

WHITEFRIARS JOURNAL.

Edited by
**FRIAR ROBERT
LEIGHTON.**

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MAY, 1907.

PRIVATE
CIRCULATION.

CLUB DIARY.

THE annual banquet, reported in the last number of the Journal, was followed on March 1st by a quiet House dinner, at which nothing of great moment occurred. On Good Friday, of course, there was no meeting of the Friars, and on April 5th there was another House dinner, as also on April 19th. This last evening had been set apart on the programme of the session for a dinner at which Mr. Herbert Paul, M.P., was to have been the Club guest, the subject chosen for discussion being "The Decadence of the English Language"; but owing to a breakdown in his health, necessitating his going abroad for a time, Mr. Paul was unable to attend, and the occasion was converted into a House dinner.

ON March 8th Friar Walter Runciman, M.P., acted as Prior, and the Club guest was the Lord Advocate of Scotland, Mr. Thomas Shaw, K.C., M.P. The topic of conversation was embodied in the question "Is the Scot a *Reductio ad absurdum*?" In his opening speech the Lord Advocate explained that the Scot reduced to absurdity the notions commonly entertained concerning him. The idea that he was without humour, that he was stingy, and cultivated literature on a little oatmeal, and that his metaphysics and philosophy were incompatible with practical success—these were among the propositions against which Mr. Shaw directed the piercing shafts of his sarcasm. Many Scotch Friars were present, and the guest's humorous and incisive defence of their countrymen was received with enthusiasm. In the discussion that followed, the principal speakers were the Rev. F. A. Russell, the Prior, Friar Sir F. Carruthers Gould, the Hon. Sir John Cockburn, Friars Mostyn Pigott, J. A. Hammerton, Dr. Robertson Nicoll, Wilfred Whitton, Alexander Paul, and Mr. Esslemont, M.P. Friar Gould made a point by giving a revised version of the familiar "bang

went saxpence" story. When the young man was asked how he had managed to spend so large a sum, he replied, "Principally on wines and cigars."

"THE OLD JOURNALISM AND THE NEW" was the subject of conversation on March 15th. Friar William Senior was in the chair, and Sir Edward Russell, Editor of the *Liverpool Daily Post*, was the guest of the evening. Sir Edward brought forward many interesting comparisons between the methods of newspaper production of the past and those of to-day. He spoke of the advantages of scholarship in journalism, of literary style in leader-writing, of Parliamentary reporting, of sobriety and sensationalism, and of the journalist's duty in honestly and sincerely exercising the talents entrusted to him. But the main interests in his very charming speech were his personal reminiscences of the journalistic work in which he had himself engaged. Friar Richard Whiteing spoke well on the changes which have taken place in journalism, largely owing to improved methods and to the spread of education. He was of opinion that the tone adopted and the colossal circulations attained by the cheap Press were, on the whole, honourable and in every way cheering to the national sense of decency. Mr. F. W. Wilson, M.P., Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., Friar Robert Donald, Friar Sir F. C. Gould, Mr. Sidney Dark, and Friar Dr. Robertson Nicoll joined in the discussion, each giving his experienced views on the influence of the Press on our national life.

MR. FREDERICK MACMILLAN was the Club guest on March 22nd, when Friar Cecil Harmsworth, M.P., occupied the Prior's chair. The topic for conversation was "Author, Publisher, and Public." After an introductory speech from the chair, Mr. Macmillan, avoiding contentious questions, gave some recollections of the men and women of letters with whom he had come into personal relations during his forty years as a publisher, among them Alfred Ainger, Matthew Arnold, William Black, Mrs. Craik, Lewis Carroll, Sir Michael Foster, Sir George Grove, Thomas Hughes, Charles Kingsley, and John Seeley. Concerning the last, he revealed the interesting fact that Seeley kept his authorship of "Ecce Homo" a secret for the reason that his father, a bookseller in Oxford-street, was an Evangelical churchman, and that he, the author of the much-discussed work, was afraid of hurting the feelings of the dear old man. Freeman, Anthony Trollope, and Huxley were

other celebrated men of letters of whom Mr. Macmillan had pleasant memories. Friar W. R. Paterson made a very vigorous and eloquent speech on the responsibilities of authorship. If the demon of literary creation took possession of a man, he declared, he could not shake it off. If, instead, he fixed his eye on a money god, or a baby's rattle, then his reputation would be wrecked and ought to be wrecked. The business of literature was being hurt through being carried on by limited companies with unlimited ignorance. If it was true that all great books had been written for money, it was not true regarding the greatest passages in those books, which had been written by the author when carried away by the love of his art. Friars Helm, Dr. Robertson Nicoll, and G. B. Burgin, Mr. Constant Huntington, and Friars Hammerton and Steuart also joined in the conversation.

"THE GOSPEL OF ZOLA" was the topic of interest discussed after dinner on April 12th. Friar Alfred Sutro was Prior and Mr. W. J. Locke was the guest of the Club. Mr. Locke, at the opening of a gracefully literary speech, asked the double question, "What did Zola teach, and how did he teach it?" The guest argued that in the twenty novels in the Rougon-Maquart series, the three romances of the cities of Lourdes, Rome and Paris, and the gospels of population, work and truth, there was not a line of Zola's which did not tend to advance in some way his belief in a creed of the apotheosis of mankind upon earth. Zola's four gospels were four Utopias. One could not speak of them as literary productions. They were written in a passion. Zola cursed the man who gratified his animal nature unless he were drawn by love. The novelist possessed no sense of humour ; but a man with such a sense could never have been a prophet. Any writer who, for thirty years, pursued his self-imposed task in face of constant vituperation, was one to whom respect was due. Zola was a great man, steadfast in his ideals, deserving the veneration of the literary world as one of the noblest and purest teachers of the nineteenth century.

THE Prior took a less exalted view of Zola's mission, questioning how far an author who had a gospel to preach was justified in withdrawing reticence on certain subjects which were ruled out of order by decent people. Friar Hamilton Fyfe took a similar position, and drew a comparison between Zola and Balzac. Friar

Richard Whiteing considered Zola one of the greatest of realists, and, at the same time, a tremendous symbolist who knew how to combine the two gifts. Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., argued that Zola was not such a high-minded prophet as some speakers had sought to prove. As a writer who had suffered, he commanded the sympathy of writers, but in France it was easy to make money and a reputation by pornography. When he heard a man like Zola belauded, he felt that Lord Lister had done far more for humanity than all the advocates of various religious creeds. But Zola, he recognised, preached the gospel of hope, and it was mainly for that reason that he was entitled to the esteem of the literary world.

FRIAR SIR FRANCIS CARRUTHERS GOULD submitted that Zola should be judged by what he intended to do, and a clue to his intentions was given in the magnificent act which happened towards the end of his life. He risked the whole of his reputation, he risked being denounced as unpatriotic, and he was therefore no mere money-grubber. Zola's books should be read by mature people in the language in which they were written. Mr. Sidney Dark and Friar Osman Edwards continued the conversation, which was brought to a conclusion with a second speech from Mr. Locke.

THE ANNUAL LADIES' BANQUET.

THE closing dinner of the Spring Session was held on April 26th. This always interesting gathering of the Friars and their guests took place as usual at the Trocadero, and the Prior on the occasion was the LORD MAYOR OF LONDON, FRIAR SIR WILLIAM TRELOAR. The picturesqueness of the company itself at the well-decorated tables was enhanced by the attendance of half a dozen of the Mansion House footmen in their gorgeous livery, whose imperturbable solemnity was powerless to affect the easy good-humour of an annual function always remarkable for its character of homely familiarity.

The company were received by the LORD MAYOR and LADY TRELOAR in the Alexandra Room.

There were present the following Club guests : Lady Dorothy Nevill, Miss Meresia Nevill, the Rt. Hon. Lord Justice Fletcher Moulton, Lady Fletcher Moulton, Mrs. W. Pember Reeves, Miss

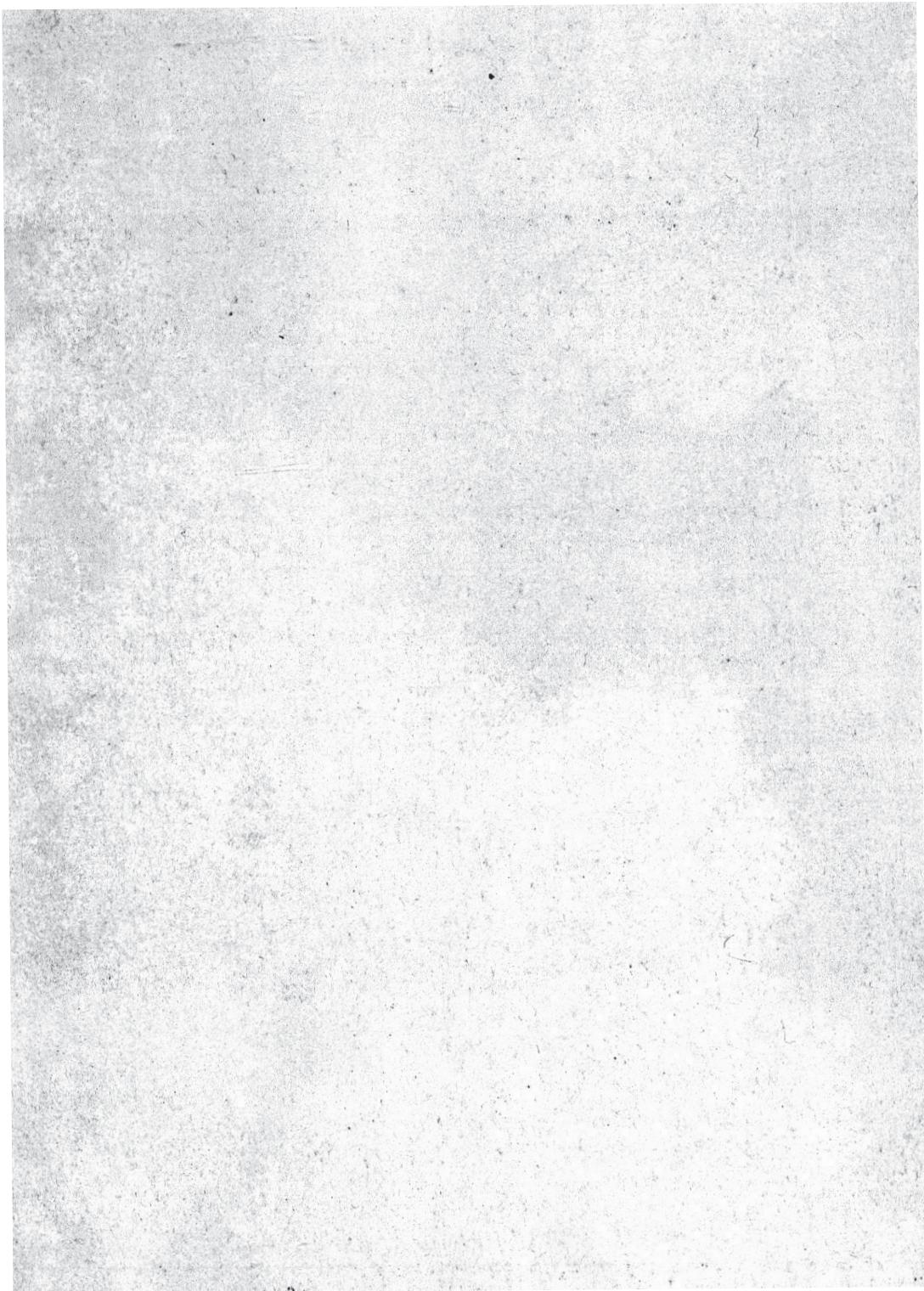
WHITEFRIARS CLUB
LADIES' BANQUET
TROCADERO
Friday, April 26th
1907



PRIOR: THE RT. HON. *The* LORD MAYOR of
LONDON (FRIAR SIR W. PURDIE TRELOAR)

RECEPTION - - - - - Alexandra Room, 6.30 p.m.
DINNER - - - - - Empire Hall, 7 p.m.
CONVERSAZIONE - - - - - Alexandra Room, 10 p.m.

W. N. SHANSFIELD
Hon. Sec.



Edith Wynne Matthison, Mr. Kennedy, Miss Elizabeth Robins, Miss May Sinclair, Mrs. Watts Dunton, and Mrs. Cornwallis West.

THE LORD MAYOR was accompanied in State by the Lady Mayoress, Mr. Sheriff Crosby and Mr. Sheriff Dunn, Miss Crosby, Miss Dunn, Miss Treloar, Mr. T. R. Treloar, Miss Harrison, and Mr. R. Rough.

The company included the following :—

FRIAR ST. JOHN ADCOCK—Mrs. St. John Adcock, Miss Marion St. John Adcock, Mrs. Robert Sanderson. FRIAR G. B. BURGIN—Mrs. G. B. Burgin. FRIAR J. BLOUNDELLE BURTON. FRIAR H. J. BROWN—Mrs. H. J. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hewitt. FRIAR SIR ERNEST CLARKE—Lady Clarke. FRIAR DESMOND COKE—Lady Troubridge. FRIAR RAYMOND F. COULSON—Mrs. Raymond Coulson. FRIAR R. NEWTON CRANE—Miss Cicely Moon. FRIAR PAUL CRESWICK—Mrs. Creswick, Mr. George H. Morris. FRIAR F. J. CROSS—Professor A. J. Church. FRIAR C. DUNCAN CROSS—Mr. E. Borrajo. FRIAR OSMAN EDWARDS—Mrs. Osman Edwards. FRIAR L. H. FALCK—Mrs. Falck, Miss Violet Falck, Mr. Osborn Walford, Miss Flora Walford, Mr. and Mrs Arthur Polak. FRIAR J. FOSTER FRASER—Mrs. Foster Fraser. FRIAR TOM GALLON—Miss Nellie Tom Gallon. FRIAR DOUGLAS GANE—Mrs. Douglas Gane, Mr. and Mr. James B. Bell. FRIAR REGINALD GEARD—Mrs. Reginald Geard, Mr. David Urquhart, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Sauber, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Squire. FRIAR ALFRED GIBSON—Mr. and Mrs. James Gibson, Mrs. James Carmichael, Mrs. Alfred Gibson. FRIAR SIR F. CARRUTHERS GOULD—Lady Carruthers Gould, Miss Carruthers Gould. FRIAR LIONEL GOWING—Mrs. Gowing. FRIAR PAUL HASLUCK—Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Peacock, Miss Nancie Ross, Mrs. P. N. Hasluck, Mr. Nevil G. Hasluck. FRIAR WILLIAM HILL—Mrs. Hill, Miss Hill. FRIAR H. A. HINKSON—“Katharine Tynan.” FRIAR SILAS K. HOCKING—Mrs. Hocking, Miss Hocking, Miss Lloyd. FRIAR BERNARD HODGSON—Mrs. R. M. Newman, Miss Beatrice Newman. FRIAR G. THOMPSON HUTCHINSON—Mrs. Thompson Hutchinson, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Watt. FRIAR W. LINDLEY JONES—Mr. George Elliott, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Seares, Miss Newstead, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bates, Mrs. Lindley Jones, Miss Lindley Jones, Mr. F. Lindley Jones. FRIAR T. ATHOL JOYCE—Mrs. Athol Joyce. FRIAR ROBERT LEIGHTON—Mrs. Leighton, Miss Bessie Hatton. FRIAR ANGELO LEWIS. FRIAR DUPPA LLOYD. FRIAR F. S. LOWNDES—Mrs. Lowndes. FRIAR ALEXANDER MACKINTOSH—Mr. Key. FRIAR

KENRIC MURRAY—Mrs. Lucy Hughes, Mrs. J. H. Lancashire. FRIAR THE REV. DR. ROBERTSON NICOLL—Mrs. Robertson Nicoll, Mr. Maurice Nicoll, Miss Nicoll, Miss Coe, Miss Collins, Miss Quiller-Couch, Miss Rachael Wright, Miss Kenneth Walker, Mr. G. Moore. FRIAR ALEXANDER PAUL—Mrs. Paul, Miss Lever, Miss A. Lever. FRIAR G. H. PERKINS—Mr. C. E. Fagan. FRIAR ALGERNON S. ROSE—Miss May Wheldon, Dr. and Mrs. Vincent Dickinson. FRIAR JOHN RUSSELL. FRIAR E. T. SACHS—Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald Beaumont, Mrs. Sachs. FRIAR W. M. SAUNDERS—Mrs. W. M. Saunders, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Head. FRIAR A. MACCALLUM SCOTT—Mrs. Scott, Miss Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley B. Forwood. FRIAR WILLIAM SENIOR—Mrs. Senior, Rev. T. H. and Mrs. Russell. FRIAR JOSEPH SHAYLOR—Mrs. Shaylor, Miss Shaylor, Mr. and Mrs. Hanson. FRIAR CLEMENT K. SHORTER—Dora Sigerson. FRIAR WALTER SMITH—Mrs. Walter Smith. FRIAR ALFRED SPENCER—Mrs. Spencer. FRIAR ARTHUR SPURGEON—Mrs. Spurgeon. FRIAR F. WHELEN—Mrs. F. Whelen. FRIAR RICHARD WHITEING—Miss Alice Corkran. THE HON. SECRETARY—Mr. and Mrs. Harold Gorst, Dr. and Mrs. Rideal.

“Sovran Woman.”

The RIGHT HON. JUSTICE FLETCHER MOULTON, in proposing “Sovran Woman,” said: “When I look at the quotation on the Toast List, which I apprehended would give me a lead and guide I came upon what I think to be the worst proverb in the world. ‘If you want to know man, study woman.’” But to a man who is busy and constitutionally slow that might be translated “If you want to find out what is in your morning paper read it translated into Greek.” (Laughter.) Out of respect to the distinguished visitors, who have made their names memorable in literature the true subject of the toast should be ‘Women and Literature.’ That nowadays one can propose with pleasure, but there was a time when it would have been painful to any man of good taste, who was accustomed to make nauseous comparisons and, either with an utterly unfounded severity or a still more objectionable condescension, to assess the merits of men and women in the literary realm. But we have grown wiser. We have realised that everything in Art and Literature, everything that has to do with creation, is the work of the exceptional and of the gifted, and that when you come to the land of the mystery of genius the difference between one person and another in gifts is so immeasurable that it sweeps away all rules, and you must simply accept what you find. Time past, it

was said that man was the superior of woman because he had most frequently left work that had lived, but we know now what that was due to. We realise that, as you have given to women the chance, so she has availed herself of it, with a rapidity which makes it very dangerous to say how far she will go. What delights me is to think that it is to be seen most of all in the English-speaking races, who, by their love of individual liberty, have been the first truly to allow women to compete in these domains. If I might, although it is dangerous, compare the English-speaking races in this respect, I should say our cousins across the ocean and our Colonies have generally done yet more than the mother country, for though we think we are very free and intelligent, the bondage of fetters of old-time tradition is still very strong in England, and it often requires great courage to break through them, and this makes it so delightful to me to have to associate with this toast the name of a lady so well known, coming from one of our Colonies, to acknowledge it. (Applause.) Although I am not going to fall into the error which I have described of arranging in order of merit the sexes in this respect, it is always a subject of interest to speculate whether in their work there may not be some dominant characteristic marking out men from women. I am not going to hazard any speculation upon this point. I have been a cautious and prudent man all my life. (Laughter.) I never ventured but once to pronounce that an anonymous book was written by a man—it was *Paul Ferrol*—and then it was the work of a gifted woman. (Hear, hear.) Not encouraged by that, I am only going to suggest this, if you want to realise where the work of a woman will be best shown you must consider what fields lay nearest to their lives, for these are the ones they have to come to first, and if I wanted to show what these fields were I should only call your attention to the guests we have present. It is right that woman, who is the chief factor in social life, should also be the sprightly and witty chronicler of its events. It is right that woman, with her quick sympathies and her keen observation—and her life taken to a large extent from the monotony of business and put in the equally arduous, but still very different, social medium—should be the keen delineator of character and should have won, as she has, such a high place in fiction. It is quite right that woman, who has for so long been necessary to the dramatic artist to interpret his creations, should have learnt from that the art of creating herself these characters, and we find in this way with us to-night examples of these triumphs. I am not going to say in what

direction the future triumphs are going to be. Let us be grateful for those woman has already won. (Hear, hear.) I may tell you frankly I would rather not look forward to what the future triumphs of woman in literature may be. I am not sure my gratitude in the future will be as great as it is at this moment. (Laughter.) Their style in fiction will certainly arrest, they are popular as biographers and historians, and they contribute their share to the great turnover of literature in the present day, if you measure it by size, which I think is usual to-day. In sensational journalism I tremble at what may be the result of competition. (Laughter.) Their powers of imagination will make them absolutely necessary for the latest news column. (Laughter) As reviewers I assure you they are irresistible, and beyond that, they at least are our equals in hysterical power (laughter), and they are immeasurably our superiors in a long experience of how to turn it to good account. (Laughter.) So that when one calls to mind the trend of modern journalism, it really looks like a ripe pear ready to fall into their hands. (Laughter.) When that day comes I think the gratitude I feel now will be somewhat tempered, but at this moment I may call upon you with unmixed feelings to drink this toast. You have only to think of the delightful hours you have spent with books which you owe to them--some to names that have become immortal and cherished memories, many more to those who still live and from whom we hope great gifts in the future, as we have had them in the past." (Applause.)

The toast was cordially drunk.

MRS. W. PEMBER REEVES, who received a hearty welcome on rising to respond, said : "I should like to take this opportunity of thanking the proposer of the toast for proposing it seriously. Women like to be taken seriously. It occurs to me to ask, who is Sovran Woman?—for either she is nobody or she is every woman. I could not for a little while understand that she should be every woman. I have not much experience of Royalties myself. (Laughter.) But I remember having been told on various occasions by people who knew intimately all that Royalty ever knew or thought —(laughter)—that nobody works so hard as a Royal personage to please her subjects. And then I began to understand what the toast means. If all women are Sovereigns then their subjects are men, and at once I can understand why we are Sovereigns—because we certainly work very hard to please our subjects. (Laughter.) When you think of all the mothers with little children, and when you think of all the wives with husbands, and all the sisters with

Brothers, you can begin to understand the scope of this toast. It seems that the only women who are not Sovereigns are the poor women who have no man to work for. That is a very sad case. (Laughter.) Of course there are not too many Sovereigns; that would be impossible. The trouble is there are so few subjects. (Laughter.) If you take my own case, in my house there are fourteen Sovereigns and one and a half subjects—(laughter)—and when my half-subject refuses to wash his hands I have a very hard time, working to please him and make him see that it is the right thing to do. Only this very night my other subject got up a revolution. (Laughter.) He said his Prime Minister was dining elsewhere and he must go and dine with him. (Laughter.) When there are so few subjects and so many Sovereigns, the subjects are apt to get rather spoiled. The Sovereigns are very good, but sometimes the subjects make rather poor subjects. (Laughter.) I am going to wind up by saying one thing which I really mean. I want you to understand I mean it from the bottom of my heart. I think and hope there are a good many Sovereigns who would be glad to abdicate this position, and to see this toast next year converted into the toast of 'Citizen Woman.' (Hear, hear.) I wish that it had been my lot to answer for that toast. At present it does not exist in this country, and cannot be proposed or answered for, but some day I hope I shall be able to do here what I can now do in my own country, reply to the toast of 'Citizen Woman.' In the meantime, I thank you for the cordiality with which you have drunk the toast of 'Sovran Woman.' (Applause.)

"The Brotherhood."

MISS EDITH WYNNE MATTHISON proposed the health of "The Brotherhood." She said: "I cannot tell you how much I appreciate the honour of being able to propose the toast of the evening. I say 'honour' advisedly, I should like to have said the pleasure, but, alas! I am a woman and the very real pleasure which, under less terrible circumstances, I might have felt at this moment, is more than counterbalanced by a constitutional tendency to pick up my skirts and run away. (Laughter.) Thanks to Miss Elizabeth Robins, I must not even claim immunity from the conventional phrase "unaccustomed as I am to public speaking." (Laughter.) Destiny and the White Friars are arrayed against me, so come Fate into the lists and champion me to the uttermost! My task has not been rendered any the easier by the curious language employed by your Secretary in his letter of invitation. ("Shame.") My

charitable regard for the brethren of this Club compels me to show up the Machiaevellian duplicity of this man, to whom so much responsibility has been assigned. (Laughter.) Members of the Whitefriars Club, and all ye other powers—other than Secretaries—harken to the astounding language of your scribe ! ‘ We hope that you will be willing to propose the toast of “ Mere Man,” otherwise the “ Whitefriars Club,” in a ten minutes’ speech’—then with a subtlety wherein I seem to detect the black enemy of souls himself, he adds the assuring words, ‘ you may be as informal as you like.’ (Laughter.) Brethren, by all the laws of sex antagonism, should this thing be ? I, a woman, am asked to toast ‘ Mere Man,’ and be ‘ as informal as I like ! ’ Has that meretricious person, your Secretary, considered the possibilities that lurk in such an invitation ? How does he know what form my informality may take ? (Laughter.) Does he ever read newspapers ? (Laughter.) May I not, even now, for all he knows, haye hidden about my person a blood-red banner, fiery with auspicious lettering, and may I not at any moment flaunt before his eyes the challenge ‘ Votes for Women ’ ? (Laughter.) It is my firm conviction he did know—(laughter)—he did consider these possibilities ; he does read newspapers ; and, like that ancient other Tempter, who won one of my ancestresses with a gift of apples, he was seeking to stir all the Suffragette in me to action. (Laughter.) But I resist him ; yes, although I would go very far to get my vote. (Hear, hear, and laughter.) But mark what follows ! I will not look over this without a retaliation ; mark the deep and hideous revenge I have in preparation for him. I am to be informal. (Laughter.) Well, I will. I am to toast “ Mere Man,” otherwise the “ Whitefriars Club.” That I will not do, for I deny the synonymity of terms. Instead, I will shame him with a high ideal—overwhelm him with confusion at my faith in you. I will toast ‘ Mere Man ’ as glorified in the worshipful Prior and the holy brethren of the Whitefriars Club. (Laughter and applause.) When I speak to you I remember that you have stood, the most of you, for the honour and worship of the three conventional sisters who stand for Letters, Science, and Art. (Hear, hear.) Under their protection there is hope for you. You need no longer bear the stigma of ‘ Mere Man.’ You must work out your redemption in fear and trembling. Yield yourselves wholeheartedly to the guidance of these fair women you have chosen for your angels ; do their high hests ; proclaim their virtues from the housetops—and keep a watchful eye upon your Secretary.” (Laughter and applause.)

"The Prior."

THE PRIOR, whose name was associated with the toast, in reply said: "I find myself in an awkward position this evening, but it is not the first time. (Laughter.) When I look at this toast-list I am half inclined to agree with the remarks of the last speaker about the Secretary. (Laughter.) Look at what he has put down here, 'The Prior, 'Fear a witty man.'" How would any of you like that said about you? (Laughter.) You are to think that it refers to you, and then you are to get up and make a funny speech. (Laughter.) I don't know how you would like it, but I don't like it at all. (Laughter.) I am reminded of the story of Grimaldi. He was very ill and went to a doctor. The doctor said, 'You had better go and see Grimaldi, he will cheer you up.' It seems to me that if I were to go to a doctor and he didn't know who I was, he might say 'You should go and hear the Lord Mayor make a speech ; he will cheer you up.' (Laughter.) I was very much struck with the beautiful speech of Mrs. Pember Reeves, but I did not quite like her saying that the toast should be 'Citizen Women' instead of 'Sovran Woman.' (Hear, hear.) It seems to me that, as the Lord Mayor, in one word I ought to resent that, because, how do I know that it is not an insidious idea of some day or other making a woman a Lord Mayor? (Laughter.) The question I should like to put to Mrs. Pember Reeves is this. If that were to happen, who is to be the Lady Mayoress? (Laughter.) I am very proud of being in this position to-night. I am an old Friar, though I do not look it. I have been a member of this delightful Club for a great many years—long before I was Lord Mayor, long before I was even an Alderman—and I hope I shall be a member of it long afterwards. (Hear, hear.) I remember Friars who have gone to heaven—or at all events who have died—(laughter)—I remember old Tom Archer and Crawford Wilson, and there are many men here like my friend Senior who were contemporary with these men ; and he and I have been friends for a great many years. I know very well that the Friars were glad when I was elected to the high position of Lord Mayor, and I know very well that I am glad too. I don't dislike the position at all. (Laughter.) It is very interesting. I have to be at it early in the morning—(groans)—as some of you may know if ever you are at the Mansion House about eleven o'clock—(laughter)—and I try if I can to be gay in the evening to make up for it. (Laughter and hear, hear.) I should like to tell you a story, which I hope you haven't heard before, because it is

a true one. Just about a month before I was elected to be Lord Mayor I interviewed some of the servants of the late Lord Mayor, for the purpose of taking them into my service if I was elected, and, amongst others, I interviewed a gentleman whom you have heard of, and perhaps seen—the coachman! (Hear, hear and laughter.) I said to him, ‘Well, Wright, you and I have known each other from a distance for a long time, and now we are coming a little closer together ; that is to say, if you are willing to serve me as coachman if I am elected to be Lord Mayor next Saturday.’ He said, ‘If you are elected, Sir William? It is the ambition of the universe to see you Lord Mayor.’ (Laughter.) Then I had to make financial arrangements with Mr. Wright, and, of course, I did not get the best of that. (Laughter.) Of course, I was very proud of what he said until I found out that he had said it before. (Renewed laughter.) Naturally, that took the gilt off the gingerbread. I see that both the Sheriffs of the City of London are here to-night ; which, of course, is a great disadvantage to me, because we have been together now for some months, and they know most of my stories, and they have got a very nasty knack of nodding and winking at each other every time I let one of them off. (Laughter.) So that you can quite understand I am very glad that the sheriffs are speechless to-night—(laughter)—that is to say, they are not going to be called on, I don’t mean any more than that. (Laughter.) It is very kind of you to listen to me after what we have heard this evening. I thank you all very much, and especially do I thank Miss Matthison for the kind way in which she has spoken of ‘Mere Man’—I suppose the Lord Mayor is a ‘Mere Man,’ but I am not quite certain about it.” (Laughter and applause.)

The dinner was followed by a conversazione in the Alexandra Room. The programme of music was exceptionally interesting. Miss Gleeson-White sang in the best manner of the opera two groups of bracketed songs. Mr. Philip Ritte sang “Take a pair of sparkling eyes,” while Mr. Barclay Gammon made his first bow before the White Friars and delighted the company with a couple of artistic musical sketches.

NOTE.—Summer Outing Circular accompanies this issue.