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Edited by
**FRIAR ROBERT
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PRIVATE
CIRCULATION.

CLUB DIARY.

THE Autumn Session opened on October 11th, with a dinner at which Mr. A. F. Robbins, President of the Institute of Journalists, was the Club guest. Illness prevented Friar William Senior from being present to occupy the chair and in his place Friar Richard Whiteing acted as Prior for the evening. Responding to the compliments paid to him from the chair, Mr. Robbins opened a conversation and made an inspiring speech on the Traditions and Future of London Correspondence. He dealt with his subject historically, beginning with the political letter writers of the time of Charles II. and the appointment of Sir Roger L'Estrange as sole correspondent for the United Kingdom. Passing to present times he said that he could point to provincial journals whose London correspondents gave a truer picture of London life day by day than was to be found in any London paper. The ideal London Letter, he said, should be a composite and a complete work dominated by one brain and always written in the same style. He was a strong believer in the future of the London Letter and felt sure that provincial newspapers would rely more and more on their London correspondents. Friar Sir Francis Carruthers Gould in taking the thread of the subject spoke earnestly on the necessary mental equipment of the modern journalist and of the ideal of truth and honesty which every worker for the Press should aim at fulfilling. Friar Harold Spender spoke of the moral responsibility of statesmen and journalists who were in possession of State secrets, and Friar William Hill added to the interest of the discussion out of the fulness of his experience. Humour was introduced by one of Friar Grundy's typical speeches and we had an aspect of English journalism presented by an American in the remarks of Mr. Edwin Mead of Boston. Friar Dr. Robertson Nicoll appeared to have no very high opinion of the gossip contained in provincial newspapers apart from that which came from

the correspondents in London. Mr. Robbins replied to the arguments of the various speakers and referred again to the desirability of the London Letter being infused with the spirit of a strong personality.

As a variant on the customary introduction by an invited guest of the Club, the topic of after-dinner conversation on October 18th was left to the choice of Friar Bram Stoker, who took for his subject the State censorship of novels. Friar G. B. Burgin occupied the Prior's chair. As might be expected in the circumstances, Friar Stoker spoke with earnest vigour of certain recently published novels which had become notorious for their indelicacy, and in which the most deplorable vices were treated as if justifiable. He deplored the fact that such impure writings were popular with an increasing number of prurient readers, and, inasmuch as the fiction writer of to-day was recognised as the real teacher of the public, he suggested the institution of a censor for novels as well as for plays. In the discussion Friar Helm doubted if a censor would do any ultimate good. He thought a better plan would be to educate public taste, so that pernicious work would cease to interest. Friar Whiteing said that he was certain that the public could be trusted to do justice to the question without the intervention of a censor. Friar Gilbert Coleridge thought it would be wise if reviewers ignored such books, or gave only the briefest notice to them. Friar Mostyn Pigott, who declared himself to be neither a writer nor a reader of novels, made a humorous defence of neurotic fiction, averring that there was so much propriety and refinement at the present time that the public needed bad books by way of a change. Friar Wilfred Whitten thought that the alleged popularity of these books was exaggerated; he laid stress upon the question of motive in indecent fiction. The discussion was continued by Friars Dent, Shan Bullock, Silas Hocking and Alexander Paul. The ultimate feeling of the meeting was that while the existence of unclean fiction was greatly to be deplored, the remedy was not to be found in a censorship, but in the efforts of all literary workers towards a suppression of sensational filth.

SIR MORTIMER DURAND, G.C.M.G., K.C.S.I., was the Club guest on October 25th, and, in the absence of Friar Hamilton Fyfe,

the Prior's chair was taken by Friar J. Foster Fraser. The subject of after-dinner discussion was "East and West," and the influence of each upon the other. Sir Mortimer Durand opened the conversation with an entertaining and informing speech. He spoke of his own experiences of life in Oriental countries, comparing them with his experiences in America and in Europe; he referred to the victory of the East over the West in the matter of religious thought and to the indebtedness of the West to the refinements of Oriental art and literature. In return for many benefits thus derived, the West was now giving to Oriental countries, and especially to India, a measure of peaceful happiness which the East had never before enjoyed. These points were taken up and amplified in an impressive speech by Sir Alfred Lyall, who dealt with the subject historically. Many apt comparisons, too, were made by Friar Sir F. Carruthers Gould, who, in speaking of our indebtedness to the East for schemes of decoration and for nature-fables, referred to the difficulty of understanding the Oriental mind. Other speakers were Mr. G. W. Thompson, Captain Mounteney Jephson and Friars Kinross and Osman Edwards.

At the dinner on November 1st, presided over by Friar Sir F. C. Gould, Mr. Horace A. Vachell opened the conversation in an amusing estimate of "Uncle Sam from a Scribbler's Point of View." Mr. Vachell had known the American as a trapper, a miner, a stockman, farmer, merchant and banker, and he spoke of him with intimate familiarity. Discussing the subject of literature in the United States, our guest referred to various masterpieces of American fiction and opened up some interesting questions as to the position of English writers on the other side of the Atlantic. These questions entered fully into the conversational debate which was carried on by Friars H. G. Wells, R. Newton Crane, J. Foster Fraser, F. A. Russell, G. B. Burgin, Joseph Hocking, Walter Smith, R. N. Fairbanks and Silas Hocking. On this point most of the speakers were in agreement with Friar Walter Smith who, in his maiden speech, stated that the day for English writers, as such, was gone, that American readers had begun to look to their own soil for the literary growth that they desired. They wanted fiction in which their own land and their own people were described, and they desired to have every State truthfully depicted by native writers who could convey in the novel all the sentiment and the humour as well as all the tragedy of American life.

THERE was an unusually large attendance of Friars and guests at the dinner on November 8th. Friar H. G. Wells occupied the Prior's chair and the guest of the Club was Sir Oliver Lodge, F.R.S., who took for the subject of his address "The Making of a Civilisation." It might be possible to make a civilisation if we were able to start afresh with a new planet, said Sir Oliver, but we had to take things as they were, and he proceeded to indicate the processes by which the existing state of society might be improved; discussing socialism, individualism, commercial co-operation and education, and coming to the conclusive point that it was not in the future only but here and now that sunshine illuminated this planet. At a hint from the Prior questions of Socialism entered largely into the subsequent debate, and arguments were contributed by Friar Dr. Robertson Nicoll, Mr. George Whale, Mr. Robert Pearce, M.P., the Rev. Bernard Snell, Mr. Perceval Graves, Friar Blumenfeld, Dr. Kimmins and Friar H. G. Wells.

IN the sessional programme the evening of November 15th was set apart for a dinner at which the Right Hon. A. Lyttelton, M.P., was to have been the Club guest, but as Mr. Lyttelton had been commanded by the King to dine at Windsor, a House dinner was held instead. Five Friars were present.

ON November 22nd, Friar Anthony Hope Hawkins acted as Prior, and the Club guest was Mr. Reginald J. Smith, K.C., who gave an after-dinner address on "The Selling of Books." Speaking from a publisher's point of view, Mr. Smith said that he had no panacea to offer for the selling of books, but his own experience proved that the highest possibilities in that direction lay in a careful selection of the manuscripts to be published and an equally careful regard to the printing and appearance of the works to be offered to the public. As an illustration of the editorial labour entailed in selection and of the number of disappointments occasioned in the process, he instanced the circumstance that, out of 495 manuscripts of books read last year in the house which he represented, only eleven had been accepted, and that of 2,215 manuscripts offered to *Cornhill Magazine* the number accepted was ten. Mr. Smith discussed the problem of advertising, but he was of opinion that in the end a good book sold itself without any adventitious aid. The conversation was continued by Mr. William

Heinemann, Mr. R. W. Turner, Friars Joseph Shaylor, Dr. Robertson Nicoll, Desmond Coke, J. M. Dent, Robert Donald, Arthur Spurgeon, John Lane, William Senior, G. B. Burgin and the Prior.

AN informal House Dinner on November 29th was presided over by Friar J. Farlow Wilson.

THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF CREWE was the Club guest at a large meeting of Friars and their friends on December 6th when Friar Sir Robert Hudson officiated as Prior. The selected topic of discussion was "Biography versus Autobiography," and in his opening speech Lord Crewe surveyed the whole field of biographical literature and carefully examined the essential qualities which go to the making of a perfectly written memoir. Comparing the two forms of memoir—the biographical and the autobiographical—he came to the conclusion that where men of action, such as politicians, soldiers, or sailors were concerned biographies of them were superior to autobiographies, but that when it came to following psychologically the workings of a man's or woman's mind and soul then autobiography was the medium to be preferred. An interesting discussion was provoked by Lord Crewe's scholarly address. Friar Anthony Hope, Mr. Sidney Lee, Friar Richard Whiteing, Mr. J. B. Atkins and Friar Sir F. C. Gould were the principal speakers.

CHRISTMAS DINNER.

ONE of the most enjoyable and successful of the family gatherings that have been held by the Club during recent years was the Christmas dinner, which took place at the Trocadero Restaurant on Friday, the 13th of December. In spite of the superstitious significance of the date, no incident of ill omen marred the conviviality of the occasion. From the reception of the guests by the Prior and the Prioress (Friar and Mrs. Arthur Spurgeon) to the breaking of the circle after the singing of "Auld Lang Syne," merriment and pleasure prevailed. As usual, the dining tables were decorated with Christmas crackers, which, at the appropriate juncture, fired their volleys and shot forth their mirth-provoking contents. During the evening selections were given by the White Viennese Band, and entertainment, varied and choice, was contributed in a generous musical programme.

The following Friars and guests were present:—

THE PRIOR—Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Madame Sarah Grand, Mr. and Mrs. William Slater, Dr. Eric Bailey, Miss Golding, Mr. E. J. Golding, Miss Fox, Miss Bestwick, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Rayner, Mr. Theo. Michell, Mrs. Spurgeon. FRIAR ST. JOHN ADCOCK—Mrs. and Miss Adcock, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Mulholland. FRIAR HENRY J. BROWN—Mr. H. W. Thompson, Miss Thompson, Mrs. Brown. FRIAR G. B. BURGIN—Mrs



BOB CRATCHIT AND TINY TIM.
A Christmas Carol.

Burgin. FRIAR GURNEY BENHAM—Mrs. Gurney Benham. FRIAR EDWARD CLODD—Miss Larner, Miss Augusta Larner, Mr. and Mrs. Graham. FRIAR SIR ERNEST CLARKE—Mr. Harry C. Wallace, Lady Clarke. FRIAR RAYMOND COULSON—Mrs. Coulson. FRIAR WARWICK DEEPING—Mrs. Deeping. FRIAR OSMAN EDWARDS—Mrs. Edwards, Mrs. Osman Edwards. FRIAR LOUIS H. FALCK—Mr. Osborn Walford, Miss Walford, Mrs. and Miss Falck. FRIAR R. N. FAIRBANKS—Mrs. Fairbanks. FRIAR J. FOSTER FRASER—Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Gwynne, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bashford, Mrs. Foster Fraser. FRIAR TOM GALLON—

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Engelbach, Miss Nellie Tom-Gallon. FRIAR DOUGLAS M. GANE—Mrs. Douglas M. Gane. FRIAR REGINALD GEARD—Miss Prentice, Mr. and Mrs. R. Court Treatt, Mr. Arthur Diosy, Mrs. Geard. FRIAR ALFRED GIBSON—Mrs. Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. Young. FRIAR SIR FRANCIS CARRUTHERS GOULD—Mr. R. Pelly, Lady Carruthers Gould, Miss Carruthers Gould, Mr. Norman Carruthers Gould, Miss Frances Carruthers Gould, Mr. Alec Carruthers Gould. FRIAR LIONEL F. GOWING—Mrs. Lionel Gowing. FRIAR THE REV. C. H. GRUNDY—Miss Mary Fraser, Miss Ethel Tarry, Miss Ella G. Grundy, Mr. Kenneth E. Grundy, Mr. Norman Grundy. FRIAR J. A. HAMMERTON—Mr. W. B. Robertson, Mrs. Hammerton. FRIAR W. H. HELM—Mr. and Mrs. May, Mrs. and Miss Helm. FRIAR H. A. HINKSON—Mrs. Blackwell, Miss Agatha Mayo, "Katharine Tynan." FRIAR WALTER JERROLD—Mr. Hugh Thomson, Mrs. Walter Jerrold. FRIAR T. HEATH JOYCE—Mrs. Heath Joyce. FRIAR T. ATHOL JOYCE—Mrs. Athol Joyce. FRIAR ALBERT KINROSS—Mrs. Deane, Mr. and Mrs. Ward Muir. FRIAR W. G. LACY—Miss Winifred Ortner, Mr. Evelyn Curtis, Miss Lacy, Miss Kathleen Lacy, Mrs. Lacy. FRIAR JOHN LANE—Sir Edward Sullivan, Bart., Lady Margaret Campbell, Mr. G. Greenwood, M.P., Mrs. Greenwood, Mr. W. Arbuthnot Lane, F.R.C.S., Mrs. Stirling, Mr. Pridham Wippell, Mrs. Lane. FRIAR ROBERT LEIGHTON—Mrs. Leighton. FRIAR ANGELO LEWIS. FRIAR ALGERNON LOCKER—Mr. and Mrs. S. Philip Williams, Mrs. Locker. FRIAR F. A. MCKENZIE—Mr. Pyong K. Yoon, Mrs. McKenzie. FRIAR G. H. PERKINS—Mr. C. E. Fagan, Mr. Evan Ortner. FRIAR G. MOULTON PIPER—Miss Bella Young, Miss Lilian Young, Mrs. Moulton Piper. FRIAR A. D. POWER—Mr. Edward Bell, Miss Power. FRIAR S. J. PRYOR—Mr. Davenport Whelpley, Mrs. Pryor. FRIAR LEONARD REES—Mrs. Leonard Rees. FRIAR ALGERNON S. ROSE—Miss May Wheldon, Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Bennett, Miss Wheldon, Mr. Cautley. FRIAR E. T. SACHS—Mrs. Sachs. FRIAR A. MACCALLUM SCOTT—Mrs. Scott, Miss Scott, Miss Hutchison. FRIAR WILLIAM SENIOR—Mr. and Mrs. Günther, Mr. W. G. Aspland, Mrs. Senior. FRIAR J. SHAYLOR—Mr. and Mrs. Frank Elliott, Mrs. and Miss Shaylor. FRIAR KEIGHLEY SNOWDEN—Mrs. Snowden. FRIAR ALFRED SPENCER, Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Gamage, Mr. and Mrs. Lurcott, Mr. Paul Lurcott, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Weldon, Mrs. Spencer, Miss Violet Spencer. FRIAR ROBERT SOMERVILLE—Mrs. Somerville. FRIAR MORESBY WHITE—Mrs. Moresby White. FRIAR RICHARD WHITEING—Miss Alice Corkran. THE HON. SECRETARY

—Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Thring, Miss Evelyn Sharp, Mr. Harold Cox, M.P., Mrs. Harold Cox.

“The Spirit of Christmas.”

FRIAR J. FOSTER FRASER in proposing the toast of “The Spirit of Christmas,” said: “With regard to the toast, the real delight of this festive season lies in the fact that we allow ourselves to be absolutely natural, and that we cease to worry. We don’t care very much about the future. The little conceits we may have about our imagined reputations—about being clever and so on—with the “side” we put on as authors, artists, editors and journalists—we drop all that and become just ordinary men and women. But one of the greatest delights that any man, any father, can have, is when he buys toys for the children and walks home with the load in his arms. Therein, I think, he feels the real essential delight of “The Spirit of Christmas.” (Hear, hear.) We have distinguished visitors here to-night, and we have distinguished members of our Club; but the reason we get on so well together is not because we look out for the distinguished characteristics of the various members, but it is merely because we try to be good fellows towards one another, and the little fire which is lit at each Christmas dinner of good-fellowship towards one another, we at our weekly meetings try to keep alight, through the year, till the next Christmas Dinner comes round. (Hear, hear.) Therefore, the “Real Spirit of Christmas” is to be natural, to be sufficiently careless as to the future, to be ourselves, and then giving ourselves a chance we find that the greatest of joy is in providing pleasure for other people. (Hear, hear.)

“The Ladies.”

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE received a cordial greeting on rising to propose the health of “The Ladies.” He said: “I can only regret my own particular lady is not here to be included in the toast. (Hear, hear.) But as the Prior had said, an unfortunate family tragedy has prevented her being present, but she desired me to say earnestly how greatly honoured she had been by the invitation of the Club, and how very sorry she was not to be with you to-night. I naturally ask myself why this toast should have been allotted to me, for it takes my memories back, pleasantly enough, over twenty-five years or so to a time when this toast was always given to the youngest male member of the company. This youthful Romeo might hope by his ingenuous countenance and by his obvious sincerity to make up for the fearful hash which he

generally made of the toast. I naturally ask myself 'Wherefore art thou Romeo?' (Laughter.) I have a better right perhaps to ask the Prior or those gentlemen who placed me here. I am as capable as ever of making a fearful hash of the toast, but I can, alas! no longer plead that excuse of youth which was mine when I first made this toast, possibly in honour of the mothers of the ladies I see before me. (Laughter.) Still there is something to be said for the course which your Committee have taken. Middle age has its memories and experiences. One does not live so long without understanding how dismal a place the world would be without woman. In the Biblical account the world was only without her for a very short time, and yet we are told that even in that short time Adam had to be cast into a deep sleep. (Laughter.) As I am doing the duty of these more youthful orators, I should like to borrow one little extract from a speech of which I have heard. This young enthusiast burst into poetry on the subject of the toast, and his poem was:—

' Oh the gladness of their gladness, when they're glad,
And the sadness of their sadness, when they're sad,
But the gladness of their gladness,
And the sadness of their sadness,
Is as nothing to their badness—when they're bad.'

Some other young enthusiast in the company was rather stirred by the unchivalrous nature of these lines, and he composed his little bit of doggerel, which he insisted on giving too:—

' Their gladness may be greater than it should,
And their sadness may be greater than they would,
But their gladness and their sadness,
And their little bit of badness,
Is as nothing to their goodness—when they're good.'

Discarding the earlier libellous lines, we all unite on the last line, 'There is nothing like their goodness, when they're good.' (Applause.) It was put in a homely way by an old sea-captain whom I knew. He was three times a widower, and knew something. He said, 'It is like eels and snakes all mixed up in a bag. The odds are you get an eel.' Then his face darkened as he said, 'I have had three dips, and I got a snake every time.' (Laughter.) I have a great respect for all learned and political ladies. (Laughter.) I am not against the Suffragette—(laughter, and hear, hear)—at least not here and now. (Laughter.) I think it is well to say this, because it seems to me one might as well be a mad dog or a Cabinet Minister as have any misunderstanding on that point

Laughter.) At the same time I must say that my feelings do go out to the primitive womanly woman. (Hear, hear.) After all, that is what woman is for, and all must be added thereunto. (Hear, hear.) I have admiration—I confess to some little dread also—for the woman who goes forth strongly into the world, and who does things there, but my heart goes out to the woman who does nothing, except that essential thing, to set us an example of all that is opposite to ourselves—all that is gentle and sweet and kind. (Hear, hear.) My only fear is that, in the stormy struggle for existence, this gentle type of woman may be pushed into oblivion. One observes that in these days, where the struggle is fiercest, that type^a seems to be always pushed more and more into the background. Woman may become stronger, may present more faculties than she had before, may be more sure of herself, and yet sometimes one feels that something also is shed as well as gained; something of the glamour and the greatness of womanhood seems to be lost in the process. One somehow thinks that the fully developed clever woman will be clever enough to conceal her cleverness, —(hear, hear)—to make it subordinate to that womanly end of her being, which is her sweetness.

“The Woman and the Mouse.

“I read a terrible thing the other day. A woman at a political meeting picked up some mice which had been let loose upon the platform and fondled them. (Laughter.) When I read that I thought it the beginning of the end. I confess I love a woman who fears a mouse. I have no doubt I speak as a fool, but still it is a proud thing to be the spokesman of the majority. (Continued laughter.) The mouse has always been a good friend of mankind. Man loves to take the woman’s part against the mouse. (Laughter.) He likes to spring between them, and dare the beast to do its worst. (Continued merriment.) So, by this small physical danger, he hopes to win glory and gratitude and all sorts of nice things. It is a sad day when a woman picks up a mouse and fondles it. If this is to go on one asks oneself: ‘What good is the mouse going to be to mankind?’ It seems to have lost its use in the scheme of creation. (Laughter and applause.) To appreciate a woman one must have known what it is to be without one. It is like the epicure, who really does not know the value of food until he has starved. Once in my lifetime I had the unhappy experience for seven months of never seeing a woman’s face. It would seem as though I had begun a preparation for writing about criminal literature by going

where criminals go. (Laughter.) But that was not so. For seven months I had been in the Arctic Ocean in a whaler. Then I remember the day when we neared the north coast of Scotland. I remember the lighthouse lying far out on the horizon. As we neared the lighthouse we dipped our ensign to it in salutation of our mother country. There was a flagstaff near the lighthouse, and out of the lighthouse came someone—and all through the ship the rumour ran that it was a woman. The men were gathered on the fo'castle, the captain had his telescope on the bridge, and I had the binocular. She was of very mature years, and I think she wore sea boots, but, none the less, what emotion did she not cause in our breasts! (Laughter, and hear, hear.) Only two remembrances have I of that return—one is the thrill I had when, after the long Arctic summer, where there is no night, I saw the first star. The other was seeing that woman by the lighthouse flagstaff. It was not much of a star, and, I am bound now to confess, it wasn't much of a — (Oh, oh, and loud laughter.) But both of them moved us on account of what they represented. I have spoken long enough, and yet I feel that I have really said nothing, but if one spoke seriously on such a topic one would tend to become more serious than such occasion permits. If one spoke frivolously, one would seem not to appreciate the greatest gift that life can give. It seems to me that the essential radical difference between woman and man is that one thinks and the other feels. Some French philosopher has said that life is a comedy to him who thinks, and it is a tragedy to him who feels. (Hear, hear.) That is just, I think, where it happens that a woman always carries the heavier end of the burden of life. Too often the brain-driven man sees the comedy, while a heart-driven woman sees only the tragedy. (Hear, hear.) Neither can understand the other's point of view, each seeing through a different medium. We drink this toast to-night, and we drink it with the more enthusiasm because we, as devotees of Literature and Art, find ourselves here associated with ladies who have the same end—sister-writers and sister-artists—in whose success we rejoice, and whom we are delighted every now and then to come in contact with." (Applause.) The toast was duly honoured.

Coffee Pots for Women.

Miss EVELYN SHARP, who was called on by the Prior to reply, said: "When I received the kind invitation of your Secretary to respond to the toast of 'The Ladies,' I did what I suppose every-

body does who receives that invitation for the first time. I went round asking everyone what was the sort of thing you ought to say, and I got only one practical suggestion from a brother, who said: 'All you have to do is to begin by saying how greatly honoured you feel, and then waltz off on any topic you like.' (Laughter, and hear, hear.) I do feel deeply honoured by being asked to represent my fellow women to-night, because there is a topic here in which I am very much interested. I gave a solemn pledge to Friar Shansfield this evening that I would not mention the topic of the hour—(laughter)—but I do feel it is a little hard that the proposer of this toast mentioned it. (Laughter, and hear, hear.) To talk about woman at this time of day without mentioning what I promised not to mention—(laughter)—is very much like a game we used to play in the nursery called 'Coffee-pots.' (Laughter.) In that game you had to think of a word, and somebody else tried to find out what you were thinking about by asking questions, and when you came to the word you said 'Coffee-pot' instead. (Laughter.) Although I am—I am afraid Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's heart won't go out to me when he hears it—although I am a 'Coffee-pot'—(laughter)—I may reassure everybody here by saying I am not going to talk about 'Coffee-pots for Women' to-night. (Laughter.) I really think that is much too big a topic to touch on in five minutes of speechmaking, and I think it is much more easy to talk about man. (Laughter.) The other day I was turning over a little old story-book, dated 1816, that belonged to my great-aunt. It was supposed to consist of tales for the amusement and instruction of the young person. The first chapter was on man, a dialogue between a father and his son. 'Pray, sir,' asks the young man, 'What is man?' and the father replies, 'Well, he cannot be a quadruped, because he does not walk on all fours. On the other hand, he cannot be a bird, because he does not fly.' 'Then, sir,' comes the answer, 'I presume we may call him a digitated quadruped.' (Laughter.) Later on in the same chapter the enquirer says, 'Pray, sir, what is woman?' 'That, my boy,' says the father, 'we will leave till another day.' (A voice, 'Wise father,' and laughter.) Although I looked to the end of the book I never found the other day. (Laughter.) But I don't think that we are here to-night to talk about man or woman either, because it is the Christmas dinner, and I think we are all children at the Christmas dinner. It is no use of any of you pretending to be grown up, because you have all pulled crackers, and that, as everybody knows, is the passport in Fairyland. I don't

believe there is anyone here who really belongs to that stiff set that Stevenson talks about.

‘They sit at home and talk, and sing,
And do not play at anything.’

(Laughter.) I think you really belong to the order of Stevenson’s good boy,

‘Who always says what’s true,
And speaks when he is spoken to,
And behaves mannerly at table—
At least as far as he is able—’

(Laughter.) I am sorry to quote Stevenson so much, but when you stop being grown up he at once becomes your favourite poet. I do not want to keep you too long. I am afraid I have not really said anything about the thing I set out to say, but I thank you very much for toasting us so warmly and enthusiastically this evening. I should like to say, it has been mentioned this evening that I am an authoress. I noticed a dubious look pass over the faces of those Friars who but for the Prior would not have suspected any such thing. It was a look partly of hope, partly of despair, but perhaps I may say that I do sometimes make excursions into Fairyland, and as to those gentlemen who have toasted us so warmly, next time I go to Fairyland I shall be glad to offer any one of them a lift on my broomstick.” (Laughter and applause.)

“The Prior.”

FRIAR EDWARD CLODD, proposing the health of “The Prior,” said: “I shall propose this toast with all sincerity and simplicity. Leslie Stephen, when giving instructions as to their contributions to those who were writing for the National Dictionary of Biography, said, ‘No flowers, by request.’ (Laughter.) I promise you I will not weave a posy or a wreath round this toast. Those who know Prior Spurgeon, as many of us know him, know that he is the best of good fellows, and those who don’t know him must take my word for it. For a long series of years the Whitefriars Club and Prior Arthur Spurgeon were equations. When they spoke of the one they meant the other, for they knew what zeal, skill and capacity he brought to the work of the office of Secretary of the Club. That duty has now fallen to the able hands of Friar Shansfield, but the Prior retains the same active concern in the welfare of the Club, the same good-fellowship, earnestness and capability in guiding its affairs and leading all to a happy issue. With the deepest affection for the Prior I ask you all to drink his

health, and I associate with it that of the Prioress, adding in the words of the old Caistor fisherman who went to Sandringham and stood before his King and Queen to receive some medal for gallant deeds:—‘May your Majesties live a hundred years and then go to Heaven.’” (Applause.)

The Prior and the Prioress were toasted with great acclamation. THE PRIOR, acknowledging the heartiness of the reception, said: “I thank you for the kind sincerity with which you have drunk this toast. It is true that for many years now I have taken a keen interest in the Whitefriars Club, and it is extremely gratifying to me to know that under my good friend and successor, Friar Shansfield, the work of the Club is maintained at the level that we all desire, and it is especially gratifying to-night to know that although Friar Perkins, with the cares of matrimony upon his shoulders, has felt compelled to resign the Treasurership of the Club, after fourteen years of faithful service—in which I think he has not been discovered on more than one occasion by the Auditors to be out in his accounts, and on that occasion, I believe, it did not exceed one halfpenny—(laughter)—his place next Friday night is to be taken by Friar Clodd. (Applause.) I am grateful to him for taking that honourable position. I thank him for the way in which he has proposed the toast of my health and the health of my wife. When Miss Evelyn Sharp made that excellent speech, I think she wound up by saying that if any of her brother authors were requiring any help or inspiration during the coming year she would be very glad to give them a lift upon her broomstick. (Hear, hear.) I think that speech of hers will remain in the minds of all of us, because that is the great characteristic of the White Friars. We are always ready to give one another a lift on the broomstick. (Hear, hear.) The comradeship of the Club is its distinguishing characteristic, and at no time in its long history has the Whitefriars Club been more successful and more prosperous than it is at the present time. I should be wanting in my duty if I did not refer for one moment to the fact that during the past year we have lost three of our brethren. Of these the most prominent was Friar Browning, who always attended this gathering and for many years was one of the most active members of the Club. We are rejoicing because we see Friar Heath Joyce and his good wife amongst us after their voyage round the world. I am not oblivious of the fact that he was Secretary of the Club for some years, the work being chiefly done by his good wife. One feels when he gets to middle age that experience is the great

comfort of his life. At the present time I happen to be a publisher. There was a time when I had even more lofty ambitions than being a publisher. Even Mr. Bell will admit that there are some spheres of life more congenial, more inspiring, and certainly more profitable than that of a publisher—that of the author perhaps being the best of all. (Laughter.) Once in my life I was an author. I wrote a poem in my early days, which was to be recited by a lady at a village concert, but when she began :—

‘He stood at the window, gnashing his teeth’—

(laughter)—I knew the fate of that poem was sealed, and I never ventured on a second essay. I wrote a serial story which has never been published—60,000 or 70,000 words—which I curiously entitled, ‘Only an Organist.’ I know the lady who lived at the hall fell in love with the man who played the organ at the church. I had to run it for twenty weeks—(laughter)—and in the end I believe the wedding march was played by the organist in the neighbouring parish. (Laughter.) Sir Arthur Conan Doyle will see what the plot was at once—(laughter)—and what possibilities there were in it. Even Madame Grand, with ‘The Heavenly Twins,’ might envy me that story. You see I am becoming autobiographical, as we were bidden be, at our weekly meeting the other evening. Sir Francis Carruthers Gould does not think any man should be encouraged to write his autobiography, because he could not be expected to speak the truth on that subject. (Laughter.) I went to the House of Commons to write the Parliamentary Sketch—and I am told that that was not the worst sketch that was sent off to the provincial papers. (Hear, hear.) For several weeks at the beginning of my career in the House I wrote my sketch from the outer lobby. You will see how difficult it was to be realistic, and sometimes fiction had to take the place of fact. But I am no longer on the heights of Olympus ; I am simply a huckster on the market. But nothing cheers one more than belonging to a band of brethren like the Whitefriars Club. I don’t hesitate to say that the day I joined the Whitefriars Club was a red-letter day in my life. (Hear, hear.) I have made friends whose friendship has been tested on all kinds of occasions. They have rallied round me, and to-day as I look upon this assembly I feel that I am glad that ever I was led into this Club.” (Cheers.)

At the close of the more formal proceedings the company adjourned to the Alexandra Room for general conversation, and the singing of “Auld Lang Syne.”

ANNUAL MEETING.

THE principal business of the Friars at the Annual Meeting on December 20th was to receive with expressions of regret the retirement of Friar George Henry Perkins from the post of Hon. Treasurer to the Club. Friar T. Heath Joyce was Prior for the evening, and there was a good attendance of Friars, who seemed already to be imbued with the hilarious Spirit of Christmas.

The following report of the committee was passed without criticism. The balance sheet, also approved, is given on page 116.

Committee's Report.

The Committee have once again the pleasure of presenting to the Brotherhood a satisfactory report of the year's progress. It is their agreeable duty to record that, both socially and financially, the Club maintains its prosperous and harmonious course.

The list of candidates continues lengthy; nine vacancies have occurred during the year in the limited roll of town members, in some instances by the transference of names to the country list, and the following new Friars have been duly welcomed into our circle: Dr. J. Burnett-Smith, Ralph D. Blumenfeld, S. J. Pryor, Walter B. Slater, Dr. C. W. Kimmins, David Hodge, A. D. Power, the Rev. F. A. Russell and Robert Sommerville.

To the roll of hon. members the name of Thomas Catling has been added in recognition of Mr. Catling's long and valuable services to London journalism, the occasion being his retirement from the Editorship of "Lloyd's Weekly."

During the past twelve months the Committee have arranged in all 14 Guest dinners. Our special guests at these weekly dinners have been Mr. G. K. Chesterton, Col. à Court Repington, C.M.G., Mr. Lionel Cust, F.S.A., Mr. Thomas Shaw, K.C., M.P., Sir Edward Russell, Mr. Frederick Macmillan, Mr. W. J. Locke, Mr. Alfred F. Robbins, the Rt. Hon. Sir Mortimer Durand, G.C.M.G., K.C.S.I., Mr. Horace Annesley Vachell, Sir Oliver Lodge, F.R.S., Mr. Reginald Smith, K.C., and the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Crewe, D.C.L.

Among the topics of after-dinner discussion have been:—"Biography Complete and Incomplete"; "Should we have a Channel Tunnel?"; "Are we an Artistic Nation?"; "Is the Scot a *Reductio ad Absurdum*?"; "The Old Journalism and the New"; "Author, Publisher, and Public"; "The Gospel of Emile Zola"; "The Traditions and Future of the London Correspondent."

dent"; "A Censorship for Novels"; "East and West"; "Uncle Sam from a Scribbler's Point of View"; "The Making of a Civilization"; "The Selling of Books"; and "Biography v. Autobiography."

The Annual Dinner of the Club was held at the Trocadero Restaurant on February 22nd, when the Right Hon. Arthur J. Balfour, M.P., was the guest of the evening, Friar Anthony Hope Hawkins acting as Prior.

The Annual Ladies' Banquet was held at the same hostelry on April 26th, when the Lord Mayor of London (Friar Sir William Treloar, Bart.) graced the Prior's chair, and many eminent women of letters were present as guests.

The Summer Pilgrimage this year took the form of a trip up the Thames in electric launches. Friar Foster Fraser was Prior for the day. The company was not so large as usual, as several Friars had been commanded to attend His Majesty's Garden Party at Windsor the same afternoon.

Deeply do the Committee regret to have to report that the Whitefriars have lost by death, since the last Annual Meeting, three of their members. The Rev. G. N. Godwin, a country member, was an antiquary of some note, and an authority on ecclesiastical history. He became a Friar in 1890. The late Friar John F. Moss, an old Sheffield Journalist, was distinguished in educational circles in that city. He was a country member, coming occasionally into our midst and seldom drawing attention to his unassuming personality. His membership dated from 1899. More familiarly known than either was Friar A. C. Browning, who will long be remembered with affection. He was loyally devoted to the Club, which he joined three-and-twenty years ago, introduced by Friar Tom Archer. A man of rare modesty and generosity, he seemed always to delight in doing good by stealth. Beyond the cloisters, he had a considerable reputation in the world of mechanical science, but perhaps his most lasting claim to public recognition rests in the work which he performed in connection with the French Hospital in London as its Deputy Governor. At the Whitefriars he was an infrequent speaker, but on the few occasions when he took part in the discussions, and in conversation, he showed a fine literary taste.

The Committee have received from Friar G. H. Perkins an intimation of his inexorable desire to relinquish the position of Hon. Treasurer to the Club. Friar Perkins has held this

honourable office for fourteen years. Skilfully and unostentatiously he has piloted the financial vessel into calm blue waters. Ever courteous, ever scrupulously exact, ever assured of the esteem of his Brother Friars, he has been an ideal Treasurer, and his retirement from the responsible office will be an occasion of extreme regret to every member of the Club which he has served so honourably and so well.

Friar Perkins leaves the finances of the Club in a thriving condition, and his balance sheet for the year is most satisfactory.

The Club holds in County Council Stock £300 nominal, purchased for £290 16s. The receipts for the year have amounted to £566 19s. 11d., including balance brought forward of £53 9s. 11d. The expenditure has been £487 13s. 6d., leaving a balance in hand of £78 19s. 5d.

The Executive wish to express their pleasure at the return of their companion in Committee, Friar T. Heath Joyce, who has been absent on a tour round the world.

The "Whitefriars Journal" continues to make its occasional appearance as a record of the Club proceedings, edited by Friar Robert Leighton, assisted by Friar Algernon Rose. Friar Leighton's kindness in this and other ever ready service is highly appreciated.

The Committee desire to remind Friars of the Club Luncheon which takes place in the Club Room every day, excepting Saturdays and Sundays.

In presenting this survey of the year's work, the Committee wish to refer once again to the unanimity and loyalty which continue to distinguish the confraternity of the White Friars.

There were no new nominations for the Committee, but there was one vacancy, and this was filled by the unanimous election of Friar Joseph Shaylor.

The Hon. Treasurer's retirement was then considered, and speeches complimenting Friar G. H. Perkins on his long and loyal service were delivered by Friars William Senior, J. Farlow Wilson and Arthur Spurgeon. Friar Edward Clodd was unanimously elected as the new Hon. Treasurer, and he gracefully accepted the responsibility. Responding to the many compliments paid to him, Friar Perkins created roars of laughter by a speech rippling with candid humour.

The re-election of Friar Shansfield as Hon. Secretary, the

election of auditors, and various votes of thanks brought the formal business to a close, whereupon Friar Arthur Spurgeon opened a discussion on the future of the Club, mainly on the matter of the annual summer pilgrimage, which he desired should be made more attractive—a visit to some literary or historical shrine rather than an objectless outing.

During the evening the Loving Cup was passed round, and Friar Joyce was commended for having once again presided over an annual business meeting in which there was no single word of disagreement or dissent.

NOTES.

MEMBERS are requested to observe that the address of the new treasurer, Friar Edward Clodd, is 5, Princes Street, E.C. Those directing their bankers to pay subscriptions will please advise accordingly, in order to save Friar Perkins the inconvenience of reforwarding. For others, envelopes with the usual printed form stating the amount of subscription will be duly forwarded by the Hon. Secretary shortly with a new address book.

ON Friday February 28th, Mr. George Wyndham, late Chief Secretary for Ireland, will be the Club Guest on the occasion of the Annual Dinner at the Trocadero. Friar William Senior will preside. Friars will be glad of this preliminary notice in order to reserve the date by entry in their diaries. It is proposed to begin the Spring Session on Friday, February 21st. The Sessional programmes will be issued at the earliest possible date.

OLD FRIARS will be especially glad to learn that Mr. A. Hervé Browning has been elected a Friar, in place of his father, who was so zealous a member.

W. N. S.

STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTS, 1906-1907.

RECEIPTS.

	£	s.	d.
To Balance brought forward	53	19	11
" Interest on Investments	8	11	0
" Members' Subscriptions, 1907	256	4	0
" " 1908	6	6	0
" Entrance Fees, 1907	10	10	0
" " 1908	6	6	0
" Christmas Dinner, 1906	54	6	0
" Annual Members' Dinner	50	17	6
" Annual Ladies' Dinner	73	0	6
" Summer Pilgrimage	46	12	0

The Club holds, London County Council
Stock, £300 nominal, purchased for
£250 16s.

Total ... £566 12 11

Audited and found correct, November 26th, 1907,
J. SHAYLOR,
ALGERNON S. ROSE,
Hon. Auditors.

EXPENDITURE.

	£	s.	d.
By Rent of Club Room	80	9	0
" Christmas Dinner	48	17	0
" Annual Members' Dinner	40	11	0
" Annual Ladies' Dinner	60	19	2
" Summer Pilgrimage	66	19	3
" Reporting	3	3	0
" Newspapers	1	9	0
" Cheque Books	0	6	3
" Refreshments for Artists	4	1	4
" Toastmasters	3	8	0
" Artists	48	16	6
" Club Guests	3	18	11
" Bouquets and Crackers	6	9	0
" Printing Club Journals	17	5	0
" Stationery and Postcards	6	7	7
" Red Book	5	7	6
" Circulars, Dinner Cards, General Printing	25	13	9
" Special Programmes	17	9	0
" Pilgrimage Booklets, Time Tables, Menus	4	18	6
" Postage of Dinner Cards and Journals	2	1	2
" General Postage and Telegrams	8	8	7
" Gratuities to Hotel Servants, Waiters, etc.	8	7	0
" Wreaths	1	19	0
" Curtains, etc., Lord Mayor's Day, 1906	3	3	0
" Hire of Pianos	3	3	0
" Repairs and Cleaning Club Room	3	3	0
" Russell & Sons, Alterations to Photographs	3	3	0
" and Renewals	8	9	0
" Overpaid by Hon. Sec. Annual Dinner a/c, repaid to him	3	0	0
" Balance at Bank, November 26th, 1907	78	19	5
Total ...	£566	12	11

GEORGE HENRY PERKINS,
Hon. Treasurer.