me that we have had the good fortune to live through an age of profound interest and an age which will well

deserve of posterity a great meed of intellectual and moral gratitude. (Hear, hear.) At all events that is my conviction, and I think the work has been done by the unconscious alliance of men of letters and of men of science. They are sometimes in antagonism, but they have worked together without knowing it to produce this great result, and, though I suppose that, like all prophets, if I had the misfortune to live till the value of my prophecy could be tested I should turn out to be little better than a fool, still we cannot help prophesying in private. At all events I do not complain of the age in which I was born. I do not say I am not a pessimist, I do not say I do not foresee every kind of evil, especially if the present Government remains in power. (Laughter.) I would not be suspected of such a sentiment. (Laughter.) But though I am a pessimist by profession—(laughter)—I have at the bottom of my heart, however much I may regret this or that tendency of thought, a firm conviction that things are on the whole not going ill with civilised humanity. (Hear, hear.) I daresay the Press is full of atrocious crimes. (Laughter.) I believe so. (Laughter.) I daresay municipal institutions, both in America and here, leave a deal to be desired, that the House of Commons is not a perfect institution, that much may be said about the House of Lords—(laughter)—but, I believe, with all these pessimistic views, which are quite genuine, I am fundamentally cheerful under it all. If, thirty years ago, I had been asked what my forecast was about these enormous changes of thought on religious, philosophic, scientific, and other matters, I should have taken the gloomiest view of them. I should have said, "this is going to upset everything and everybody." It has not upset everything and everybody—(hear, hear)—and I look forward to the future with a cheerfulness which I am unable to restrain, however dark may be the particular prospect with regard to particular subjects with which I happen to be intimately concerned. (Laughter.) I have wandered very far in these conversational observations from the subject of "Literature and the Arts," as they are legitimately and properly understood; but I know that in this society, and all such societies, on occasions the audience is tolerant; they do not expect a consecutive argument, they do not insist on carefully thought-out observations. I have only risen to make these observations, Reverend Prior, in order that I may, if I can, express to every gentleman who has been good enough to drink to this toast the warm feelings of thanks and cordiality with which I have received their kind reception of the remarks of the Chairman this evening,

and to tell them how greatly I have enjoyed this opportunity of meeting them, what pleasure I have derived from the invitation which they were good enough to send me, and how greatly I desire that so agreeable an experience may again be repeated. (Applause.)

“The Club.”

MR. JOHN MURRAY, proposing “The Whitefriars Club,” said: “If we could see the stream of messages which are pouring into that quarter of London which this Club typifies, the vision would be amazing. To-morrow morning for a penny the facts will be presented to us in such a garb that they will read like fiction; for a still more modest halfpenny we can read the fiction in the garb of fact—(laughter)—and if we choose to go to the extravagant expenditure of threepence we may encounter that refinement acidulated by vituperation which to-day may be called Moberley *belles-lettres*. (Laughter.) To put the qualities of this world into a phrase, a man must here be quick in judgment, he must be decisive, he must control his own feelings, and in his friendships he must remember the lesson Englishmen learn at the public school and take the rough with the smooth. These qualities shine in Fleet-street, and shine in the Whitefriars Club. If Dr. Johnson could revisit Fleet Street and Alsatia to-day and be told of the work of my great namesake in Oxford, Dr. Murray, in lexicography—could he be told, “Dr. Johnson, your great dictionary is in process of being superseded and that by an editor who is a Scotchman”—(laughter)—how we can imagine him replying, “Sir, in order to be facetious it is not necessary to be positively indecent.” (Laughter.) I couple with this toast the name of Friar Sir F. Carruthers Gould, whose delightful art may be said to typify Fleet Street in so far as it may be described as the art of seizing with avidity an idea and of putting it on paper at once. (Hear, hear.) He has given us one of the supreme means of judging what colour can be put in black and white, if it should not be green and black. When we compare his art with the caricature of another generation or of the Continent, we realise how great are the danger, risk, and temptation to which caricature is open, how narrow is the line which divides one—impossible as it is to put it into a word or frame it into a rule—the line which can only be dictated by good taste, and lies between playing the game and queering the pitch—(hear, hear)—and I certainly think that if Dr. Johnson could be confronted with Sir Francis Gould’s work to-day

in Fleet Street he would not be so ready to say, "I will see that those Whig dogs do not get the best of it!"

FRIAR SIR FRANCIS GOULD, in reply, said: I came down this evening with a sort of holy joy pervading me because I thought I should have the pleasure of listening to others speak and not have to speak myself. It was only at the end of the dinner that my name burst upon my astonished vision. I suppose Lord Halsbury would say we are a sort of a literary club. (Laughter.) Mr. Murray has spoken of journalistic facts. I would remind him that the word "fact" is derived from the Latin word *facio*, I make or manufacture. (Laughter.) My loyalty to my profession prevents my saying any more—(laughter)—but the fact that there will be no report of the speeches to-morrow, shows the power of the Press occasionally to restrain itself in the most praiseworthy manner. (Laughter.) Mr. Murray mentioned Alsatia. Alsatia, I believe, is where Carmelite House now stands. That is the key to our reference to "those whom broken by fortune, dwell in Alsatia. (Laughter.) We could not say "those who, broken by misfortune, dwell in Carmelite House." (Laughter.) Let me say what a pleasure it is to see our guests amongst us. (Hear, hear.) We are occasionally very broadly catholic in our political views. To-night we are broadly catholic. (Hear, hear.) It is a great pleasure to us to have Mr. Balfour, and—as I may call him—his chief whipper-in, Sir Alexander Acland-Hood, at this dinner. (Hear, hear.) I must confess that when I came here I was a little shy, for reasons that I need not detail. I felt something like Daniel going into the lions' den. (Laughter.) The only consolation that came to me was that which came to Daniel—that for me on this occasion there would be no after-dinner speaking. (Oh! and laughter.) I know I have said that before, but I have said it again because my experience of the House of Commons, which is so well represented here to-night, teaches me that the older the joke the more the people laugh at it. (Renewed laughter.) We desire to express our gratitude to Mr. Balfour for coming to-night, and making that delightful and thoughtful speech which he has made. He has painted for us a beautiful picture, and he has artfully introduced those little clouds that Mr. Birrell said the other day are so useful in making up a landscape.

"The Prior."

MR. HERBERT PAUL, proposing the health of the Prior, said: I do not intend you to believe that my admiration for his writings

is not as great as the admiration of the general public (and greater it could not be), but it is not perhaps altogether the same in kind. I used to enjoy intensely the books of Mr. Anthony Hope long before the public had that wide and intelligent appreciation of them which they now possess, and I will make to you the confession that I enjoyed them when he used to depict the flirtations of the practically amorous members of the Junior Bar—(hear, hear)—and that at this moment—heretical though I know it to be—I care more for “The Dolly Dialogues,” aye, and yet more, for “the God in the Car” than “the Prisoner of Zenda” and all that illustrious tribe. (Laughter.) But whatever we may think respecting the merits of Mr. Hope’s books, I am sure we shall agree in this that they all represent a high standard of humour—(hear, hear)—and an excellence of English style—(hear, hear)—which are rarely attained, that he writes about Society so that we never need to ask ourselves whether he spells it with a big S or a small one, and that everything he has put forth from the Press is the characteristic product of a scholar and a gentleman. (Applause.)

The PRIOR briefly replied, and called on Mr. Comyns Carr.

MR. CARR said : There has been a disposition to relegate to the second place what I consider Mr. Hope’s chief claims to consideration, his essays on love—his excursions into the domain of love, and upon that point I find myself at variance with Mr. Balfour. He alluded to many forces which have moved the world, but he said nothing about love. (Laughter, and hear, hear.) I am sorry Mr. Balfour has gone, because I should have liked to interrogate him upon that great theme of love. (Laughter.) Being present here under the auspices of his Chairman, Mr. Hope, who has written the greatest romances of love, Mr. Balfour was silent. (Laughter.) I have to return thanks on behalf of Mr. Hope. I overheard some of the conversation between Mr. Hope and Mr. Balfour. I think that Mr. Hope was more restrained than I have ever heard him, and that Mr. Balfour was more explicit than he has ever been before. (Laughter and applause.)

The speeches were interspersed with songs and glees by the Lyric Vocal Quartet, and Mr. W. Churcher entertained the company with his amusing sketch of the dumb orator. On the termination of the more formal proceedings the Friars and their guests remained for some time to engage in general conversation.

CLUB NOTES.

FRIARS will be careful to reserve Friday, April 26th, in their engagement diaries for the Ladies' Banquet, which will be held as usual at the Trocadero. The Lord Mayor, Friar Sir William Treloar, is to be the Prior. Not every Lord Mayor can rise to this literary dignity, and not every Friar can be Lord Mayor! Sir William will be supported by the City Sheriffs and their ladies, and several women writers of eminence have already accepted invitations to be Club guests. Further information will be given by a special circular.

THE topic on Friday, April 12th, when Mr. W. J. Locke will be the Club guest, and Friar Alfred Sutro, Prior, is to be "The Gospel of Emile Zola." Owing to Mr. Locke's absence abroad when the Sessional Programme was issued this could not be stated on the card.

THE Committee have elected Mr. Thomas Catling to be an honorary member of the Club in appreciation of his record in Fleet Street. He retired last month from the editorship of *Lloyd's Weekly*, after a service extending over half a century, and is renewing his youth like the eagle's by trips to distant parts of the world.

Two vacancies in the roll have been filled by the admission of Dr. Burnett Smith and Mr. Ralph Blumenfeld. The first-named had been several times at our board—either at the ordinary Friday gatherings or at the Ladies' Dinner with his wife, Annie Swan. Friar Blumenfeld is a bright example at once of the seriousness and the joy with which the Friary Vow is taken. Some years ago he joined the Brotherhood, but seeing that he could not attend made way for a waiting candidate. Since then he has found that it is possible for him to renew his obligations, and he has been gladly re-elected. Editor of the *Daily Express* and with an interest in a well-known American journal, his activity covers two hemispheres. In his capacity for work he is a rival of Friar Dr. Robertson Nicoll; yet neither ever seems to be hurried.

FRIAR HEATH JOYCE has started on a tour round the world, which will occupy some nine months. Mrs. Heath Joyce is with him, and the good wishes of the Brotherhood go out to them in the hope that they will have thoroughly enjoyable travel. They will be at Yokohama in May and at Brisbane in June.

W. N. S.