WHITEFRIARS JOURNAL.

Edited by FRIAR G. B. BURGIN.

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CLUB DINNER

The dinner arranged for the month of October took place on Friday, October 29. Club Guest—A. H. Pollen, Esq.; Prior—Friar Sir Gilbert Parker, Bart., M.P.

THE NAVY AND THE GREAT WAR.

Among the guests present were: Mr. John Ferguson, Manager of the National Bank of Scotland; Mr. W. E. Phelps, I.S.O.; Mr. G. B. Hamilton; Mr. J. F. Muirhead, London Correspondent of the New York *Nation;* Mr. F. C. C. Nielsen; Mr. J. Campbell Nelson; Mr. Albert Rothenstein, artist; Private C. Hamilton, 28th London Regiment; Mr. C. G. Evans; Mr. C. Lothian Nicholson; Mr. F. P. Hopkinson, of the Munitions Department; Mr. David Hannay, a well-known writer on Naval History; Mr. Arnold White; "Vanoc" of the *Referee;* Mr. W. A. Woodward, Editor of the *Standard;* Mr. Walter Jerrold; Private George Pirie and Private J. Hodgson Lobley, both distinguished painters, who have enlisted as privates in the R.A.M.C., and are serving as orderlies at the 3rd London General Hospital; Mr. H. Marley; Mr. Herbert Sales; Lieutenant Gordon Piper; Mr. Henry White; Mr. R. F. Piper; Mr. Charles Marriott; the Rev. Bernard Snell; Mr. E. C. Johnson; Mr. J. A. Jennings; Mr. E. G. Drewry; Mr. H. Longden; Mr. G. Stacey, and Mr. H. F. Carhill, of the Board of Trade.

The Prior, in introducing the guest of the evening, said that Mr. Pollen had made for himself a place in the front rank of British naval authorities. He had reason to be proud of his achievement in this respect, and they in turn were proud to think of him as their fellow-penman. Friar Sir Gilbert Parker laid particular stress on the fact that "there were no reporters present," and as, in consideration of this assurance, our guest spoke with perfect freedom, and touched upon several matters

of a more or less confidential character, the Club Scribe feels it incumbent upon him to be more or less dumb accordingly.

Let it be entered upon the minutes, however, that probably none of our many guests has ever enjoyed a more enthusiastic reception, spoken to a more attentive audience, or been more cordially thanked at the close. One or two leading points from Mr. Pollen's speech may be noted without trespassing beyond the rules laid down for the evening, and without fear of incurring the undesired attentions of the "Press Censor"—an undefinable entity, whose eyes are like the firmament, whose body none has seen, but whose judgments are as severe as they are beyond appeal.

Mr. Pollen pointed out that, from the point of view of the Navy, the Great War was begun with new and untested instruments of warfare. The control and direction of these weapons depended for success upon expert experience; as, for example, to cite one of many instances mentioned by our guest, the understanding that guns and explosives capable of the most destructive effects against ships lost their effectiveness to a very marked degree when utilised against fortifications on land. Another point brought out by Mr. Pollen was the foresight needed in naval administration if this administration was to do its work thoroughly. It was impossible to build up a naval administration worthy of the name upon the hope of having a man of genius at hand at the moment when he was wanted. In fine, the Navy, to do its work, must be guided by the impersonal experience of its expert knowledge.

The discussion that followed was short.

Mr. David Hannay did not think he could add anything of weight to what Mr. Pollen had said.

Mr. Arnold White pleaded for "the right use" of our command of the sea against "the Iroquois of Central Europe and his ambitions."

Mr. Muirhead, speaking independently as an American, thought he could yet assure us that the sympathy of the United States was on our side, and that the much-talked-of "protests" were more formal than seriously intentioned. He dropped a useful little hint on the attitude to be adopted at a time like the present when history is in the making. It was, he urged, necessary that man should be adaptable to new views and new ideas. The touchstone of a man's intelligence was his readiness

to take new views. At the same time, it was necessary to remember Coleridge's warning. Between possessing an idea and being possessed by an idea there was all the difference in the world.

With the following parting apophthegm from Mr. Pollen the company retired to the clubroom: "There is no short cut to being always right."—W. Francis Aitken.

Editorial Note.

In view of the necessary brevity of the above report, the Editor appends a note on Mr. Pollen's subsequent lecture at Sir Herbert Tree's "Pleasant Sunday Afternoons":

"Sea power (Mr. Pollen declared) had given staying power to the Allies, but it had not given staying power to Germany. When the Socialist paper in Berlin reported that the organised Socialists of the capital had called on the Chancellor to summon the Reichstag, so that prices of food and the state of siege of the city might be considered; when the municipality of Berlin complained to the Burgomaster of the ruinous prices charged and the outrageous conduct of the agrarian interest in charging those prices; when the paper representing the agrarian interest defended itself by saying that more than ninety per cent. of the cattle fodder had failed this year; and when they found that meat was being sold in Berlin on only two or three days a week, and people were crying for food, he did not say that the end of the war was in sight, but he said the beginning of the end was.

"These facts were the most eloquent tribute possible to the work of the British Navy. The British Navy had fathered and mothered and St. Christophered, so to speak, the Allies in no fewer than twelve fields of war in the last fifteen months, and in not a single case had our command of the sea been disputed."

TWO UNPUBLISHED R. L. STEVENSON LETTERS

Through the courtesy of Friar William Archbald, I am able to give the two following letters from R. L. Stevenson to his friend Charles Baxter. Baxter was expecting an addition to his

family circle, and Stevenson's first letter is in response to Baxter's. The second letter speaks for itself.—EDITOR.

CHEZ MARCEL,
AU MONASTIER,
HAUTE LOIRE.

MY DEAR CHARLES,

I send word to say that I have received yours, and that I am with you in spirit. By this time you will know the best and the worst, and it seems impossible to say much, in case it should fall out of tune with your circumstances when this arrives. I am not much given to the praying, except in burlesque, but I do heartily supplicate God for you and your wife and your child. May all go better with you, old man, than it has gone with me. I find it damned hard work to keep up a good countenance in this world nowadays, harder than anyone knows; and I hope you may never have cause to feel one-half as bad as I feel. Good luck to you all with all my heart.

(Signed) ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

CHEZ MARCEL,
AU MONASTIER,
HAUTE LOIRE.

DEAR CHARLES,

Health to the Baxterine! I wish him all that is well, as merry a youth and as pleasant a lot as his father. Damn it, man, I envy you; it makes me think bitterly of my own little ones.

After receipt of this please address Poste Restante, Alais, Gard, for as soon as I get my money from you I shall start upon my tour, which is to end at Alais.

Give my compliments and best wishes to the mother; littlekin will scarcely yet be in a condition to understand complimentary messages, so you can give him a slap on his little behind to prepare him for life.

Yours ever,

(Signed) R. L. S.

"MY HARVEST." By FRIAR RICHARD WHITEING.

(Hodder and Stoughton. 10s. 6d. net.)

An Appreciation and a Review.

By Friar Silas K. Hocking.

Let me say at the outset that Friar Richard Whiteing's book, "My Harvest," has all the charm that anyone who knows the man or his works would expect. His hand has not lost its cunning, nor his brain any of its clearness. His style is as limpid as a mountain stream. There is no attempt at fine writing, no straining after effect. It is simple, lucid, natural from beginning to end. There is not a dull page in the book. One reads on and on without any sense of weariness or fatigue, and lays down the book at the end with a sigh of regret.

Yet it is difficult to characterise the book. It is auto-biographical, but not strictly speaking an autobiography. The author gleans over the broad field of threescore years, and gathers up the sheaves. There are twenty-three of these sheaves —or chapters—each neatly compact, and furnishing much food for thought.

Curiously, however, the author seems to stand aloof from himself all the way through. He writes, or appears to write, with an air of detachment, as though he wanted to look at himself and his work from the standpoint of an outsider. A certain shyness pervades every reference to himself. He shrinks from opening his heart and letting you see the play of emotions; hence you view the man only from the outside—never from within. If I had not known Friar Whiteing from personal and intimate acquaintance, I don't think I could have guessed the kind of man he is from reading this book. This, no doubt, is as he meant it to be.

Of his childhood and youth, he says comparatively little. We have a picture of the house in Norfolk Street, Strand, in which he and his father had rooms—a picture of the street as it then was, but almost nothing of the boy who looked through the iron railings at the end, at the river below. At the age of eight he is sent to a school at Bromley-by-Bow—a village then, flanked by cornfields and orchards. We are shown the mansion that had been turned into a school, with its wainscoted rooms and arabesqued ceilings, and fireplaces "as elaborate to scale as a cathedral porch"; but the boy himself is little more than a shadow.

Then he is removed to another school at St. John's Wood, kept by a French refugee, and finally apprenticed for seven years to an engraver of seals. I judge that this apprenticeship was not much to his liking, but he makes no complaint. His spare time he spent in modelling and drawing classes at Marlborough House, and later at the Working Men's College in Great Ormond Street.

Of his father he says but little. He speaks of him as a lonely man. I should judge also that he was shy and reticent, and not given to emotion—at least, not to any display of emotion. "In the gravest event of his life," the author writes, "I saw him giving way, not at the eyes, but only at the chin. The latter was crumpled in corrugated folds, and seemed to shrink for shelter within his ample stock, saving his face in the upper part, and hiding its loss in the rest. But he was tender in his own way on visiting days."

Of his mother we have this: "My mother—well, if I had the genius of Barrie she should have a book all to herself." This occurs on the second page, and in the three hundred and odd pages that follow he does not allude to her again. I wonder why? I own to feeling a little angry with the author. A woman who was deserving of a volume might surely have had a page devoted to her, or at least a paragraph.

Whiteing's real life began when he went to Paris as secretary of a proposed working class exhibition as between England and France. After that he engraved no more seals, and his father's dream of seeing his son chief engraver at the Mint came to an untimely end.

Returning from Paris, he fell on his feet as a journalist in a most interesting way; the story is too long to tell. Then we find him in Paris again as the representative of an important English paper. This time he saw everybody who was worth seeing. Statesmen, diplomatists, poets, musicians, painters, sculptors, journalists and writers of every rank and grade. He goes to Geneva for the *Alabama* Arbitration. Then back again to London, and interviews Gladstone after failing with Beaconsfield. Next we find him in Madrid, studying Spain in revolution; then in Manchester on the staff of the *Guardian*. A little later he is back in Paris again—Manchester could not hold him. In the years that follow we find him in Vienna, Berlin, New York, Petrograd, Moscow, and back once more

to Paris, which draws him like a magnet. At last, he has to decide whether he is to become a Frenchman or remain an Englishman. So he comes back again to London, and joins the staff of the *Daily News*. He complains pathetically, however, that he was not man enough for the job. "The poor compromise of *John Street* was all that remained."

Throughout the volume, he is the wise and genial philosopher roaming over the entire field of human thought and expression. He discusses men and manners, science and philosophy, art and literature, religion and dogma, towns and cities, clubs and salons, poets and politicians, journalists and historians, musicians and mountebanks, novelists and nobodies, and every subject he touches he illuminates. He writes out of the fulness of knowledge and experience. His work brought him into more or less intimate contact with many of the most distinguished people in Europe, and he records his impressions with genial frankness. For the Futurists and Cubists, and other small people who sneer at the Victorian age, he has only contempt. He hates the charlatan, but for the sincere soul, however mistaken, he has a kindly word and a large charity. He is tolerant of Mrs. Besant, for instance, but Bernard Shaw—well, we have this: "Mr. Shaw is the new self-realisation preached through a megaphone, and still hits Master Slender or Aguecheek with the strong word if he dies for it."

I have marked many pages for quotation, but my space is already exhausted. I can only hope that other Friars may find as much pleasure in the perusal of "My Harvest" as I have done.

Friar Richard Whiteing, in this entertaining and absorbing volume, embodies the experiences of a singularly varied and active life, a life during which he has met many men and done many things. He has long been one of our most popular members, and it was with feelings of profound regret that we heard of his retirement from Fleet Street in order to take up a new home by the sad sea wave. But he was born in 1840; and there comes a time to all of us when our activities have to be curtailed. They are replaced by the period of musing and reminiscence, a period which in the present instance has enriched the world of literature with records it could ill afford to lose.

Perhaps the most interesting part of the book is our author's description of his early struggles to gain a footing in the journalistic world. He began with "a desperate article on clocks and watches" which he offered to the editor of *The Clerkenwell News*. It is needless to say that he was never paid for it. We all know that first article for which we are never paid.

After he had obtained his footing on the Press, in spite of many vicissitudes, Richard Whiteing never went back. A great deal (it must necessarily be so for the journalist) of his work was unsigned, and the world will never know to whom it was indebted. But it does know who wrote "No. 5 John Street," a book which, besides exercising a great influence on modern thought, has been translated into many languages and brought its writer numberless friends.

Of course, one who was accustomed to enlighten us with his silver-tongued eloquence at the Whitefriars Club was not likely to ignore a place where he spent many happy hours:

"The Whitefriars, never more than a dining club, was my middle course. It had its day in Bohemia, but, reorganised as it is now, it is something of a debating society tempered by a dinner. There is a subject for discussion, and a 'celebrity'—usually from the outside—as the opener. Its only blemish in the nature of the case is that it is sometimes a little too improving for the mind, to the exclusion of all chance of exchanging a word with one's neighbour. . . . I hope I shall never forget the evening when Max O'Rell was in the chair, and Rapson, the great Orientalist, was the guest of the evening. At the Museum he belonged to the Department of Coins and Medals; and O'Rell wanted to say something nice about him as a numismatist. With his imperfect knowledge of the niceties of our tongue, he could manage it only in this way: 'Gentlemen, we are honoured to-night with the presence of a well-known coiner.'"

There is an interesting description of Lake Harris, "the arch mystic of some American phylanstery," in connection with Laurence Oliphant, the brilliant author of "Piccadilly." Harris had secured an extraordinary influence over Oliphant and used to transmit his orders to him by "spiritual wireless," with the most disastrous results to Oliphant, who was set to clean out stables as a test of his obedience. Oliphant (I met him frequently in Constantinople) took a friendly interest in me because I once supplied him with the remaining half of a quotation which had escaped his memory. He even gave me a letter of intro-

duction to Harris; but, fortunately, I never presented it, otherwise I, too, might have had my turn at the stables.

"My Harvest" also contains a peculiarly penetrating account of Watts-Dunton and his habit of curing genius of all its vices, notably in the cases of Rossetti and Swinburne. Mr. Whiteing sums up the whole matter in two or three sentences. "I have often thought that Watts-Dunton took too much pains with his ministrations of this kind. He seemed to cure his nurselings of every bad habit, *including the genius*. They were reclaimed to respectability, but too often at the expense of the divine fire." I once lunched with Swinburne and Watts-Dunton at The Pines, Putney; but I told "The Adventure of the Flat Beer" to Friar Clement Shorter, and it would not be fair to anticipate the memoirs which he will doubtless give to us some day.

A glance through the admirable index with which "My Harvest" is provided will enable the reader to trace Mr. Whiteing's footsteps for the last fifty years. It is a book full of wise sayings, of a gentle, kindly humanity, an ardent desire to benefit the race, an eager insistence on the solving of many problems which have hitherto seemed insoluble. "The soul," says Richard Whiteing, with that genial, kindly wisdom which has endeared him to us all—"The soul must still be master from first to last. By all means learn the job of your workshop, whatever it may be—founding a science or cooking a beefsteak. But your head and your hands are not enough; the true source and sustainer of all powers must still be in the heart."

I purposely refrain from giving further extracts in order that every Friar may get the book for himself. There is about it an indefinable charm, a scholarly fitness, a modest hope of having sown wisely and well, which will linger long in the memory of all of us who have been privileged to know and admire its gifted author.

G. B. B.

THE ANNUAL MEETING.

THE Annual General Meeting of the Brotherhood was held in the Chapter Room, Anderton's Hotel, on December 3rd, when the report of the Committee and balance-sheet were submitted and the Officers and Committee duly elected for the ensuing year.

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Annual Report and Balance-sheet, 1915.

The Committee of the Whitefriars Club have pleasure in reporting that it has maintained its membership and its interest during the year.

Having regard to the many calls made upon the time of Friars, in common with other citizens, by the War, the number of Dinner engagements was reduced, and instead of the issue of two sessional programmes each event was arranged separately on short notice. This plan may not have been so convenient to Members, but it gave greater hope of securing the presence of Club guests who could not commit themselves to attend on distant dates. The muster on each occasion was above the average, notwithstanding the fact that several Friars are on Military and one on Naval Service, some are doing duty as War Correspondents, and others have equally absorbing work in connection with the War.

In addition to the Christmas Dinner, which was associated with the Belgian Relief Fund, four Dinners were held. The guests were Sir Henry Lucy, Mr. William Meredith, Professor Mackail (Professor of Poetry at Oxford), and Mr. A. H. Pollen, the well-known Naval writer. The topics were "The New Journalism," "Books and Booksellers," "What we Owe to Russia," and "The Navy and the Great War."

Four new Members have been elected during the year: two town—Mr. Cyril Gamon and Mr. A. M. Drysdale—and two country—Major Cyril Davenport, V.D., and Mr. B. Pardoe-Thomas. Major Davenport's election marks the return of an old Member who resigned when he left London to reside in the country.

The Committee record with deep regret the death of two Friars, F. J. Cross and John Russell. The former rendered many services to the Club; the latter was less frequently seen in the Circle, but showed his regard for it as Honorary Photographer.

The Whitefriars Journal has, under the editorship of Friar Burgin, assisted by Friar Francis Aitken, proved more than ever welcome, and not least in linking up Members of the Brotherhood unable to foregather at the Club. It has been the solace of the watcher in the North Sea and has strengthened the *entente* in the trenches.

STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTS, 1914–1915.

RECEIPTS.

	£	s.	d.
To Balance at Bank, 1st Dec., 1914	181	15	1
,, Members' Subscriptions	*131	15	6
,, Entrance Fees	4	4	0
,, Christmas Dinner	39	0	10
,, Receipts for Copies of Journal	3	18	0
,, Interest on £300 London County Council Stock	7	19	7
	£368	13	0

* This amount includes six subscriptions for 1916.

EXPENDITURE.

	£	s.	d.
By Rent of Club Room	80	0	0
,, Christmas Dinner (£6 6s. 0d.—Xmas Crackers included)	55	6	9
,, Artistes	21	0	0
,, Waiters' Christmas Gifts	6	14	0
,, General Printing	6	16	0
,, Special do.	10	5	6
,, Club Journals	28	8	3
,, List of Members	5	0	0
,, Postages, Typing and Sundries	9	17	0
,, Clerical help	1	1	0
,, Newspapers	2	2	0
,, Reporter	2	9	6
,, Wreaths (Friars Cross and Russell)	2	0	6
,, Subscription (1916) refunded	1	1	0
,, Belgian Relief Fund	10	10	0
,, Balance at Bank, 30th November, 1915... ...	126	1	6
	£368	13	0

EDWARD CLODD,
Hon. Treasurer.

Friar Joseph Shaylor was Prior, and, as will be seen from the Balance Sheet, had to acknowledge on behalf of the Committee a considerable reduction in the balance at the end of the year. He pointed out that this was due to the reduction in subscriptions on account of the war and the recognition of public causes given so substantially at the Christmas Dinner of 1914. In all the circumstances the Committee had not thought it necessary to curtail expenditure for that year, but the arrangements for the coming year would effect economy without in any way weakening the interest of the Club.

Mr. Clemow was lowering the rent of the Club Room for so long as it was held during the war, and in regard to the Christmas Red Cross Dinner, it had been arranged to make a contribution to the Red Cross Society without encroaching upon the funds of the Club.

The Prior mentioned with satisfaction that the Club membership had been fully maintained, and that the attendances for various engagements had been as numerous as at any time.

He was also able to record that the Club subscriptions had come in well, Friars paying up with reasonable promptness.

The Committee take this opportunity of welcoming Friar Dr. J. Morgan de Groot, who was elected a member of the Committee.

Regret was expressed that the sunny presence of Walter Smith was missing from the functions during the year; he is in Boston for a while, but fully expects to come back to London in a year or two.

THE CHRISTMAS DINNER.

THE Christmas Dinner was held at the Trocadero on December 17th. FRIAR G. B. BURGIN was the Prior of the night, and MRS. BURGIN kindly acted as hostess. Club Guest: THE HON. ARTHUR STANLEY, M.V.O., President and Chairman of the Joint Finance Committee of the British Red Cross Society.

Friars present:

THE PRIOR—Mrs. G. B. Burgin, Mrs. H. R. Ives, Miss Elsie Ives, Dr. and Mrs. Leslie Burgin, Lieutenant Lionel and Mrs. Hall, Miss Cooper, Lieutenant Felstead. FRIAR W. FRANCIS AITKEN—Mrs. Aitken. FRIAR H. E. ALDEN—Mr. Herbert Kent. FRIAR W. GOLDFINCH BATE—Mrs. Goldfinch Bate. FRIAR H. J.

BROWN—Mrs. Brown, Mr. Albert and Mrs. Garcia. FRIAR A. HERVÉ BROWNING—Mrs. Browning, Mrs. Gifford Mead, Mr. Emil Nielsen. FRIAR A. B. COOPER—Mrs. Cooper. FRIAR CANON WESLEY DENNIS—Mrs. Wesley Dennis, Madame de Hennin Roussu Walcourt, Mr. Arnold Williams. FRIAR SIR VINCENT EVANS—Dr. O. M. Pritchard, Miss E. Furner, Mr. and Mrs. Huws Davies, Mr. Philip Williams. FRIAR LEWIS H. FALCK—Mrs. Falck, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Polak, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Clayton. FRIAR JOHN FOSTER FRASER—Mrs. Fraser, Miss Fraser, Miss Margaret Fraser. FRIAR CYRIL GAMON—Mrs. Gamon, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Best. FRIAR MORGAN DE GROOT—Mrs. Morgan de Groot. FRIAR SILAS HOCKING—Mrs. Hocking, Mr. Vivian Hocking, Mrs. Conder. FRIAR SIR ROBERT HUDSON—The Hon. Arthur Stanley, M.V.O., M.P., Miss Joyce Ilbert, Miss Dorothy Hudson. FRIAR H. K. HUDSON—Mrs. Hudson, Mr. and Mrs. Ormsby Hill. FRIAR (PRIVATE) WARD MUIR, R.A.M.C.—Mrs. Ward Muir. FRIAR G. H. NORTHCROFT—Mr. and Mrs. Hollick Tickell, Miss Northcroft, Captain Foxcroft. FRIAR G. MOULTON PIPER—Mrs. Piper, Mrs. R. Waller Biddulph. FRIAR DR. S. RIDEAL—Mrs. Rideal, Miss Rideal, Lieutenant Rideal, Miss Williams, Miss A. Williams, and another guest. FRIAR A. M. SCOTT, M.P.—Mrs. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Spokes. FRIAR JOSEPH SHAYLOR—Miss Shaylor, Mr. F. and Mrs. Elliott. FRIAR HAROLD SHAYLOR—Mrs. Shaylor. FRIAR CLEMENT SHORTER—Mrs. Shorter, Mrs. Thompson. FRIAR W. B. SLATER—Mrs. Slater, Miss Slater. FRIAR KEIGHLEY SNOWDON—Mrs. Snowdon, Miss Snowdon. FRIAR ARTHUR SPURGEON—Mrs. Spurgeon, Sir Malcolm Morris, K.C.V.O., and Lady Morris, Miss Bestwick, Mr. Stephen Graham. FRIAR JOHN WALKER—Mrs. Walker, Miss A. B. Walker, Mr. and Mrs. F. Breese, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Jennings. FRIAR JOHN WALKER, JUNR.—Miss Phyllis Walker, Mr. E. G. Drewry. THE HON. SECRETARY—Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Nash, Miss Pullen.

THE PRIOR, in giving "The King," said he was sure that he was expressing the sentiments of everyone in coupling with the toast the expression of a wish that His Majesty might speedily recover from the effects of his very serious accident in Flanders.

In proposing the toast of "The British Red Cross Society," coupled with the name of the Hon. Arthur Stanley, the Prior further said: Ladies and Gentlemen,—I find, on referring to the

Club JOURNAL, that it has been the invariable practice of my predecessors in this chair to do the same thing, and then, as the ground has already been more than sufficiently covered, to express their inability to find anything fresh to say. But to-night we have met in exceptional circumstances. We are endeavouring to let the spirit of Christmas take possession of our hearts and souls, and, in meeting old friends, forget the trials through which we are now passing, trials from which I have not the slightest doubt that we shall soon emerge triumphant.

Some miserable pessimist has said—you know the definition of a pessimist: an optimist is a man who doesn't care what happens so long as it doesn't happen to himself, and a pessimist is a man who lives with an optimist?—some miserable pessimist has said that at this time of storm and stress our wives and daughters should go about in unbecoming costumes of sackcloth and ashes; but when I gaze on the charming frocks around me, I congratulate the ladies who have had the good sense and the kindness to don their most attractive toilettes to make us forget for a time war and its attendant horrors.

There is an old saying that "Peace hath her victories no less than war." The main object of our dinner to-night is a practical exemplification of this saying, for we are met to do honour to the British Red Cross Society, which has helped us so much at the Front and at home in alleviating the pain of those who have suffered in their country's cause. I need scarcely say how much the Hon. Arthur Stanley, by his wonderful organising skill and grasp of detail, has contributed to the success of this good work. He has been, and is, the presiding genius of this movement, and has been nobly backed up by every section of the community. We have all contributed something from our scanty funds. As I dare say most of you are well aware, in the intervals of our vocations as Friars, we cultivate literature on a little oatmeal, or its modern equivalent, Quaker Oats. Even the reviewers among us, who are harder hit than anyone, have done their share, and one genial member of the tribe has given up smoking—in this world at least—to send the saved money to the fund.

There have been numerous ways of collecting money in aid of various societies. A little while ago there was a "Penny Day" in aid of the British Red Cross and kindred societies.

The *modus operandi* was that a charming young lady called at your house one day and left documents. The next day, she was to come back for the penny. When she called next day at a neighbour's house, the maid came out with two halfpennies on a silver salver; but farther on she had better luck, for she met a charming old housekeeper, who said to her: "If you please, miss, my mother left me all her things forty years ago, and among them was this purse with a shilling in it. Now, I don't think I could do better than give it to the Penny Fund. And as my mistress is a spinster, and there aren't any babies in the house to give their pennies, the old white Persian cat would like to give a new penny."

I see around me on all sides representatives of our various Colonies. The Canadians, in particular, have made common cause with us. There is one Canadian lady here to-night whom I have especially in mind. The first time I met her was in Canada. She was then seven, and I found her busily engaged in her father's garden with a handful of worms, although it was not the fishing season. "Darwin says," she remarked, "we are descended from worms, and papa says that all men are worms, and he ought to know." Since then she has given the masculine worm in whom she takes the deepest interest, her only son, to fight for us, and has come over to help Lady Drummond with her Red Cross work. Every other Colony of our great Empire has done very much the same, given its blood and its treasure, its nearest and dearest, to further the common cause of humanity and civilisation.

You may remember the old story of the two shipwrecked sailors on the raft when one asked the other to say a prayer, and the other replied that he did not know a prayer, but they would have a collection. Although, holy men that we are, we know many prayers, we have also had a collection, and our Treasurer is sending a substantial cheque to the British Red Cross Society.

Falstaff was once told that his waste was great and that his means were slender, and promptly retorted: "Would that my means were greater and my waist more slender." Unlike Shakespeare's fat knight, we have done all in our power to avoid waste, in order that our contribution to the British Red Cross Society may be as large as possible. And we have done this the more rejoicingly to show in a practical shape our

appreciation of the honour Mr. Stanley does us in coming here to-night. You are all anxious to hear from his lips something of the work of the British Red Cross Society, and I will no longer rob you of the pleasure of listening to him. Ladies and Gentlemen, it is my very great privilege to propose the toast of "The British Red Cross Society," coupled with the name of the Honourable Arthur Stanley.

THE HON. ARTHUR STANLEY, in responding to the toast, said: I thank you all most heartily for the cheque you have been kind enough to give to the British Red Cross Society. I had hoped that the lady next to me would have had the curiosity to open it to see how much it is. I do not dare to do it now, especially within reach of our Treasurer, Sir Robert Hudson, who is always a little nervous when he sees me handling any money. Therefore, I hand it at once to him in order that it may be in safe keeping.

It is a little difficult for me to speak about Red Cross matters for a purely family reason. I have a good many brothers who are all fighting in one way or the other, excepting one who is doing some recruiting work. Whenever I meet them they have the want of consideration to prefer that I should listen to their particular deeds of prowess instead of listening to what I have to say about the Red Cross. I am strictly forbidden to mention Red Cross, and, therefore, it becomes rather a pleasant but difficult change for me to have to speak on the matter.

People have been kind enough to talk about the Joint War Committee of the British Red Cross and the Order of St. John as a great organisation; but I can assure you—and Sir Robert Hudson will agree with me—that we never formed that organisation; like Topsy, it "growed." In the early days everybody who was anxious to work seemed to blow in and out, and those people who blew in formed that body.

I think I may claim in a way to have been the first cause of any department finding any definite shape. I started at the head of the Stores Department, which was magnificently housed in the stables of Devonshire House in four loose boxes, with an extra loose box for the medical staff. The Chairman told me with pride that he had ordered five thousand sets of patterns to start with, which ought to last for some time. But we sent out one hundred and forty thousand sets within the next

ten days, and I am informed by the ladies that they were mostly wrong.

The Finance Committee was formed after Sir Robert Hudson had found a lady, in the courtyard of Devonshire House, entirely unknown to him or to anybody else, taking stamps for the payment of patterns which he was using for the purpose of stamping their letters. That necessitated a Finance Department —or they thought so. It had not been easy to find a Finance Minister for such a body as the British Red Cross; but they had in Sir Robert Hudson one who at the same time looked after the finances of the Radical Party and of Westminster Abbey—a judicious combination which stamped him as being the proper Finance Minister for the Red Cross Society.

The Ambulance Department was formed on a scrap of paper from Lord Kitchener. It was a curious fact that in the whole provision for the war, motor ambulances were never thought of; and it was not until they, on a commission from Lord Kitchener, took out a few ambulances that the motor ambulance service was begun.

They could never sufficiently pay their debt of gratitude to Mr. Ridgeway, the head of the Ambulance Department, who came in to help for an hour or two a day, and within a week was working from eight in the morning till eleven at night, advising on ambulances—things he had never heard of before. The Motor Boat Department was a very recent departure, but they now had motor boats in the Persian Gulf and in the Dardanelles.

With regard to the Collections Department, the ladies brought in a large sum of money. He believed that they spent the whole night devising schemes for getting money away from people, and the whole day in raking it in.

One department had grown up by a very happy accident. A mother was going in search of the body of her son who was killed in France. With her went their very good friend, Lord Robert Cecil. They were then having many inquiries for missing men from relatives who could get no details, and they asked Lord Robert if he would make inquiries and set up a bureau in Paris. Out of that small beginning a great department had grown up, with something like one thousand seven hundred searchers throughout the whole of the fighting area,

and much had been done to relieve the anxiety of the relatives of the missing.

The Prior had kindly mentioned their work. Those who were not of military age, or for other reasons were not able to fight, had been most fortunate, he thought, because they had been kept busy, and knew that their work was helping those they loved so well. They had been more than fortunate in knowing that they were the channel through which the love and affection of the British Isles had been shown to the wounded, and that their work had done something to cement the alliance between this country, the Dominions overseas, and those with whom they were fighting side by side. Their campaign had realised £800,000, £200,000 of which came from Canada. They had also received another £100,000 from Canada, and the money was still flowing in.

The Red Cross Society had drawn everybody closer together in this time of hardship and trouble. Many hundreds of their people had gone to France and Belgium as nurses, and they had been largely instrumental in clearing Serbia of that terrible disease, typhus. Unfortunately, that had been succeeded by a more terrible disease still, the Germans.

Only that day they had dealt with ambulances for Russia, and had held a reception at the Mansion House for the Japanese Red Cross unit, who had been nursing at Netley Red Cross Hospital for a year. They had received the cordial thanks of the Italian authorities for one ambulance. A man with one ambulance had saved, single-handed, eighty cholera patients from a burning house.

I should like to thank the Press for the help we have received from them. We are in rather a difficult position. We are naturally modest people, and I prefer to hide my light under a bushel. On the other hand, we are faced with the difficulty that if we advertise ourselves too much, everybody says, "That awful Red Cross; I wish they would leave us alone." I am bound to say that in enabling us to steer a *via media* nobody could have been more kind to us than the Press. Whenever we have wanted any fact made public they have invariably given us the utmost publicity. They seem to have adopted the motto of the immortal Jorrocks, "Be to his virtues ever kind and to his faults a little blind." While we continue to have the support of the Press, and while they

continue to be good enough to tell the public of our good deeds and to hush up our misdeeds, so long will the flow of the generosity of the public continue, and so long shall we be able to show the love and affection of the British Empire for its gallant soldiers and sailors who are fighting its battles on land and sea.

MR. STEPHEN GRAHAM, in proposing the toast of "The Spirit of Christmas," approached his task in a very humble spirit. It seemed to be a difficult toast to propose in the midst of war, at a darker time perhaps than last Christmas. But Christmas could never be put out of season by the circumstances of the world. If there was a wicked Kaiser to-day, there was a wicked Herod long ago, who was ready to murder the Innocents. The great fact of Christmas was not peace in the world so much as peace in the heart and new life everywhere. In the midst of winter there was a sense of spring; in the midst of a terrible war there was a new hope. The great meaning of Christmas was that a Child was born, that there was new hope, and that spring had come.

"Looking back to my first Christmas in Russia, I had always the feeling of a child being born—a spiritual birth. And to-day, in this country, there was a feeling that the people were embarking on a new life. One thought of the one and a half or two millions of new recruits who had just been garnered in through the efforts of Lord Derby as people who were really on the threshold of a new life. They would look back to it in future years, remembering what came out of their great choice."

The men in the trenches also had new hopes, and all the unknown people in the trenches who were connected with literature, and those in Parliament, in whom the spirit was moving, would feel to-day the spirit of Christmas and of new birth. A time of war seemed contrary to the spirit of Christmas, but new life was coming to the nation and to the individual.

SIR ROBERT HUDSON, in proposing the health of the Prior, said that it was the first time in his recollection that the Prior had been able to recite the ritual without the book of words. He had tried several times to do so himself, but had always failed.

THE PRIOR, in acknowledging the vote of thanks, said it was a tradition in America that the River Hudson was named

after their friend Friar Hudson, owing to his silvery flow of eloquence. He thanked Sir Robert most cordially for the vote of thanks, and, in conclusion, wished all present a very happy Christmas and a prosperous New Year.

THE CHRISTMAS LUNCH.

(December 20th, 1915).

FRIARS present: Clement K. Shorter, John Lane, Henry J. Brown, Walter B. Slater, W. N. Shansfield (Hon. Sec.), W. Francis Aitken, Joseph Shaylor (Prior), Arthur Spurgeon, J.P., W. H. Helm, and G. B. Burgin.

This Annual Lunch is held as a kind of breaking-up feast before the Christmas holidays, and the long table was prettily decorated with white and mauve chrysanthemums and holly. The fare was turkey, mince pies, and plum pudding. Outside in the lobby, while the turkey was being consumed, the Club servants industriously prepared oratorical efforts in response to anticipated Club largesse. They were headed, at intervals, by Robert, the Club Waiter, a retainer of many years' standing, of whom it was once written:

"When Roberte dothe ye Clubbe forsake,
Ye Whitefriars will bend and break."

THE PRIOR: "Brother Friars,—It is with very great pleasure and pride that I occupy the position of chairman at this our annual gathering. Although our numbers, owing to the war and other causes, are not large, yet the meetings at our lunch table are unique and have resulted in very many happy hours for us all.

"During this season we have had many unusual difficulties with which to contend from the club point of view. But in spite of those difficulties, and largely through the untiring energy of our Hon. Sec., Friar Shansfield, all our gatherings have been very successful, and we hope in the New Year to do equally well.

"We have to thank our friend Friar Burgin very sincerely for his chairmanship at the dinner on Friday last. It was excellent. As a rule, we have no lack of accomplished chairmen

at our dinners, and Friar Burgin had a difficult task to perform, but he did it with great energy and success.

"As a result of last Friday's dinner, we have sent a very handsome cheque of £50 to the British Red Cross Society, subscribed by the members of the Club. I hope that in the coming year we shall have as many brilliant successes as we have had in the past. I give you the toast of 'The Whitefriars Club,' and wish you all a very happy and prosperous New Year. Now we will have in the Club servants and give them their customary 'tips.'" (Loud applause.)

Enter the Head Waiter. To him, THE PRIOR: "Hall, we are very pleased with what you have done for us during the year, and thank you for your good offices on behalf of the Club. I now have the pleasure to present you with a little honorarium from the Club."

THE HEAD WAITER: "Mr. President and Members of the Whitefriars Club,—I thank you very much, and wish you not only a Merry Christmas, but hope that next year will be more prosperous than this."

Exit, amid subdued feminine giggles from behind the half-opened door.

Enter Robert, the Club Waiter, to the accompaniment of tumultuous applause, and with an air of finding himself surprised to see us, although he has been waiting at lunch.

THE PRIOR: "Robert, we thank you for the readiness and zeal you have always displayed in waiting on us. I can only express a hope that during the coming year there will be a larger attendance at the lunch table than there has been this year. On behalf of the Club I hope that you may keep your health and strength and wait upon us for many years to come."

ROBERT (*with a courtly bow*): "Reverend Prior and Friars, —I have always tried to do my best. I thank you for your kindness, gentlemen, and wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

Enter HEAD PORTER, *and, in response to the Prior, delivers himself thusly:* "Thank you very much, sir, and the same to all of you gentlemen."

(*Subdued giggles from behind the door, and "No, I shan't. It isn't my turn." Cries of "Yes, it is. Go in. The pudden's getting cold."*)

Enter, gorgeously attired and buxom, HEAD WAITRESS, *rapidly*

rehearsing her speech as she comes, and getting the start of the Prior by at least a hundred yards: "Thank you very much for your kindness in making me this handsome present, sir, and I wish you all a Merry Christmas and a more prosperous year than this one." *She comes in an easy winner a quarter of a mile ahead of the Prior, curtsies, and vanishes.*

Enter white-robed COOK, *puzzled not to see Friar Sir Francis Gould and be congratulated on not having poisoned us all. He draws a relieved breath, receives his gratuity, and says:* "Gents., one and all, I thank you very much. You have my very best wishes for this *unusual* time."

And so, as Pepys hath it, to the little village of Chareing, and homeward by a subterranean newfangled contrivance constructed by an American aborigine and miscalled "Ye Tube."

G. B. B.

CLUB NOTES.

THIS was the way of it.

Owing to the war, and other reasons, the Club lunch table has rarely boasted more than a coterie of eight Friars at lunch; and that generally on a Monday. Which thing has grieved the heart of Robert the Waiter.

But it has been a very lively lunch table, partly because of the rivalry of two distinguished Friars who are rose growers—Friars Joseph Shaylor and Clement K. Shorter.

As they say in romantic novels, "no cloud dimmed the horizon of their fair young loves" until one day Friar Shaylor sported a magnificent rose in his buttonhole, a rose which turned me green with envy—as green as the celebrated carnation of the leader of the æsthetic movement.

The rose caught the eye of Friar Shorter. He said nothing, but casually appeared the next Monday wearing an even finer rose than Friar Shaylor's. "I've thousands of them," he remarked when we congratulated him.

A pang convulsed the amiable features of Friar Shaylor. Like Brer Rabbit, he "warn't saying nothing," but came on the following Monday with a rose which for sheer beauty was worthy of the Omar Khayam Club.

And so it went on.

I had a something which has become regrettably rare with me of late years—an original idea. "Let us," I suggested, "have a rose lunch. These two distinguished rosarians can each bring a bunch of roses and spread them all over the table for us to look at."

Friar Arthur Spurgeon shook his head. I could see from the working of his mobile features that his busy brain was actively engaged on a better plan.

It was.

It took this form:

"My dear Burgin,—Your suggestion for a Rose Luncheon appealed to me at once. Shorter and Shaylor are both free on Friday, August 27, and I beg to send you a most cordial invitation to a little Bohemian luncheon to meet the champions at Restaurant d'Italie, Old Compton Street, Soho, at 1.30.—Best regards, Arthur Spurgeon."

I, with equal cordiality, accepted, and, on the appointed date, "wearing the white flower of a Burgin life"—(Oh, I can grow roses, too!)—I started for the Café d'Italie.

Eight other travellers might also have been seen wending their way, as G. P. R. James so beautifully puts it, towards Old Compton Street, that picturesque home of every Italian restaurateur who has not gone to the war.

These were the eight travellers: Friar Senior, Friar Spurgeon, Friar Shaylor, Friar Shorter, Friar Shansfield (most of the really great men of the Club have names beginning with "S"), Friar Foster Fraser (he sports two "S's," but modestly puts them in

the middle), Friar Dr. J. Morgan de Groot, and Friar Francis Aitken.

The proprietor, "washing his hands with invisible soap and imperceptible water," met the aforesaid travellers on the threshold and led them into a cosy room. There were swarthy "furrineers" at other tables, fair damsels who tripped the light fantastic toe at the neighbouring Palace Theatre, and ladies with pretty frocks and transparent sleeves—sleeves which revealed arms of what a young novelist friend of mine calls "a moulded whiteness." There were also fierce-looking, moustached men, and a dear, wounded, blue-eyed lad in khaki, carrying his arm in a sling.

I think we created a sensation, for the table was strewn with beautiful red roses, grown by Friar Spurgeon himself, and each guest had a buttonhole of a red rose and sweet peas. I heard one man at a neighbouring table say, "*Voilà les redacteurs célèbres*—(I don't know whether that's right, but it sounded like that)—*d'Angleterre.*" It seemed a pity to undeceive him, so I whispered, loud enough for him to hear, "They kept me so busy in getting out *The Times* to-day that I'm a bit late." His eyes bulged.

Here is the "maynoo":

Hors d'Œuvres Variés.
Melon Glacé.
Petite Marmitte.
Soles à la Colbert.
Poulet en Casserole.
Cœurs de Laitue.
Timbale de Fruits au Liqueur.
Dessert.

August 27, 1915.

Then we fell to.

It was a delightful lunch, dainty, well served, and appetising in spite of the heat. But what rendered it unique was the charm of meeting one's friends, of talking over old times (Friar Senior, who has not been often with us of late, looked remark-

ably well), of feeling that the world isn't wholly composed of "battle, murder and sudden death." Friar Spurgeon was an admirable host; Friar Shaylor thanked him in a neat little speech for his kind thought of us, and he said a few words in reply.

The proceedings were brought to an end by the untimely and unexpected arrival of three o'clock.

Which phrase reminds me.

I used to know a Canadian printer who worked on a little village paper, and systematically went off for a week's "jamboree" (English papers please copy) twice a year. He put an announcement in his paper that he was going to see his friends in Nova Scotia. Then he departed for his week's "jamboree."

I met him after one of these occasions, and asked him how it went off. "It was gloriously successful," he replied, "and was only brought to an abrupt conclusion by the untimely and unexpected arrival of—Monday morning."

Not that I mean to imply anything by this anecdote. But the phrase reminded me of it. Oh, by the way, the swarthy foreigner who thought I was the Editor of *The Times* was more than ever convinced of it when Friar Morgan de Groot asked me to go for a ride in his motor.

And the proprietor of the café gave us each an alleged medal before we went away. Alas! there was no ribbon to it!

Have you ever dipped into the penny boxes of the second-hand bookshops in Charing Cross Road? At one time the penny boxes were the exclusive receptacles of the works of young poets. Now they are mostly given over to theology.

The other day I picked up out of one of these penny boxes a beautiful little copy of "The Works of Benjamin Franklin, with his Life." The date is 1824, and the best part of the Life was written by Franklin himself. Then he died, and some

Dryasdust finished it. There is a quaint little bit in it which may interest all good Friars concerning the origin of tobacco. Two Indians were cooking a deer when a beautiful young woman descended from the clouds, and they presented her with the tongue. She was pleased with the taste of it and said:

"Your kindness shall be rewarded. Come to this place after thirteen moons, and you shall find something that will be of great benefit in nourishing you and your children to the latest generation."

They did so. Where her right hand had touched the ground, they found maize; where her left hand had touched it, they found kidney beans; and where she had sat on the ground they found tobacco.

Franklin also tells the story of a Swedish minister having assembled the chiefs of the Susquehanna Indians, to acquaint them with the principal historical facts on which our religion is founded—such as the fall of our first parents by eating an apple, etc. When he had finished, an Indian orator stood up to thank him. "What you have told us is all good. It is indeed bad to eat apples. *It is better to make them into cider.*"

The following epitaph on himself was written by Franklin many years previous to his death:

The body
of
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN,
Printer
(like the cover of an old book,
its contents torn out,
and stripped of its lettering and gilding),
lies here food for worms;
yet the work itself shall not be lost,
for it will (as he believed) appear once more
in a new
and more beautiful edition,
corrected and amended
by
THE AUTHOR.

Verily, the best pennyworth I have met with for many a long day.

Private Ward Muir, R.A.M.C., has edited "The Gazette of the 3rd London General Hospital at Wandsworth" so success-

PRIVATE WARD MUIR.

fully that I am sorry he has never tried his hand on the Club Journal. Here is one of the many bright stories in "The Gazette":

A certain young officer was asked why he didn't grow a moustache. "He tried," said a friend of his. "Some hairs duly arrived, and when they saw what they were coming out on they went back."

Friar Walter Smith writes from America:

"I have made up my mind to stay here during the summer, and to return to London when I feel that I can be of more service to England than I was during the last four months of 1914. Certain facts have prompted me to make this decision, and it was hastened by the *Lusitania* horror. I am now here in New York marking time.

"I was very sorry to give up my WHITEFRIARS work, but a committee man who doesn't perform his duty is worse than a

sore finger. I find I can be of some service to old England over here, and I'm doing it. The Germans here are saying very little at present, but they possess considerable political power, and may cause trouble at any time. There is a continual attempt among them to hide the truth, and it is up to us who know the truth to lift the cover when someone tries to put it on."

I am told that Friar St. John Adcock has succeeded Friar Walter Smith on the *Boston Transcript*. His weekly letter should be an interesting one, as, from his long acquaintance with things literary, he is able to write interestingly about them. And he knows most of the writing men in London.

In the midst of much more exciting employments, Friar (Captain) Albert Kinross has found time to write a new novel—a light, dainty story of English country life. He is one of our many authors who have worn khaki since August last, and has been on active service in France in the Army Service Corps. After putting in a strenuous winter there, he was blown off a motor lorry in March and invalided home with concussion of the brain. I am glad to hear that he has recovered and gone back to the front. Our linguistic Friar (he belongs to the younger branch of the Kinross family) is a novelist who brings some conscience to his work, and is always more concerned about his art than about the market for it. Now, however, the market has come to him, and will go on coming. His new book is entitled "The Fortunes of Virginia Bright."

THE JOURNAL is indebted to the courtesy of the "Sidesmen" of St. Peter's Church, Brockley, for the following particulars of the tribute to the memory of the late Friar C. H. Grundy by his friends and parishioners. A sum of £643 6s. 7d. was subscribed, and it was decided that the memorial should take the form of—

(*a*) The insertion of stained glass in the three windows in the south wall of the nave of the church.

(*b*) The erection of a memorial brass over the pulpit.

(*c*) A contribution to the maintenance of a cot in the Miller General Hospital.

The subjects represented in the windows are—

St. Peter preaching at Pentecost.
St. Paul preaching at Athens.
St. Augustine preaching before King Ethelbert.

The dedicatory service, conducted by the Bishop of Southwark, was very numerously attended.

If you wish to forget the horrors of war, read "Naval Occasions," by "Bartimeus," which deals with the lighter side of naval officers' lives, from midshipmen upward. The best story in it is that of a certain rather questionable lady telling how she loved and lost. "Pa shot 'im.—Sniff!—'Ow I loved 'im.—Sniff!—Lor', 'ow 'e did bleed."

Major Cyril Davenport (I am delighted to welcome him on his rejoining the Friars) commanded the Stepney Division when it marched past the King in Hyde Park, and also commanded the same division on the occasion of the Royal Coronation procession. He has been busier than ever since his retirement from the British Museum.

At lunch the other day we were talking of the different points of view of the war taken by clergymen. Then the conversation turned on "bad" clergymen, and someone instanced the case of a marvellous scamp of a vicar, William Lang, in the days of Charles I., who occupied the pulpit of Bradworthy, Devon. This man began life as a sand carrier, was vicar of this parish and sheriff's bailiff at the same time. After forging several warrants, he fled to Ireland, but, on obtaining the Bishop's forgiveness, returned to Bradworthy, became a solicitor, and alarmed his flock by threats of action. The next step was to turn the vicarage into a public-house, and, worse than that, "he sent his daughter into the pulpit to catechise the children!" This is said to be the only Church of England pulpit that has ever been occupied by a woman."

The death of Sir John Murray reminds one of Dr. Johnson's Dictionary, which was compiled very near Anderton's Hotel.

Six amanuenses were employed, five of them being "natives of North Britain. . . . The fate of all of them was sad; they had no resource save the sympathy of Johnson." . . . The work was begun in Holborn, and ended in No. 17 Gough Square, on the north side of Fleet Street, the amanuenses working at their desks in "an upper room fitted up like a counting-house." Johnson marked his books with a blacklead pencil to show his amanuenses the quotations which he wanted to make.

Johnson did not imagine that his work was perfect. Indeed, he expressly stated that "a few wild blunders and risible absurdities may for a time furnish folly with laughter and harden ignorance in contempt; but useful diligence will at last prevail."

He wished the world to know "that the English Dictionary was written with little assistance of the learned, and without any patronage of the great; not in the soft obscurities of retirement, or under the shelter of academic bowers, but amidst inconvenience and distraction, in sickness and in sorrow." Horne Tooke could never read this part of the preface without tears.

When Johnson regarded the fate of previous dictionaries in ancient or foreign languages, "I may surely be contented," he says, "without the praise of perfection, which, if I could obtain, in this gloom of solitude, what would it avail me? I have protracted my work till most of those whom I wished to please have sunk into the grave, and success and miscarriage are empty sounds; I therefore dismiss it with frigid tranquility, having little to fear or hope from censure or from praise."

The definitions of Johnson have often formed the subject of jest through his love of explaining an ordinary word in grandiloquent terms. A good sample of this high and mighty language is "blister," a harmless trouble in ordinary life, but according to Johnson, "a pustule formed by raising the cuticle from the cutis, and filled with serous blood."

Jowett took a peculiar interest in Murray's great English Dictionary. Of this new dictionary an amusing story was

invented in Oxford. Boswell, meeting Dr. Johnson in the Shades: "What would you say, sir, if you were informed that your dictionary is being superseded by the work of a Scotsman and a Nonconformist?" "Sir," replies Johnson, "in order to be amusing it is not necessary to be flippant, inaccurate or indecent."

Friar W. H. Helm's new book is "Vigée Lebrun: Her Life, Work, and Friendships." In addition to his account of the artist's life, Friar Helm has prepared the first *catalogue raisonné* of her works, so far as it has been possible to trace them. The volume is illustrated with forty photogravure plates, mostly of portraits after pictures painted by Madame Lebrun, some of which, including notable examples from English private collections, have never before been published.

Talking of books, who is responsible for the following?

"As good almost kill a man as kill a good book: who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious lifeblood of a master spirit, imbalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life."

The November number of *The Gazette,* edited by Friar Ward Muir, has its customary entertaining anecdotes:

"Private Blank, having been discharged, goes back to his ward to bid farewell to the Sister who has nursed him. 'Well, good-bye, Sister; I can't thank you for all your kindness, but if ever there was a Fallen Angel it's you!'"

Friar Clement Shorter, out of an admirable industry, writes "introductions" as well as literary notes, and perhaps one prefers the introductions. He contributes an introduction to a new Mrs. Gaskell volume in the World's Classics, "Right at Last, and Other Tales." It contains all that remains to be collected of Mrs. Gaskell, other than her "Charlotte Brontë," for the "Complete Works" in the World's Classics. The contents of the volume, as Friar Shorter says, "neither enhance

nor detract from a great writer's fame." But they have a "certain bibliographical and indeed human interest," which will ensure them a welcome from all readers of Mrs. Gaskell. By the way, isn't it time we had another volume of Mrs. Shorter's poignant poems?

I was dipping into Sir Walter Scott's Journal the other day, and came across a most scathing reference to the

> "literary people who walk with their noses in the air, and remind me always of the fellow whom Johnson met in an alehouse, and who called himself 'the *great* Twalmley—inventor of the floodgate iron for smoothing linen.'"

Brethren of the pen, let us be "'umble" lest we also offend. But what is the peculiarity of the "floodgate iron"?

The opening dinner of the season, with Mr. A. H. Pollen as Club Guest, and Friar Sir Gilbert Parker in the chair, was one of the most successful we have had for years. The

MR. A. H. POLLEN.

report of the dinner in THE JOURNAL is necessarily short, as the debate touched on matters which were confidential and not meant for publication. There were sixty-six members and guests present; a record attendance for war time.

U.S. ANXIETY ABOUT A BRITISH NOVELIST.

"The U.S. State Department is waiting for detailed information regarding the seizure by a British cruiser of '*The*

Hocking.'" But which is *the* Hocking? Silas or Joseph? And why should he be seized? And why should the U.S. State Department worry itself over the matter? Can it be that the Press Gang is at work? We pause for a reply, and if we don't get it, "Forty thousand Cornishers will know the reason why."

Friar Joseph Shaylor, who is most exemplary in his performance of all life's duties, seldom, if ever, commits a crime; but here is a topical "wheeze" of his which he brought out at the Annual Business Dinner.

A commercial traveller, a little "under the weather," accompanied by his son, enters a restaurant and asks for Turkey with no Greece. Waitress: "I am sorry I cannot Servia." C. T.: "What nonsense! Call the Bosphorus." Waitress: "It's no good; you can't Roumania." C. T.'s son: "Never mind. Pick up your Bagdad and we'll go home Hungary!!!"

A few of the stories told at the Christmas Dinner:

"King John," wrote a small schoolboy, "was a bad man. He ground down the people with taxis."

A man was admiring a girl with a very small waist. He followed the girl, who fainted and was carried into a chemist's shop. "How is she now?" asked the anxious admirer as he went into the shop. "Just comin' to," replied the chemist. "I thought she would!" said the anxious admirer.

Two insurance men were bragging about the way their companies paid up. One said: "The man died, and I handed the cheque to his family within an hour of his death." "That's nothing," said the other. "One of our men on the floor above me fell out of the window, and I handed him his cheque as he fell."

A lunatic employed on the asylum works wheeled his barrow with its legs in the air. "That's not the way to wheel a barrow," said a keeper. "Isn't it?" asked the lunatic. "If I wheeled it the other way up you'd fill it with bricks."

A farmer sold a shopkeeper eight dozen eggs. When they came to count them, there was one over. "I'll give you the egg if you'll stand me a drink," said the farmer. "Very well," said the shopkeeper. "What shall it be?" "I'll take milk with an egg in it," said the farmer.

A man was industriously fishing in a flower bed, and an observer pitied him so much for his stupidity that he gave him a drink. "Ever caught anything?" he asked jocularly. "You're the eighth to-day," said the fisherman.

It is with great regret that I chronicle the death of Friar J. Russell. He was one of our oldest members (1889), and we are indebted to him for the many admirable photographs which adorn the walls of the Club. He will be greatly missed, not only by the Friars, but by a very large circle of friends and acquaintances.

The December number of Friar Muir's *Gazette* is as lively as ever. A certain army man had recently returned from Germany as an exchanged prisoner. His was a swell London regiment, and his bootmaker, happening to call round on him in the ward, asked:

"How did you find those boots I made for you?"

"Best I ever tasted," responded the convalescent.

"All the old work had to be done by the pen; Senior's descriptions are true literature," writes Friar Whiteing in "My Harvest." I wish he had given us a few more descriptions of his old cronies at the Friars; they deserve it.

It is of interest to know that the author of "No. 5, John Street," entered journalism out of craftsmanship—he had been apprenticed to Benjamin Wyon, "chief engraver of Her Majesty's (Queen Victoria's) seals"—via some sketches in the *Star,* under Justin McCarthy, of the alleged impressions of a coster in Belgravia, meant as a counterblast to James Greenwood's "Amateur Casual" in the *Pall Mall.* As special correspondent

in the Paris of 1867; Geneva of the Alabama Convention; Madrid of the Carlist rebellion; Paris again, with the friendship of Hugo and Gambetta; America; Berlin in the 'eighties; Petersburg (that was) with Turguenieff.

The Red Cross Christmas Dinner was held at the Trocadero on Friday, December 17. Following on the precedent set by the Belgian Christmas Dinner last year, this dinner was a recognition of the work of the British Red Cross Society. The Hon. Arthur Stanley, M.P., the treasurer, responded to the principal toast, and the entertainment was given by Miss Margaret Balfour, Mr. Albert Garcia, Mr. Frederick Chester, and Mr. Walter Churcher. Friar G. B. Burgin was the Prior. Mrs. Burgin received in the Alexandra Room at a quarter past six o'clock, and dinner began at a quarter to seven o'clock in the Empire Room. A conversazione was held in the Alexandra Room. A report of the dinner will be found in the body of THE JOURNAL.

G. B. B.