WHITEFRIARS JOURNAL.

Edited by FRIAR G. B. BURGIN.

No. 1. Vol. IV. June, 1913. PRIVATE CIRCULATION.

CLUB DIARY.

SPRING PROGRAMME

February 7th.—*Club Guest:* The Rt. Hon. Lord Moulton. *Prior:* Friar R. Newton Crane. *Topic:* "Sentiment."

February 21st.—*Club Guest:* Mr. Harold Cox (Editor of *Edinburgh Review*). *Prior:* Friar Richard Whiteing. *Topic:* "The Press and Party Politics."

February 28th.—*Club Guest:* Mr. George Clausen, R.A. *Prior:* Friar A. G. Gardiner. *Topic:* "The Place of Art in Life."

March 7th.—Annual Dinner. *Club Guest:* Sir A. Quiller-Couch. *Prior:* Friar E. Clodd.

April 11th.—*Club Guest:* The Rt. Hon. F. E. Smith, K.C., M.P. *Prior:* Friar Sir Robert Hudson. *Topic:* "The Influence of the House of Commons."

April 18th.—*Club Guest:* Monsignor Hugh Benson. *Prior:* Friar Sir Robertson Nicoll. *Topic:* "The Modern Novel."

May 2nd.—Ladies' Dinner.

February 7th, 1913.—Among the guests present were Mr. Barry Pain, Mr. A. H. Bagley (retired Indian Magistrate), Mr. Jeffrey McKnee, Mr. W. J. James, Mr. Flower, Mr. John C. Rose, Mr. Thomas Bickford, Mr. T. Raffles Hughes, K.C., Judge Benson, Mr. L. H. Cradock Watson, Mr. Herbert James, Mr. C. E. Fagan, Mr. Gordon Piper, Mr. H. Hawkins, Mr. Herbert Henry Davies (dramatist), Mr. S. O. Buckmaster, K.C., M.P., Mr. Philip Snowden, M.P., and Mr. Achille Bazire.

Lord Moulton, a distinguished exception to the proverbial rule that Senior Wranglers never "arrive," was the guest of the Club at the opening of the Spring Programme on February 7th, when the "topic" was "Sentiment," and Friar R. Newton Crane the Prior.

The evening reminded one irresistibly of those companies alluded to by Oliver Wendell Holmes, "where the atmosphere of

intellect and sentiment is so much more stimulating than alcohol, that, if one thought fit to take wine, it would be to keep one sober." The felicitous introductions of the various speakers by the Prior, and the speeches themselves were of so rare a kind that no summary can hold their content. The chronicler feels, indeed, like the poet who brought home the sea-shells and found they had left their beauty on the beach.

Before we were drawn into the region of metaphysics, the Prior suggested that the bond linking the Whitefriars of old with those of to-day was the hospitality of both, adding that both "worked mightily and had a vocation for their work." There followed a graceful panegyric of Lord Moulton's achievements, and the enthusiastically applauded sentiment that none of our guests had been more heartily welcomed.

Lord Moulton's definition of sentiment, put briefly, appeared to be: that part of human life that is devoted to other purposes than the acquisition of the necessaries of existence. When, he said, he suggested sentiment as a topic, he was probably in an extremely bad temper at the part that sentiment was playing in the world. But when he gave careful thought to the matter, he felt compelled to give the criminal a fair trial. He weighed the pros and cons. Was sentiment so bad or not? He soon found himself in a difficulty—not unknown to judges—he was not sure about the identity of the criminal. It was impossible to separate equally anything that was human from anything else that was human, except by a post-mortem. He would, however, try to communicate the way in which sentiment had grown to be a kind of definite entity in his own mind. With the development of the human mind the region of knowledge grew wider, but the intensity of knowledge became weaker. He could find no traces of evidence that man was born with any knowledge at all. As soon, however, as his faculties developed, he set to work to get knowledge, which, as its volume increased, lost in intensity, and perished with him.

Man was supplied with an heredity of capacities, not of knowledge. Man had accumulated ideas without number: isolated memories linked by lines of association; groups of associations linked into systems of sensations formed the material of his mental life. These groups of associations were linked so intimately that a new idea, sight, feeling would excite all of them. Man's mind, in fact, was like some

rich-toned musical instrument such as the violoncello, whose associated vibrations survived the note and gave it its beauty. The resonances of the human mind graduated by feeling were the domains of sentiment. The domains of reason were the resonances of the mind governed by perception and thought. In the greater part of our life the resonances were started by feeling. Sentiment was more sensitive than reason, but one could not measure quantity by it independently of ideas of greater or less. Sentiment was therefore a good scout but a bad captain. One could trust to its warning. It could announce a friend or an enemy. Beyond that it could not be trusted. It was a great ruler in every realm of pleasure and happiness. The resonances of feeling, if we were apt to underrate our means of happiness, made life possible and beloved.

No one sensitive to the charm of poetry could deny the intense emotions that followed from our being touched in some way by feeling which called up a vast body of associations till our link with it was complete. Here at least sentiment was supreme. As man had developed he had gradually turned to his use the forces of external nature, so that there had arisen an ever-growing margin between what was necessary to him and what he possessed. True, that margin, though it had increased, was most unequally distributed. But between the comparatively poor man of to-day and his progenitors in the era of barbarism the margin was considerable. As to the expenditure of that margin, a man had the right to spend it in the best way for the development of all his faculties; but only when dealing with what belonged to himself. This was why he (Lord Moulton) was so anxious when, in public life, he saw the dictates of sentiment being accepted as sufficient where the control of others was concerned. In public life they had to steel their heart against their bosom friend in private.

Invited by the Prior to speak about the practical advantages that could arise from "the absolute wreck of reason," Mr. S. O. Buckmaster, K.C., M.P., questioned the right of the individual to do what he pleased with the "margin" referred to by Lord Moulton, seeing that our sentiments, when uncontrolled from the outside, mostly ended in selfishness and greed. He instanced the Insurance Act as an example of State interference with the liberty of the subject for the public good and an acknowledgment of the debt success owed to failure.

Friar Richard Whiteing said it seemed as if the Turks of reason were willing to give up one half of Adrianople if they could have the other half. For a long time sentiment had been a negligible quantity. There had been a great reaction since Rousseau, which went on until we had arrived at a sort of incursion of a new Goddess of Reason into all the arts. What was sentiment? Simply an apprehension of phenomena through the emotions. It was everywhere in philosophy and history, the triumphs being with it rather than with reason. It was predominant in literature, science and art. Of late there had been a most distressing want of it in our literature. Man had been treated as if he were a mere bundle of motor forces, a compound of the contents of certain bottles they showed one in South Kensington Museum—so much grey powder, so much white powder, so much pink powder, and so on. And one was told "That is a man." "And, if you please, it ain't." For the purposes of literature, you could not interpret the life of man in the terms of reason. Science was not entrenched against sentiment. Reason did not determine the difference between a great and an inferior work of art—it was the fire of the artist that did this. In the final analysis, one must feel life if one would understand it. Reason's province was to explain the meaning of one's sensations about phenomena in the terms of time and place.

Mr. Philip Snowden, M.P., urged that, in spite of the enormous accumulation of material wealth, a large proportion of the population had no margin between possession and needs, if they could be said to possess the bare necessaries of physical existence. It was very much open to question whether, granting the margin, the possessor had the right to do with it as he pleased. No one could live to himself alone. All that he did affected others. Something more than sentiment was responsible for the Insurance Act; a better example of State interference with the liberty of the subject, interference at the dictation of sentiment, was the Old Age Pensions Act, because this was for the benefit of those who were past all usefulness to society. It was somewhat futile to ask what were the relative proportions of reason and sentiment responsible for any given line of conduct. Sentiment entered into all actions, more or less, but it was very important that reason should also have a place. Sentiment was influencing legislation in an ever-increasing degree, but we should

try to temper this sentiment with reason. If we did this, we should secure the maximum amount of beneficial results.

Mr. Barry Pain, advancing no claims as a philosopher, preferring, he said, to remain "a cockroach on the face of the Sphinx," doubted if reason could always be taken as the guide in public, and sentiment as the guide in private life. At all events, in his case such a choice would have disastrous results. Perhaps one got nearest the truth when one was not thinking of philosophy at all. The novelist might be most effective when he did not feel sentiment himself and his readers felt it all.

Friar G. B. Burgin recounted some amusing examples of trans-Atlantic sentiment, and alluded feelingly to that form of sentiment which enabled brother Friars to listen to one another's speeches without being tempted to quote Sir Peter Teazle's "O, damn your sentiment!"

In replying, Lord Moulton expressed his agreement with much that Mr. Buckmaster and Mr. Snowden had said, and insisted that, before we committed ourselves to any action, reason must be satisfied, citing as an example the fact that, whereas police and lynchers were highly opposed to the criminal, the police, relying on reason, occasionally got the right man, the lynchers, moved only by sentiment, generally hanged the wrong one. Whilst one might listen to sentiment when dealing with one's own possessions, one must consult reason before dealing with matters affecting others. In the complex musical instrument of our common human nature, the resonances of sentiment were started by feeling, those of reason by perception.

It was curious to notice that not once during the evening was the word "sentimentality" mentioned.

Mr. Harold Cox was the Club Guest on February 21st, and took for his topic "The Press and Party Politics."

Friar Richard Whiteing was Prior, and spoke in warm compliment of Mr. Cox as a man who with independence of spirit had made a reputation for himself in the House of Commons, and was distinguished as a writer for his clarity of thought and intellectual qualities. The Prior in the name of the Club offered Mr. Cox congratulations upon his recent accession to the Chair of the *Edinburgh Review*, and recalled some of the famous names of those who had preceded him in the chair.

Mr. Cox, in a brilliant speech, treating with rare skill a very

delicate subject, urged that it was unnecessary for the Press to be so partisan as it was to-day. There were, he believed, a large number of readers who wanted to hear cases stated truthfully, and the Party Press from its very nature could not state practical issues in that manner. Mr. Cox, of course, was careful to exonerate journalists from any intentional dishonesty, but his view was that no statement could be regarded as truthful which did not present considerations both favourable and adverse. Mr. Cox said, however, that the facts in reference to political events were twisted to suit the position of party politicians. This was not only intolerable from the point of view of a large number of readers, but it involved far more serious evil for any democratically governed country. The final decision on matters of policy must rest with the people themselves, and unless they were well informed they could not come to a satisfactory decision. The result of the party system, as aggravated by the partisan character of the Press, is that in practice the Government of the country rests with knots of politicians who have succeeded by fair means or foul in obtaining a parliamentary majority. They can do pretty well what they choose, and whatever they do their Press will either plead their cause or invent excuses for it. The most hopeful proposal for freeing the country from this tyranny is to adopt the Swiss example now being largely taken up in other democratic countries and introduce the referendum. This would enable the people themselves deliberately to pronounce their judgment on legislative projects, and, incidentally, it would stimulate the Press to examine these projects from the point of view of the present and future well-being of the nation rather than from the point of view of the immediate interests of a particular party.

There was an interesting discussion, in which a number of friars and guests out of a company of about sixty took part. Friars Coleridge and Leader specially sympathised with Mr. Cox's lament, but the latter with much dry humour pointed to the difficulties in the way of the production of the ideal newspaper which should lean neither to the right nor to the left, but preserve an absolute balance. Mr. Cox, in the course of his reply, took up the badinage with humorous retorts.

FEBRUARY 28th, 1913.—Among the guests present were: Mr. D. J. Knox, Sir W. Goscombe John, R.A., Mr. Gould, Mr. H. R.

Hall, Mr. W. Hamilton Smith, Major Raymond Smithies, Mr. Arthur Hacker, R.A., Mr. G. Hillyard Swinstead, R.I., Mr. C. H. Short, Mr. Goldfinch Bate, and Sir Vincent Evans.

"The Place of Art in Life" was the subject of the symposium. Friar A. G. Gardiner officiated as Prior (in the absence through illness of Friar J. M. Dent), and the guest of the evening was Mr. George Clausen, R.A.

"The artist," said the Prior, "let windows into the walls of life." He instanced "The Girl at the Gate" as typical of our guest's truth and vision of feeling, a canvas the manner of which might belong to the past, but the sincerity of which was eloquent of the painter.

Mr. Clausen acknowledged the standing toast with which he was greeted as intended for his profession. Art, he thought, was as necessary as food to the body. Art meant much more than "a nice picture in a gilt frame." It was expressed all around us. Imagine a world in which everything was quite plain. It was unthinkable. It seemed to him that if we were to judge by the work of the past, which we had as our standard, the art of painting occupied, and should occupy, a place very close to us; but he thought, as things were at present, art was looked on by the ordinary man as amusement, as something not belonging to ordinary life.

What should we know of any of the old races of the world if it was not for what remained to us of their art? We had to go to the records of painting and sculpture for our knowledge of the habits and lives of the people in historical times. Take our own time and think how much is done that will stand in relation to that in the same way as the work of the early Italian painters to their own time. Those men felt the necessity of their own time being recorded. Practically, little of this spirit was manifest in our day. He thought we were on the wrong track. He would like to see in our public buildings, representations of current things. For example, a policeman holding up the traffic at Ludgate Circus. Why not? The crowd on one of our bridges, the endless procession of people all moving citywards. We went to Pisa and to other centres in Italy and there saw similar things, and found them full of interest. We wanted to get on to that kind of thing. We were too self-conscious, too much influenced by false shame or awkwardness. Artists should be encouraged to face ordinary commissions, not asked to paint

"some nice little exotic thing to tickle up a tired man's fancy." He suggested that the strength of the old pictures lay in the fact that the men who painted them accepted the work as "an ordinary job" was accepted. Of course, the modern "flat" habit had to be considered; but little things might be as beautiful as large ones.

For larger scope, one should be able to go to our public buildings. We were living in a wonderful time; but Mr. Clausen feared our descendants would be compelled to say we had left very little record of its wonders. For instance, the industrial life of the North provided great opportunites for the artist. In a few years, all that strenuous labour at the factory furnaces would be obviated by electric power. Where were the records of it?

As to our public buildings, the sculptor was employed more than the painter, but he was expected to go on supplying the stock set of "virtues." Whilst it was not necessary to restrict the artist to things seen, the sustaining power of art was derived from intimacy with the things about us. This was proved by history and all past methods of work. One felt this in looking at Persian carpets, the symbolism in which was not a random thing.

Sir Wiliam Goscombe John, R.A., thought the motto in the late Sir Alma Tadema's studio—"As the Sun colours flowers, so Art colours Life"—expressed very neatly what they as artists all felt. He deprecated the attitude of those who looked upon art as "an extra." Art should be part of the ordinary curriculum of life, a something that should be with us all day long, at breakfast, at lunch, at dinner. One often heard the remark, "Oh, I know nothing about art." But those who spoke in this way would be ashamed to say, "I know nothing about literature." Why should art be spoken of in this way? It made artists feel they would like to "cut the painter." What was called Romance biased our views where emotion was concerned, and the artist suffered from a much more drastic censorship than the litterateur or the playwright; and the sculptor was even worse off than the painter.

Friar Sir Francis Gould said it was impossible to dogmatise upon so difficult a subject as that before them. What was art? How did it begin? Who first instilled his idea of art? Who first raised the standard? How did the Egyptians arrive at their

excellence in pottery? In the classic days of Greece and Rome, particularly in Greece and particularly in sculpture and architecture, art expressed the feeling and spirit of the times. Coming to our own day, he thought Mr. Clausen was quite right in going to rural life for his subjects, as Morland had done before him. He would like to see our buildings repositories of scenes from modern life. But there was the difficulty of costume. How about our hats? How could we get an umbrella into sculpture? The effects of power might be studied in the mills of the North and in Sir Joseph Pennell's pictures of work on the Panama Canal, but from the morbid excrescences of the Post Impressionist school he was glad to get back to nature; it was like going from the plains of Sodom and Gomorrah on to Exmoor. Which led Sir Francis on to talk about the natural line, the beauty of heraldry (associated with the work of Sir Goscombe John), what Japanese art taught us, and to arrive at the conclusion that the appreciation of art was increasing in the minds of the general public, a proof of which might be found in a comparison of the art of to-day and that which was current at the time of the Exhibition of 1851.

Friar Haldane Macfall reminded us that he had laid aside the practice of creative art twenty years ago in order to try to find a basic concept of art. He proceeded to give a summary of his eight-volume "History of Painting," or, rather, of its main conclusion, which was that the basic thing in art was not to be accounted for in reason but in creation, the secret of which lay in communion, or brotherhood, "the larger lamp of life." The artist brought home this feeling of brotherhood to his fellows as no philosophy or reason or science could connect it. Every man in his degree was an artist, and the trouble was that the academic idea taught the artist to paint not what he saw, but what he saw as he thought Titian or some other master would have seen it. Art could not lie, it embraced the horrible as well as the beautiful, and passion, not reason, was its guide.

Mr. Arthur Hacker, R.A., taking up a reference of Mr. Macfall's to the murder of Desdemona, differed from that speaker's suggestion that art was not confined to beauty as such. The subject of Desdemona's death might be brutal, but the way in which Shakespeare treated it made it a beautiful thing. He was rather a pessimist as to the extent in which art entered into the life of the people. "The man in the street" seemed to

*

get on very well without it. Until it was taken seriously by the heart of the people, we should never have a great national art. Perhaps the reason was the absence of a really great theme. In the great ages of the past the Church provided the theme, as in Japan to-day patriotism provided it. "Art for Art's sake" was the cry of decadence. But we had a very good school of portraiture, one of those things felt to be real. Not very many people were able to recognise the beautiful when it was painted, unless they were trained to see it.

Friar Richard Whiteing pleaded for a recognition of beauty in Mr. Macfall's "basic fact." Emotion touched beauty, beauty touched emotion, and art might be spoken of as a meeting-place of the two concepts. No man, however humble, but in some way lived a sort of idealised life, and in his way saw beauty. The beauty of service might be typified even in the case of the scavenger doing his work for the sake of others. In the case of Desdemona the sense of beauty arose from the thought of the foul wrong done to that beautiful life. With the necessary reticence one might also instance the horror of the Crucifixion.

The artist painting what he saw around him was nearer first impressions of beauty and emotion. In the old Greek world work was done as duty, with a freedom from self-consciousness, and with simplicity. One learned from Mrs. Jameson's pages that the works therein referred to were done as "jobs." There was a danger of losing oneself in all these attempts at definitions of art. We were too fond of exalting things into "professions." They were all traders in the old school. Rhetoric, purple patches, should be left behind for simplicity. The rule for the writer was —Look, feel, write, make a human document; be as faithful as possible, and leave the rest to take care of itself.

The speaker also referred to the painters in America, as showing that Sir Joseph Pennell was but one of many who were learning their art in the school of Nature. In Mr. Arnold Bennett's opinion there had been nothing like this American school since the Renaissance, and it was said that during the Renaissance in Italy mankind was at its wickedest. Democracy was reaching forward to unknown ends, perhaps to greater wickedness, still all through that to greater purity and greater beauty.

Mr. Ernest Short touched on the commercial side of the question, and said that, practically, no great artist was ever a

man of means. Michelangelo was a craftsman first and a gentleman afterwards. In Mr. Macfall's conception of life, as just given to us, there appeared to be two things uppermost: mind and emotion. But in every human man there was surely room for a third quality: spirit. If by reason we kept the window of our physical frame clean, letting in the greater light of the spirit, it was then we got the greatest things in art. As to the average man, he might not have any knowledge of technical excellence, but, all the same, he might know much about the best part of art.

Mr. Clausen, in his reply, thought if there was any difficulty about the costume of the present day, this only showed our self-consciousness. Nobody had ever thought his own time picturesque or beautiful, or suitable for artistic treatment. Michelangelo and Reynolds were no exceptions to the rule. It was not impossible that in about a hundred years' time people would discover beauty in the top hat! The difficulty in town life was the shifting of the model, to which in the country one could go back again and again. What was beauty? Did it exist only in the mind of the beholder, or was it an actual thing? Could you speak of "so many tons" of beauty? He thought beauty consisted in appropriateness, a definition which covered even the beauty in the human figure. Michelangelo had said that in his pictures he had tried to make things and people seem as if they belonged to each other, and not as if chance had brought them together. The beauty of a manufactured article consisted in its fitness to the uses for which it was intended. Of course times had been simpler than they were to-day for the artist who wished to depict what he saw around him. Ruskin, who began his career as a writer by discussing pictures, ended by becoming a sociologist, or something of that kind, from the conviction growing upon him that, before a man could rise, it was necessary the spirit of society should be changed. Considerations of this kind did not deter Velasquez from producing some very fine things; and although he (Mr. Clausen) did not think Ruskin expressed the whole truth, there was some point in that writer's contention.

From one of several "unspoken speeches" (with reference to the recording of modern industrial life) several Friars in the Smoke Room wanted to know: "What is wrong with the cinematograph?"

THE ANNUAL DINNER.

THE Annual Dinner was held on March 7, 1913, the Prior being Friar E. Clodd, and the guest of the evening Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch.

Among the guests present were: Mr. Charles Keeler, of San Francisco (playwright), Dr. Hyslop Thomson, Dr. Foulds, Dr. Ernest Wood, Mr. G. R. Showler, L.D.S., Mr. Henry Hetley, M.D., J.P., Sir William Henry Dunn, Mr. Bernard Kettle, Mr. John Walker, Major H. E. Griffiths, Mr. C. E. Spicer, Mr. H. F. Carlill, Mr. Harry Shepard, Mr. A. D. Aitken, Mr. W. H. Archbold, Mr. C. J. Nelson, Mr. John C. Rose, Mr. H. J. Dent, Mr. N. Polak, Mr. F. H. Duffield, Mr. R. T. Cowl, Mr. Charles Geake, Mr. Vernon Randall (Editor of the "Athenæum"), Mr. Maurice Jenks, Mr. G. C. H. Jennings, Mr. Stanley Stone, Mr. A. W. Henley, Mr. Edward Goodyear, Major Raymond Smythies, Mr. C. W. Boyd, C.M.G., Mr. Pett Ridge, Mr. Andrew Caird, Sir George Riddell, Mr. H. F. Le Bas, Mr. Horace Morgan, Dr. Maurice Nicoll, Mr. C. E. Lawrence, Mr. S. F. Boam, Mr. A. B. Garside, Mr. P. L. Perkins, Mr. Herbert F. Jenkins, and Mr. F. Danvers Sladen.

The Prior apologised for the absence of Friar Senior, who was to have presided. Friar Senior sent a telegram, offering "fraternal greetings to the brotherhood." The Prior extended a cordial welcome to Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, and the other guests and Friars, whom he invited to drink "Prosperity to the Whitefriars Club."

Friar Sir Robertson Nicoll was warmly greeted on rising to propose the toast of "Literature." Sometimes in submitting such a toast, he said, there was a certain difficulty in establishing a connection between literature and the gentleman who was to answer for it. There was no such difficulty confronting him on that occasion; the words "literature" and Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch were of constant association. He congratulated Sir Arthur on his appointment as King Edward Professor of Literature of the University of Cambridge. He had never known a public appointment which had met with such unanimous approval on all hands as this one. That approval came chiefly from persons engaged in the profession of literature; we felt that he was one of us. Sir Arthur had been a poet, journalist, critic, essayist,

novelist, and all the rest of it; there was not a branch of our business he did not know perfectly well.

The speaker desired to mention a few of the lines which some of his old comrades expected the new Professor's activities would take. It was the duty of a Professor of English Literature to produce literature which was fit to be read by men with whiskers. That literature, as we know, did not pay. It was the duty of a Professor of English Literature to write proper histories of English literature. Greatly daring, in the presence of the Professor, he would state that there was not a single English history of literature which had been written satisfactorily. We were going to have an entirely new style of literary history; in this new form the biography would be fitted exactly in the history of the books. We know that Johnson wrote "Rasselas" to pay the expenses of his mother's funeral; if we looked in his biography we should find why this book was chosen for the purpose. Why did George Meredith write "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel" in a certain year? We should see from his letters, just before he wrote it he had put under somebody's charge the offspring of his first marriage; the power of his imaginative mind conceived all the possibilities of a child travelling the rough road of life. Why did Dickens write "Great Expectations," returning to the summer light of his genius? There was a reply to this. Why did Charlotte Brontë write "Shirley"? Here again there was an answer. A complete history of English literature would take in such problems as that. Nobody had done more to give a guide and a lead in that direction than his friend, Gilbert Chesterton.

The second part of the Professor's duty—he did not think that Sir Arthur wanted teaching on this point—was to look cordially, hopefully, and with an expectant spirit on every form of new experiment in literature. He was sure that the Professor would agree with him that the greatest disfigurement of English literature was the unwillingness to recognise new forms. He knew that the reviews were not so severe as they used to be. Recently he had read a conversation between an American lady and her friend. The lady said: "That husband of mine has gone the limit at last." Her friend replied: "What has he done?" "Oh," she answered, "do you know what he said to me the other night? You don't make mustard plasters so strong as my mother used to make them." The mustard plasters of the reviews were not so strong as they used to be.

Sir Arthur had made but few mistakes. He had published an anthology of Victorian authors. "When I saw that," Sir Robertson added, "I expected to hear no more of him." According to his observations, authors of anthologies of Victorian authors generally disappear. What became of Palgrave? Palgrave wrote an anthology and was never heard of again. What of Grant Duff and his Victorian anthology? He rather thought that the work of an anthology could only be done effectively by a Scotsman. In conclusion, Sir Robertson submitted the toast, coupling with it the name of the chief guest.

Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, who was received with great enthusiasm, said that his reasons for esteeming the Whitefriars Club were many and obvious, and he was extremely proud to be their guest that night. His affections for the Whitefriars Club rested on a very cheerful basis; they were bound up in the cheerful recollection of an old friend who first introduced him to that great society—John Williams, formerly chief editor of the great firm of Cassell. The roll never contained a name more redolent of human kindness. John Williams brought him to the Whitefriars Club and introduced him to men whose very names were magic to a boy in those days; great condescending "gods" shook hands with him, as though he was initiated into the mysteries of the Order. There was present Manville Fenn, the hero of his boyhood; he was astonished not to find him with a belt decorated by scalps. He was also introduced that night to William Minto, who became a great friend to him until his untimely death. Amongst Minto's shining qualities was his extreme modesty, coupled with an eagerness to help the young.

Referring to the speech of the proposer of the toast, Sir Arthur said he had had his duties as Professor of Literature read to him that night. Sir Robertson had told him that he had to "write books fit to be read by men with whiskers." Casting about for this imaginary audience, the figure which he summoned up was that of Sir Edward Clarke, who no modern writer was able to please. An American once said: "A hare lip is an affliction; a club foot is an infirmity; but side-whiskers are a man's own fault."

It was difficult, the speaker continued, for him to acknowledge their kindness without speaking a little of himself. At any rate, he might say modestly that he was extremely shy of the title "Professor." In the first place, the University from which he

came did not use that title in common address. In the second place, in the part of the world where he lived they applied that title to hairdressers, conjurers, dancing masters, and teachers of natation. He had never connected his name with the appointment until the moment he opened the Prime Minister's letter. He was quite happy in taking up the work, because for ten years past he had steadily devoted two days a week to the work of an Education Committee, superintending 320 schools in town and country. The change was not more than the change of degree.

After his earliest experience, if anybody asked him what he was going to make up at Cambridge, his only answer was, in the words of a Spanish painter questioned as to his proposals for a painting he was executing: "Please God that is as it may turn out." He acknowledged that a man called upon to speak from the professorial chair at Oxford or Cambridge had great opportunities and great responsibilities, and both of them terrifying.

Sir Arthur showed that out of the great poetic names of the last hundred years or so, nine out of twelve mentioned were University men. After a large experience in 320 schools, Sir Arthur continued, a poor child with poetry in him had at present in England less than a dog's chance. They might call it brutal language when he said it was damnable; he thought the condemnation lies at the door of every citizen in this country. They might say: "How can we help it?" We must try to help it. In the meantime, there was something to be done by going to those places where poesy could be inculcated and propagating it amongst the poor of this country. He granted that it might be as romantic as in Dr. Johnson's time.

If the intellect of England was centred in Fleet Street, it ought to find nobler temples and a lordlier avenue. What poetry we brought to this street we had brought from our youthful recollections of Scottish hills and Cornish waters. There were still two places in England where the favoured youth—it might be neglectful stewards—still lived in ancient halls and time-honoured quadrangles, with noted rivers flowing beside them; oak-panelled walls, with the portraits of the men who had written great literature, looked down on the eager faces gathered beneath them. Surely it was a task to go up there and preach literature amongst these young stewards. Some such thought, some such hope, must be in the minds of those who gave their benefactions to help

this chair of literature. At Cambridge they showed Milton's mulberry tree; they showed the undergraduate's rooms where Coleridge mused; they showed the grove where Tennyson walked. What Tennyson now walked under the lime trees? What Coleridge mused in the rooms? What Milton walked under the mulberry trees? Were these trees merely nourishing silk-worms to weave gowns for doctors? There seemed to be some good in pressing this question—he pressed it home at a meeting of students held in Coleridge's own room. "If I can press this question home with some effect," Sir Arthur concluded, "then I shall feel with some confidence that I have done something to fulfil the wishes of the men who founded the chair, and to merit those good wishes which you have offered me."

Friar Sir William Treloar, Bart., in a speech of characteristic pleasantries, gave the remaining toast, "The Whitefriars Club," and paid a high compliment to Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch for his admirable speech.

The Prior, in a few happily chosen sentences, responded. On behalf of the members he heartily thanked Sir Arthur for coming to them on this occasion.

The speeches were interspersed with very enjoyable songs and recitations.

FRIDAY, APRIL 11th.—The Club Guest was Mr. F. E. Smith, K.C., M.P. The other guests included: Sir Courtenay Ilbert, G.C.B., K.C.S.I., Mr. Henry F. Dickens, K.C., the Hon. Charles Russell, Mr. George Whale, Mr. Ernest W. Hudson, Mr. Edward Salmon, Mr. A. D. Aitken, Mr. J. R. Abbott, Dr. Mortimer Frank, of Chicago, Mr. W. B. Shuttlewood, Mr. Ernest Wild, K.C., Mr. G. C. Kingsbury, Mr. Charles Gow, Mr. D. T. Holmes, M.P., Sir MacKenzie Chalmers, K.C.B., Sir Thomas Jackson, Bart., R.A., Mr. Arthur Polak, Mr. Maurice Blood, Mr. L. H. Craddock Watson, Mr. Irving B. Gane, Mr. W. S. Anderson, Mr. Harper Leiper, Mr. G. E. H. Palmer, Mr. James Emslie, Mr. Charles Pendrill, Mr. W. J. Evans, Mr. Gordon Larksworthy, Mr. A. Vivian Hocking, Mr. Arnold Herbert (formerly M.P. for Bucks), Mr. Charles Geake, Mr. A. C. Morton, M.P., Mr. George Elliott, K.C., Mr. T. H. Deighton, Mr. A. C. Stanley Stone, Mr. Albert Pridmore, Mr. P. A. Gilbert Wood, Mr. Francis Blackwell, Mr. Gaylord Wilshire, Major Raymond Smythies, Mr. Alfred Baker, The Rev. Prebendary Loraine (author of "The

Battle of Belief"), Mr. H. J. Edwards, I.S.O., Mr. Gordon Piper, Mr. H. E. Morgan, and Mr. George Tyler.

Sir Robert Hudson was the Prior, and the topic was "The Influence of the House of Commons." Sir Robert paid a graceful tribute to the guest, touching on his rapid distinction both at the Bar and in the House of Commons, and said wittily Mr. Smith had so impressed his personality upon the public in a few short years that, if anyone of a frugal turn of mind desired to save in a telegraphic message to him, the postal officials would accept "F. E." for the full name.

Mr. Smith made a brilliant speech, entirely worthy of his reputation. The more interesting in that respect because, as he himself said, he spoke under restraint, and was unable to indulge in Party philippics. The Club does not recognise Party politics, and therefore, in treating of the House of Commons, he was bound to do so from an impartial standpoint, with sly hits at both sides of the House.

Mr. Smith was quite serious in the view that, under the influence of our present Party system, independent politicians, who could not accept the whole programme of one or the other Party, stood no chance either in the constituencies or in the House of Commons. He instanced the cases of Mr. Hilaire Belloc and Mr. Harold Cox, men of rare intellectual capacity, who had greatly impressed the House of Commons, but found their position practically untenable in the existing conditions. Mr. Smith put it that there might be Liberals on the one hand who had no desire for the grant of Home Rule to Ireland, Conservatives on the other who had as little enthusiasm for Tariff Reform. They were bound, however, if they valued the other things more than the one thing, to fall into line and accept the Whips of the Government or the Opposition. The right hon. gentleman held also that the closure system, for which he did not blame one Party in particular, tended to rob the House of Commons of interest. Members of Parliament knew at what hour divisions would take place, and consequently they became indifferent to attendance at other times, and the Chamber was often almost deserted except by those who were waiting to catch the Speaker's eye.

Mr. Smith deliberately affected an air of pleasantry in most of his observations, and asked at the close that they should not be recorded against him, as he had endeavoured to present not only

* *

his own particular views, but those of the gentlemen who differed from him.

There was an animated discussion in which Messrs. E. Wild, D. T. Holmes, M.P., Sir Courtenay Ilbert, and others took part. Mr. Holmes contended that the House of Commons was never so absorbing in its attraction for the public as to-day. But he spoke with all the freshness of a new Member.

On April 18th, "The Modern Novel" was discussed in a debate led off by the Very Rev. Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson, M.A., author of "The Light Invisible," "A Mirror of Shalott," "The Sentimentalists," and other remarkable books, to whose imaginative genius a generous tribute was paid by the Prior of the evening, Friar Sir William Robertson Nicoll.

Among those present were: Professor Adams, Mr. Frank Richardson, Mr. H. F. Le Bas, Dr. Maurice Nicoll, Mr. Horace Morgan, Mr. Worthington C. Ford (of Boston), Mr. C. F. Adams (of Boston), Mr. H. Mattingley, Mr. Maurice Bourgeois, Mr. A. Brian Ashby, Mr. D. T. Holmes, M.P., Mr. R. H. Nirishal, Dr. H. Lee, Mr. Herbert Jones (Librarian of Kensington), Mr. Frank Pacy (Librarian of St. George's, Hanover Square), Mr. Stanley Jast (Librarian of Croydon), Mr. L. W. King, Professor R. T. Cowl, Mr. Daniel O'Connor, Dr. Allen, Mr. Lister (Librarian, Board of Trade), Mr. J. H. Gibbon (the Canadian Pacific Railway Company), Mr. A. G. Birnage, the Rev. A. R. Ingram, Mr. R. H. Hall, Mr. Frank Denny, Mr. Ralph Stock, Mr. C. H. Payne, Mr. W. MacKenzie, Dr. Ernest Noad, Mr. W. B. Matz (Editor of "The Dickensian"), Mr. John Walker, Mr. F. W. Fincham, Captain Granville Baker, and Mr. Sanderson.

In a speech of sustained eloquence and marked individuality, our guest held up the works of Robert Louis Stevenson and Henry Kingsley as exemplars in fiction, and found the weakness of the modern novel in the emphasis it placed on psychology at the expense of interesting narrative. He began by eliminating from his survey the novels of other countries than our own as well as those of the early Victorian school. Whilst admitting the greatness of Dickens and Thackeray, he confessed to an inability to read Scott. He had not been taught when young to appreciate Scott. He was also unable to read Jane Austen, though he would

welcome a good selection from her books, admiring as he did certain sentences and parts of them.

Henry Kingsley, the speaker continued, in his view, had not yet come to his own. He would give to him a much higher place than his better-known brother Charles. There were two great elements in human life with which the novelist had to deal: "the I and the Not I—oneself and what was outside oneself"; and seeing that unless psychology and philosophy worked hand in hand the result must be falsehood, it fell to the novelist to deal with both elements and with their relation to each other. In Stevenson and Henry Kingsley were to be found the power of characterisation combined with the power of telling a good story; both showed how circumstances could alter character and how character reacted upon circumstances. The novel of to-day was characteristically psychological.

The speaker briefly referred to the works of George Meredith, Henry James, W. B. Maxwell, Mary Cholmondeley, Arnold Bennett, John Galsworthy, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Lucas Malet, and John Oliver Hobbes, and arrived at the conclusion that our hope of the future where the novel was concerned rested in H. G. Wells. Mr. Wells, he said, made us interested in people and things in whom we thought interest was impossible. Whilst his own theory of the universe was utterly removed from the theory of H. G. Wells, he had read and re-read "Kipps" and "Love and Mr. Lewisham," and kept these books by his bedside. There was the type of mind which was interested in "Bradshaw," and the type that was interested in the engine-driver. Mr. Wells had the power to compel your interest in both. The fact was that we all specialised too much. Sanity came not with absorption in ourselves, or in the world outside ourselves, but in interest in both and in the relations between the inner and the outer world. We had to lose our life if we were truly to find it.

The speeches immediately following were brief and tentative. Professor Adams said there were certain things he had rather Mr. Wells had not written, and he hesitated to speak about psychology because one did not know what one was being let in for. Friar the Hon. Gilbert Coleridge emphasised the importance of style. Friar W. H. Helm put in a plea for the power of characterisation found in the works of Jane Austen, and had his doubts about Mr. Wells's "theory" of the universe. Mr. Charles Francis Adams (of Boston) failed to see that any of the characters

in latter-day novels stood out with that distinctness, a distinctness rivalling any in history, that characterised such creations as Don Quixote, Sir John Falstaff, Sarah Gamp, and Major Pendennis.

Friar Sir Robert Hudson admitted the possession of a light and frivolous taste in regard to novels. If a book was going to be read, it was just as well for the author to make it readable.

Friar G. B. Burgin said the last time he had the pleasure of seeing their illustrious guest was when they were both waiting their turn at a photographer's, and he recalled to him a previous meeting at a Ladies' Club, where he was the guest of the evening. "Yes, I remember," he said thoughtfully, "that was where they stole my new umbrella." And before Mr. Burgin could suggest to him that it had doubtless been cut up and sold to eager admirers at a shilling a slice he disappeared. As to criticism, to comfort a young novelist who had been complaining on this score the speaker had reminded him that a "Quarterly Reviewer" wrote of "Waverley; or, 'Tis Sixty Years Since," that it would in sixty years hence "be regarded, or, rather, probably disregarded, as a mere romance, and the gratuitous invention of a facetious fancy." Another writer in the "Quarterly" in 1809 dealt thus with a young lady who had written a novel:

"She has evidently written more than she has read, and read more than she has thought. But this is beginning at the wrong end. If we were happy enough to be in her confidence, we should advise the immediate purchase of a spelling book, of which she stands in great need; to this, in due process of time, might be added a pocket dictionary; she might then take a few easy lessons in 'joined-hand,' in order to become legible: if, after this, she could be persuaded to exchange her idle raptures for common sense, practise a little self-denial, and gather a few precepts of humility from an old-fashioned book, which, although it does not seem to have lately fallen in her way, may yet, we think, be found in some corner of her study; she might then hope to prove, not indeed a good writer of novels, but a useful friend, a faithful wife, a tender mother, and a respectable and happy mistress of a family."

After all, the novelist's mission was a great one. The man who created was always so much more useful than the man who only told him how he ought to create. It didn't matter what became of them as individuals, whether they made vast sums or starved in a garret. They soothed the cares of the world, brightened the lives of millions, softened the hearts of the sordid

and mean, brought the balm of forgetfulness to those in sorrow and despair. Though they learned in suffering what they taught in song, yet out of their sorrow, their painful nights and laborious days, they brought a great and abiding happiness to the world; and that was their great and abiding award.

Mr. Herbert Jones, Librarian of Kensington, spoke admiringly of the skill, the eloquence, and the solidarity of thought which distinguished the opening address, but thought it amounted to the apotheosis of Mr. Wells, whose real position, except in his earlier books, he ventured to think, was that of the needy knife-grinder with his "Story? God bless you! I have none to tell, sir," and who had, therefore, to fall back on psychological studies. He could not agree that Mr. Wells had any claim at all to the high position in which the leading speaker had placed him. Making all allowances for "Ravenshoe," and perhaps one or two others, the speaker also hesitated about placing Henry Kingsley amongst the great novelists. He would place such men as Meredith, Hardy, Baring Gould and Eden Phillpotts head and shoulders above either Wells or Henry Kingsley. Distinguishing the writers of talent from writers of genius, he went so far as to think that some books of second-rate calibre, such as "Moths," contained strength of story, character and charm beyond anything Henry Kingsley or H. G. Wells ever dreamt of. He felt that the men who had been held up to them as models would not compare with Anthony Trollope as story-tellers or delineators of character. But where in the Victorian era there were scores of great writers, there were to-day hundreds of men who were turning out works of unmistakable power.

Professor R. T. Cowl expressed general agreement with Mr. Jones. He contrasted the earlier works of Mr. Wells with the later, and said he had tried to read "Marriage," and failed to find it interesting. He entered a plea for Mr. De Morgan, and suggested that the level of fiction writing in our day was extraordinarily high and more widespread than in any other epoch.

Friar Silas Hocking contended that the verdict must ever depend upon individual taste. For himself, with the exception of "Treasure Island," he found Stevenson dull. As for Dickens, with the exception of those in "David Copperfield" and "A Tale of Two Cities," he regarded Dickens's characters as caricatures. He had made several attempts to read Arnold Bennett's "The Old Wives'

Tales," but was never able to get through it. It was most difficult to say who should and who should not be regarded as a model. He thought Charles Reade's "The Cloister and the Hearth" the finest romance ever written. He only professed to be a story-teller, and he had told a good many stories in his time. A novel should contain something more than style: it should contain a story worthy to tell and to teach. Some books reminded one of nothing so much as a beautiful temple built to put a pig in. A good novel should be a book either a boy or a man with whiskers could read. He was surprised no one had mentioned Kipling, whose "Kim" and "Captains Courageous" he singled out for high praise.

The Prior thought enough stress had not been laid upon the elemental difficulty between genius and talent. There were many talented novelists, some of them very highly talented. A man of very high talent might write a book which should be a model of all the canons, but if that light golden flame which we call genius was not playing upon the page, that book would not live. His work would not be lost; it would pass into the great stream of human endeavour and human thought. But the writer of genius would remain; we should come back to him again and again. He included among the men of genius of our own time Thomas Hardy, George Meredith, Rudyard Kipling, and J. M. Barrie. Mr. H. G. Wells possessed a very high degree of imagination, talent, and insight. Mr. Eden Phillpotts was also a writer of high talent. As for Stevenson and Henry Kingsley, he had an honest admiration for Stevenson, and he had enjoyed about three of Kingsley's novels. Their guest could appreciate Thackeray and Dickens, though he could not read Scott or Jane Austen. He feared there were many to-day among our novelists who declared they could read none of the authors just named. For the benefit of such as these, the only thing to be done appeared to be to borrow a hint from Lord Robert Cecil, and impose a gentle measure of transportation. He would send them to the island of Rum, Eigg, or St. Kilda, or some similar salubrious and secluded spot. There he would compel them to read the best English novels—those of Fielding, Scott, Jane Austen, Dickens, Thackeray, and Charlotte Brontë—and nothing else. A winter would do it. At the end of that period he was confident their standard of fiction writing would be immediately raised.

In a brief response to the cordial thanks of the Club for his address, Monsignor Benson reinsisted on the necessity for a good novel containing a good story as well as good psychology, and willingly admitted the importance of colour and style.

LADIES' BANQUET.

THE Club guests were: Miss Lena Ashwell, Dr. Simpson, Miss Ackerman, Mrs. R. O. Kynaston, Miss E. Baker, Dr. Schütze, Mrs. S. F. Mendl, Mrs. Stirling, Miss E. Underhill, Miss Peggy Webling, Miss Willcocks, Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton. THE PRIOR brought Miss L. Power, Miss F. D. Power, Mr. H. E. Morgan. FRIAR W. F. AITKIN—Mrs. Aitkin, Miss Mary Fraser, Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Gamon, Mr. A. Gowans-Whyte. FRIAR H. E. ALDEN—Mr. and Mrs. W. James, Miss Newlands. FRIAR W. GURNEY BENHAM—Mrs. Gurney Benham. FRIAR A. HERVÉ BROWNING—Mrs. Hervé Browning, Mr., Mrs., and Miss Nielsen. FRIAR SHAN BULLOCK—Mrs. Shan Bullock, Miss Shan Bullock. FRIAR G. B. BURGIN—Mrs. Burgin. FRIAR CANON WESLEY DENNIS—Mrs. H. Wesley Dennis, Miss Wesley Dennis. FRIAR EDWARD CLODD—Mrs. Kate Harvey, Mrs. Kate Clark. FRIAR A. B. COOPER—Mrs. Cooper. FRIAR F. J. CROSS. FRIAR C. D. CROSS. FRIAR RICHARDSON EVANS—Miss Gladys Evans, Miss Frances Evans. FRIAR SIR VINCENT EVANS—Mr. and Mrs. John Clark, Mr. L. Vincent Evans, Dr. Pritchard, Miss Furner. FRIAR L. H. FALCK—Mrs. Falck, Miss Dorothy Falck, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Polak. FRIAR J. FOSTER FRASER—Mrs. Foster Fraser, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Brittan, Sir Alexander and Lady Pedler, Mrs. Walter Newsum. FRIAR TOM GALLON—Miss Nellie Tom Gallon, Mrs. Helen Higgins. FRIAR E. PAGE GASTON—Mrs. Gaston, Mr. and Miss Tufton. FRIAR C. W. F. GOSS—Mr. Horace Goss, Mrs. Pendrell. FRIAR H. K. HUDSON—Mrs. Hudson. FRIAR SIR GEORGE HUTCHINSON—Lady Hutchinson, Mr. Walter Hutchinson, Miss Hutchinson, Mr. F. Appleby Holt, Miss Nightingale. FRIAR WALTER JERROLD—Mrs. Clare Jerrold. FRIAR W. LINDLEY JONES—Mrs. W. Lindley Jones, Mr. Under-Sheriff and Mrs. Huxtable, Mr. G. R. and Mrs. Collingridge, Mr. and Mrs. Bertrand Johnson. FRIAR C. W. KIMMINS—Mrs. Kimmins, Miss A. C. Rennie. FRIAR F. A. MCKENZIE—Mrs. F. A. McKenzie. FRIAR G. E. MORRISON—Miss Morrison. FRIAR G. H. NORTHCROFT—Miss Thekla

Bowser. FRIAR G. H. PERKINS—Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Boam, Mr. C. E. Fagan, Mr. Alfred Garside. FRIAR G. M. PIPER—Mrs. Piper. FRIAR ALGERNON ROSE—Mrs. Rose, Mr. and Mrs. Pollak, Mrs. Wheldon. FRIAR DR. S. RIDEAL—Mrs. S. Rideal, Lord Cardross, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Mayo Robson, Miss Phyllis Pedler, Mr. Scott Fox, K.C., and Mrs. Scott Fox, Mr. and Mrs. Gurney Aggs. FRIAR FRANK SHACKLEFORD—Mrs. H. E. Alden. FRIAR JOSEPH SHAYLOR—Mrs. and Miss Shaylor, Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Shaylor. FRIAR HAROLD SHAYLOR—Mrs. H. Shaylor, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Elliott. FRIAR W. B. SLATER—Mrs. and Miss Slater, Mr. Percy Barringer. FRIAR WALTER SMITH—Mrs. Walter Smith, Mr. and Mrs. James de Conlay, Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Boyd, Mr. A. S. Boyd, Mr. A. S. E. Ackermann. FRIAR HUGO VALLENTIN—Mrs. Hugo Vallentin, Miss Ebba Byström. FRIAR JOHN WALKER, JUNR.—Mr. and Mrs. John Walker, Miss Hester Walker. THE HON. SEC.—Dr. Chapple, M.P., Mrs. Chapple, Mr. and Mrs. G. Herbert Thring, Mr. A. F. Sanderson, Miss K. Walton.

The Prior gave "The King," and the toast was loyally honoured. Then followed the Prior's recital of the formula of welcome to the guests.

Friar G. E. Morrison proposed "The Ladies." He would have entered on his duties, he said, a little more lightheartedly a few years since. There had been of late some remarkable developments connected with the franchise question. He believed that there were two camps, respectively described by *Punch* as "the Panks and the Peths." One section appeared to spend its time in setting fire to country houses erroneously believed to be in the possession of Cabinet Ministers. He regretted that he could not follow the example of the song heard in Sheridan's *School for Scandal* at His Majesty's, and toast all the ladies. He could, however, propose the health of those ladies who had been incapacitated from completing the sentences which, in the opinion of some people, they richly deserved.

Having related two amusing anecdotes to show the power of women, even in their voteless condition, Friar Morrison paid a high tribute to Miss Lena Ashwell, whose name was associated with the toast. Miss Ashwell was one of our most distinguished actresses, who was held in the highest esteem. She had conducted one of the most interesting theatres in London; she made Kingsway Theatre, which previously had been largely associated with

German plays people did not understand, a thoughtful, well-conducted playhouse. It became a theatre which the critics really looked forward to visiting. Miss Lena Ashwell was one of the few actresses who realised that the highest form of art was to conceal art. She had rendered a noble service in the amelioration of the lot of her sisters on the stage, and in other professions, who were not so fortunate or so able as herself. He referred to Miss Ashwell's work in connection with the Three Arts Club.

Miss Lena Ashwell, who was very cordially received, thanked Friar Morrison for his charming and delightful words about herself—words of which she felt unworthy. Before dealing with the toast, she would like to tell them a little story. One night she happened to be dining out. She sat next to a very surly diner, and she tried very hard to make him show some interest in her. He was quite adamantine—fully convinced that food was much more interesting. In an interval, from a remark he made through some exciting bites, she said: "That is rather the same kind of thing which happens in plays." He answered: "What do you know about plays?" She replied, "I have played in a few." "What kind of parts?" "I am ashamed and proud at the same time," she replied, "that they were all criminals." "Will you tell me of one criminal you represented on the stage?" "Mrs. Dane, in *Mrs. Dane's Defence*." Her fellow-guest looked a long time, and then exclaimed: "Bless my soul, I had no idea that I was speaking to a woman of intelligence." Away from the glamour of the stage, that was how she felt that night. It required all a woman's intelligence adequately to respond to the toast, and to be a fitting successor to the distinguished ladies who had already filled that position. In her agony at not knowing how to reply, she got on the telephone, and asked the advice of a literary gentleman well known to them. He replied: "What! The toast of 'The Ladies'? I thought it had died out, along with freedom of speech and the liberty of the subject. He gave her a little couplet:

"As in Russia must we face Gehenna,
While we face Asquith and McKenna."

Feeling that this was not the place to mention the intricate subject suggested, she got in communication with another gentleman, who said: "What are the Friars doing with ladies? Friars considered that ladies were dangerous, and were never in their

company." We were now a long way from the time when women were considered dangerous, although Mr. Morrison still had that opinion. It was because women had been able to express themselves in literature. We were living very quickly, and we were evidently going a very long way. The long way she hoped would end in men and women becoming friends and real workers together.

Friar Foster Fraser, in responding to the toast of "Mere Man," said that the reason why a "mere woman" was not asked to propose the toast was because she would be too friendly to our faults and forgive us. We know our own faults—we know the faults of each other. Therefore the Committee decided, at all hazards, to get the most truthful member of the Club to propose the toast. Men had discovered that their days were numbered; they were to be pushed right into the background. The greatest climb was done by women—when they got to the top of the Monument last week. There was a great movement on the part of the ladies to become judges, barristers, and other distinguished people. The lawyers were afraid of them. Well might they be, after the long-distance speech recently delivered by the lady with the step-ladder name.

Women were also desirous to get into Parliament. The House of Commons would be vastly improved if members of the other sex belonged to that rather august assembly. We might have flowers on the table instead of ink bottles. Members of Parliament, instead of throwing books, would throw posies at one another. There would be other things to talk about in the Chamber than twaddle about the "Cat and Mouse Bill." He did not know whether the women or the Government happened to be the cat and which happened to be the mouse. He coupled with the toast Mr. Thompson Seton, who was the best specimen of a man whom he could find there. Mr. Thompson Seton had done many worthy things; he started the Boy Scout movement, for which we honoured him. Mr. Thompson Seton no longer believed that "the proper study of mankind is man," but he considered that the proper study of himself was a wild animal. He had certainly studied wild animals to a considerable extent, and had told us a good deal about them in his charming works.

Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton replied in an interesting and unconventional speech, which was received with keen apprecia-

tion. When he was notified, he said, that it was to be his privilege to speak at a Whitefriars Club dinner he was proud, but when he was told that he was to reply for "Mere Man" he was puzzled. It occurred to him that it might refer to the masculine form of a mermaid. This explanation suggested to him that it was a zoological proposition, and that he was to deal with the animal world. The animal world, as Friar Foster Fraser informed them, had been for some years his favourite study. He did not know why these things happened, but it had proved a most alluring world to him. He had always found that this subject of his special study furnished in a great measure sidelights on ourselves.

We flatter ourselves that we are attacking these problems of government *de novo*. It was just as well to remember that our little brothers with four legs, and with fur and feathers, long ago tackled these problems. No doubt, in the beginning, when sex appeared amongst animals, the associations were originally promiscuous. Then there was polygamy, and other changes followed. It was a very interesting fact that, whenever monogamy and polygamy met in rivalry in the old spirit, it was the monogamist that won. The polygamist animal was found to be physically the weaker. That was one of the reasons for the difference. The best animals, and the most successful birds, were the monogamous ones. He wanted to give them a concrete example. In America he had plenty of ground, watered with lakes and streams. In this place there were a good many wild ducks and some geese. The geese were absolutely monogamous birds, and they remained faithful. Like the wild animals, they had no theory of government. In the case of these wild animals, one would naturally suppose that the strong male would become the leader. How did they get the leader? By the slow process of ascertaining the one who did it best; this one got the job. The sagacious leader was not a big, strong man; he was generally an elderly female. So much for the big game. Exactly the same thing happened amongst the geese. The ablest one was the leader—the wisest, not the strongest—every time. These geese multiplied each season, and from his observation he found that the devotion of the young to the parents was ideal.

Mr. Thompson Seton also gave some striking instances of filial devotion which he obtained from watching the flight to the South of the young birds in October. In conclusion, he said the theories

he had placed before them were not the result of hasty conclusions. He had simply told them about a lot of wild geese from Canada.

Friar Edward Clodd gave the remaining toast, "The Prior."

The Prior thanked the ladies who had honoured the Club with their presence, and also expressed the Club's indebtedness to Friar Shansfield for the zealous way in which he had discharged his secretarial duties that night.

A charming musical programme was carried through by Miss Ada Forrest, Miss Gwladys Roberts, Mr. Archie Anderson, Mr. Frederick Chester and Mr. Selwyn Driver, Mr. W. G. Ross accompanying.

CLUB NOTES.

THE "Sentiment" dinner called forth many sentiments, some of a diverse nature.

Lord Moulton: "To ask a man to dinner, and then make him fix the subject of his speech, is a torture I have never heard referred to in civilised society. . . . Nature, when she arrived at Man, was satisfied with an heredity of capacity. . . . It is impossible to separate anything that is mortal from anything else that is mortal except at a post mortem. . . . Sentiment is an excellent scout, and a bad captain."

Mr. Buckmaster, K.C., M.P., &c.: "An unwilling bridegroom —i.e. one who was unwilling to make a speech—put his hand on his wife's shoulder, and said: 'Ladies and gentlemen, this thing's been forced upon me. . . . Success always owes a deep debt to failure."

Friar Richard Whiteing: "The history of the triumph of parliamentary oratory is not the history of the triumph of reason, but of the triumph of sentiment."

Mr. Barry Pain: "If I were to attempt to analyse sentiment, I should feel like an unseemly, disgusting cockroach sitting on the face of the Sphinx. . . . If I were to adopt sentiment in my private life, my imminent bankruptcy would be accelerated."

Friar Grundy has been very busy of late with his scheme for bringing lonely young men and women together with a view to matrimony. We have long suspected that those early morning bicycle rides of his would turn his thoughts in this direction. He tells me that he was very sorry to be unable to solemnise the marriage of his "first couple," but here is an extract from a letter he received from the bride in answer to his card of congratulation: "We can never repay you for bringing so much happiness into our lives. We think ours the most romantic marriage on record, and we both feel that you were the instrument, under Providence, of bringing us together."

What I want to know is, when "the little rift within the lute" begins, whether Friar Grundy will not find it expedient to ride a motor bicycle instead of an ordinary one. It will be so much handier for flight from the victims of his—benevolence!

I would also somewhat timidly call Friar Grundy's attention to Major Darwin's utterances on the same subject at a recent meeting. Friars will remember that Major Darwin was the guest of the Club last session: "For the present, they would endeavour to eliminate the definitely bad, and encourage the definitely good. The character in one generation must in a manner depend on the marriages made in the preceding generation. They in this generation were absolutely responsible for the production of the next generation, and, therefore, of all mankind in the future."

The other day I was reading Albert Bigelow Paine's biography of Mark Twain, and came across the following allusion to the great humorist's visit to London: "Clemens was demanded by all the Bohemian Clubs, the Whitefriars, the Vagabonds, the Savage, the Beefsteak, and the Authors. He spoke to them, and those 'Mark Twain Evenings' have become historic occasions in each of the several institutions that gave him welcome. At the Vagabonds he told them the water melon story, and at the Whitefriars he reviewed the old days when he had been elected to that society; 'days,' he said, 'when all Londoners were talking about nothing else than that they had discovered Livingstone, and that the lost Sir Roger Tichborne had been found and that they were trying him for it."

There are one or two other allusions to the Friars in the biography. Mark Twain was a great man, and, as the centuries pass, he will be esteemed greater still.

A "disappointed Friar," who could not "get his speech off his chest" on the occasion of the opening dinner of the season, sends me the following lament:

Eight-and-forty Friars
  Ready for a speech.
Prior getting anxious,
  "Five minutes for each!"
When the evening's over,
  Prior feeling glum;
"Eight-and-forty Friars,
  And six-and-forty—dumb!"

I am indebted to Friar C. E. Pearce for many interesting particulars in connection with three of the oldest members of the Club who have lately passed away. The names of two—W. T. Tegetmeier and F. Dillon Croker—have long ceased to appear in the Club rolls, but that of the third—Julius Homan—was inscribed to the last, though many years have gone by since he attended any of the meetings or dinners. These three Friars belonged to the early days of the Club, days which I imagine are but vague traditions to the majority of the present members.

The fact that the deaths of Friars Tegetmeier and Croker, some time in the early autumn of last year, escaped prominent notice in the Journal is my apology for mentioning them in connection with the recent decease of Friar Homan.

Both Tegetmeier and Dillon Croker were, I believe, "original members," but on this point Friar Senior is the only one qualified to speak with authority, as the early records of the Club mysteriously vanished, the name of a certain erratic member being connected with their disappearance. Friar Tegetmeier was a typical Clubman of half a century ago. He was somewhat dogmatic, as were indeed most of the Friars (notably Thomas Spencer, a remarkably clever man in his particular line, whose voice was like an unoiled machine and whose manner was most aggrieved), but full of good talk. Tegetmeier was a naturalist

of more than ordinary attainments—he was closely associated with Darwin—and when in the mood was delightful to listen to.

Dillon Croker was as shy and retiring as Tegetmeier, Spencer, Crawford Wilson, and others were self-assertive. His shyness, however, disappeared when he was entertaining the Club with imitations of the actors of the Mid-Victorian period. He was for years a devoted "first-nighter," and his mimicry of J. L. Toole, Buckstone, Webster, Compton, Paul Bedford, Robson, and others was admirable. It was wonderful how, with the drawbacks of an insignificant person and weak voice, he could be so realistic. He was the son of Crofton Croker, the Irish authority on folklore, and was himself the author of a burlesque in the Planché vein. Croker was a great book hunter, and also an industrious collector of first numbers of newspapers and periodicals and playbills. For some years he occupied rooms in William Sawyer's house in Pelham Crescent, Brompton. When Sawyer died he had to remove, and expressed his fear in his nervous way that he might not get another room the floor of which would support the weight of his books. It would be interesting to know what became of his library and literary curiosities after his death.

Friar Homan was a man of sterling worth. Whenever the Club had occasion to appeal on behalf of any member upon whom the hand of misfortune had heavily descended, Julius Homan was among the first to respond. Outside the Club there are many who can testify to his generous aid, always given freely and unostentatiously. Artistic in his tastes, his mind tended toward science, chiefly in connection with engineering. He was one of the early pioneers of fireproof construction, and was the original patentee of girders composed of joists and plates, a system which is now universal throughout the world. A strong point in his character was his staunch adherence to old friends and old associations. Hence, although it is probably more than twenty years since he was seen within the Club walls, he never thought of resigning. He lived to a green old age, youthful withal, and, like Tegetmeier, had entered the nineties at the time of his death.

Here are some crystallised utterances at the "Art" dinner. The Prior: "The artist lets windows into life's prison. . . . Sincerity reaches the hearts of those who are indifferent to the eccentricities of modern art. . . . Extravagance for the sake of extravagance will never be a leading quality of art."

Mr. George Clausen: "Art is as necessary as food. We can't get on without either. . . . You cannot imagine the world with everything quite plain. . . . Art is looked upon by the ordinary Philistine as something which does not pertain to the everyday affairs of life. . . . To paint realities is considered inartistic because they belong to the present day. . . . The knowing things well enables a man to do them well."

Sir W. Goscombe John: "As the Sun colours flowers, so Art colours Life."

Friar Sir F. Gould: "A thing which is really doing its work can never be unpicturesque. . . . To get away from a Post Impressionist Exhibition is to exchange Sodom and Gomorrah for Exmoor."

Mr. Arthur Hacker: "To ask a man to paint for Art's sake, is like asking him to be brave for bravery's sake."

Friar R. Whiteing: "Art is the point at which emotion touches beauty, and beauty touches emotion. . . . The true principle of modernity in Art is fidelity to Nature."

Mr. Ernest Short: "Art is an extra, and all extras have to be paid for."

The evening itself was dull, and, until it was too late, the Chairman omitted to mention the time limit for speeches. There were several enthusiasts who wanted to pronounce their views on Art, but did not get a chance. Half an hour ought to be thrown open to Friars in general in case they want to speak. If they

do not want to speak, the half-hour can be cancelled. Perhaps the Committee will consider the matter.

One man asked me whether he could read the following "artistic" extract from "Huck Finn" "just to cheer us up," but it seemed to me that he was verging on the frivolous: "She was at work on what they said was her greatest picture when she took sick, and every day and every night it was her prayer to be allowed to live till she got it finished, but she never got it done. It was a picture of a young woman in a long white gown, with her hair all down her back, standing on the rail of a bridge all ready to jump off, and looking up at the moon, with the tears running down her face, and she had two arms folded across her breast, and two arms stretched out in front, and two more reaching up towards the moon; and the idea was to see which pair would look best, and then scratch out all the other arms; but she died before she got her mind made up."

One member told a pleasing little story of a lady's maid travelling with her mistress in Italy. They were looking at an altar-piece. "Did you notice the oleanders in the Madonna's hand, Parker?" asked her mistress. "No, ma'am," answered Parker, "I was looking at the 'oly family."

I think "Dear Andrew (Lang) with the brindled hair," as Stevenson affectionately called him, once dined with the Friars. Here is a story of a guest whom he invited to dinner at his London house. He lived at Marloes Road, away out at the end of Cromwell Road. "How am I to get there?" asked Andrew Lang's guest. "Why," was the answer, "you walk along Cromwell Road till you drop dead, and my house is just opposite."

Which reminds me that I have an original unpublished letter of Stevenson's given me by Baxter. Stevenson is writing to Baxter accepting an invitation to be best man at the latter's wedding, and winds up with the following pregnant postscript: "Commend me to the object, as Lang used to call his one."

The Annual Dinner was a remarkably cheerful one after the seriousness of the preceding week. There were two admirable speeches and a very good entertainment. The attendance was a record one—about a hundred.

The guest of the evening, Sir A. Quiller-Couch, eulogised the memory of one Friar John Williams, who had introduced him to our banquets when he, the guest, was a young man newly come to town.

Friar Sir William Treloar, in proposing a vote of thanks to the Chairman, said that he was informed, as a set-off to Friar Williams' good deeds, that the late Friar had signed the nomination paper for Friar Perkins' election to the Club. This is indeed ancient history; but, unlike the schoolboy's quotation from Scott ("The minstrel was infernal old"), Friar Perkins grows younger day by day.

Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch said in his speech that nine out of the twelve great poets in the Victorian world's eye were University men. If he were to keep himself posted in the Club's activities, he would find that many of our members are continually in "the world's eye." In fact, we all ought to feel proud to belong to, as a neophyte once said when returning thanks for election to a similar club, "this honourable body of men, one of whom I am now which."

There ought to be a Club Cup offered for the member who successfully recites the Club ritual ("Friars and Guests, by this wine we commemorate," &c.) at three dinners without a mistake. At present, Friar Spurgeon, Friar Walter Smith, and myself share the record; but most chairmen seem to be unable even to read it correctly from the printed page. It is one of those fine, full-flavoured pieces of prose which lie in wait to trip up the unwary. Prior Power did very well with it on the occasion of the Ladies' Night, although it sounded more like a call to prayer than an invocation to the shades of departed Friars.

Friar Shansfield has been very busy during the last two sessions, and Friar Shaylor has devoted a great deal of valuable time to furthering our interests. This is all the kinder of him as Mrs. Shaylor has been seriously ill. The Friars join with me in congratulating Friar Shaylor on her restoration to health.

Friar Walter Smith has returned from the United States, looking all the better for his holiday. To paraphrase an ancient couplet, he is one of

"Those true patriots, be it understood,
Who leave America for England's good."

"The Modern Novel" dinner produced an unusual number of good speeches. In spite of a tendency to stammer, Monsignor Benson is really an orator. I was once at a dinner when he tried to pronounce something and could not do it, so left off in the middle of his speech, and fought it out with the recalcitrant word, the audience watching the struggle with breathless enthusiasm, and betting freely on the result. Monsignor Benson vanquished the word after a protracted fight, and continued his speech.

Friar Sir Robert Hudson will feel greatly obliged if any Friar can send him the title of a book which he has wanted to read for years past. All he knows about it is that it begins thus: "'Hell!' said the Countess, who had not previously spoken."

It rather reminds one of the story of the Lady Missioner who complained to the Colonel of one of our regiments that his men always "swore profusely" when going into action. "Oh, Hell!" said the Colonel, turning on his heel.

I am inclined to think that Friar Sir R. Hudson's novel continued in this way: "Hell," said the Countess, who had not previously spoken, "is naturally a subject which interests many minds; one which," &c., &c. The variant of this story is, "'What a sanguinary row,' said the Princess, whose modesty had hitherto kept her silent."

There seems to be a rooted objection in the minds of editors to the use of the word "Hell." I was correcting the proofs of a serial the other day, and my Indian, feeling very miserable, says, "Heap hell cold," which is just what an Indian would say in the circumstances. The editor queried this: "Would it not be better to put 'The Indian complained bitterly of the inclemency of the weather'?"

Friar Gilbert Coleridge hinted at the aforesaid "Modern Novel" Dinner that he did not like the "style" of modern novels, and then admitted that he read half a novel a year. Either we must elect a sub-committee to select that half novel for him, or make one up with pages from various authors. Otherwise—in a Pickwickian sense, of course—we shall have to quote Friar Sir Robert Hudson's Countess to him.

There were two anecdotes told at the Ladies' Dinner which seemed new to the audience. An ardent golfer determined to play another round, and asked a friend to telephone to his, the golfer's, wife, to say that he would not be home for lunch. The friend promised to do so, and promptly forgot all about it. The ardent golfer went on playing golf until dark, while the distressed wife worked herself up into a state of frantic excitement at his non-appearance. "Mummy," said the golfer's little girl, aged seven, "if daddy doesn't come home to-night, shall you marry again?"

The other story was that of a man who came to a well-known hotel, and, after bargaining as to terms, took up his pen to sign the hotel register opposite the number of his room, when a harmful, unnecessary flea dropped from the pen on to the register. The man shook his head. "No," he said sadly, "I'm not going to stay in a place where they're intelligent enough to come to look for the number of your room."

I am greatly indebted to Friar Aitkin for the amount of care and time he has bestowed on his admirable reports of most of the dinners. It is very hard work when others play, and means the sacrifice of the whole evening. I mention the matter because most Friars take the "Journal" as a matter of course, and seldom offer to help with the reports. G. B. B.