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Edited by FRIAR G. B. BURGIN.

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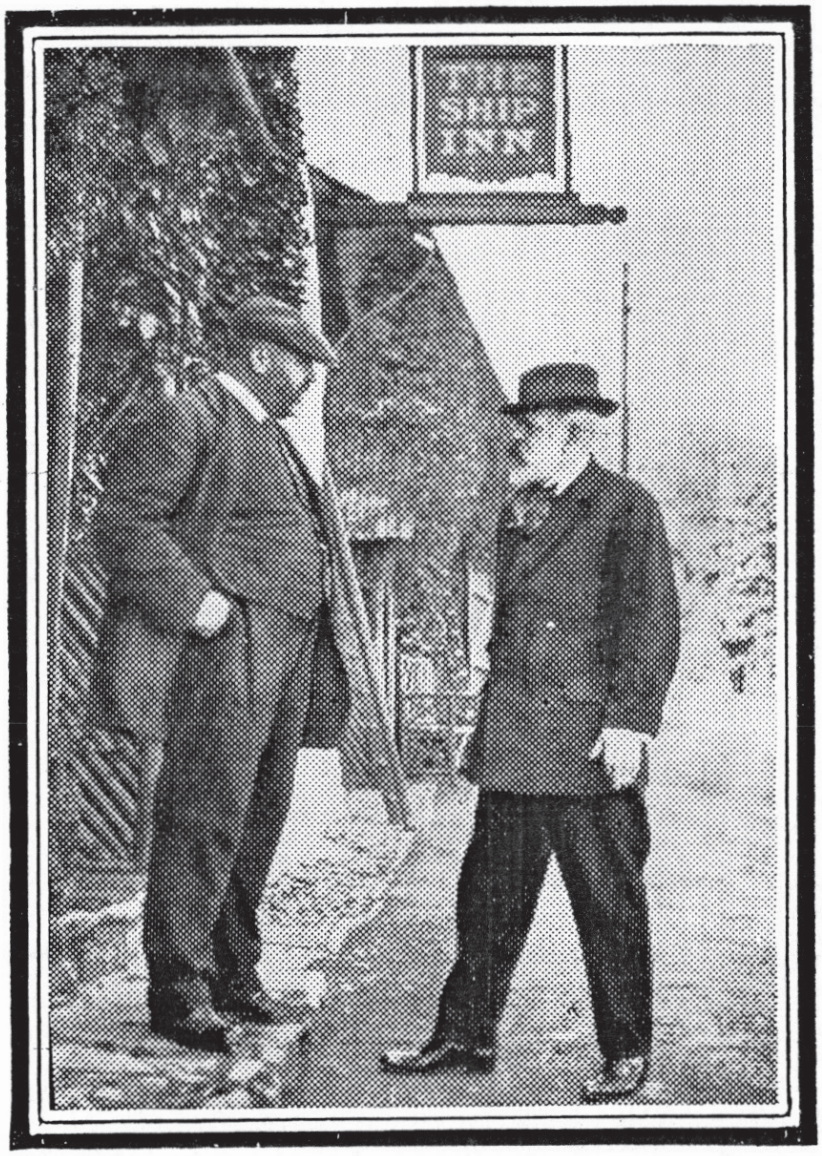
CLUB DIARY.

February 13th.—*Club Guest:* Mr. Oscar Asche. *Prior:* Friar H. E. Morgan. *Topic:* "Something about the Drama."



FRIAR SIR F. CARRUTHERS GOULD

(By kind permission of the Editor of "The Daily Sketch," and the Record Press)

March 6th.—*Club Guest:* Mr. Yoshio Markino. *Prior:* Friar A. D. Power. *Topic:* "Hospitality."

March 13th.—*Club Guest:* Mr. R. D. Muir. *Prior:* Friar R. Newton Crane. *Topic:* "The Criminal and the Public."

MARCH 20th.—*Club Guest:* MR. W. B. MAXWELL. *Prior:* FRIAR G. B. BURGIN. *Topic:* "The Influence of Criticism on Fiction."

MARCH 27th.—*Club Guest:* SIR MARK SYKES, BART., M.P. *Prior:* FRIAR A. E. W. MASON. *Topic:* "The Pleasures of Travel."

APRIL 3rd.—*Club Guest:* MR. JEFFERY FARNOL. *Prior:* FRIAR J. M. DENT. *Topic:* "Realism in Literature."

APRIL 24th.—*Club Guest:* SIR EDWARD WARD, BART. *Prior:* FRIAR A. G. GARDINER. *Topic:* "Correspondents in Peace and War."

MAY 8th.—LADIES' BANQUET AT THE CAFÉ ROYAL.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE DRAMA.

FEBRUARY 13th.—Friar H. E. Morgan made a most successful début as Prior and Mr. Oscar Asche was the Club Guest at the opening of the Spring programme, the topic set down being "Something about the Drama." The guests included Sir Robert S. S. Baden-Powell, K.C.B., Gordon Selfridge, Sidney Dark, George Meyer, E. Thornton Smith, W. Thornton Smith, Charles Cox, A. Cornish, William Poel, Comyns Beaumont, Vivian Hocking, Charles Watney, Dr. Williamson, Mr. Crook, Alfred Barnard, S. G. Hobbs, N. D. Power, F. Brittain Osborne, Mr. Comfield, Herbert Austin, Kenelm Smith, Oliver Atkin, J. A. Jennings, Howard Barringer, and C. E. Wade.

Mr. Asche was inclined to take a rather gloomy view of the Drama in London as it looked to him after a two years' absence in Australia and South Africa; but he found satisfaction in seeing *Diplomacy* one of the successes of the season, and he believed there were people capable of writing plays as good as any of the older days. Comparing times past and present, he remarked that the actor at the present time did not have to go through such a training as he himself had to when he first came to this country. The position in regard to the Drama was pretty much what it was in the mercantile marine; and when the weather called for experienced seamanship, there were wrecks.

It seemed to Mr. Asche that the strength of a nation could be pretty well judged by the strength of its Drama; and England was never stronger than in the Elizabethan days, when our Drama was at its height. To-day, he thought, our kinsfolk in Australia,

New Zealand, and South Africa were more broad-minded than the people in the Old Country, and they were very keen about the Drama. If theatrical successes in London had not been so numerous of late as managers could have wished, this was not so much the fault of the dramas presented, perhaps, as the result

OSCAR ASCHE
(By kind permission of Friar Shorter)

of the managers omitting to consider the comfort of the public to the same degree that it was considered by the managers of cinemas and music-halls.

The prices in London theatres were far too high, but it was difficult for one man to attempt any reduction. The speaker tried to do this a few years ago, and "he got it in the neck." But they had to remember that in the cinemas and music-halls you were allowed to smoke and drink—he was at a loss to explain

why there was no eating—and this aided in securing bigger audiences. In addition to the problem presented by the size of the London theatres, it was becoming more difficult to get the audiences to their seats in time for the rising of the curtain. They managed this kind of thing better in Australia.

Mr. Asche would like to have money enough to start a London theatre in which the play would begin at 7 or 7.15, according to the length of the first act; after which, there could be an interval for dinner, provided at the theatre. If the objection were made that after dinner people would have forgotten what the first act was about, he asked those who raised such an objection to remember the passion for things called serials, which broke off not always at the end of a chapter, and readers waited cheerfully for the "next instalment," not a matter of an hour, but for days, weeks, and sometimes months. His "great ambition," he concluded, was to run a theatre giving the best drama and the best dinner.

Friar Richard Whiteing said ditto to Mr. Asche so far as the condition of the Drama was concerned, but parted company over the proposed remedy. His view was that whereas in the old days the actor had to adapt himself to the play, nowadays the play had to be adapted to the actor. It was not probable that any change for the better would be brought about by any State institution or by any fantastic alteration of the hour of dining. What was wanted was a radical change in the temper of modern audiences, a healthier appreciation of what constituted good Drama; and Mr. Asche seemed too easily to despair of what could be done in the way of cheaper prices. Theatrical managers might take a leaf out of the book of the modern publisher or newspaper owner.

Mr. George Meyer, Secretary of the Shakespeare Memorial Fund, suggested that Mr. Asche was unduly pessimistic, and from his own experience was prepared to declare that the state of the Drama to-day was infinitely superior to what it was thirty-five years ago. His recollection of the acting in Paris twenty years ago was that it was by no means superior to what it was over here; and in his opinion the acting in London to-day was better than it was in France. The dinner proposal, if adopted, would be rather hard on the dramatist, who would have to spread himself over the first act, and many playgoers would not come back afterwards. High prices and the "purple and fine linen" fetish were

responsible for much. They were obstacles to the City man; and as the *Era* had come down from 6d. to an even bigger success at 1d., the theatres might profit by the example. The theatre, he urged, from an educational point of view, was the most valuable of all the arts.

Sir Robert Baden-Powell, introduced by the Prior as the greatest "producer" of his time—the producer of 250,000 Boy Scouts—most emphatically endorsed all that had been said in favour of the Drama as an educational factor. In those taking part it fostered self-control, self-denial in view of the common aim, and self-expression. Stage experience and sea training combined would fit one for any line in life. He himself began as a sailor and an actor in a small way. He remembered that on one occasion, when he was to take the part of Sam Gerridge to the Polly Eccles of Miss Rosina Vokes, the lady refused to act with him until he knew something about plumbing, and he spent two interesting months in Clerkenwell studying that craft. Sir Robert went on to describe how the Boy Scouts in this country and in America, by learning to take part in plays, learned also how to "play the game."

Friar Hugo Vallentin agreed with everything that had been said about the dearness of the English theatre, but thought that snobbishness was not the sole cause of this; the heavy ground rents and the system of sub-letting in London had something to do with it, as did the enormous fees demanded by some actors. He pleaded for the repertory theatre and a return to the custom whereby plays were not written for certain parts, and the actor was trained to take every part and every kind of part.

Friar Thomas Catling took us back to the days of Samuel Phelps' triumphs at old Sadler's Wells, Charles Kean's "gorgeous revivals" at the Princess's, and Robson's appearance at the Olympic, recalling witticisms of Douglas Jerrold and others whose names were once familiar in Fleet Street as household words. At Sadler's Wells the pit price was 1s., that of the gallery seats 6d., and the maximum charge was 3s. Kean's treasurer was prompted to raise the price of the stalls from 7s. 6d. to 10s. because the young swells of the day usually refused the change from half-a-sovereign.

Of the twenty-seven Shakespearean plays produced by Phelps, Friar Catling said he had seen twenty-six, at the expenditure of the like number of shillings. In those days, young men were

enthusiastic about the Drama, and actor-managers were content with less money than they made to-day. As to Mr. Asche's "little joke" about a restaurant-theatre, we were reminded that a similar idea had been tried by Mr. Hollingshead; and Friar Catling did not think the project would succeed even if the dinner were thrown in. The jeremiads about the decay of the Drama were of a very old date. In the days of the French farce it was declared that the Drama was "going to the dogs," but in time we always came back to the solid, serious English Drama.

Mr. William Poel urged that Art had nothing to do with eating and drinking; he also thought that the unpunctuality of the theatre-goer had something to do with the respect in which actors were held; and pointed out that in Germany late arrival at the theatre was publicly resented.

The Prior thought that what was wanted in the theatre to-day was a greater expenditure of brains and far less money.

Replying, Mr. Oscar Asche said there were three great obstacles in the way of cheaper seats in the London theatres: ground rents, small seating capacity, and "ridiculous salaries." Expenses of production were usually exaggerated. He put down the cost of Press advertising at £150 a week per theatre for an advertisement that was barely seen. He believed that if the papers had to pay the theatre for their news of what was going on, they would gladly do it, for theatrical advertisements were the only interesting advertisements in the papers to-day. He gave his own experience of an attempt to educate the public in classical drama. The production of Mr. Rudolph Besier's great play, *The Virgin Goddess,* cost exactly £420. It received a wonderful welcome on the first night. When friends came round afterwards to congratulate him he used the words of Mr. Asquith, and asked them to "Wait and see" the morning papers. These were just as enthusiastic as the first-night audience. The play ran for five weeks to one paying night—the last—and the loss was £15,000. —W. F. A.

HOSPITALITY*

MARCH 6th.—There was another noteworthy success in the "Priority," Friar A. D. Power fulfilling the chief office; and members and guests were equally delighted with the charming

* I am indebted to the courtesy of Mr. Percy Spalding for permission to reproduce Mr. Markino's clever drawings.—*Editor.*

speech of Mr. Yoshio Markino on "Hospitality." Among the guests present were Louis Wain, G. S. Williams, Sidney Low, Percy Spalding, Douglas Sladen, D. A. Wilson, S. E. Bullock, Norman D. Grundy, T. Aubrey Rees, F.R.G.S., Captain Acland, Mr. Hunter, A. C. Pedley, I.S.O., F. Heywood, George Scamell, William Hunter, Peter Tait, J. A. Jennings, and C. Komai, the *Times* correspondent in the Russo-Japanese war.

In rising to respond to the toast of his health, Mr. Yoshio Markino said: "Friars and Hospitallers, I feel quite at home."

Proceeding, he declared that the word "hospitality" was not one to discuss, but to feel. He had felt it in his poor days—from his landlady, for example—and now he "wiped his eyelid" to her memory for all his life. He felt that everyone in the room was his brother. The word "hospitality" was really too little for the feeling it represented. "My father was once a pupil of a poor scholar. This was when he was about eight years old. And one winter's night, when the snow was falling heavily, the old scholar said to him, 'You cannot possibly go home through such weather; you must stay in my house. I will make you very comfortable.' Later, when he was lying warm and comfortable in a little room, he heard a rustling noise in the adjoining apartment. He peeped through the door and found his master, who was some seventy years old, with no bed-clothes, only a covering of oil-paper. Thereupon, he threw the bed-clothes over his teacher and ran back home through the snow."

Times changed, Mr. Markino continued. We improved scientifically, but the old spirit of hospitality would always remain. As Confucius had said, we might be rich with many books, but if we were not hospitable we were not really rich. Human nature was very strange in its outward manifestations. Where heart spoke to heart, in whatever language it spoke, East was West and West was East, whatever poets might have to say to the contrary. It did not matter what colour the house was if

the interior was comfortable and hospitable. Centimetres and inches really indicated the same kind of thing; the words only were different.

When Mr. Markino was studying in Paris, his landlady's daughter asked how many teeth Japanese people had. He replied that he had as many as she had, except that he had one false tooth. When the Dutch people first went to Japan, one of them brought a European dog, an animal something like a Newfoundland dog. Such an animal had not been seen in Japan before. A Japanese speculator thought he might make money by exhibiting it. But when he heard it bark he said: "Why, it says 'Bow-wow,' just the same as our dogs!" Well, he thought there were some people in this country just like that Japanese speculator. He apologised for his bad English. But he had an excuse to offer. He had been told that if he spoke from the heart, that would be real Japanese. He had been advised not to improve his English, because it would destroy his business. However, he thought the real reason why he did not improve in his English was this: when an artist began his colouring, he never went back to improve his drawing. English people had been so hospitable to him, they understood him as he was, so he never went back to his drawing. To some extent he felt like a man between two chairs, being not altogether Japanese, not altogether English. But it was his ambition to bring these two chairs together, so that no one could fall between them. If he did no good in this world, he would give his body to the doctors to study. He valued English hospitality more than English money; and the more he lived here the more he loved London.

Friar G. B. Burgin remarked that his old friend Mr. Yoshio Markino had altogether avoided the darker side of his experiences in London, when he was friendless, penniless, and with nothing between him and despair but the bright flame of his idealism to keep his courage alive. He had spoken of English hospitality as if he had forgotten our insular coldness, and knew nothing of the fact that it was only the one in a hundred who won through. Mr. Markino had won through by the sheer force of character. Only a genius could make such a place as

the Fulham Road picturesque, as he had done. One never heard a word of complaint from him in those old days; he always came up smilingly to time. And now there was scarcely an English home in which his name was not a household word; and his articles in the *Daily Mail* and his wonderful pictures, his quaint idioms and expression of himself had won all our hearts. We had ceased to regard him as a foreigner, and had come to look upon him as one of ourselves. We had adopted him. And he had heard of dozens of young ladies who wanted to know if "that dear Mr. Markino" was married yet.

Coming to the subject of hospitality, Friar Burgin said that in the course of a somewhat roving life he had had a rather wide experience of it in various countries. In an out-of-the-way part of Canada he was once asked by an old woman, sitting outside her miserable shanty, if he had ever seen Queen Victoria. On his giving a reply in the affirmative, the old lady beamed at him and said: "Come right in and eat all you want." Once, at a spot near Aleppo, an Arab chief to whom he had presented a quart of coffee wanted him to marry his daughter and settle down like a respectable Arab for the remainder of his days, which his dragoman told him would probably be short, as the chief in question simply desired to get the rest of the coffee.

Mr. Sidney Low said that the pictures of our guest appealed to our subconscious nature, to something we could not put into words. They appealed to the heart; and when he talked about hospitality he appealed to us just as much. Once, when in the backwoods of Canada, he and a friend came upon a woodsman's hut. They were very hungry. There were only women and children about. They asked if they could have dinner. The reply was that there was nothing there they could eat. They felt they must have something, and observed that as the children did not look as if they were starving there must be something in the place. Again the answer was: "There is nothing you can eat." To which they rejoined: "What you can eat we can eat." In the result,

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they sat down to dinner—one of the best he had ever eaten—salmon, a bird, and flap-jacks cooked in molasses. When they asked why they had been refused in the first place, they were told that if their hostess had only had a little canned beef in the house, she would have felt better able to proffer hospitality ; as it was, she was able to give them only what the household had.

Customs of hospitality varied. In the East, it was the custom to depreciate what was offered to the guest. A bed—found to have silken hangings and other appointments in proportion—was described as a shakedown. If you asked after the wife of your host, you were told that the hideous old woman in the inner apartment was fairly well, and so on. In England, these refinements were not studied. When you thanked your host for a pleasant evening, he generally answered, "Oh, not at all." Our diversities of custom must often puzzle the visitor from the dignified and polite East. Mr. Yoshio Markino seemed to understand what the old Greeks meant by hospitality—the cheery spirit of kindness and good feeling towards others. A great deal of foolish talk was heard about differences between people of different nations. In both East and West, the human animal was very much the same kind of animal wherever we might find him.

Friar Grundy commented on the hospitality of the English people when they were abroad and that which usually distinguished them when they were at home.

Friar R. N. Fairbanks referred to the warmth of hospitality which characterised all nations alike.

Mr. C. Komai, who represented the *Times* during the Russo-Japanese war, declared that a person without hospitality was abominable, and hospitality that was not prompted by love was worse than frank enmity. Hospitality, as had been remarked, had many forms of expression ; but rain, hail, snow, and ice were different names for the same water that fell upon and refreshed and fertilised the land. What the young Japanese wanted was to see the Anglo-Japanese alliance not only political, but individual.

Friar Shan F. Bullock, endorsing Friar Fairbanks' tribute to

English hospitality, observed that so hospitable were the English towards the Irish that they were ready to cut one another's throats to keep them. Seriously, he thought that his countrymen were apt to overlook the good qualities of the English, with whom he had lived for nearly thirty years, finding everyone exceedingly kind.

Mr. T. Aubrey Rees thought the growing hospitality between the peoples of different countries was a factor that was going to mean a great deal in the future.

Mr. Yoshio Markino, in a few additional words, quoted Friar Burgin's remark that England had adopted him. His comment was: "My father had a saying, 'Who says I am poor, look at my country.'" He added: "I had rather sell my pictures for 2½d. and be human, than get hundreds of pounds and be regarded as any other kind of animal."—W. F. A.

THE CRIMINAL AND THE PUBLIC.

MARCH 13th.—Mr. R. D. Muir, the celebrated prosecuting counsel for the Treasury, was the Club Guest, with Friar Newton Crane in the chair. Among the guests present were: Joseph Sharp, Arthur Quicke, Dr. Henry Thomas, Canon Morley Stevenson, J. F. Lake, William Lewis, Lewis L. Vincent, Dr. W. Neame, Henry Morgan, Irving Gane, A. E. Hodgson, C. J. Lawrence, Sir Reginald B. D. Acland, K.C., A. W. Rowden, K.C., J. Harris Miles, F. Hanson, Dr. G. H. Whitaker, E. G. Drewry, and Harry Shepard.

The topic for discussion was "The Criminal and the Public," and, in his opening speech, the Prior gave an animated and interesting sketch of the "Segregation of Criminals" system in America. Incidentally, he mentioned the law's delays there, and told a story of a plan of a house where a negro was being tried for burglary. The young barrister who defended him was rather surprised that the negro was convicted, but understood the reason afterwards, when the plan which he had handed up to the jury was returned to him. In a moment of forgetfulness, and for his

own guidance, he had marked on the plan, "Here's where the nigger got in."

Mr. R. D. Muir, in his very interesting contribution to the debate, gave a preliminary sketch of our penal system, and said that the treatment of the criminal after his conviction was one of insuperable difficulty, owing to the different nature of the crimes committed. Were you to mete out the same treatment to the woman who kills her child and Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, to the poisoner and the gentlemanly swindler, to the unpremeditated murderer and the man who deliberately poisoned another man

R. D. MUIR, Esq., K.C.
(Senior Prosecuting Counsel for the Treasury)

who was a witness against him in a probate case in which the poisoner hoped to gain a large sum of money by means of a forged will?

Sentences cannot be standardised, and every judge had his own methods of computing the punishment to be meted out to a prisoner. The late Mr. Justice Hawkins's methods sounded like a Gilbert and Sullivan comic opera, for he had a system before he sentenced a prisoner of sending for the record of the prisoner's list of convictions. He allotted what he thought was the just punishment to each crime on the list, opened a debtor and creditor account with the prisoner, added his own sentence, deducted one from the other, and passed the balance of time on to the prisoner for his sentence.

Mr. Muir also alluded to the Suffragette question, and stated

that he was in favour of giving women the vote. He had known Mrs. Pankhurst and other gifted women, and it was impossible to go on punishing them for breaches of the law when they were prepared to die for their opinions. It seemed to him that the only way out of the difficulty was to give women the vote.

"You may remember," added Mr. Muir, "the case of the notorious criminal Guerin, who twice escaped from Devil's Island. Guerin was imprudent enough to come to this country, and would have been extradited a third time and sent back to the horrors of Devil's Island had he not taken my advice and consented to remain a year in prison while his naturalisation papers were obtained in Chicago. There had been a fire in Chicago, and many public records were destroyed. Hence the difficulty." Mr. Muir obtained the necessary documents (without fee or reward) at last, and Guerin did not return to Devil's Island. He saw Guerin, and said to him, "This country is the only refuge open to you. Are you prepared to obey its laws and lead an honest life?" And Guerin, although the police had frequently taken him up for loitering, because they could not understand a man of his antecedents leading an honest life, had, so far, faithfully kept his word.

Proceeding, the learned gentleman drew a distinction between the deliberate criminal and the sudden criminal. Thence, he lightly diverged to the subject of criminals who were Freemasons, and instanced a case in which the judge sent for him and said, "I wish you'd tell that scoundrelly client of yours in the dock not to keep on making Masonic signs to me." *

Mr. Muir was listened to with breathless attention, and heartily applauded at the end of his speech.

The Prior then called on Friar G. B. Burgin to continue the debate. Friar Burgin declared that he held a watching brief for his novelist brethren, as exception had been taken by one of the legal guests present to the way in which novelists dealt with trials in their books. He himself, in search of accuracy, had once been to the Old Bailey, and heard two pretty girls talking behind him. "I hear," said one, "there's a novelist in court." "Yes," said the other, pointing to the prisoner in the dock. "I think it must be that fat, stern-looking man with the lofty brow." The Friar

* *Editorial Note.*—It is easy to see that Mr. Muir is not a Mason, or he would know that no Mason who retained a spark of honour would thus seek to bring disrepute on the craft.

felt very much in the position of the nervous young barrister who said, "My lord, my unfortunate client—— My lord, my unfortunate client—my—my—unfortunate client," and the judge leaned forward and said blandly, "So far the court is with you, Mr. Smith."

The public, as a rule, took a personal interest in the criminal if they were interested in his crime. The average man knew little of law, and, to quote the words of an eminent Chancellor, "Talk to a man of legal points of the most common occurrence, ten to one he cares little and knows less about them; and, what is perhaps still more surprising, is contented to remain in ignorance, and would be astonished to hear that he himself is to blame for it, or that it might have been dispelled by a little mental exertion. The enigmatical language, the prolix and tautologous jargon, in which lawyers contrive to mystify and obscure everything they handle, strengthens, if it did not originate, the general impression that none but the initiated can possibly comprehend the language and mode of operation of the simplest legal document. The mischief is completed by the railroad facility with which our wise men make, unmake, and remake laws (miscalled *amending* them)—so as to deter all but lawyers by the bulk of the record, and to perplex even them by its vague and often contradictory phraseology."

When counsel, continued Friar Burgin, made a good fight for his client, the public took as much interest in him as they did in the criminal. There was the old story of counsel who drew such a moving picture of his client's innocence of the crime of murder, that he himself wept, the judge wept, and the jailer wept. Only the prisoner remained unmoved, and as he left the dock, after having had sentence of death passed upon him, he pointed to his counsel, still drying his eyes, and said to the jailer, "Dismal beggar, ain't he?" They had all learned a great deal to-night from Mr. Muir, and he felt sure that if at some future dinner the learned counsel honoured the Whitefriars with his presence, like Oliver Twist, they would ask for Muir.

Sir Reginald B. D. Acland, K.C., said that the punishment of crime was the greatest difficulty which presented itself. It was perfectly hopeless to deal with it by unnaturally severe punishment. Forty years ago flogging was quite common in the Navy, and crime was then at its highest. At first, when flogging was abolished, crime in the Navy increased. When the Navy became

accustomed to moderate punishment, crime rapidly diminished. At the present time the punishments are less severe than they have ever been before, and the curve of crime has gone down at an increased rate, from six or seven to one in a thousand.

Continuing, Sir Reginald gave an interesting story of a sub-lieutenant in command of a submarine and the commander of a destroyer. Their united ages amounted to about forty. They were told to go out and see if between them they could evolve a new system of signalling. The submarine commander's idea of communicating with the destroyer was to leave his own ventilator open. A steamer, unfortunately, came along, and the wash flooded the ventilator, and down went the submarine. At length the crew managed to stop the influx of the water, and the submarine came to the surface. The crew were taken off by the destroyer, and two were found to be missing. The commander of the submarine, at the risk of his own life, went back and brought out the two men. He was tried for imperilling his ship, officially reprimanded, and the reprimand was followed up by a glowing panegyric from the admiral for the skill and courage and devotion to duty which he had shown.

Canon Wesley Dennis was not prepared to speak on the subject, but strongly advocated the separation of juvenile and adult offenders as one of the best methods of diminishing crime.

Mr. Arthur Quicke also was not prepared to speak, but always made it a rule to have a long speech about him. He was once staying at a country house at election time, and asked his host, "Who is that horribly sad-looking man at the end of the table?" "That's the speaker this evening," said his host. "Well," said Mr. Quicke, "there's only one sadder-looking man in the room. Who's he?" "That," rejoined Mr. Quicke's host, "is the speaker's brother. He's heard him make the same speech so often. That's why he's sad."

Lawyers were seldom at a loss in an emergency, and, unlike the girl with her two suitors, quickly made up their minds what course to take. There was a girl who had two lovers, one very tall and the other very short. She could not decide which one to marry, although her mother urged her to do so. At last she made up her mind. "I'm going to marry the tall one because, if he dies, and I marry again, I may marry a short man, and can have my first husband's things cut down to fit him." A lawyer had to be prepared to fit every emergency, like the man who had

never made a speech in his life and was forced to do so at a dinner. He recited it to his wife, who became as anxious as he was about it. When he came back after delivering the speech, he found her in bed. "How did it go?" she asked anxiously. He said that it had been "moving, soothing, and satisfying." During the first ten minutes half of his audience moved out, during the second ten minutes the other half went to sleep, and he knew that everyone was satisfied, for as he came away he heard one man say, "We've had enough of that d——d fool."

Mr. Rowden, K.C., in capping a story about the late Vice-Chancellor Bacon, said that on one occasion Mr. Handley, Q.C., was opening a petition for "payment out" of a fund in Chancery. The fund had been paid to a lady during her life, and the question was to whom it should now go. Counsel read out the petitioner's statement, as the custom was, "And the said Eliza Jones has had so far fourteen children and no more." The aged Vice-Chancellor leaned over and said softly to counsel, "Give her time, Mr. Handley; give her time."

Altogether, a very bright and enjoyable evening.—G. B. B.

THE INFLUENCE OF CRITICISM ON FICTION.

MARCH 20th.—Friar G. B. Burgin was Prior; Mr. W. B. Maxwell (author of "Vivien," "The Guarded Flame," and other well-known novels) the Club Guest; and Mr. H. R. Tedder, F.S.A. (since 1874 librarian and since 1889 secretary of the Athenæum Club), welcomed to the Brotherhood. The guests included Oliver Onions, James Douglas, Jeffery Farnol, J. W. Ginsbury, Harry Webb, M.P., Sidney Dark, A. M. Bannister, Dr. Butler, A. D. Acland, John Murray, H. Hyslop Thomson, Herbert F. Jenkins (Boston), R. Whiskard, J. Foley, H. F. Carlill, and E. W. Lynam. Mr. H. R. Tedder, the newly elected Friar, received a warm welcome on his first appearance as a Club member.

The Prior having introduced Mr. Maxwell as the illustrious son of an illustrious mother, whose literary activity in the "son"-light of her days put some of our younger writers in the shade,

Our Guest opened a discussion on "The Influence of Criticism on Fiction" with a graceful acknowledgment of the kindly reception of his mother's name. Addressing us as "Brothers of the White Robe," he reminded us that it was as a journalist that he received his first repulse in his attack on "the Temple of Fame,"

but he owed to the Press a debt he could never repay. Bearing in mind the adage about the shoemaker sticking to his last, he thought he had better just say a few words about novel-writing.

The writer of books, and particularly the writer of novels, was always glad to talk about his *last*. His own last book got him into a certain amount of trouble. At the time he felt it very much, but his publisher felt it more. He telegraphed for him to go and see him, and, when they met, said something to this

W. B. MAXWELL
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effect: "I don't know whether what is being said is right or wrong, but it is very serious indeed for me. It seems that for the future I shall have to read your books myself." As to what was proper and what was not proper for writers of fiction to put into their books, we had to distinguish between what was called "realistic" and what was called "idealistic" work. Some wrote about life as they believed it to be, and others about life as they wished it to be. There was also the "symbolist," whose work was very difficult to criticise.

As to "the great reading public," the speaker felt that they had no very great desire to be instructed; they wanted to be amused. The average reader just said: "I want you to interest

me, to take me out of myself." It was not enough to give him anything like a railway ticket for Ramsgate, for, say, a half-day excursion; he wanted a Pullman car express to Utopia. Then readers liked to be interested even more than they liked to be amused. Why was it, he asked, that all writers did not take the hint? One answer was to be found in the governing law of contrasts. Whether they recognised it or not, the average writer, no less than the average reader, was glad to be taken out of himself. This was, perhaps, why really rollicking, almost naughty, novels were sometimes written by clergymen, and why the man whose habit it was to come home with the milk in the morning penned the touching domestic idyll.

Turning to the critics, Mr. Maxwell thought they were never more capable than they are to-day, when it is almost a commonplace to say there is no difference between journalism and literature. It was astonishing how well newspapers were written, and the criticism in them had an effect on the writer of books as well as upon the public. The effect on the writer of praise in impartial criticism was good; that of indiscriminate praise was bad. When the modest author got a thoroughly good notice in the Press, he felt a warm glow of gratitude and of admiration for the writer of it. "By Jove!" he said to himself, "that fellow has his head screwed on the right way; I'd trust his opinion on anything." Then, when he handed the paper to his wife, she probably said: "So-and-so must be a great friend of yours." But the author wrote at once to his publisher asking him to quote the notice promptly, and went about the world with delicious music in his ears. In the next stage the author, if he had any claims to good sense, would ask himself if he deserved so much praise; and, out of gratitude and in return to Mr. So-and-so for being kind enough to believe in him, he would say to himself: "Perhaps I may, some time or other, do something better and almost justify his confidence. If I do not try with all my might to do this, I ought to be kicked." And then he saw that Mr. So-and-so, referring to some such work as "The Mountain of Love," by Annabel Snooks, spoke of it as the finest yet written, and of its author as towering like a giant above all of her contemporaries, and so on. "Well, you know," observed Mr. Maxwell, "it is a very difficult and delicate question."

As a stimulus to good work, praise was absolutely necessary; but when it lacked proportion it was upsetting, paralysing. We

could all praise the dead, for to a great extent they were not trade rivals; but the speaker wondered if we should admire Fielding and Scott so much if we were to get a new volume from them every autumn. If modern criticism had a fault, it was in the tendency to be too kind, too indulgent. There could not be so many masterpieces as the advertisements would lead us to believe, because, if so, they would be easy to write, and it would hardly be worth while to attempt the job. He thought the novel ought not to be expected to do all that was sometimes attributed to it by some critics; its appeal, properly, should be cumulative; and, in the words of one famous critic now dead—"we all admire the dead ones"—no work of art could be great without repose.

Friar W. H. Helm said the question was mixed up with what was called criticism and what was hardly worthy of the name—"notices" written by men who had not time to notice adequately. No praise could be too great if based on adequate judgment. The most influential criticism was that of conversation, the criticism of books by those who had read them and who talked about them to their friends. The success, not only of books but of plays, was made in this way. In the old days, authors had to suffer something very much worse than the "ban"; if they offended, they were fortunate if they did not get their ears nailed to the pillory. On the whole, criticism at the present day was absolutely honest, and, where time was given for it, always valuable. As to sex, he thought there was a great deal too much of it in modern fiction. It was a false view of life that everyone wanted it and everybody was constantly thinking about it, as Mr. Dick thought about Charles the First's head. He hoped we were not to take too seriously our Guest's remarks about the operation of the law of contrasts; and concluded by remarking that the criticism that said this or that book was good or bad without saying why, was the rottenest kind of criticism.

Mr. Sidney Dark suggested that the topic for discussion should have been, not "The Influence of Criticism on Fiction," but "The Influence of Fiction on Criticism," for the critic certainly had more readers than the writer of fiction; and from this point of view Mr. Maxwell's influence on Mr. Douglas seemed to him to be of more importance than Mr. Douglas's influence on Mr. Maxwell. All the best fiction written in the last few years had been praised by the popular Press. But those books which had been "damned" by the popular Press had sold as quickly as the publishers could

get the successive editions off their shelves. He would have liked a clear definition of "realism" and "idealism," and of the difference between the book that "amused" and that which "interested." What amused or interested one person bored another to death. His main point was that the popular newspapers in this country were always on the side of good work in letters.

Mr. John Murray had a word to say about prefaces, which his father always tried to make him believe were the most important part of books. It often happened that an author, having accomplished an important piece of work, wrote a preface full of apologies. This, appearing, would induce people to ask the publisher why he had published the book. Mr. Murray had written or helped to write many prefaces, and he had been surprised to find, by the quotations from them, how often he had virtually been the writer of criticisms. He felt bound to say, with reference to the Censorship, that if you wanted a book to sell, your best course was to get it suggested that the book was immoral. This brought him to a consideration of the very wide field covered by criticism. Criticism might be moral, it might be literary, and it might be dictated by other considerations between which there was room for much difference of opinion. But, after all, whatever we might say in the way of criticism of books, it was only an expression of the opinion of the time; the last word rested with posterity. There was one trouble no criticism could overcome: the enormous output of books, which was increasing every year. He looked back with something like envy to the days when a book took a long time to prepare, and months to illustrate, and lived for a year at least, probably for two. A book that survived its birth nowadays was an exception; many lived only for months, some for only weeks.

Friar Keighley Snowden thought the influence of modern criticism on fiction was largely negative. We were living at a time when many new ideas were germinating in people's minds. Almost every man had his own ethical point of view. Whether he read for amusement or instruction, he did so quite often from a special point of view. With the critic, the difficulty was this: should he judge a book morally or as a work of art? For himself, he thought the only safe thing to do was to judge the book as a work of art. The moral view of the critic might be honest, his opinion an honest one; but the views and opinions of others were just as honest, and it was not right for the critic to assume

the superior attitude over them. Much more tolerance was shown in the reviewing than in the political columns of the newspapers to-day, but he did not think newspaper criticism had a great effect on the sale of books. Readers did not usually know the critics; therefore they did not know what value to attach to the opinions expressed. They had to remember, too, that the average critic noticed a book, not because he was specially interested in it, but because it was put into his hands, one of many others, and he had to write something about it.

Mr. James Douglas, the well-known critic, was afraid that authors and novelists in particular had very little idea of the sufferings of a critic. He would like to take Mr. Maxwell to his own "den," where a large pile of books, covering the table from end to end, lay waiting for notice, with paper covers on them containing, as a rule, a short review kindly supplied by the publisher. One's life as a critic was rather diverse. On one occasion a lady, who was anxious to secure a notice of a book she had written, applied to him to help to advertise it. She was going to fly, and she asked him if he would arrange for the photographers of the *Daily Mirror* and the *Daily Sketch* to be present, and also secure the insertion in the papers of personal paragraphs announcing her flight.

Mr. Maxwell's law of contrasts had supplied a simple formula which might be very useful in the future; and if he himself applied it, he trusted Mr. Maxwell would exculpate him from the law of libel. As to the "ban," this might be of some help to a new author, but when it affected an author with an established position, he was afraid it was not altogether beneficial; indeed, it was capable of damaging his position very seriously, especially in the case of an author who was not merely a "best seller," and who had achieved his position as a literary artist. Herein was the danger of a literary censorship: it might damage an author in his own nature and his own soul. This aspect of the matter called for very careful consideration on the part of the censors.

Over-production of books, Mr. Douglas stated, was really excessive. The publishers were entirely to blame. Publishers were a combative race who seemed to exist only to compete with each other to see which could produce the largest amount of rubbish, especially in fiction. The publishers could not read the novels themselves, and perhaps the only relief would be found if all the publishers' readers in London were burnt alive and a new race

produced. He thought all criticisms should be signed. Newspaper proprietors seemed to be afraid of any of their writers ever rising or making a mark. Anonymous criticism was deplorably irresponsible. The critic ought to be caught young and given a chance. The only daily paper which allowed its reviewers to sign their criticisms was the *Manchester Guardian,* and even this paper only permitted initials. Every review should be accompanied by the name of the critic, and possibly his address. Presents of game and cigars might then find their way to him instead of to his editor.

Friar Silas Hocking contended that criticism was not criticism which did not give reasons. The writer with the fear of the critic before him could never write his best. It was the duty of the critic to be helpful to both authors and public, and much of the criticism in the daily journals at least fulfilled this requirement.

Friar Clive Holland urged that the main question to be considered by the critic was not the subject of a book, but the way in which that subject was treated.

For a debate on a purely literary subject, the attendance was large. Many well-known members and literary men were prevented from attending by illness and the inclemency of the weather.—W. F. A.

THE PLEASURES OF TRAVEL.

MARCH 27th.—Among those present were: Mr. Ernest Rhys, Principal Burrell, Count Lutzow, Mr. Forster, Mr. John C. Rose, Mr. Andrew Stewart, Mr. J. O. Adams, and Mr. Lewis C. Thompson, Mr. H. J. Farnol, Mr. Hermann Scheffauer, Mr. G. Gilman, Mr. Herbert Macfarren, A.R.A.M., Mr. Ernest Macfarren, Mr. Charles Lambert, Mr. H. C. Foreman, Mr. Hall, Mr. Hawkins, Mr. Kenelm Smith, Mr. W. Goldfinch Bates, Mr. F. Graham Lloyd, and Karl Lindemann.

Sir Mark Sykes's address on "Travel" (Friar A. E. W. Mason in the chair) was delightful in its fresh treatment of a hackneyed subject and in its revelation of a fine, humane spirit —all the more delightful by contrast with the fierce political passions of the moment, from which this young statesman seemed easily to release himself. Even a full report would hardly do justice to it, and here we can give only a few broken phrases in desiccated summary.

If you seek for pleasure by travel, he said, you will never find it; the real pleasures of travel are what otherwise would be displeasures. And, first, you must have some purpose, an aim in which you become part of the scheme of things. To be a tourist is a dreadful thing—to come back with spirits broken and brain befogged, the one topic food, the one hope the journey's end. People who move about might be roughly divided into tourists, travellers, and nomads. For real travellers one must go back to the Middle Ages. They were students, pilgrims, merchants, soldiers or seamen. All that came to an end with railways. Nomads were of two sorts: (1) The real Bedouin of the desert, whose object is war or pasturage, and whose environment breeds in him religion, courtesy, hospitality, chivalry and poetry; (2) the gipsy, a different type, whose business is to show people things (but not too often or too long), as fortune-teller, actor and story-teller, a type that might be taken to include the troubadour with the modern artist, lawyer and journalist. But travel had ceased in Europe with the coming of steam. The speaker's grandfather (Sir Tatton Sykes—a great East Riding figure) was perhaps the last man who travelled in England, for in 1860 he rode up to London on horseback, and to the end of his life would not enter a railway train. Now we are labelled and "expressed" like any other goods. It is supposed to be a democratic process, but the segregation into first, second and third classes is as noticeable as ever.

We will not spoil Sir Mark's little sheaf of wayside memories or his gorgeous fable of the Lion, the Young Lion, and Beni-Adhem. Friar Burgin's Mesopotamian friends yielded some good yarns, which must here be taken on trust. Friar Gilbert Coleridge deprecated travel in a hurry, and decried mere size in scenery (the prairies, for instance), finding a certain mountain in Skye every bit as impressive as the Eiger. Mr. Bart Kennedy rejoiced to find some Friars agreeing with him that "England is the grandest thing that ever occurred on this planet," and naughtily suggested that Friar Coleridge had put the Americans in the proper place. This brought Friar Fairbanks to his feet with the retort that American mountains and prairies only grew monstrous for the sake of English newspaper correspondents, and that the travelling Englishman as the Continental sees him is a fair match for the travelling American of the Englishman's imagination. Finally, Friar A. E. W. Mason evoked reminiscences of a four-

days' ride from Coventry to London (too many motor-cars, too much eggs and bacon!), of some "tight places" in Morocco, and of two journeys from Suakim to Khartoum—the first by camel in 1901, the second by sleeping-car ten years later.—G. H. P.

REALISM IN LITERATURE.

APRIL 3rd.—The topic was "Realism in Literature." Friar J. M. Dent was Prior, and in addition to the Club Guest—Mr. Jeffery Farnol, author of "The Broad Highway"—our visitors included: His Excellency the American Ambassador, Arthur Bursch, Ernest Rhys, Ccunt Lutzow, H. J. Farnol, J. C. Rose, E. J. L. Record, Andrew Stewart, J. O. Adams, L. C. Thompson, E. Macfarren, K. Lindemann, K. H. H. Smith, J. E. Gilmour, F. Graham Lloyd, Goldfinch Bate, and W. C. Wheldon.

Mr. Jeffery Farnol questioned whether there could be such a thing as absolute realism in literature. The meaning of the word "realism" in this connection, he took to be the setting down on paper of actual scenes in realistic terms. But there was a vast difference between life which was real and the writing about life which was called realism. There was no parallel in real life answering to the custom or precedent which ruled that in a novel every sentence should lead up to the climax. The construction of such books as "Nana" and "Thérèse Raquin" afforded no exception to the following of the rule referred to. He had been advised that there was nothing in this world readers liked so much as Romance with a big "R," and that if he stuck to this Romance the money would stick to him.

Friar Dr. Page, the American Ambassador, told some amusing stories of "Uncle Primus."

Friar Arthur Spurgeon said all fiction was not necessarily literature, and thought the novelist was under no obligation to set out all that came before him in his experiences of life.

Friar G. B. Burgin urged that what was often called realism defeated its own avowed ends and took one into all sorts of side issues.

Mr. Hermann Scheffauer thought that out of the clashing of the romance and realism of the time a new classicism might emerge, and that this issue would depend on our reading public attaining to something of the intellectual status of the Continental proletariat.

Mr. Arthur Burrell pointed out that there was in literature a realism that did not belong to sex, and adduced Mr. John Masefield's work as evidence.

Friar Shan F. Bullock pleaded for a wider view of literature, which, he said, was as wide as the world and would last as long as time. The Greeks were the greatest masters of realism. The

JEFFERY FARNOL
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Bible was a masterpiece of realism. He recalled the writings of Defoe, Fielding and Smollett as full of realism; and said of Zola that he was a realist in one particular—salacity. The topic of naughtiness did not exhaust the subject under discussion.

Friar Keighley Snowden said there was a lack of satisfactory definition as between the terms Realism and Romance. He preferred to divide fiction into the poetical and the scientific. But

when this was done, we wanted to know what Art had to say. When we understood better the canons of Art, when we had discovered an acceptable basis of criticism, we should be enabled better to judge many things which were now treated as matters of personal preference or liking.

Mr. Ernest Rhys remarked that literature abounded in examples of the combination of Romance and Realism, and cited the "Mabinogion" as an example of this, the reader being led through some of the most realistic of passages to one of the most romantic scenes in the literature of the world. The old tale-tellers took fact and emotion and wove both into a work of art, conditioned by temperament. This defied all the categories of criticism.

The Prior urged that Realism necessarily failed if there was no spiritual side to the picture attempted. Without the spiritual side, life itself would become intolerable.—W. F. A.

CORRESPONDENTS IN PEACE AND WAR.

APRIL 24th.—Friars met under a cloud, missing the genial figure of Friar C. H. Grundy, who a few days before had been run down and killed by a motor-car whilst cycling; whilst Friar Sir Francis Carruthers Gould, who was to have presided, was prevented by illness from doing so. Friars and guests stood up, and remained standing, whilst the Prior (A. G. Gardiner) made sympathetic reference to the great loss the Club had suffered by the death of the Rev. C. H. Grundy; and it was agreed that the feeling of members should be expressed in letters to be forwarded by the Secretary to the relatives of Mr. Grundy and to Friar Gould.

Sir Edward Ward, Bart., was the Club guest, and there were also present: W. Hatherley, W. J. Hawkins, N. D. Power, C. M. Hughes, G. Komai, Capt. Granville Barker, J. J. Geddes, Frank Edmonds, B. J. Snell, Irving B. Gane, Arthur Hacking, H. Lapsley, G. C. Bertram, and Henry Baerlien.

In opening the discussion, the Prior said that the days of the war correspondent were probably wholly past. He had had a decent show in the South African war, but now he might be said to have been killed by the development of telegraphy.

Sir Edward Ward, in opening the discussion, said: When I was invited to be your guest this evening I was delighted at

the honour which you had granted me, but when I perused the kind invitation I was overcome with the revelation which subsequently came to me that I was expected to talk to you for a period of time on some subject which would encourage discussion. My feelings of trepidation were increased in magnitude by a contemplation of the list of those who have preceded me in the enjoyment of the hospitality of the Brotherhood. I pondered deeply over the choice of a subject, and finally decided that I might, with your kind indulgence, be permitted to speak of the

COL. SIR EDWARD WARD, Bart., K.C.B., K.C.V.O.
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men of a profession with whom I have been brought closely in touch during a long period of service both as a soldier and as a civilian official. I should like to preface my short address by using it as an opportunity for which I have long been anxious of thanking most gratefully those gentlemen of the Press who have so frequently been in touch with me at the War Office. You know, as well as I do, it is one of the privileges of the Permanent Under-Secretary of the War Office to receive the members of the Press when they come seeking for information.

I can claim, I think, to have met more members of the Press than most officials of the Civil Service. I began my career as an Under-Secretary during the latter period of the South African war, and, therefore, at a time when there was a deadly thirst for information on the part of the public, with a corresponding pressure

on the Press to discover as much as possible. We had much information to communicate if we thought it advisable. It was sometimes, however, inadvisable, for various reasons, to communicate this information to the public. I was placed in a difficult position frequently during that time, and I had often to confide in my friends of the Press the fact that the clue which they had regarding the information was correct, but that it was inadvisable, for military or other reasons, to make it public at the time of their inquiry. I was never, if I may use a colloquial expression, "let down" by the Press, but, on the contrary, was often much helped by them; and I look back very specially to those times of stress and anxiety with a pleasing recollection of the help and support which we received from my Press friends.

Since that time I have had many years of close friendship with these Press friends, and they have never done anything but play the game with me. I fear I often was obliged to refuse information which they were eager to obtain, but they always took my refusal in good part, unless they were very young. In this youthful condition, I have known a keen lad almost threaten one with the wrath of his Editor; but even in these circumstances a gentle threat to the over-zealous youth that his Editor would be informed of his error of judgment never failed in its miraculous power.

I was asked by a gentleman of the Press some three months ago, on my retirement, if I would write something of my experience of the Press during my official career. I refused, for the sole reason that I thought such an article would fail to convey, to those about whom I was asked to write, my appreciation of the excellent relations which had always existed between us. I have had during my three campaigns very close intimacy with the military correspondents—in Suakin, in Ashanti, and in South Africa. In the two latter campaigns, I was associated with many gentlemen of the Press whose friendship I am proud to retain until now. Looking back to the Ashanti expedition of '95, I remember always with affection Gwynne, who was ever cheery and ready to help, no matter what the difficulty in which he found his military colleagues; Bennet Burleigh, the veteran campaigner, who knows more about the ways of active service than most men; Seppings Wright, whose skilful pencil so graphically portrayed the hardships of a march through the bush, and others. I have one claim, gentlemen, to be received by you with compassionate

sympathy to-night, and the claim is that I was one of the band of military correspondents on that campaign. It will be remembered by some of you that in order that the number of white men marching might, for reasons of transport, be reduced as much as possible, the War Office authorities of the day permitted a few officers to become correspondents. I am not sure whether it was quite a commendable measure, but it rejoiced the hearts of those selected.

I had the privilege of representing the *Daily Chronicle* on the campaign. The condition under which we were permitted to be employed was that we should not use official information for Press purposes. This was, I think, loyally carried out by us all, but it was a difficult problem how to divide oneself into a composite animal, half staff officer and half war correspondent. When I returned to London I was received by my newspaper chiefs at the *Daily Chronicle* office much more kindly than I anticipated, for my own appreciation of my journalistic capabilities was not excessively high. I remember well the handsome manner in which I was treated financially, and the kindly way in which my indifferent copy was prepared for public consumption. It was a very pleasant interlude in a military career.

Later on, I was fated to be brought very closely into touch, at Ladysmith, with the correspondents again, but on this occasion as an unpaid member of the Press. I was given an official position on the staff of our siege newspaper, the *Ladysmith Lyre*. My appointment was that of business manager. My selection was due, not to literary merit, but to the fact that I was in possession of the only stock of paper on which this excellent weekly could be printed. We had on our staff of the *Ladysmith Lyre* many men whose names are famous in journalism. One stands out in my memory, who died before relief came, but who had endeared himself to us all by his courage and his great humanity. I refer to G. W. Steevens. I remember his cheery nature and his unselfishness which stood out prominent in a time when selfishness was rife. His loss was felt deeply by everyone who knew him, and with those who had his friendship there never was a man more beloved. I often now read his articles with the keenest pleasure, and see again the siege pictures which his pen so graphically painted. Then I think of Pearse, of the *Daily News,* tried and trusty friend, Maud, Melton Prior, and Stuart, all of whom have left us. Also, I have my old friends Maxwell, Nevinson, and

many others, all of whom were true comrades in times of great stress, and whom their soldier comrades will ever remember with affectionate regard. I can tell you a small personal recollection of Nevinson which may interest you. Just when we were shut in, Nevinson gave me one day a perfect cigar, in the smoking of which I revelled. When I told him how much I loved it, he said, "You shall have the last of the box." During the siege one day, Nevinson, looking almost a dying man, staggered into my tent and said, "Here is your cigar which I promised you." He could hardly move, and told me he was on his way to hospital and that he thought he had enteric. He crawled to the hospital and nearly died there. It is a real white man who can remember his promise to a pal in a time such as that.

These Press comrades of ours took all the dangers and hardships of that long siege with a courage and patience which won our sincere admiration. Maxwell was another typical Press correspondent. I remember well his departure from Cape Town with us when we (Sir George White and his staff) went round to Natal. Our orders were sudden, but his notice was even more sudden, and I have a recollection of his boarding the train on which we were starting with just practically what he stood up in, and yet he was absolutely unmoved and cheerful, and was one of the most valued colleagues I had during the siege, and often helped me much in my strangely diversified duties by his wisdom and practical common sense. There were many others whose names I could mention, all of whom were worthy representatives of the great newspapers they represented. I have seen these gentlemen bravely facing shell and musketry fire to carry their wounded soldier comrades out of danger. It is in times such as the Ladysmith siege that one gets to know the inside man, and the correspondents we had there were real true right through. I had subsequently many opportunities of seeing other friends of the Press in the later portion of the campaign—Gwynne, Conan Doyle, Kipling, McHugh, and many others—and I must say that they retained the high reputation of the earlier days of the war. There were difficulties sometimes, as we know, with correspondents, but those were with what I may describe amateurs, and not of the *corps d'élite* of the Press. I dare say many of the mistakes which were made were due to the fact that the regulations for their guidance were not sufficiently distinct.

Since the South African days, much has been done to regularise the relations of censors and Press correspondents. As I have said, much difficulty was caused by the absence of such regulations. I think, speaking from memory, the only instructions which were in existence at the beginning of the war were contained in Lord Wolseley's "Soldiers' Pocket Book." There was also difficulty as the campaign increased in size, as this increase meant many untrained correspondents, and also, I fear, many untrained censors. I say advisedly untrained correspondents, because there is a great distance between the untrained man and men such as my friends Gwynne, Maxwell, Nevinson, and others like them, who are well acquainted with all military regulations, and who may be trusted to send nothing out which can affect prejudicially the military operations. There were, unfortunately, many men in South Africa who had not the advantage of the military experience of these gentlemen I have named, and who, therefore, required frequently much judicious guidance. There were a number of sporting Britons who, being keen on seeing what was doing in the front, managed to get nominally attached to a newspaper so that they might achieve this end.

From a long experience of war correspondents, I am certain that the greater number of them would willingly agree to any reasonable restriction placed upon them, and that the last thing they wish is to telegraph or write anything which is contrary to the military regulations or detrimental to the national interest. My fairly long military experience, and my short one as a military correspondent, have taught me practically the difficulties which lie in the way of men of that latter profession. The correspondent knows that on his success in producing brilliant copy depends his future, and probably the comfort or otherwise of those dear to him. He, like the soldier, seeks the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth, but while his soldier comrade depends on the courage of action, the correspondent is often hampered by the courage of reticence. He, moreover, has an altruistic part to play; he paints with dashes of colour the gallant deeds of others, while he himself remains in seclusion. The soldier and the correspondent are working on the same lines, and though it is only in the run of things human that friction should occasionally arise between them, this is minimised by the good comradeship which mutual dangers and hardships produce.

I would submit that it is in the highest degree im-

portant that most discriminating selection should be made by newspapers of the gentlemen whom they send to represent them. It is most essential in my mind that, for the sake of the paper which employs him, a correspondent should have a good general knowledge of military affairs, pleasant manners, and much tact. I have seen gentlemen who did not possess these qualities, and who, therefore, did not prove themselves worthy of the considerable expense to which the papers that employed them were put. There is also, on the other hand, no doubt as to the fact, from the military side of the question, that censors are not easy people to find. A censor is born, not made. It requires a special class of mind, in my opinion, to be able, during probably an exciting period, critically to examine a dispatch. I know that there is some difficulty in this work of censoring, for I have had to do it myself. I should like to see a special corps of censors (though I fear this would be impossible) and also a special corps of well trained and approved war correspondents. I have always said, in regard to the discipline of war correspondents, that I should like to see a disciplinary body of selected correspondents appointed for the adjudication of faults—I will not say crimes, but serious faults—committed by war correspondents. I should add to this body a military officer as adviser. I think that, knowing, as I do, the zealous care of the war correspondents for the credit of their cloth, I may say, in the language of the camp, if my suggestions were carried out, and if the correspondent was actually in fault, "God help him," as his brethren would not.

I am glad that we are placing the correspondents and the censors on a proper mutual footing for work, and in future campaigns such difficulties as sometimes occurred in South Africa will not again happen. The broad rules for a censor are that he should allow as much news as possible to pass and should never refuse to permit any news from going unless it is in direct contravention of the prescribed rules.

There have of late years been many improvements in the conditions under which the Press representatives are received on manœuvres. It is thoroughly recognised that much valuable help and instruction to the public on the excellent army, for which the public pays, can be given to them by an accurate Press account of the work carried out by the troops. It is recognised, also, that this can only be done by granting special facilities to accredited

correspondents, and it has been a source of great pleasure to me to see the excellent arrangements made for this purpose during recent manœuvres.

In bringing my remarks to an end, I wish to say how much I appreciate the excellent conditions under which the Press and the army now work together. No one knows better than I do the high patriotism which influences the leaders of the Press of the United Kingdom. It may be necessary, and no doubt is so, that there should be rules and regulations, but I am certain that the best and most efficient defence against any possible dangers emanating from the Press lies in the patriotism of the leading editors of the kingdom.

I wish, gentlemen of the Brotherhood of the White Friars, to thank you very sincerely for the great honour which you have done me by making me your guest this evening. It is an honour which I value highly, and a memory which I shall always treasure. Gentlemen, I thank you once again.

Friar H. Hamilton Fyfe said the work of the war correspondent was really not so very difficult, though in real life he was very different from the man he was represented to be in fiction. There was only one good war correspondent in fiction—the Michael Strogoff of Jules Verne. His requirement was cheek, and cheek, and cheek; he should be able to take the right train; to overcome other problems of transport; and to be able, when it was necessary, to live on very little. Seriously, what was wanted was some system by which only qualified men were sent out by responsible papers. There would be war correspondents as long as there was war, and that was going to be for a very long time to come.

Friar Sir Robert Hudson avowed that he knew nothing more of the topic being discussed than what he had heard from war correspondents, and proceeded to tell some amusing stories.

Mr. Komai recalled his experiences of the Russo-Japanese war, from which it appeared that it was a good thing for the correspondent to be at the spot to which news was sent officially rather than at the actual "front."

Friar Burgin thought that the war correspondent was practically moribund.

Captain Granville Barker said the war correspondents he had met had surprised him by their keenness and by a knowledge of

military matters to which he himself had aspired but never reached.

Friar William Archbald wound up the discussion by recalling a description of our guest as a Napoleon of the Commissariat, one who commandeered everything, including the ladies' violet powder, which he had made into blancmange for the officers' mess, and so made those who were "food for powder" take powder as food.—W. F. A.

THE LATE FRIAR GRUNDY.

All over the country there are thousands of people who will learn with deep regret of the sad accident that brought about the death of the Rev. C. H. Grundy, M.A., Vicar of Brockley.

Apart from his remarkable activity as a parish priest, Mr. Grundy was widely known and immensely popular as a lecturer. To give an adequate idea of what one of his lectures was really like would be a difficult task. There was such a rich amalgam of fun, humour, wit, good sense, homely illustration, anecdote, and incident that to afford anything beyond the vaguest of impressions would be impossible. An evening spent with him meant much hearty laughter, the disappearance of dull care, and a sight of the world as it would be if we were all determined to get out of life what life does, in fact, contain for those who have the bright, brave, and persistently optimistic spirit that distinguished Mr. Grundy. He delivered thousands of lectures, and he must have made hundreds of thousands of people happier, not only for the hour or so when he was speaking, but, in a large measure, for the rest of their lives.

No misanthrope could withstand his genial raillery. He was a stern and yet considerate enemy of that aloofness so characteristic of the English. He never lost an opportunity of impressing upon his hearers the duty of being pleasant to everybody. He insisted upon the necessity of each one of us taking the first steps towards an acquaintance with his or her neighbours. He abhorred the notion of "splendid isolation" for any man or woman. It was unhealthy, and it accounted for much that was undesirable in modern life.

Mr. Grundy was educated at Oxford, and held his first curacy in the University city. He was also chaplain of New College for

some time, afterwards becoming a classical master in Magdalen College School. For over thirty years he was vicar of St. Peter's, Brockley, and few clergymen have been so beloved by their congregations. Every winter he delivered a large number of lectures up and down the country, and those responsible for the lecture courses in the various towns and districts will find it extremely difficult to replace the witty parson whose merry quips and effective sallies never failed to quicken interest and arouse enthusiasm. Of course, there were hypersensitive critics who occasionally found fault with Mr. Grundy's style and methods as a lecturer, but their views were never shared by the delighted people who crowded into hundreds of halls in order to get a glimpse of the versatile vicar, who spoke as earnestly of the necessity for brotherliness from the platform as he did of the need for religious consistency from the pulpit. Few men have done so much towards establishing a better state of feeling amongst all classes. Mr. Grundy was at home everywhere. If success in life means increasing the happiness of those about us, then certainly he had a success that all might envy.—*The Westminster Gazette,* April 22nd, 1914.

[Friar C. H. Grundy died on April 21st. He was cycling along the Brockley Road in the direction of his house when a motor-car came in collision with his machine. He was taken home on the police ambulance in a semi-conscious state, and died shortly after.—I am indebted to the courtesy of the editors of the *Westminster Gazette* for permission to reprint this article. —EDITOR.]

LADIES' NIGHT DINNER

The Club guests were: Mrs. Bulstrode, Mrs. Muriel Coxon, Mrs. Bedford Fenwick, Mr. Ellis-Griffith, M.P., Lady St. Helier, Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, Mr. J. H. Parry, M.P., Miss Nancy Price, Mrs. Perrin, Miss Lucy Kemp-Welch, and Miss Mills Young.

The other guests were:—

THE PRIOR—Miss Dorothy Hudson, Sir Ryland Adkins, Sir J. Brunner, the Hon. Mrs. Blyth, Mr. and Mrs. H. Fielding Dickens, Mr. and Mrs. George Gollin, the Rev. E. H. Pearce, Miss Pearce. FRIAR W. F. AITKEN—Mrs. Aitken, Mr. A. D. Aitken, Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Gamon. FRIAR W. ARCHBALD—Mrs. Archbald, Mr. and Mrs. J. Ferguson, Miss Grierson. FRIAR GURNEY BENHAM—Mrs. Ben-

ham. FRIAR H. J. BROWN—Mrs. Brown. FRIAR HERVÉ BROWNING—Mrs. Browning, Miss Nielsen. FRIAR G. B. BURGIN—Mrs. Burgin. FRIAR SIR ERNEST CLARKE—Lady Clarke. FRIAR EDWARD CLODD—Miss Phyllis Rope. FRIAR RAYMOND COULSON—Mrs. Coulson. FRIAR RICHARDSON EVANS—Miss Gladys Evans, Miss Frances Evans. FRIAR SIR VINCENT EVANS—Mr. and Mrs. John Clark, Mr. L. N. Vincent Evans, Miss Furner, Dr. Owen Pritchard, Captain and Mrs. Wood. FRIAR TOM GALLON—Miss Nellie Tom-Gallon. FRIAR D. M. GANE—Mrs. Gane, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Bell. FRIAR E. PAGE GASTON—Mrs. Gaston, Mr. and Mrs. Upcott Gill. FRIAR H. K. HUDSON—Mrs. Hudson, Mr. and Mrs. Ormsby Hill. FRIAR C. GEAKE. FRIAR JOHN LANE—Mrs. John Lane, Mrs. Lounsbury, Mr. Paul Gutscher, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Raphael. FRIAR SIR W. ROBERTSON NICOLL—Lady Nicoll, Dr. Maurice Nicoll, Mr. Basil Atkins, Miss Coe, Miss Collins, Miss Cowper, Dr. Gow, Miss Harris, Mrs. Hewitt, Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Kelly, the Rev. and Mrs. Koch, Captain Miles, Miss Rooth, Dr. Senter, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Watt, Miss Webster. FRIAR WARD MUIR—Miss Carine Cadby. FRIAR G. H. NORTHCROFT—Miss Dorothy Northcroft. FRIAR G. M. PIPER—Mrs. Piper. FRIAR A. D. POWER—Mr. N. D. Power, Miss Power, Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Brinton, Miss Ray. FRIAR A. ROSE—Mrs. Rose, Mr. Stewart Culin, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Stoeving, Dr. F. B. Vrooman, Miss Agnes Wheldon. FRIAR JOSEPH SHAYLOR—Miss Shaylor, Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Shaylor, Mr. and Mrs. F. Cossor, Mr. and Mrs. F. Elliott. FRIAR HAROLD SHAYLOR—Mrs. Harold Shaylor. FRIAR W. B. SLATER—Mrs. Slater, Miss Slater, Mr. and Mrs. F. Krasa, Mrs. M. Whitlock. FRIAR DR. BURNETT-SMITH—Mrs. Burnett-Smith, Miss Burnett-Smith. FRIAR ARTHUR SPURGEON—Mrs. Spurgeon, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Posnett, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Rayner. FRIAR JOHN WALKER—Mrs. John Walker, Miss A. B. Walker, Miss H. M. Walker, Miss C. A. Walker. FRIAR J. WALKER, JUNR.—Miss P. J. Walker, Miss Mable Tue. THE HON. SECRETARY—Dr. and Mrs. Chapple, Miss McLeod Moore, Mr. Sanderson, Mr. Harry Shepard, Mr. Harry Webb, M.P., Mrs. Webb.

The Prior gave the loyal toasts, which were enthusiastically received, and subsequently read the customary formula of welcome.

In his opening remarks The Prior declared that the time had arrived—as it did sooner or later at all public dinners—when the

Secretary crept round to the Chairman and said: "Will you speak now, or shall we let them enjoy themselves a little longer?" His business was to start the evening's talk by inflicting on them what Friar Shansfield called "some introductory facts." He considered that the guests were entitled to know the true story of the Club. On Fridays, during six months of the year, the Friars met in masculine conclave, dining in Fleet Street, where, in ordinary workaday clothes, they ate and drank at ease and smoked their favourite pipes and talked in a highly informal and unconventional fashion about everything under heaven. To-night he hardly knew his brother Friars; they were not merely in their best clothes, but they were on their best behaviour and entirely unlike themselves: they were all bursting to speak. The freedom of the usual Friday night had been suspended, and when he sat down, no Friar could jump to his feet and make mince-meat of his remarks. To sit silent, pipeless but polite, was a wholesome discipline to the Order, though it was no good telling him they liked it. With the Friars, suppressed speech was as bad as suppressed gout; both were aggravated by a good dinner. So much for the mistaken notion, sedulously circulated by the Friars in domestic circles, that the customary Friday meetings were gatherings of philosophers engaged in solemn speculations on subjects of sublime importance. The Whitefriars Club was a brotherhood for keeping friendships in repair. As men grew older they learned that was one of the primary duties of life, that to have a circle of friends and keep them was to be rich, even though one did not have to pay the super-tax. The Friars rejoiced to find themselves once a year looking so prim and respectable, and were proud to have the ladies honouring them by sitting at their monastic board.

Sir Ryland Adkins, K.C., M.P., in giving "The Ladies," said he had been informed that on previous occasions this toast had been proposed by a member of the Club in the form of "Sovereign Woman." We were all anxious to know why the Club itself was afraid to propose this customary toast. It might be because rebellion was in fashion just now, and the word "Sovereign" was out of date. The toast of "The Ladies" was usually given by either the youngest and most inexperienced person who for the first time put on a dress-coat with tails, or to the eldest man—it might be a person supposed erroneously to have attained that attitude of philosophic mind when all the most fascinating illusions

of life no longer distracted his judgment. It was obviously from the second point of view he ventured to give the toast. All the ladies present were distinguished not only for those qualities which they shared with their sisters in all parts of this country, but for the way in which they applied feminine instinct and genius in every department of life in which art beatifies public service. He coupled with the toast the name of Lady St. Helier. A friend whom he consulted as to what he should say of Lady St. Helier remarked: "She is a great woman of the world, who is a true philanthropist, with a special love for children."

Lady St. Helier, who was very cordially received, assured the Friars that she responded to this toast with the greatest diffidence and shyness. She had never before been asked to undertake so responsible and difficult a task. She appreciated the compliment paid to her, but felt her experience in public speaking was limited to subjects not amusing or adapted to after-dinner speeches. She would like to give them a list of the matters which had engaged her attention in committee that day; they were not subjects which would make one a good after-dinner speaker. These included a discussion on glanders, the Petroleum Acts, coroners' courts; afterwards there was a profound discussion on such subjects as employment agencies, gas-meter tests, London traffic, smoke nuisances, and speed limits of motors in the Old Kent Road. Then there were such interesting subjects as inebriates, and diseases of animals, finally winding up with a long discussion on mental deficiency. The speaker also explained that another reason for her hesitation in speaking in public was the misrepresentation which her views sometimes received from the Press. As regards the toast, she was old enough to remember when women were never allowed to participate in an interesting dinner like this. On the occasion of some great local event in the country it was customary for the ladies to sit in the gallery after dinner and hear the toasts proposed. The toast of "The Ladies" was usually proposed by a young man, or by a roystering, hard-riding squire, who made an irrelevant and frivolous speech, winding up with the words, "God bless them!" Although it was a proud thing to be an Englishwoman, it was difficult to say what the future of women was going to be. What they had done all over the world had put a new spirit in public work, raising it out of a position of indifference and carelessness, and putting it on an entirely new footing.

Miss Nancy Price was heartily applauded on rising to propose "Mere Man." The one thing she did worse than anything else, she said, was making a speech, although it was a great opportunity to be allowed to stand up undisturbed and say exactly what one thought about "Mere man." She said with Lady St. Helier: "I do like them, indeed." "Mere man!" Did men, considering that they were everything, really mean that? There was only one thing "Mere man" was not supreme in, and that was tact. She would like to tell them two stories to illustrate this. A man was supposed to break the news to a woman that her husband was dead. He knocked at the door and inquired: "Is the Widow Jones in?" The woman replied: "Certainly not; I'm not Widow Jones." "Ain't you?" the man retorted. "Just come out and see what I've got on this 'ere barrow." A man who was seriously ill was seen by a companion, who sought to cheer him up in his bedroom. He said: "You are looking prime, and will be working amongst us again on Tuesday. You'll soon buck up." Going downstairs, however, the caller, owing to the low ceiling, banged his head, and called out to the invalid: "They won't 'alf 'ave a job, carrying your coffin down 'ere on Tuesday." She would like to conclude her speech with the words Lady St. Helier said were formerly employed towards the ladies; as to the men, she would say, "God bless them."

Mr. Ellis-Griffith, K.C., M.P., humorously replied, and was afraid that the adjective, "mere," was used in contempt, although he was gratified to find that Lady St. Helier and the proposer had placed man on a pedestal from which he could not be deposed. Calmness and dignity had been ascribed to him, his only failing, according to the somewhat melancholy stories to which they had just listened, being an absence of tact. This was the worst of having to do with Scripture on "the boards." He thanked the proposer for the way in which she submitted the toast, and when she joined with Lady St. Helier in the commendation of "Mere man," their cause was not lost.

Friar Arthur Spurgeon gave the remaining toast, "The Prior," whom he described as a "man of learning, a true friend, good comrade, and a perfect English gentleman."

The Prior, in tersely acknowledging the compliment, thanked Lady St. Helier, Sir Ryland Adkins, Mr. Ellis-Griffith, Miss Nancy Price, and the various ladies and gentlemen who had contributed to the musical programme.

CLUB NOTES.

The weary plaint of a country Friar in the solitude of his "manurial" acres: "Not a soul to speak to and the fields are as full of lamb as E. V. Lucas."

TOLD AT THE LUNCH TABLE.

A shipwrecked missionary, under the impression that he had landed on a cannibal island, climbed up a tree every night to be out of reach of the natives. One night he saw a great fire, and

HIS EXCELLENCY THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR, FRIAR DR. WALTER H. PAGE

(By kind permission of Friar E. Page Gaston)

thought it was the natives who had discovered his retreat and were getting ready to roast him. He was reassured, however, by hearing a voice at the fire say, "Hell! You've played the wrong card." "Thank Heaven," said the reassured clergyman; "they must be Christians!"

The local publican entered the village school on a tour of inspection, and found on the blackboard the word, "jeopardise." "Don't nobody know wot it means?" he asked at length; and

"There was silence deep as death,
And the boldest held his breath,
For a time."

Then a small voice piped up, "Please, sir, wot do it mean?" "Wot do it mean? Why—why, it means to jeopard, in course." And the publican retreated with all the honours of war.

That amiable little Japanese artist and writer, Yoshio Markino, stated at a club dinner that the eye of the horse magnifies man until the latter appears gigantic, particularly when the horse looks at a human head. Authors please note.

Yoshio Markino was particularly struck by the kindness shown to him by London landladies. I once had a landlady who insisted on being paid by the week, and always made five weeks in the month—even in February—and sometimes six. When her husband died, in accordance with time-honoured precedent, the half-starved little slavey was allowed to partake of the hot supper served every night to sympathetic friends of "the diseased." After the corpse was removed from the house, the slavey was not allowed any more hot suppers, and became very dejected in consequence. "I suppose you wouldn't object to another funeral?" I asked her one night as I passed her on the stairs. "No chance of that, sir," she said sorrowfully. "No one else thinks of dying." Then she brightened up. "Missis has a narsty cough, sir. P'r'aps if I was to leave her bedroom winder open these foggy nights I might get another bit of luck."

The anecdote of Vice-Chancellor Bacon which escaped being reported at the "The Criminal and the Public" dinner was about a young barrister who made a formal application to the Vice-Chancellor at some length. When he had finished, the aged Vice-Chancellor, who was very deaf, leaned forward and said, "I can't hear you." So the young barrister said it all over again, at even greater length and with an increased expenditure of lung power. When he had finished, the Vice-Chancellor again leaned forward and said slowly and impressively, "When I stated that I could

not hear you, I did not mean that I was disabled by any physical infirmity, but that you had no locus standi."

It was in this same Vice-Chancellor's Court that a barrister, who had gone mad from hope deferred and the expectation of the briefs which never came, appeared every day clad in a dirty old wig and tattered gown, and industriously made notes of the learned judge's utterances with the wrong end of a quill. Then he gathered up some dirty old papers, put them in an equally dirty old brief bag, bowed to the Court, and disappeared. He did this, whenever the Court was sitting, for many years, and, for aught I know to the contrary, may be doing it still.

There is no drearier tragedy in life than that of the young barrister who, full of promise, takes chambers in the Temple, never gets any briefs, gradually becomes a drunkard, and at last throws himself into the river which flows so muddily a short distance away. Sometimes he takes to journalism, and unsympathetic editors wish that he had preferred the river.

At the "Influence of Criticism on Fiction" dinner a story was told of an author who explained to the editor of a well-known weekly that he was not greatly influenced by criticism in the daily papers. The one paper whose opinion he valued above all others was that of the editor in question, and if he could get a good review in that paper he would live happy every after. The editor had sent the author a wedding present shortly before this. In due time, a ferocious "slating" of the novel appeared in the aforesaid weekly; whereupon the indignant author returned the editor's wedding present, at the same time enclosing his card. The unconscious editor wrote back thanking the author for his charming little present.

Friar Charles E. Pearce has recently been discussing the age of novelists. On looking round, one does not see any hard-and-fast rules for increasing the longevity of several novelistic Friars. One of the few things that novelists have in common is that they must all die at some time or other.

Fielding's death is ascribed to his perpetually dosing himself with quack medicines. Sterne's lungs were naturally weak, and he alternated dissipated nights with draughts of tar water the next day. Goldsmith was torn by financial worries, and James's powders finished him. Smollett had a sluggish liver, and his natural gloom was deepened by the death of his only daughter.

Of more modern writers, Charlotte Brontë's health was seriously impaired by her struggles (not literary) and privations in early life. Friar Clement K. Shorter's "Charlotte Brontë and Her Circle," by the way, is, I understand, now issued in a cheaper edition. Sir Walter Scott, after he had become famous, engaged in a herculean task to pay debts not of his own, but for which he was responsible, exhausting his brain and adding nothing to his reputation thereby. Dickens broke down not through writing novels, but through the loss of vitality brought about by his reading tours and by his prodigiously long walks taken on the curious theory that mental activity should be balanced by bodily exertion. It can hardly be said that excessive mental strain was the sole cause of Thackeray's death. Was he not somewhat inclined to indolence, and had he not terrible family troubles? William Black lived a life of enjoyment for eight years after his last novel, and those who knew him best would hardly say that he died through literary labour.

As for Crockett reading each of his 15,000 books, his alleged perusal of Scott's novels every year, and his rising at four o'clock after six hours' sleep—if he really performed these self-imposed tasks it is a wonder he lived so long as he did.

Samuel Richardson died at 72, Fanny Burney at 88, Bulwer Lytton at 70, Mrs. Trollope at 83. Mrs. Trollope did not begin to write until she was past 50, and her son Anthony, who died at 67, might have lived as long as his mother but for his insane idea of paying his man to wake him at an unearthly hour every morning and to insist upon his getting up so that he might write his regulation 250 words per quarter of an hour before commencing his official duties for the day. Lord Beaconsfield, a prolific novelist and a statesman to boot, with all the demands upon him, managed to attain the age of 75. Ruskin, notwithstanding his hard literary work, reached his 81st year.

Charles Lever died at 66, not through novel writing, but through the unhealthy climate of Trieste. William Carleton's age at death was 71 and Samuel Lover's 73. George Meredith was 81. Thomas Hardy, now past his seventieth year, is, happily, still with us, and so is the evergreen Miss Braddon, born in 1837, and still writing novels!

Byron, Keats and Burns died comparatively young; Wordsworth, Landor, Tennyson, Swinburne, Browning, Massey and Leigh Hunt lived beyond the biblical three score and ten.

I was so struck by the peroration of Mr. W. B. Maxwell's speech at the "Criticism" dinner, that I cannot refrain from giving verbatim his pronouncement about "Repose." It sounds to me very like an extract from Matthew Arnold. Its delivery was excellent:

"I think there is no desire more intense or more exalted than that which exists in all rightly disciplined minds for the evidences of repose in external signs; and what I cautiously said respecting infinity I say fearlessly respecting repose: that no work of art can be great without it, and that art is great in proportion to the appearance of it. It is the most unfailing test of beauty, whether of matter or of motion; nothing can be ignoble that possesses it, nothing right that has it not; and in strict proportion to its appearance in the work is the majesty of the mind to be inferred in the artificer. Without regard to other qualities, we may look to this for our evidence; and by the search for this alone we may be led to the rejection of all that is base, and the accepting of all that is good and great; for the paths of wisdom are all peace."

Congratulations to Friar Arthur Spurgeon, the general manager of Cassell and Co., upon his appointment as a director of that firm.

Friar Sir F. C. Gould's many friends will be delighted to hear that he has greatly benefited in health by his recent holiday.

Friars have been much interested in Friar Silas Hocking's statement at a recent dinner that when he wrote a book to please himself, he could not get any publisher to look at it. I once wrote

a short story to "please myself," and it was rejected by twenty-six editors on the ground that it "was unusual and not within the scope of the magazine." The twenty-seventh man accepted it. He died shortly after. So did the story.

Friar Hocking told me about his novel, and here is, briefly, the result of his experience :

"I decided to work out in a story an idea I had had in my head for a dozen years or more. In short, I wrote to please myself, without regard either to public or profits.

"I submitted the story to editors for whom I had written again and again, but they all rejected it. Then I decided to bring it out in book form without running it as a serial. But, to my surprise, publishers were as shy of it as editors. 'It wouldn't sell. Nobody would want to read it.' So, after a few rebuffs of this kind, I decided that to write to please myself was a delusion and a snare. The thing appeared to be dead before it was born.

"A few weeks ago, at a meeting of writers at the Lyceum Club—Mr. Zangwill in the chair—I narrated the foregoing incident. The reporters seized upon it, and it went the round of the papers. Some days later, a well-known firm of publishers wrote to say that they had read of the incident and would like to look at the manuscript. They read it, and have agreed to publish the book on the usual terms. It is called 'Sword and Cross.' For one who has been writing for thirty years, and never has had a book rejected, I think the experience is unique."

I sent round a "whip" to Friars when I was taking the chair for the "Criticism" dinner. One Friar returned my "whip" neatly paraphrased :

"Dear Friar Jones, I humbly pray
That Allah guide your steps this way.
I have an interesting guest.
He may be dull : God knows what's best."

Since we have adopted seven o'clock instead of 6.30 as the dinner hour, the speeches have become longer. Where is the official Bell Ringer?

The official Bell Ringer, when I first joined the Committee, was the latest member of the Committee, and his function was to ring a little bell if a speaker transgressed the five minutes'

rule. I rang it vigorously for one season, but found that the criticisms on my books displayed a certain acidity which they had never known before. Fortunately, another member joined the Committee, and I was relieved from this arduous task.

Seriously, it would be well if this rule of five minutes were better observed. At one dinner there were at least ten Friars and guests who could have made brilliant little speeches. Four spoke; and the result did not add to the gaiety of nations.

SIR MARK SYKES, BART., M.P.

(Guest of the Evening on March 27th)

At the Ladies' Dinner, the Prior told a story of the late Mark Twain who once said at a Whitefriars dinner given in his honour: "Forty members of the Club are here. Thirty of them have known me for thirty years. I think if I wanted it, I could raise a loan of twenty dollars from—the other ten!"

Friar Charles Garvice has imparted the secret of his popularity as a novelist to an interviewer. It is so simple that people will be inclined to pinch themselves for not being awake to the obvious. He writes what his common sense tells him people will read.

"Very simple and very old lines." These are what Friar Garvice confesses he follows in his novels. Given the art of story-telling, the abiding elements of humanity can never be misplaced.

I amused myself last week by counting up the number of Friar Garvice's books on one railway stall. There were eighteen different novels. And yet I was sternly admonished by a certain critic the other day for writing fifty novels in twenty years. It almost made me resolve to do another fifty "just to spite un."

The Club is greatly indebted to Friar Clement K. Shorter for blocks used in this number of the Club journal. It also has to thank him for *The Sphere* every week. Several other Friars have also been good enough to supply us with copies of their respective "organs." One Friar wants to know if we would like him to write us a serial. "Owing to the press of other matter," as the editor said when he was asked to have a second helping of "pudden," we are reluctantly compelled to decline this threatened contribution.

I cannot help closing these notes with a certain feeling of sadness, for illness and death have been busy among us this session. Many of our older Friars have been unable to attend the dinners. Several promising young ones, however, have taken a share in the debates, and as a club we have never gone more strongly. Friar Aitken, as usual, has been most helpful with reports of the debates. It would be interesting to receive from Friars any suggestions which may occur to them with regard to "features" in the Journal. I am told, incredible as it may seem, that our last issue had a narrow escape of running into a second edition.

G. B. B.