WHITEFRIARS JOURNAL.

Edited by FRIAR G. B. BURGIN.

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CLUB DIARY.

The War making long-date engagements difficult alike for Guests and Friars, the usual sessional card for the Spring was not prepared. Instead, information of coming dinners was issued on short notice.

The two dinners arranged for the month of March were:

Friday, March 12th.—Club Guest, Sir Henry Lucy; Prior, Friar John Foster Fraser; Topic, "The New Journalism."

Friday, March 26th.—Club Guest, Mr. Wm. Meredith (son of the novelist, and partner in Constable and Co.); Prior, Friar A. D. Power; Topic, "Books and Booksellers."

Friday, May 14th.—Club Guest, Professor Mackail, M.A., F.B.A., F.R.S.L. (Professor of Poetry at Oxford); Prior, Friar W. H. Helm; Topic, "What we owe to Russia."

DINNER TO SIR HENRY LUCY.

March 12th, 1915.

Club Guest: Sir Henry Lucy. Prior: Friar Foster Fraser.

Among the guests were: Mr. Harry Jones, Mr. C. T. King, Mr. H. C. Preece (of the National Institute for the Blind), Mr. W. Archbald, Mr. Campbell J. Nelson, Rev. Canon Stevenson, Mr. R. P. Gossop, Mr. David Richards, Mr. Philip Williams, Mr. T. Y. Allen, Mr. Glynne Williams, The Rev. Mr. Darlow (Secretary of the Bible Society), Mr. C. E. Fagan (of the British Museum Natural History Department), Mr. M. A. Varles (Editor of the Ostend *Echo*), Mr. F. M. Macnamara, Mr. A. C. Meyjes (Editor of the *Ironmonger*), Dr. Eric Rideal, Mr. Scott Fox, K.C., Mr. Geo. Hutchison, Mr. F. W. Hallett, Mr. C. W. Faulkner, Mr. Norman Ewer, Mr. J. M. Bulloch (Editor of the *Graphic*), Mr. J. S. Wright, Mr. T. Macmillan, Mr. W. H. Barton, Mr. Owen Lance, Mr. J. A. Jennings, Mr. E. G. Drewry, Mr. John R. Joy, and Dr. Chappell, M.P.

Prior Foster Fraser announced that a telegram had been

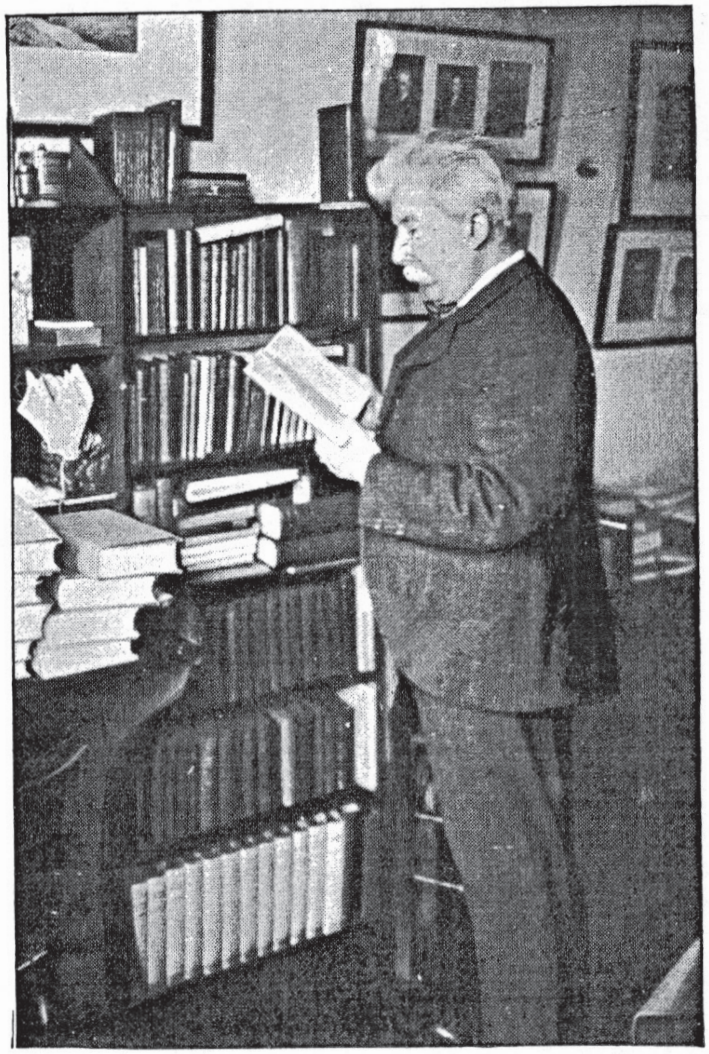
received from the American Ambassador stating that, owing to pressure of business, he was unable to be present.

In proposing the health of the Guest of the Evening, Sir Henry Lucy, THE PRIOR said that it would ill become him as a young journalist to presume to tell the elders gathered round that board how much Sir Henry was held in esteem by his brother craftsmen in the City of London, and, indeed, throughout the whole British-speaking world. Sir Henry Lucy was the first of the Parliamentary journalists to raise descriptive writing to something in the nature of an art. He had maintained the best traditions of journalism, and for many years had written columns of the most delightful articles, which had entertained people in all parts of the country.

SIR HENRY LUCY ("Toby, M.P.," of *Punch*), in reply, said he knew it was one of the honourable characteristics of journalists when they came together on a festive occasion not to talk "shop"; for that reason he was going to say a few words on the subject of "The New Journalism." He claimed as the founder of "New Journalism" in this country Frederick Greenwood, who, in conjunction with the late George Smith, founded the original *Pall Mall Gazette*. When this luminary appeared in the firmament, British papers followed the line of those established in the early Victorian days. Every paper had three leading articles of equal length. Each was divided into three paragraphs, the one in the middle being a little longer than either of the others.

Sir Henry contrasted the old style newspapers, in which everything was lengthy, with the modern journals, in which most things are short. There were no large type cross-headings, which occasionally had more news than was to be found in the columns below. Frederick Greenwood laid ruthless hands on the three nicely balanced divisions; his leading article was broken up into paragraphs according to the treatment of the subject under discussion. Next, Greenwood introduced the "Occasional Note," "whose price is above rubies." Another innovation which shortened the lives of aged printers' readers was the change in the size and formation of the printed sheet.

It was in the morning edition of the *Pall Mall Gazette* forty-five years ago that month, that Sir Henry flashed his maiden pen as a recorder of Parliamentary events. He traced the changes made in the *Daily News* during his long association



"TOBY, M.P.," OF "PUNCH."

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with that paper, describing the introduction of the Parliamentary sketches, political notes, and the work of the special correspondents. He also pointed out that the *Daily News* was responsible for a revolution tending towards the "New Journalism" in the collection and publication of paragraphs containing more or less exclusive information. When it turned out that some of the allegations were verified and some of the prognostications fulfilled, these paragraphs were welcomed in Bouverie Street and appropriated with freedom by the evening papers. Other papers followed, and *The Times* came last of all with a column of notes mainly published during the Parliamentary Session.

The exponents of the "New Journalism," whilst embodying the principle of brevity, introduced other features. Our most widely circulated halfpenny morning papers were the result of grafting American journalism on a British stem; perhaps in some cases there was not much of the stem visible. The motto of "New Journalism" might be represented by a slight variation of the familiar line: "Be smart, my child; let who will be accurate." Its inherent weakness was a slavery to sensationalism; it must have every morning a big headline calculated to make the readers "sit up" at the breakfast table, and in the tram and railway train on the way to business. There was no implacable reason why the column of smaller type that followed should live up to the headline. Folks who planked down their halfpennies wanted something in return; newspaper readers could not live on headlines alone. Every day did not bring its sensation; imagination rushed in where facts feared to tread. If the "New Journalism" were as reliable as it was readable, it would be a power in the land.

Sir Robertson Nicoll was not quite certain whether the full significance of Sir Henry Lucy's work was yet thoroughly appreciated. The historian of the future would find valuable matter in Sir Henry's series of books. He doubted whether the public realised the great and generous heart which Sir Henry possessed. In the whole scope of his writings, so far as they were known to him, there was not a single bitter or unkind word. Their guest never allowed partisan or personal feelings to deflect him from the path of high and noble duty. Sir Henry would have made a great name had he taken to fiction.

As regards the subject introduced that evening, the germs of the "New Journalism" were in the letters of the London correspondents. It was the late William Stead who really vivified —and perhaps too much vivified—the contents of the *Pall Mall Gazette,* and made it readable from beginning to end.

MR. KING (*Daily Express*) gave some amusing reminiscences of the House of Commons Press Gallery, where he had received the greatest help from men like Sir Henry Lucy, Prior Foster Fraser, and Spencer Leigh Hughes. These men often said to him that Parliament was not like what it was in the time of Palmerston. He said: "Nor yet what it was like in the days of Simon de Montfort." When Friar MacCallum Scott defied the Speaker, about four columns appeared in the *Express* under his own heading; on the same night there was a speech from the member for Oxford University worth eight columns, which did not get a line. The story in the *Express* was very well done. When he arrived in the island of Guernsey, he found that some "ghost" had done it in his absence. In the old days, the sitting down on a hat in the House of Commons was worth a quarter of a column; nowadays, we had to live up to our headlines. The speaker personally did not think as much of Prior Foster Fraser's style of writing as some did; he thought the Prior was wildly overpaid for it, but he did tell them what it was about, whether he was present at the House or not.

FRIAR MACCALLUM SCOTT, M.P., after listening to the discussion, was inclined to be sceptical; he did not believe there was any such thing as the "New Journalism." Perhaps he had better say that, if there was a "New Journalism," it was only the old journalism well done. Just as the new politics and the new woman, it had been with them since the Garden of Eden. Referring to the Guest of the Evening, Mr. Scott mentioned that as a schoolboy his first insight into politics was derived from "Peeps in Parliament" contributed to the *Strand Magazine,* illustrated by Friar Carruthers Gould. As Mr. King had reminded him of his political vices, he would leave them at Sir Henry Lucy's doorstep.

FRIAR NEWTON CRANE, from his experience of American and British journalism, offered some interesting criticisms of the "make-up" of the papers belonging to the new school.

FRIAR G. B. BURGIN had been brought more in contact with

the older school of journalists. On several occasions he had admired their readiness and resource in difficulties. There was a well-known London leader writer who wrote his leader when very tipsy indeed. He went to sleep and forgot all about it, woke up and thought that he was hopelessly ruined. But he was saved on that occasion, although not permanently saved, by his companions in drink, who tied the sheets together and sent the leader to the printers. It was a brilliant leader, and the proprietor immediately raised the writer's salary, and all his friends became inordinately drunk on the strength of it.

George Augustus Sala, of white waistcoat fame, the most prominent journalist of his day, owing to his facility in writing on any subject at a moment's notice, was once the subject of a bet that, if he were shut up in a room without any books of reference, he could write an article on any selected subject. Sala was informed of the terms of the bet, and was told that he might have a bottle of claret beside him. The subject was "Tea," and he wrote a most brilliant article on the tea-houses of all the different capitals he had visited.

The "New Journalism," with all its merits, had a certain lack of personal taste, which he was afraid in the first instance came from America. There was the story of the energetic young reporter who, when the Duke of Connaught was paying a visit to a certain American house, stopped a funeral procession to take a photograph from the hearse. Friar Burgin also told a story of a brilliant journalist living near Ramsgate who was offered a peerage. Nobody could select a suitable title, so the inhabitants immediately christened him the "New Ramsgate Peer."

Mr. Harry Jones (*Daily Chronicle*) disagreed on one point with Sir Robertson Nicoll; that was that Sir Henry Lucy had neglected entirely the art of fiction. The fiction was blended in Sir Henry's writings with such subtlety that it was difficult to disentangle one from the other. The late Dr. Kenealy, when he was elected for Stoke after the Tichborne trial, could find nobody to introduce him to the Speaker. The story went round Parliament for many years that Dr. Kenealy, unaccompanied, walked solemnly up to the Speaker and deposited his umbrella on the Mace—the most sacred and venerable symbol of Parliamentary authority.

The speaker was one day narrating this story to the oldest

THE LATE FRIAR F. J. CROSS.

An Appreciation by Friar Robert Leighton.

I DEEPLY regret to record the recent death of Friar F. J. Cross, after a long and painful illness.

Friar Cross joined the Club in 1899, and was for some years a member of the executive committee. A regular attendant at the Friday dinners, he was popular by reason of his cheerful goodfellowship. Not without reason was he known amongst us as "Sunny Jim." His mood was always bright. Every cloud had for him its silver lining. He was indeed almost aggressively optimistic, finding virtue and beauty where others saw only evil and ugliness.

The late Friar's trust in mankind was extraordinary. No one ever heard him speak ill or even disparagingly of anybody, and scandal was abhorrent to him.

One felt sometimes that our friend's extreme kindness of heart was apt to lead him into unwise magnanimity, and that his unwillingness to condemn a fault diminished the value of his judgments. Nevertheless, he was not afraid of looking at things evil. His rectitude and integrity were proof against contamination, and much of his time was spent in the backwaters of London life, giving unstinted help to those who could not help themselves. His work among the newsboys of Fleet Street is well known.

He was not a writer in the professional sense. Two small volumes of moral precepts for children were the sum of his literary output. His business interests were mainly connected with the House of Cassell and Co., where for a time he held the responsible position of editor-in-chief. He will be greatly missed by us all.

member of the Press Gallery, and the oldest inhabitant said: "Kenealy did *not* hang his umbrella on the Mace; that was Lucy's story."

One of the most cherished and frequently told stories of Parliamentary life was about a deaf member of Parliament, the father of Mr. Thomasson, the proprietor of the defunct *Tribune*. On one occasion Lord Sherbrooke (formerly Mr. Robert Lowe) revisited the scene of his former triumphs. He happened to be in the Peers' Gallery when a terrible bore was addressing the members, including Mr. Thomasson with his ear trumpet. Lord Sherbrooke remarked: "Look at that fool flinging away his natural advantages." Here, again, tradition declared that Lord Sherbrooke never said anything of the kind; it was one of Sir Henry Lucy's stories. In conclusion, the speaker referred to the high esteem in which Sir Henry Lucy was held amongst his colleagues in the Gallery of the House of Commons.

DINNER TO MR. WILLIAM MEREDITH.

March 26th, 1915.

Club Guest: Mr. William Meredith.
Prior: Friar A. D. Power.

Among the guests were: Mr. J. G. Wilson, M. Ed. Trauss, Mr. G. Richards, Mr. Geo. Morrow, Mr. Frank Davies, Mr. William Archbald, Junr., Mr. K. G. Jayne, Mr. Francis Bate, Mr. E. S. P. Haynes (author of "The History of Religious Persecution," and other works), Mr. Ernest Wild, K.C., M. Beyaert (Publisher, of Bruges), Mr. Lawrence Stratford (of the Board of Education), Capt. Costiesco Ghyke (Secretary of the Roumanian Legation), Mr. J. Hoy, Mr. Stanley Paul, Mr. J. S. Ross, Mr. Edward Salmon (Editor of the *Academy*), Mr. Woods, Mr. Frank Hanson, Mr. O. Kyllman (partner of the Club Guest in Constable's), Mr. G. H. Baker, Mr. J. A. Jennings, Mr. John Keely, Mr. Drewry, Mr. H. F. Carlill (of the Board of Trade), and Mr. A. J. K. Esdaile (of the British Museum).

The Prior (Friar A. D. Power) cordially welcomed the Guest of the evening, and Mr. Meredith, in opening the debate, said: "I must confess to some nervousness in addressing such a gathering of experts, and in particular in seeing Messrs. Clement Shorter and Clodd sitting together, but I am asked to

open a discussion as to how to arrive at some way of increasing the sale of books, and I do so, more with the hope of learning from the discussion to follow than of imparting any suggestions of value. Selling power in a publisher comes, no doubt, with experience, but on the whole it is a gift. It is clear to me that there are many cases in which an author has largely stood in the way of bookselling. The Authors' Society is an excellent one, to which I have often had the privilege of introducing members. It does its work for its members economically and

efficiently. But there is the literary agent who charges ten per cent., and this means that the profits on a book have to be increased by ten per cent., and, if he is going to show anything for his employment, by twenty per cent. A point has been reached when the agent commonly demands a sum 'in advance' that would be equal to the sale if one bought copyright outright. Much of the trouble lies in such advances. If the publisher has overspent in advance payment, he has the less with which to advertise and push the sales.

"Consider what proportion of the cost of a book a publisher can afford to give to it in publicity—a book of real value, the

sale ranging from 1,000 to 10,000 copies? On the average of a number of trades, the cost of selling an article is fifty per cent. of the cost of manufacture! What book can stand it? Say you buy for a sale of 10,000 copies, sell 6,000, and find things going slowly. What happens? You ask yourself, of course: 'Is it wise to throw good money after bad?' On the principle that you should cut a loss, there is no inducement. If you were sharing receipts with the author, it would be possible to adventure; but with a sale of 6,000 only, and a heavy debt against the book, you cannot afford to. Ten to fifteen per cent. is the utmost one can afford in advertising books, and it is very often less.

"As to booksellers, the bookseller of the old type, who was the friend of every client and knew all about his books, has largely disappeared because of the enormous output. The prince of such booksellers is, perhaps, Mr. Bain. But if you are not a great expert in the books you are handling, you must be a great salesman. There is a firm—I have heard it referred to as 'The Octopus'—that has scored first wherever there is competition, and which has won largely by pure salesmanship. The fortunate employees of that firm begin by being newsboys, and graduate to the bookstall. The quality of window-dressing is understood. The quality of trying to find out what a purchaser wants, or can be made to want, is understood. A few booksellers do still combine expert knowledge and salesmanship; they exist in the Midlands, in the North, in the Far North, in London. These never complain of bad trade. But a large number are careless of their interests. A friend of mine was anxious to start a library in the country. This gentleman gave to a large London bookseller a list of the books *not* required, and asked for suggestions. After much delay and hard pressing, he got at last a list in pencil, which began with 'A' and ended with 'H'! By this time he was tired.

"The public furnishes, perhaps, the most difficult case of all. For some extraordinary reason the English public is devoted to the borrowing of books. A man at a bookstall says: 'Just what we want! But I don't think I ought to buy it; I'll get it from the library.' I recently watched two people at a bookstall. It was a question of buying a shilling book. 'No,' said the wife; 'it is a shilling. We ought not to spend it at this time.' In a few minutes they had bought the *Sphere*, the *Illus-*

trated London News, the *Blue Magazine,* the *Red Magazine,* and the *Red All Over Magazine,* all of which they left in the train when they got to their destination. How many men will look twice before laying out a shilling on a book and not hesitate to buy a shilling cigar?

"There is no doubt that this sort of thing can largely be got over by good salesmanship. Much more could be done in the American bookstore way. It is a very good way of selling if you can't sell in a highly intelligent way. But I am not despondent.

"After this terrible war, I do feel that there is going to be a great revival in the sale of books. In the past how many people who could not afford to keep a pony have been keeping motor cars? After the war all our incomes will be considerably curtailed; people who have had motor cars will be very glad to have donkey carts. We shall be thrown more upon our own resources, every one of us, and there will be more buying of books for that reason, and for better reasons still. People will have to live in themselves, and find in the more economical expenditure on books both recreation and self-improvement, and will become, I doubt not, far better citizens."

The discussion which followed was really important and suggestive.—KEIGHLEY SNOWDEN.

THE DISCUSSION.

MR. HAYNES gave his own experience as to the differing capacity of publishers, according to their particular repute, to secure a sale for books. He was discouraged by one firm, quite excellent in a general way, but obtained very satisfactory results by placing a book with a publishing firm which was identified with this kind of work.

FRIAR SPURGEON thought that the sale of books was checked by the increasing demand for "advance money," which lessened enterprise. As for reviews, he doubted whether in the ordinary way they did much to sell books. He was rather inclined to think that sales were increased by books being talked about in social circles.

MR. WILSON, in an interesting account of the matter from the booksellers' view point, thought every bookseller was in a position to decide what books he could sell.

MR. ERNEST WILD chaffed the Club Guest and Friar Spurgeon on their definition of a good book as a book that would sell. He declared himself inexpressibly shocked, but expressed himself in admirable satire nevertheless.

FRIAR SHORTER regretted that men of wealth nowadays were less disposed than formerly to buy books for the building up of libraries.

FRIAR HARVEY DARTON gave an interesting extract from an old note, showing what insignificant reward some authors obtained in the earlier days of publishers.

MR. SALMON, touching on the remarks as to the need for knowledge on the part of retailers of the books they sold, related the story of a man who took his wife into a shop to purchase for her a novel for light reading, and the bookseller offered her one called "Five Weeks," or something of the sort, which her husband thought highly improper. He was expostulating with the bookseller when his wife plucked him by the sleeve, and said: "Don't give yourself away like that. I've already read it."—W. N. SHANSFIELD.

DINNER TO PROFESSOR MACKAIL.

May 14th, 1915.

Club Guest: PROFESSOR MACKAIL, LL.D., etc., etc.
Prior: FRIAR W. H. HELM.

AMONG the guests were: Mr. H. C. Biron, Sir Clement Kinloch-Cooke, M.P., Mr. John Ferguson (manager of the National Bank of Scotland), Mr. Wm. Archbald, Junr., Mr. C. E. Lawrence, Mr. Ernest Oldmeadow (a well-known novelist), Professor Adams, Major Griffiths, Mr. Adam Engell (of Moscow), Mr. J. A. Hunter (of the *Mercantile Guardian*), Mr. W. Lindley Jones, Junr., Dr. H. O. Butler, Mr. A. C. Pedley, I.S.O., Mr. B. Pardoe-Thomas, Mr. Sidney Shaylor, Mr. George Whale, Mr. W. Boulton, Mr. J. A. Jennings, the Rev. Bernard J. Snell, Mr. E. G. Drewry, Mr. K. Lindemann, and Mr. Rothay Reynolds (a well-known writer and lecturer on Russia).

THE PRIOR read the Roll Call of Welcome, and proposed the toast of the Club. He announced that Professor Mackail had kindly consented to talk to them on "What we owe to

Russia." It always seemed to him that the ignorance of the English people with regard to Russia was rather discreditable. Up to the outbreak of the war, most Englishmen knew more about Japan than Russia, and many knew as much about Thibet. Professor Mackail, in opening the discussion, would do something to penetrate this abysmal depth of a want of knowledge.

PROFESSOR MACKAIL said that we all realised the tremendous responsibility which rested upon us in every word we say in public and even in private. All of us felt that the question we must perpetually ask ourselves was: "How can I best serve the national cause, and the cause of freedom, justice, civilisation and humanity throughout the world?" He deprecated the useless abuse of Germany, and also theoretical disquisitions as to the final settlement of peace in Europe. To-day's work was more than enough; to-morrow must face and settle its own problems.

In considering what was our relation with Russia we were on constructive lines. Above all, it was necessary that we should understand one another. Reviewing the development of the Russian nation from the thirteenth century, Professor Mackail pointed out that it was not until the close of the eighteenth century Russia began to feel that it possessed a great inheritance of its own. Even then one noted the strange, beautiful, childlike influence of the Russian character; the beauty and humanity of the Russian temper came out in contrast with the harsher, crueller tempers of other nations who looked upon her as partly civilised.

During the present war the humanity of the Russians had been as conspicuous as their bravery. The evil traditions of the Crimean War caused among us a wholly false idea of the Russian character. In some respects the Russians were more civilised than ourselves.

In speaking of civilisation, Professor Mackail did not refer to accumulated wealth, the power of production, or of the organisation of mere machinery for the administration of national life; these things were machinery which did not touch the inner civilisation. It was such an attitude towards life which made life lovable, full of interest, pleasure and peace. For the great mass of the people the three cardinal words created by the French Revolution expressed that ideal in the motto "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity."

It would be a paradoxical idea to say that Russia had had

wholly liberty. Russia had been, and to a large extent was still, governed by a Bureaucracy, brought up in Russian traditions, to which liberty was an enemy which ought to be stamped out. As regards matters of equality and fraternity, it might fairly be claimed that these had been more fully realised in the Russian life than in the Western nations. The humanity of the Russian nation was a beautiful and noble outgrowth of the human spirit.

All competent European critics realised that Russia had a literature of substantial value and of great vitality. It was one of the great literatures of the world, and had grown up during less than one hundred years. In Tolstoy and Dostoievski this Russian character was manifested with extraordinary clearness. It was a character of absolute straightforwardness, clear-sightedness, childlike unshamedness, with a sense of pity and mercy. There had never been such two great writers who had been so different, both believers in Russia, and they had spread abroad the message of Russia to all the world. It was not only their actual work, but the effect of the work, which gathered up the beautiful spirit of a great nation; this made them infinitely priceless.

To pass from literature to those other matters of general conduct, control and organisation of life, how much Englishmen owed to Russia, how much they had to learn from her, and how much she had to learn from them. It was by some sort of combination of the French sense of logic and of order with the British practical sense and power of producing results—a combination of these two with the Russian simplicity, idealism and intense humanity—that the hopes of the future rested.

If all these forces could be got to work in harmony there could be no dissolution. Even if we should not be successful —which God forbid!—there were things in their essential vitality which could not be killed; among these was the spirit of a nation. In a sense of beauty, Russia could give us lessons; in a sense of truth, we, by longer education perhaps, had something to teach our Ally. The British character had elements of goodness which were invaluable to the rest of the world. The Russian character had other elements equally high and valuable, and they should be welded together. We believed that the justice of our cause was backed by more than mere ideal considerations; that these considerations were resolving

themselves more and more into actual forces. We should come out at the right end, and when we had come out there was always the hope that Great Britain and Russia, having become such great friends, would remain friends for ever.

FRIAR A. G. GARDINER thought that everyone must be deeply impressed by the beauty of the spirit and breadth of sympathy which Professor Mackail's speech had exhibited. It also gave in a brief compass a fine survey of the spirit of the Russian people. There were two Russias present more or less in our minds: the Russia of the people, and the Russia of the Government. In one of his essays on "Heroes" (it was probably written between 1840 and 1845), Carlyle referred to Russia as a nation which had never produced a world's voice. In less than three-quarters of a century Russia had produced more world voices than any country in Europe. He did not know whether to regard Turguenieff as a perfect example of the Russian spirit; it seemed to him that his work had the superb sky of Russia, and a delicacy and finish which were not entirely Russian. It was more French than Russian. He was for all time one of the great masters. Dostoievski, and certainly Tolstoy, were the greatest world figures Europe had produced in the last half-century.

In music, Russia had certainly discovered a power, largeness and passion which we would not say surpassed the spirit of German music, but at least was equal to it. In other spheres also we had seen this wonderful growth in the last three-quarters of a century of the possibilities of Russia. His experience of the Russian character was in accord with Professor Mackail's presentation that night.

MR. ROTHAY REYNOLDS, a well-known writer on Russia, mentioned that for five years he was in almost daily communication between Petrograd and Fleet Street. A great deal of the misunderstanding of Russia had been caused by the fact that sometimes the whole truth had not been told about that country. On one occasion an American correspondent showed him a telegram he was going to send to New York for a certain news agency. It described the trial of a well-known revolutionary, and concluded with the verdict put in these words: "Prisoner was condemned to the mines at Siberia for life." He said to the correspondent: "You are not going to send that? Nobody has been condemned to the mines for years and years." He

replied: "I always use this form." He desired to give his people a thrill—an abominable system entirely discreditable to good journalism.

There was a new danger, and that was representing Russia as a nation of saints. Russians got a little annoyed about this. They knew that they had certain great qualities, and were certainly a race with splendid qualities. Whilst Russia loved England, she despised Germany. She believed that England was going to help her to full political liberty. A few years ago some members of Parliament were expected to go to Russia to greet the Duma. He was a member of the Russian Committee formed to make the arrangements. From every part of Russia they received petitions. One of these came from a little unknown place, signed by the chief inhabitants. It was couched in these words: "We welcome you because you represent a free England. We ourselves are going to be free, and we and you are going to work together for the good of humanity and the freedom of the world." This was the spirit we should find amongst the Russian people.

Friar Wesley Dennis said that anybody who read the daily papers must be struck by the splendid courage, endurance and power of resilience of the Russians. We owed a debt to Russia for her magnificent endurance on our behalf, and for her sacrifices in East Prussia. It struck a tender cord in every heart to-day. He was one of those who profoundly respected and admired the valour shown in the common cause by the Russian nation.

Mr. H. C. Biron remarked that a Russian judge one day arrived at his court, and told him that he was travelling in England to investigate the system of dealing with juvenile offenders. The judge could not speak a word of English, and he could not speak Russian. The judge brought his wife, who could not speak any known language. The speaker brought with him an alert Cockney girl, who spoke a little Russian, and explained as best he could our system of punishing juvenile offenders. The judge was not interested. He also told his visitor of the system of correction which was associated with the domestic implement called the birch; this seemed to cheer him up a bit. The speaker narrated some amusing experiences gained during a trip on the Trans-Siberian line. He intended making another trip to Russia, but this was put off owing to

the war. One day he asked a Russian, from whom he was purchasing caviare, some particulars respecting the Crimea. The shopkeeper, in a mysterious manner, after glancing at a lady behind the counter, whispered to him: "I think it right to warn you if you go to the Crimea both sexes bathe together there without any kind of clothes." This was somewhat a revelation to him. He mentioned this interesting fact to his friends, and whilst previously he had a difficulty in finding travelling companions, his difficulty then was in keeping them away.

MR. ADAM ENGELL, of Moscow, thanked the speakers for the kind sentiments expressed towards Russia. He hoped that, as a result of the war, there would be a better understanding between the two nations.

MR. GEORGE WHALE expressed his gratitude to Professor Mackail for his extremely interesting address. He ventured to differ from Professor Mackail with regard to the Russian novelists. The novels he had read of Turguenieff and Tolstoy had not attracted him towards the Russians, and his reason was the same that Mr. Balfour gave at the Royal Literary Society two years ago: he liked his novels to end cheerfully. It was perhaps presumptuous to criticise Tolstoy, but as a man he regarded his influence distinctively pessimistic and unfortunate.

THE REV. BERNARD J. SNELL spoke of his unalloyed gratitude for a most pleasant evening. It was extremely delightful to hear the sympathetic diagnosis of the situation by the guest of the evening, who had spoken of the Russians setting us an example in the quality of brotherhood, whereas they were behind us in the matter of liberty. We owed a great deal in the matter of art to the Russians—not only from their music, but from their paintings.

PROFESSOR MACKAIL briefly replied to the points raised in the discussion.

**

ANOTHER ORIGINAL STEVENSON LETTER.*

[*Copy of a Letter from R. L. Stevenson to Charles Baxter in reply to Baxter asking Stevenson to be his "best man."*]

MY DEAR CHAWLES,

I shall make my arrangements. The convoy shall be followed; and, sincerely, it will give me a very hearty pleasure to be chief mourner. I do not know whether I am quite following out your jest in a jesting spirit, or with a modicum of whimper. But the fact is that I have felt a great pleasure in your request; and damn it all, I am not eloquent. I'll hold the bottles, and I wish you a good time, and plenty of children. If you have as good a time in the future as you had in the past, you will do well. For making allowance for little rubs and hitches, the past looks very delightful to me; the past, when you were not going to be married, and I was not trying to write a novel; the past, when you went through the B. of Allan to contemplate Mrs. Chawles in the house of God, and I went home trembling every day lest Heaven should open and the thunderbolt of parental anger light upon my head; the past, where we have been drunk and sober, and sat outside of grocers' shops on fine dark nights, and wrangled in the Speculative, and heard mysterious whistling in Waterloo Place, and met missionaries from Aberdeen; generally, the past. But the future is a fine thing also, in its way; and what's more, it's all we have to come and go upon. So, let us strike up the Wedding March, and bedeck ourselves with the loose and graceful folds of the frock coat, and crown ourselves with Sunday hats as with laurel; and go, leaping and singing, and praising God, and under the influence of champagne and all the finer feelings of

* *The original letter was very generously presented to me by my friend Mr. Charles Baxter.*—EDITOR.

humanity, towards that sacred edifice, or secular drawing-room, from whence you, issuing forth, shall startle mankind with the first splendours of the wedded Chawles. Proudest moment of my life, C. B.

Ever your old friend,

LOUIS STEVENSON.

Commend me to the Object, as Lang used to call his one.

I'll likely come home for it; awful expense, you'll say, but I really should like to do the part, for auld lang syne.

CLUB NOTES.

Friar J. A. Steuart writes me: "Not being able to attend the Shaylor dinner, I wrote a note to Friar Shorter, which I meant to be read to the Brotherhood at the dinner. From the 'Whitefriars Journal' I gather that this was not done. Possibly, however, it was read and not included with the other apologies in your report. I wanted it to be read as my tribute to Friar Shaylor, whom I introduced to the Club."

By a regrettable oversight, the letter was not read at the dinner. It is a great pleasure to know that we are indebted to Friar Steuart for the introduction to the Club of one of our most popular members.

A meeting of the subscribers to the Grundy Memorial was held on March 25th, at St. Peter's Hall, Brockley, when a scheme was submitted for their approval by the vicar and churchwardens.

Friar John Foster Fraser, in "The Jew in History" (Cassell), declares that although, generally speaking, it has been the per-

(By kind permission of Messrs. Cassell & Co.'s Photo Pictorial Agency).

secution of the Jews which has preserved them as a distinct people, and although we hear much about desire on the part of the Jews to keep their blood purity, the purity has been main-

tained not because of orthodoxy, but because it was abhorrent to other peoples to become allied with the Jews. Indeed, where forced conversion, as in Spain, opened the way to marriage with Gentile, or as in the case of Italy centuries ago, or as in the case of the rest of the world to-day, where the Jew is received on an equality, the strong move, dependent on the Jews themselves, is not to consolidate Judaism, but to break it.

The Jew is in the melting-pot. He is being disintegrated. His qualities are not being lost, but disseminated. That is the great race phenomenon in operation before our eyes. As the restrictions are removed from the Jews, as the whole world is opened to them, as they loom large in achievement, the more they accomplish, the more they depart from the true spirit of Judaism.

Verily, they are a wonderful people. I met the late Laurence Oliphant in Constantinople when he was endeavouring to obtain a firman from Abdul the Naughty-Worded for Jews to settle in Palestine, and he confided to me that as soon as he had obtained the firman his next difficulty would be to get the Jews to go there. There was no opening for "Old Clo" in the Holy Land.

Poor Alphonse Courlander, who came several times to the Friars as a guest, was one of the earliest victims of strain occasioned by the war, and died in Paris towards the end of last year. There is a very good description of Fleet Street in his most promising novel, "Mightier than the Sword":

"You may call Fleet Street what you like, but the secret of it eludes you always. It has as many moods as a woman; it is the street of laughter and of tears, of adventure and dullness, of romance and reality, of promise and lost hopes, of conquest and broken men. Into its narrow neck are crammed all the hurrying life, the passions, the eager, beating hearts, the happiness and the sorrow of the broad streets east and west that lead to it. There is something in this thin, crooked street, holding in its body the essence of the world, that clutches at the imagination, something in the very atmosphere surrounding it which makes it different from all other streets that are walked by men."

"Holding in its body the essence of the world" is good. It is a pity that so much promise and excellence should have been sacrificed to the Moloch of modern journalism.

Who does not recognise the following portrait of one of the frequenters of Fleet Street? Only, the man has now grown tired of sitting down and stands up. And his face is frayed as well as his overcoat:

"He noticed on the other side of the road a bearded man, in a silk hat and a frayed overcoat, sitting on a doorstep at the top of Whitefriars Street. The man had a keen and intelligent face with blue eyes. . . . Years later, the man was still there, every day sitting, sphinx-like, surveying those who passed him. He must have marked their faces grow older."

TOLD AT THE LUNCH TABLE.

"Lydies and gentlemen," said the impassioned chairman (he was conducting proceedings to promote a sustentation fund for the benefit of Mr. William Sikes, whose pet bulldog had been irretrievably damaged by a motor-car), "you will be pleased to 'ear as the collection for the benefikaire has calumniated to the extent of three pun ten."

The ship's port-holes were opened for a couple of hours in order to give the harassed passengers air on their way home from New York. The baby had been very fretful, and its worried mother was glad to get a little exercise on deck. When she came down again she could not see the baby, and asked the other children what they had done with it. "Oh," said the eldest girl, "you told her that if she cried again you would throw her out through the porthole to the Germans. She began to cry soon after you went up on deck and, of course, we threw her out!"

A certain eminent critic, one of our most shining lights, who is not averse from attacking other shining lights, was piously thanking God that, in spite of the Club lunch, all his teeth were sound. "Well, you see," someone explained, "you've so many enemies to sharpen them on."

An English Tommy appeared at head-quarters without a prisoner whom he had been told to bring in.

"How was it you let him escape?" angrily demanded the officer in charge.

"Oh, I didn't let him escape, sir."

"Well, where is he?"

"Well, sir, you see, it was in this way. He told me about his wife and family, and I told him about mine."

"Well?"

"And he was very miserable and began to cry."

"Yes, yes?"

"And I was very miserable and began to cry too."

"Yes. What then?"

"So I thought it best to put the poor beggar out of his misery, sir."

One Friar was arguing with another Friar about something he had seen in a weekly paper. "Oh," said one, who is an eminent editor, "you mustn't believe all you see in print." "Not even if it's something feminine in print?" asked the other.

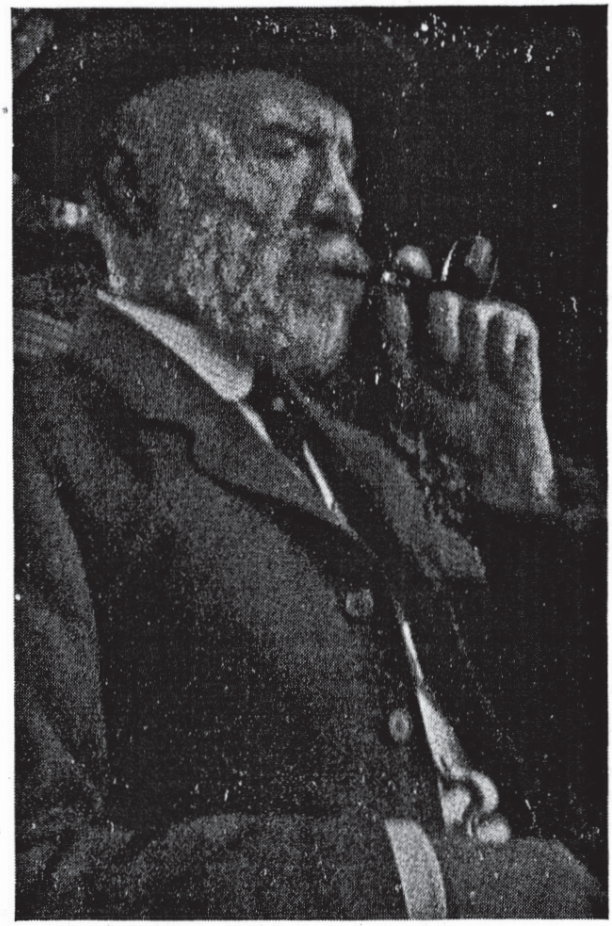
For his sins, a certain Friar was lecturing on "The Making of Novels," and, for their sins, the audience had to listen to him. Incidentally the lecturer said something about Byron. This was too much for a tipsy reporter. "Lor' Byronsh dead," he informed the audience, "and," pointing to the lecturer, "wish he wash too!"

Someone told me the other day that the Germans were making guns with a range of twenty-five miles. Here is the lucid report on the subject from an eminent scientific man to whom I referred the matter :—

"The answer to your question is 'No.' This may sound curt, but it is strictly in the parliamentary way. Before guns can carry as far as twenty-five miles, the ballistic co-efficient of the projectile must be increased and the interior ballistic of the gun must be re-considered. If you will give this matter your attention, it may be possible to produce a gun which, at the elevation for maximum range, will determine a trajectory whose horizontal projection will be equal to the range you mention. The construction of such a gun

is not impossible, but, practically, it would be of limited use if made, because the range would be beyond the range of range-finders. Also, it could not be moved with the ease of a light field-piece. If used in the field, twenty-five traction engines might move it from place to place—of course not swiftly—and a projectile would require a traction engine to itself. Still, we live and learn."

Friar Whiteing's reminiscences, under the delightful title of "My Harvest," are to be published by Messrs. Hodder &



Stoughton in the autumn. They are sure to be eagerly welcomed by all Friars, as well as the world in general. By the courtesy of Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, I am enabled to give a characteristic portrait of Friar Whiteing, who, I am sorry to say, has permanently forsaken the classic shades of Golder's Green for the seaside.

A delightful speaker, Friar Whiteing was understood on one occasion to apologise if he were not clearly heard. "The fact is," he explained, "my new teeth haven't arrived, and, rather than miss the dinner, I came here without any."

One evening Friar Whiteing was struggling into his overcoat, when I offered to help him. "Thus," said I jestingly, "do I help to make history." "D——n your impudence!" said he.

On another occasion I was taking the chair at a theatrical lecture given by Miss Genevieve Ward, and Friar Whiteing's name cropped up. "I shall never forget," she said, "when making my first appearance on the London stage people told me that if Richard Whiteing gave me two lines in *The Examiner* my future would be assured. With characteristic generosity he gave me two columns and a half."

NEW LIGHTS ON CHATTERTON.

Friar Sir Ernest Clarke recently read a paper before the members of the Bibliographical Society on this subject. He has discovered two MSS. of "Rowley's" writings which have been lost to sight for 140 years, and has traced the whereabouts of other Chatterton documents.

In giving a rapid sketch of the chief facts of Chatterton's life, the lecturer suggested that his untimely fate lay at the door of his middle-aged friends and bad advisers, Barrett and Catcott. His original contribution to Felix Farley's Journal on October 1st, 1768, was, in fact, his undoing. He told a lie about it to Barrett and Catcott, and, encouraged by them to produce more antique lore of the same kind from the stores which he affected to possess, he visualised the whole of the fifteenth-century company who were the familiars of his day-dreams. He regretted this too late. His soul, whilst he remained at Bristol under the æsthetic influence of the grand old church of St. Mary Redcliffe, was so steeped in romance that his imagination seems never to have been really alive save when in the dramatic masquerade of the monk of Bristol.

Finally, the lecturer quoted, as embodying his own opinion, the views expressed by the late Theodore Watts-Dunton:

"As a youthful poet showing that power of artistic self-effacement which is generally found to be incompatible with the eager energies of poetic youth—as a producer, that is to say, of work

FRIAR SIR ERNEST CLARKE.

purely artistic, and in its highest reaches unadulterated by lyric egotism—the author of the Rowley Poems, however inferior to Keats in point of sheer beauty, stands alongside him in our literature, and stands with him alone."

In writing to me on the subject, Friar Sir Ernest Clarke explains:

"There are, so far as I have been able to ascertain, only four 'Rowley' parchments extant which contain literary matter. Two were bequeathed to the British Museum by Dr. Glynn, of Cambridge, who died in 1800; the other two had been lost to sight since the year 1773. I discovered, or, rather, rediscovered, them two or three months ago in private hands, and had them photographed before returning them to their owner.

"They are too blurred and confused to be worth reproduction for the 'Whitefriars Journal.' The large one is the Yellow Roll, the small one contains the verses to Lydegate."

The following characteristic tribute from one eminent journalist to another arrived after the dinner to Sir Henry Lucy:

"Very greatly regret unavoidably prevented from attending dinner to Sir Henry Lucy. Of all Gallery and Lobby men, his name is surest to live in connection with the annals of Parliament. Many years of friendship and colleagueship have raised him higher and higher in my affectionate admiration and esteem.—J. L. GARVIN."

Several Friars having complained of the difficulty of reading the Club Toast at sight, I give it in all its chaotic exuberance. As an elocutionary trap it is unrivalled:

"Friars and Guests,—By this wine we commemorate the White Friars of old, fortified with spirit—the spirit of admiration for their services to charity and good learning—and sweetened by sympathy for those who, broken by fortune, dwell in Alsatia. It is left for me, as Prior of the day, to add the cordial—a cordial welcome to the guests of the brotherhood assembled at our board. Gentlemen, I bid a hearty welcome to you all, and invite you to join with the Brothers of a gracious order in drinking to the prosperity of the Whitefriars Club."

The following letter, in its pathetic reticence, speaks for itself:

"5 BROCKWELL PARK GARDENS,
"HERNE HILL,
"*March 5th*, 1915.

"MY DEAR SHANSFIELD,—You and other kind friends of the Whitefriars Club have made inquiries of late as to the state of my health.

"Up to the middle of January, there seemed every prospect of a recovery as a result of the operation I underwent. But since then the symptoms have been unfavourable, and I see no prospect of being again at the Club and meeting those whose society has given me so much pleasure and satisfaction, unless some unexpected change takes place. So I send them and you a message of sincere affection and regard in case, during the next few weeks, the increasing weakness I have experienced—in regard to which my doctor gives little or no hope of improvement—should result in the passing of—Yours very sincerely,

"F. J. CROSS."

As Friars will see from another part of THE JOURNAL, he has since "passed," poor fellow!

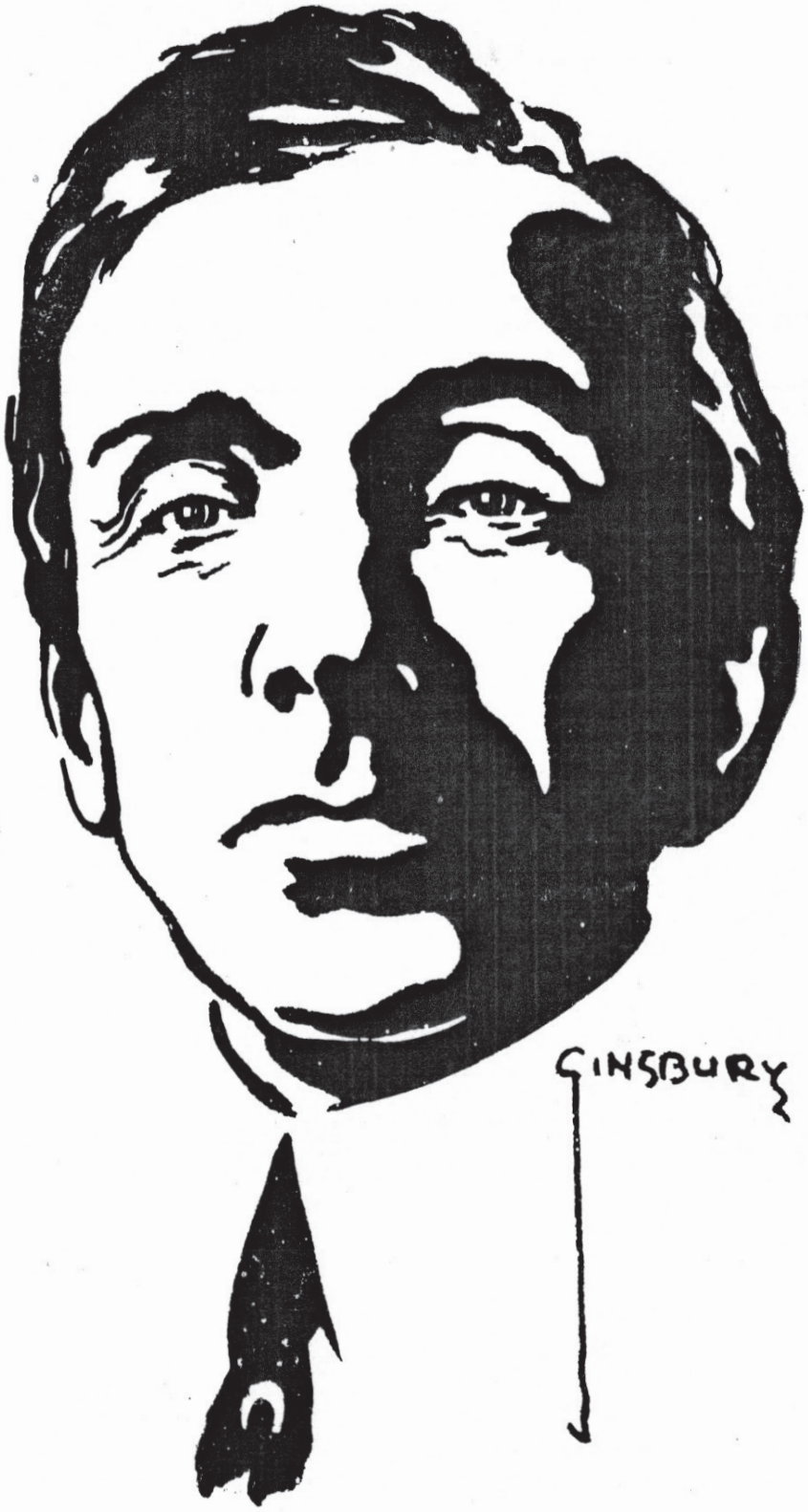
A BOOK ABOUT THE WAR.

Friar St. John Adcock, that accomplished editor, novelist, essayist and poet, has written a second book about the war, and Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton have just published it. His object is to show, as far as possible from personal observation, the spirit in which the British peoples are meeting the crisis that is now upon them.

It seems that Friar Adcock was urged to write the book by various American citizens who had read his earlier volume, "In the Firing Line," and wrote assuring him that their sympathies were entirely with the Allies; that if England had lost the sympathy of some Americans, it was mainly owing to the talk in our own papers about "slackers," and the persistent assertion in certain quarters that it was impossible for us to raise sufficient men without conscription.

As one of Friar Adcock's correspondents put it: "If that is the state of things in the Old Country, and they don't think the place is worth fighting for, why should we worry?"

Our author has set himself to show that the conscriptionists have clamoured without reason; that though there may be (surprising as it must seem to some of us) a minority of young men in these islands who are not heroes, the great majority are of the old heroic breed and have risen to their duty promptly and in the finest spirit of self-sacrifice. His book, "Seeing it


GINSBURG

Through: How Britain answered the Call," is made up of anecdotes, stories, and descriptions of what he has seen and heard in his own goings about of late, and of extracts from letters of those who are away in the ranks of our fighting men on land or sea.

The whirligig of time, etc. It is many—very many—years ago since a company of young poets, "one of whom I was, which," as I heard an inebriated speaker once put it, competed in the columns of a weekly paper. Friar Adcock and I once divided a pound between us. He has since told me that he thought I was a mythical person invented by "the management" to appropriate the other ten shillings. I remember thinking at the time how Tennyson must have trembled when he read my poem and discovered that there was another Richmond in the field. He died soon after it appeared. Perhaps he was wise.

I quite agree with Friar Arthur Spurgeon in his reported utterances on "press notices" of books. They matter greatly to the beginner; afterwards, although, if favourable, they please the author, they do little to increase his sales. The man who does count in the matter of sales is the man who sits next to you at dinner, and tells you to read a certain book. If you have any respect for his opinion, you generally get the book.

All the same, it makes a good beginning to the day's work if you get a favourable notice. The creative faculty expands under the influence of discriminating praise; it is distinctly helpful. The few lines of supercilious contempt from a critic who hasn't read the book at all are depressing. The very sensitiveness to impressions which makes a successful author causes him to writhe under careless or ill-deserved censure. And it also damages his work.

For instance, I received two notices of my last book, "The Herb of Healing," this morning. For convenience, I put the concluding sentences in the deadly parallel column:

"Freeman's Journal."	"The Observer."
"The book is written by the hand of a master, and the story	"Mr. Burgin will have written fifty novels before he has made

is the conception of a man of great qualities. The romantic episodes recorded are charming."

up his mind as to the kind of stuff he means to write—whether pantomime, melodrama, or serious comedy. Meantime, the Burgin blend, irritating or not, is unique, and as regular a feature of the English spring as influenza, which it slightly resembles."

How is the poor reader to make up his mind which is speaking the truth? He will probably miss the *Freeman's Journal* and base his opinion on the *Observer*. But when a man writes, he has to put up with the criticism the Fates send him. Some day, perhaps, the *Observer* man may try to write a novel, and reap a similar reward for giving up six months of his life to it.

No Friar has been able to "spot" the line I quoted in the last JOURNAL as being absolutely bald:

"That Thou towards him with hand so various,
Or might I say contrarious."

It is from Milton's "Samson Agonistes." On the other hand, it was Milton who wrote:

"While the still morn went out with sandals gray."

HODGE'S MOTHER TO HER SON.

By the Club Poet.

"What am I a grousin' for
'Cause you're going to the War?
Listen, Father, to his lies,
Ain't a tear within my eyes.
Squire says, he says to me,
What a splendid chap he be.
Parson tips him half a crown,
He's the pride of all the Town.
Say 'good-bye' and gaily sing,
'God and Country, God and King.'

Then fill up a soldier's grave
Or come home a sergeant brave.
. . . . .
God! How loudly slams the door
When the only son I've bore
Whistlin' tramps away to War!"

Thus Douglas Sladen in "Twenty Years of my Life":

Friar R. Leighton:

"Friar Leighton's gifts are of a serious editorial order, though he has written boys' books of wide popularity. The Leightons are among the most popular figures at literary gatherings—they have an immense circle of friends. Robert Leighton is recognised as having no superior as a writer on dogs."

Friar Charles Garvice:

"In my early days I sold the copyrights of my stories. Later on I got them back by the simple expedient of buying the periodical, stock and barrel, in which they had appeared; and I am glad to say that I now hold the copyright of everything I have written."

Sensible man!

Friar Clement Shorter:

"Shorter was always a brilliant editor. His success has been largely due to his colossal energy and industry. In the midst of his journalistic labours he has found time to write some admirable books."

Friar Sir W. Robertson Nicoll:

"Nicoll has been the sincere and enthusiastic friend of merit. I can say this without prejudice, *because his firm have published nothing of mine!*"

Friar Joseph Shaylor:

"Of him it may justly be said that he has his finger on the pulse of English literature, and that his diagnosis is accepted by the world."

Friar St. John Adcock:

"Well known as a novelist (of *The Bookman*)."

Friar John Foster Fraser:

"A remarkably able and energetic man who once went a bicycle tour of nearly 20,000 miles round the earth, and would have gone farther if the land had not come to an end."

Friar Anthony Hope:

"One of the brilliant band of younger authors whom Jerome was the first to recognise."

Friar Walter Jerrold:

"One of our best editors of nineteenth-century classics."

Friar Coulson Kernahan:

"Letter from Harry de Windt: 'Dear K.,—Many thanks for your letter. The parts we could make out are splendid. We are using the rest as a railway pass.'"

Friar F. Frankfort Moore:

"In about ten years he made a fortune, and retired to take things in a more leisurely way at an old house in Sussex."

Friar Sir Gilbert Parker:

"In spite of the solid work he has done in politics, he will be remembered as an author more than as a politician."

Friar Algernon Rose:

"The old Club (the Authors') was drifting on the rocks when Algernon Rose took the matter in hand as hon. secretary."

Friar H. R. Tedder:

"The literary executor of Herbert Spencer."

Friar Max Pemberton:

"Has had many successes in his half century of life."

Friar C. N. Williamson:

"Next to travelling, he loves to build houses and to make them beautiful."

Friar G. B. Burgin:

But no. Modesty forbids.

Friar Coulson Kernahan, in his "Experiences of a Recruiting Officer," just issued, explains that the unheroic and humiliating task of persuading younger men to a duty and to danger which his own more advanced age prevented him from sharing was not, and is not, congenial, but it seemed to be the duty which lay nearest, and in which he could at least be of some small personal service. Here is what a poor woman said to him about

her brother, and it explains the heroic attitude of numberless Englishwomen toward their bread-winners:

"It is true that he wants to enlist—I should be ashamed of him if it were not so," she answered proudly. "We have been brought up to believe that in such a time as this there is absolutely no sacrifice which one should not make. But it is *not* true that I don't want him to. I want him to. I want him to make the sacrifice, and I want myself to make the sacrifice, for (ah! if only I were a man and could go myself!) it is almost as great, perhaps a greater sacrifice for a woman to consent to her son, her sweetheart, her brother, her father going than it would be to go herself. It is we women who stay at home, to watch and wait and pray and wake, trembling and sobbing, from some horrible dream in the night, for whom it is worst. Not want him to go! He should go, even if I knew it were to his death, and, much as I love him, if I were the only one to suffer."

Several Friars have asked for a portrait of the late Friar Tom Gallon to appear in the JOURNAL. I am greatly indebted

to the courtesy of his sister for permission to use the portrait herewith. It is a speaking likeness.

Friars will be glad to hear that the son of Friar W. H. Helm, Captain Cyril Helm, R.A., M.C., has been twice mentioned in despatches, and has received the Military Cross.

Arrangements are already being made for the Autumn Programme, and the Committee will gladly welcome suggestions from Friars both as regards Club Guests and Topics.

G. B. B.