WHITEFRIARS JOURNAL.

Edited by FRIAR G. B. BURGIN.

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CLUB DINNER.

LIFE IN THE OLD COUNTRY AND LIFE IN AUSTRALIA.

The dinner arranged for the month of January took place on Friday, January 21st. Club Guest—Sir George Reid, K.C.B., G.C.M.G., M.P., etc., etc.; Prior—Friar Robert Donald.

Among the guests present were: Captain R. Muirhead Collins, Secretary to the Australian High Commissioner; Mr. T. S. Townend, of the Australian Press Association; Mr. Neil Turner, general manager of the *Daily Chronicle;* Mr. J. Ferguson; Rev. Colin Walker, Vicar of Christ Church, Warley; Captain R. F. Archbald (home from the Front); Mr. H. E. Cooper; Rev. C. J. Sharp; Mr. David Rice, of John Murray's; Mr. Oliver Hogue, of the Sydney *Morning Herald,* author of "Love Letters of an Anzac"; Sergeant P. Bennett, D.C.M., a New Zealand journalist; the Hon. William Pember Reeves, Director of the London School of Economics (formerly High Commissioner for New Zealand); Mr. John Hinds, M.P. for West Carmarthenshire; Mr. F. T. Hopkinson; Dr. Campbell Maclure, the well-known physician; Mr. C. E. S. Chambers, Editor of *Chambers's Journal;* Mr. J. W. Cawston, C.B.; Mr. Arthur Rees, London Correspondent for the *Melbourne Age;* Mr. Ivan Lake; Mr. Hollick Tickell; Mr. C. E. Fagan, of the British Museum Natural History Department; Mr. P. L. F. Perkins; Mr. J. S. Ross; Lieutenant Gordon Piper; Lieutenant Matthews; Mr. N. D. Power, Hon. Secretary for Hospitality to the Australian War Contingent; Mr. Isaac Shone; Mr. W. Mackenzie, art publisher; Mr. Eimer Showler; Mr. Sidney Shaylor; Mr. T. Preston; Mr. Thomas Young, of Cassell's; Mr. D. Young; Mr. J. Abernethy; Mr. J. W. Johnston; Mr. W. Horsburgh; and the Rev. S. T. H. Saunders, Rector of St. Helen's.

The Prior (Friar Robert Donald), in introducing the Club Guest (the Right Hon. Sir George Reid, K.C.B., G.C.M.G., M.P.), said Sir George Reid had been a bit of a record breaker

in his time, but he had never been so busy as during the past fortnight. He began the year by receiving the G.C.B. He was the first man who had given up a highly responsible official position, which he had filled with great distinction, the day before his election to the House of Commons. He was the first man to be introduced to the House by a Liberal and a Conservative at the same time. And he was the first who had promptly taken his seat on the front Opposition Bench.

Officially Sir George ought to have retired that night, but he thought it would be a fitting climax to his career if he came to the Whitefriars Club on January 21st. But his retirement had been put forward a day or two because of his election to the House—which was thrust upon him and not sought by him. Sir George was not to be regarded as a Liberal or Conservative, but as a real Imperial Member of Parliament, who would be most important when the terms of peace came to be discussed, because the voice of Australia and of the Dominions overseas would be heard through him.

Sir George Reid, in reply, said he was chained to a text: "Life in the Old Country and Life in Australia." He began life in the Old Country in Scotland, which he left, under compulsion, on the sixtieth day after he was born. Nothing, he supposed, would show more clearly and simply the absolute integrity of his ancestry for many generations than the fact that he left Scotland as soon as he possibly could, and to make more room for his unfortunate fellow-countrymen. But his departure had been cheered by the reflection that the less a man knew of his native land the more he could admire it.

He went out to Australia when he was seven years old, and for the rest of his life, except for the last six years, he lived there. He was there for a very long time, and had a very happy life. He took to the profession of the Bar, a very honourable profession, though its members were sometimes attacked for defending men whom they believed to be guilty. That was a slur on an honourable profession. The law did not say that every guilty man was to be found guilty, but that twelve more or less intelligent gentlemen, who were almost sure to take a wrong view, should perform the miracle of being unanimously satisfied that there was no doubt about a man's guilt; though the members of his profession took very good care that the jury had some difficulty in arriving at such a unanimous decision.

Australia was one of the grandest countries on the face of the earth, and its glorious development was due mostly to the character of the men who went out there when gold was discovered in the early 'fifties. A finer race of adventurers never went to a rich new land, and they would find some explanation of the marvellous exploits of the young Australians in the fighting line in the glorious fathers and grandfathers who settled down in Australia fifty or sixty years ago.

One of the most singular things about that new land, with its vastly different climate from this, was that only real old English sports had taken root there. Cricket, racing, football, rowing, golf and shooting were the great sports of Australia. Other games had been introduced, but without success. Ninety-seven per cent. of the men, women and children in Australia were either descended from British people or were British born. So that, if the great centre of the Empire were blotted out of the map to-morrow, there were Britons overseas who might even surpass the glories of the illustrious Motherland.

Nothing affected ancestral loyalty of the British breed as it had been developed in Australia; and here was brilliant proof of the truth of heredity. There were those young Australians, in a peaceful land, thousands of miles away from the strain of diplomatic pressure and the anxiety of standing armies, with a coastline eight thousand miles in length on which a cannon shot had never been fired in anger—a people devoted to the arts of peace in the cities, villages and remote spaces of the vast interior. But when the storm clouds gathered, and the fate of our race and our land was suddenly exposed to deadly challenge, in an instant, before even the people of the British Isles began to move, the youths of Australia came rushing in from remote places to the centres of population in order to fight the enemies of England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales wherever found.

These youths were all unprepared so far as military training was concerned. After a few months' training in Egypt, they were suddenly ordered to the Dardanelles, and in a few moments of time these young Australians from the distant bush performed prodigies not only of valour and impetuous courage, but of relentless steadiness, and established their fame as worthy of the best pages in the history of the finest of their fighting ancestors since the race began. Our enemies thought the Empire was too loosely held together, that decadence had set in, that

the heart of our race had ceased to be sound, and that the offshoots of our race had ceased to care. But the war had brought out a spirit wherever our race was settled which gave the best possible guarantee that, whatever the fortunes of this or that campaign, there could only be one end to a struggle in which the full power of our race and Empire was exerted.

When men spoke sneeringly of Lord Kitchener, how blind they were to the wonderful fact that in a very few months, by the magic of a single name, Kitchener's new armies of millions of Britons went into training to fight for their country. The wondrous charm of the name of Kitchener in bringing into being those mighty British armies would be more fully recognised when the war was over. It was an extraordinary thing, and very unjust, that men who were trained as soldiers should also be called upon to discharge duties for which they had had no previous training whatever. Why had a great Department of State, which spent millions in times of peace, no man of business capacity and experience to manage its business side? What chance had the finest soldier in the world who had no business experience or training against the very clever gentlemen who supplied the needs of His Majesty's Service in the time of war? That was one of the absurdities of our military system. But in spite of all that, how wonderfully had the War Office risen above its difficulties. It was not yet through the wood, but it was getting on terms with the enemy, and it was well to remember that the Government had not only to find munitions for our own armies and fleets, but to do more than was generally known for the Allies.

What a splendid part the Press had played during the war! And when he spoke of the Press, he did not refer only to the British Press, but the Press of all the Dominions and Dependencies beyond the seas.

The Empire had a noble ideal for our own and every other race that existed beneath the shadow of our Imperial power. He felt proud of the magnificent loyalty and sacrifice Australia had shown herself ready to make, not only in fighting for them, but for herself, because one of the best things about the war was the perfectly clear view of all the Dominions and Dependencies that every drop of blood that was shed and every life that was sacrificed was just as much on behalf of the distant Dominions as for the Motherland.

The ideal of British statesmanship during the past fifty or sixty years had met with its reward. The pages of history showed that when an empire was exposed to failure, the subject races began to plot and plan how soon they could take advantage of the troubles of the power which had conquered and oppressed them. It was not so with our Empire. For the first time in the history of empires, the peoples of those countries which we had conquered and annexed, into which we had carried our flag by the power of the sword over oceans we had made subject to our sway, stood just as stedfastly and loyally by our side as if we were not for them an alien race. The most glorious fact in the war was the wonderful response of India.

The task of winning this war is one of infinite difficulty, but the problems which lead us to success in it will be nothing in comparison with the gravity and intricacy of the problems which will come upon our statesmen when our soldiers and sailors have won final victory for us. You talk of a political truce during the war. There will be infinitely greater need for that political truce when the last shot has been fired. Think of the settlement of our relations with our enemies and our friends outside the Empire. Think of the inter-Imperial questions of inter-relationship which must press upon us when the war is over. Think of the industrial upheaval in all the industries of the Empire, which at present are producing only the means of destruction, as compared with the infinitely more difficult task of binding up the wounds and reconstructing our industrial system so that those glorious men who have gone to the Front to fight for us and to win our battles will not, when the fight is over, become dependent upon national charity. Think of the marvellous wisdom needed when hundreds of thousands of our soldiers refuse to go back to the shop and the unexciting employments of the past, and demand that our statesmen shall cast an intelligent look across the marvellous resources of this glorious heritage of ours in every latitude, and see that every man that can work, crippled or not, shall be planted where, out of his weakness and suffering, there shall grow a future race worthy of us.

Mr. Pember Reeves had listened with immense pleasure to the eloquent address of his old friend, Sir George Reid, who was a young Prime Minister of New South Wales when they first met. He himself was now a time-worn veteran lying on

the economic shelf, but he beheld in his friend, Sir George, a young politician at the bottom of another and loftier ladder, with a brilliant career in front of him. As an Australasian, it was with very great satisfaction that he saw him in the House of Commons. It had long been his hope that the time would come when some few Colonial men of real knowledge and experience in public affairs in the Colonies, who held responsible positions and could talk with weight and authority, might be seen in the House. It had been long in coming, but had come at last, and he did not think they could have made a better start than with Sir George Reid. Considering the amount of rubbish that was talked and written about the British Colonies by persons without experience, knowledge, intelligence and authority, it was an immense relief to feel that at least one of the very few who knew what they were talking about would have an opportunity of addressing Mr. Speaker at Westminster.

FRIAR CHARLES GARVICE was heartily sick of Party politics. They wanted a National Party representing all that was most worthy in the present parties, with such a man as Sir George Reid at the head. He hoped that before long they would find in the House of Commons, sitting very near Sir George, representatives from New Zealand, Canada, and all the other Colonies.

FRIAR ARTHUR SPURGEON would like to mention another record their Guest had made, in that he was the first man in the history of the House of Commons who, during his maiden speech, had been able to bang the box on the table in front of Mr. Speaker.

MR. OLIVER HOGUE (Australian Field Forces) said it was a unique honour to be present that evening, and a still greater honour to be mentioned in dispatches from the Chair. He had served six months in Gallipoli, and although he was the last to leave, he had never been mentioned at all. Unfortunately, out of the fifty officers who had landed with him, sixteen were killed and twenty-seven were sick or wounded.

Someone had said they could not understand why the Australians, who were living in such a peaceful land, should have rushed into the present conflict. When we found that South Africa, the youngest member of the Imperial family, which had only been in the Empire a very few years, was fighting, we felt how much more Australia should do so, after nestling

under the wings of the Empire for a hundred years, and we simply had to butt in.

There was one thing Australia had done which would commend itself to them. All the while the war was on, there had never been a bit of captious criticism from any of the Australian papers of their statesmen. And another thing: in addition to sending an Imperial Expeditionary Force across the seas, they started in to paint the Pacific pink, and had taken possession of several groups of islands. They wanted those islands to remain pink when the war was over, and Sir George Reid in the House of Commons would have some little influence in that direction when the terms of peace were discussed.*

The Rev. Colin Walker, Dr. Campbell and Mr. J. Hinds, M.P., also spoke.

Sir George Reid having briefly replied, the proceedings terminated.

THE LATE FARLOW WILSON.

By Friar William Senior.

In asking me for "a few personal recollections of dear old Friar Farlow Wilson that would be a fitting tribute to a singularly sweet-natured personality," our good "G. B. B." has supplied at once a keynote, and what I know full well would be the unanimous verdict of the entire brotherhood of Friars were it asked for and expressed in a full Chapter of assembled Friars. I cannot improve upon it—could not say more in happier words—dare not say less.

Tennyson indicates an impossibility in asking that, when a friend like Farlow Wilson goes

"From out our bourne of Time and Place,"

there shall be

"No sadness of farewell."

It must be that the passing of Farlow Wilson is an added sadness to an unspeakably sad year. But if these personal

* The bare report of Mr. Oliver Hogue's speech entirely fails to indicate the charm of his personality, its beauty, and the modesty with which this modern Galahad described his experiences.—Editor.

recollections are to be "fitting" they need not be sad, nor shall they be. Besides, I am sure that the message he would like me to give would be

> "Say not 'Good Night,' but in some brighter clime
> Bid me 'Good Morning.'"

It is in the company of Jonas Levy and Tom Archer that I always seem to recall the beaming gold spectacles of our friend. They used to draw together as if by the natural law of attraction, and, though Farlow Wilson was a younger Friar than they, he took a natural place as of patriarchal rank in our midst because, quite apart from the matter of age, the patriarchal air about him was chronic. Perhaps we were assisted in this impression by the unique knowledge he possessed of out-of-the-way journalistic and theatrical London. Should E. L. Blanchard, Horace Green or Henry Lee be of the company, the coterie would be complete, and one could but admire and be amazed at the way in which Farlow Wilson would throw light upon disputed points, answer difficult questions, correct errors, and interject jets of good common sense. And you would perceive that everybody received his remarks as from one who was reliable as to his facts and sound as to his conclusions. Farlow Wilson did not change or vary in this: he carried weight.

He had the advantage of a ripe and full experience.

He began his career as a printer in 1839, the days of fivepenny newspapers, dear postage, primitive railways, and old-fashioned resorts for men who now have their clubs, such, for example, as "Shakespeare's Head" in Wych Street, which Mark Lemon managed for his mother. Talk about these times would bring out all manner of curious information about improvements in printing machines, the early purveyors of cheap literature, journalistic ventures that succeeded or failed, anecdotes of men like the publisher Dick, Lyttleton Holt, Douglas Jerrold, Albert Smith, Tomlins, John Cassell, in whose even then great house he did faithful service for so large a portion of his life. He was a link which brought us almost in touch with the times of Johnson and the *Gentleman's Magazine* of Sylvanus Urban. In a word, Farlow Wilson had an extraordinary storehouse of information at your disposal, was always delighted to allow you to help yourself to whatever he had if you but invited him to open the door.

But it is very likely that Friars who do not remember the pre-Anderton days will recall our friend as rather a good listener than talker, and might assume that his silence was development of age. This was not so; it was Farlow Wilson's way. Yet was he neither morose nor stupid, not even grave. His presence alone made [illegible] cheerful, and the interest he showed in all that was said was as real and natural as it was obvious. He was, in truth, a lovely listener, and I have seen him listening with the wise smile still irradiating his intelligent countenance long after Jonas Levy had dropped asleep on the sofa with meerschaum held firm by the extreme tip of the amber mouthpiece. The two were, as we say, good cronies, and I believe when Farlow Wilson went down to Kingsgate Castle, they would sit for hours at a time in the eloquent silence of men who understand one another and the virtues of good tobacco.

That Farlow Wilson was in, rather than of, the world of Bohemianism would be the best way of putting it, I think. The Romers, Broughs and Bruntons reckoned him as one of themselves, and he keenly enjoyed their wit and comradeship, but more as the appreciative listener than a boisterous demonstrator. At the Whitefriars, no less than at the Urban, he was held in affectionate esteem, a kind-hearted brother who thought the best of his fellows, had nothing to say about their failings, was ready to help, sympathised at large, and was, not merely to-day and to-morrow, but at all times just what "G. B. B." says he was—"dear old Friar Farlow Wilson."

In 1896 a most interesting book, "A Few Personal Recollections by an Old Printer," was issued as a Happy New Year gift from La Belle Sauvage Yard. The "Old Printer," of course, was Farlow Wilson, and if space can be found for it, the following extracts from "L'Envoi" page will be interesting:

> From a window at 352 Strand I saw the Royal Procession on its way to the City on November 9th, 1837, when Her Majesty went in state to dine with the Lord Mayor on her accession.
>
> About the same time I saw Scott, "The American Diver," accidentally hang himself on a scaffold which had been erected for his use on the east side of Waterloo Bridge, and shall never forget the

*

excitement of the mob when it was discovered by his wife that his eccentric movements were not the antics of a mountebank, but the struggles of a dying man.

I well remember Bartholomew Fair, Richardson's Show (with its band of gorgeously apparelled musicians), one of the chief features of which was the gingerbread "Cock in breeches," Wombwell's Menagerie, and the long rows of stalls.

I was once taken by a lady friend of Mr. Green, the celebrated aeronaut, to Vauxhall Gardens, and sat in the car of the great Nassau Balloon while it was being inflated. This was the balloon in which Albert Smith took an aerial trip some years afterwards from Cremorne Gardens, an account of which he gave in "The Man in the Moon," which was, I think, illustrated by Sala.

When a schoolboy, I had a strong desire to see the inside of the House of Commons, and, knowing a reader engaged on the *Morning Post,* I sought his help. I went as the reporter's errand-boy, was admitted into the gallery, and heard Sir Robert Peel, Daniel O'Connell, and Richard Lalor Sheil address the House.

I saw the notorious Lola Montez (Countess of Landsfield) brought before the magistrate at Marlborough Street on a charge of bigamy, the young man she married (Lieutenant Heald) standing by her side all the while.

I heard Louis Kossuth deliver his first oration in English at Copenhagen Fields, and Father Mathew address an enormous crowd on Kennington Common, and witnessed the triumphant entry of Garibaldi into London.

"A FEW PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS BY AN OLD PRINTER"

(The late Friar J. Farlow Wilson).

[*I am indebted to the courtesy of Friar Arthur Spurgeon for a copy of the late Friar Wilson's book, printed for private circulation in* 1896, *and give an interesting extract from it below.*—Editor.]

Looking back to a distant period, about sixty years, one cannot but realise the progressive change that has since taken place in all phases of everyday life. Previous to the year 1833 the duty upon every advertisement was 3s. 6d.; an advertisement can now be inserted in a widely circulated paper for sixpence. Until 1836 a duty of threepence was levied upon every pound of

FRIAR WILLIAM SENIOR (1916).

paper manufactured; paper can now be purchased for about three-halfpence a pound. Until the same year the same duty upon every copy of a newspaper was fourpence; many newspapers are now issued "price one-halfpenny."

At that time the conditions of labour and the surroundings of the average working printer were by no means conducive to his physical or moral welfare.* The occupation of compositor,

THE LATE FRIAR J. FARLOW WILSON.
(*Block presented to the Club by Friar Arthur Spurgeon.*)

pressman, or machine-minder was then considered as necessarily involving a certain, or, rather, uncertain, amount of intemperance, and it must be confessed that my early experience did not tend to disprove the justice of the popular impression. This, no doubt, arose out of the long hours of employment and the absence of the means of rational recreation. Established holidays there were actually none, in illustration of which fact it may be mentioned that during my seven years' apprenticeship I had no one hour's holiday that was not previously paid for by working overtime—this at a period when the ordinary hours of

* At this time a compositor on the "'stab" in a bookwork house could be called upon to work from six in the morning till ten at night without any extra for overtime. His wage for this long day was 7s. 6d.; whereas he would now receive about 11s.

labour were sixty-three per week; yet there is no reason for supposing that others were more liberally treated.

Picture to yourself London as it was in the year 1839. The daily newspaper, without which we almost feel that we could not now exist, was rather an expensive luxury, the price being fivepence for four small pages, so that if a person of humble means desired to become acquainted with what was going on around him he would have to go to a public-house and borrow the *Morning Advertiser* for five minutes. A placard was generally hung up in the bar requesting gentlemen not to monopolise the current day's paper for more than that time. The *Weekly Dispatch* (price sixpence) was also a publican's newspaper, and this used to be borrowed by regular outside customers. . . .

The Greenwich Railway had certainly been opened for about two years, but the third-class carriages, or trucks, were neither fitted with seats nor covered with a roof, so that travellers were conveyed the five miles under conditions less comfortable than those now afforded to cattle. I well remember to have travelled on this line, shortly after it had been opened, during a fall of snow, and experiencing the inconvenience which caused *Punch* to make this protest:

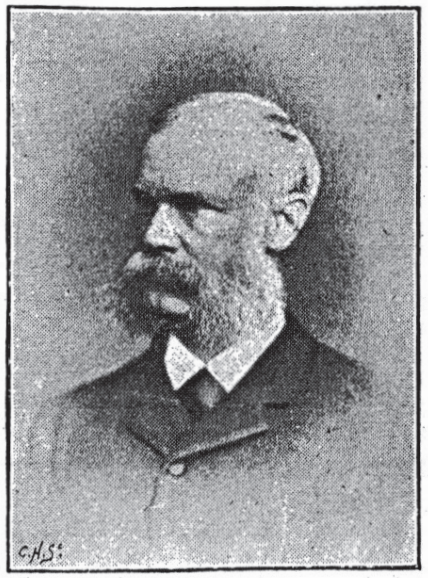
"Pity the sorrows of a third-class man,
Whose trembling limbs with snow are whitened o'er,
Who for his fare has paid you all he can—
Cover him in, and let him freeze no more.
This dripping hat my roofless pen bespeaks,
So does the puddle reaching to my knees;
Behold my pinched red nose, my shrivelled cheeks—
You should not have such carriages as these."

SOME UNPUBLISHED LETTERS IN THE POSSESSION OF FRIAR G. B. BURGIN.

THE LATE W. L. ALDEN.

DEAR BURGIN,

I was reading this morning about the Plymouth Pilgrims and their great feat of landing on Plymouth Rock. Did it never



W. L. ALDEN.
(*By kind permission of the Editor.*)

occur to you that had Plymouth Rock landed on the Pilgrims the result would have been much more satisfactory?

Yours truly,

W. L. ALDEN.

THE LATE W. T. STEAD.

September 24, 1892.

DEAR MR. BURGIN,

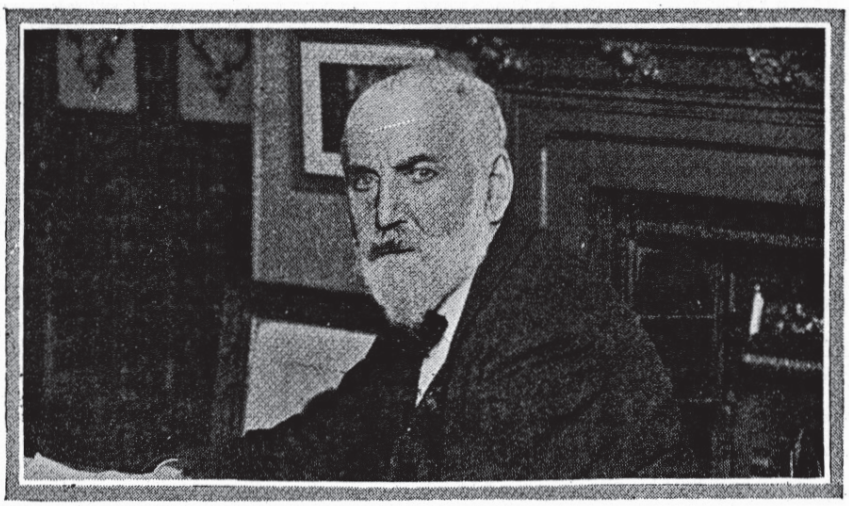
I am much obliged to you for inviting me to contribute to *The Idler* about Ghosts, but I take, perhaps, a too serious

Elliott & Fry.

THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON. ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

(By kind permission of Friar Clement K. Shorter.)

view about ghosts to feel disposed to accept your invitation. In any case, I shall not write about them until I am in a



W. T. STEAD.
(By kind permission of Friar Clement K. Shorter.)

position to speak more definitely than I am at the present moment.

I am, yours very truly,

W. T. STEAD.

THE LATE JAMES PAYN.

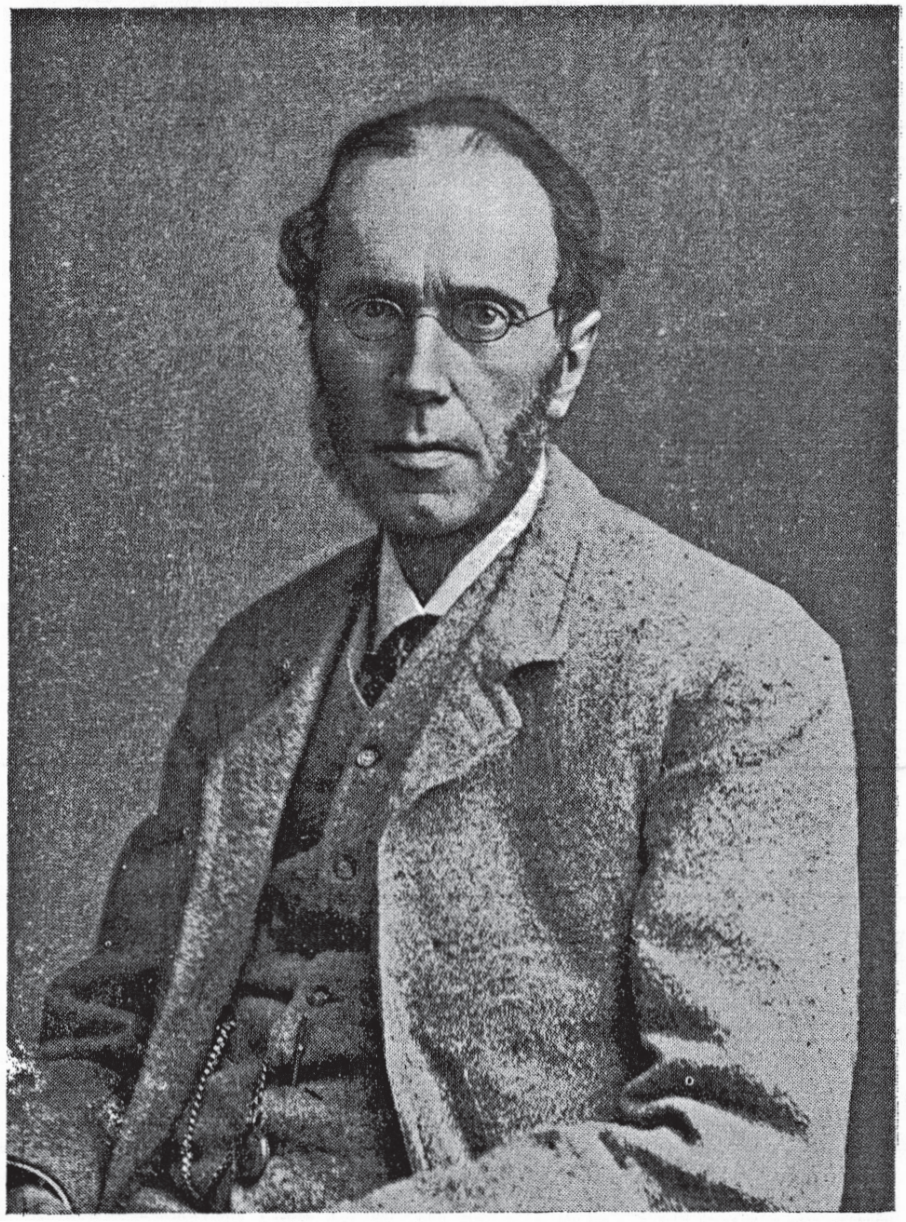
43 *Warrington Crescent,*
Maida Vale.

DEAR SIR,

I am obliged to you for your kind invitation, but—though your tabooing of evening dress would be a distinct attraction to me—I am sorry to say I am unable to avail myself of it; I have given up going out to dinner for many years.

Yours sincerely,

JAMES PAYN.

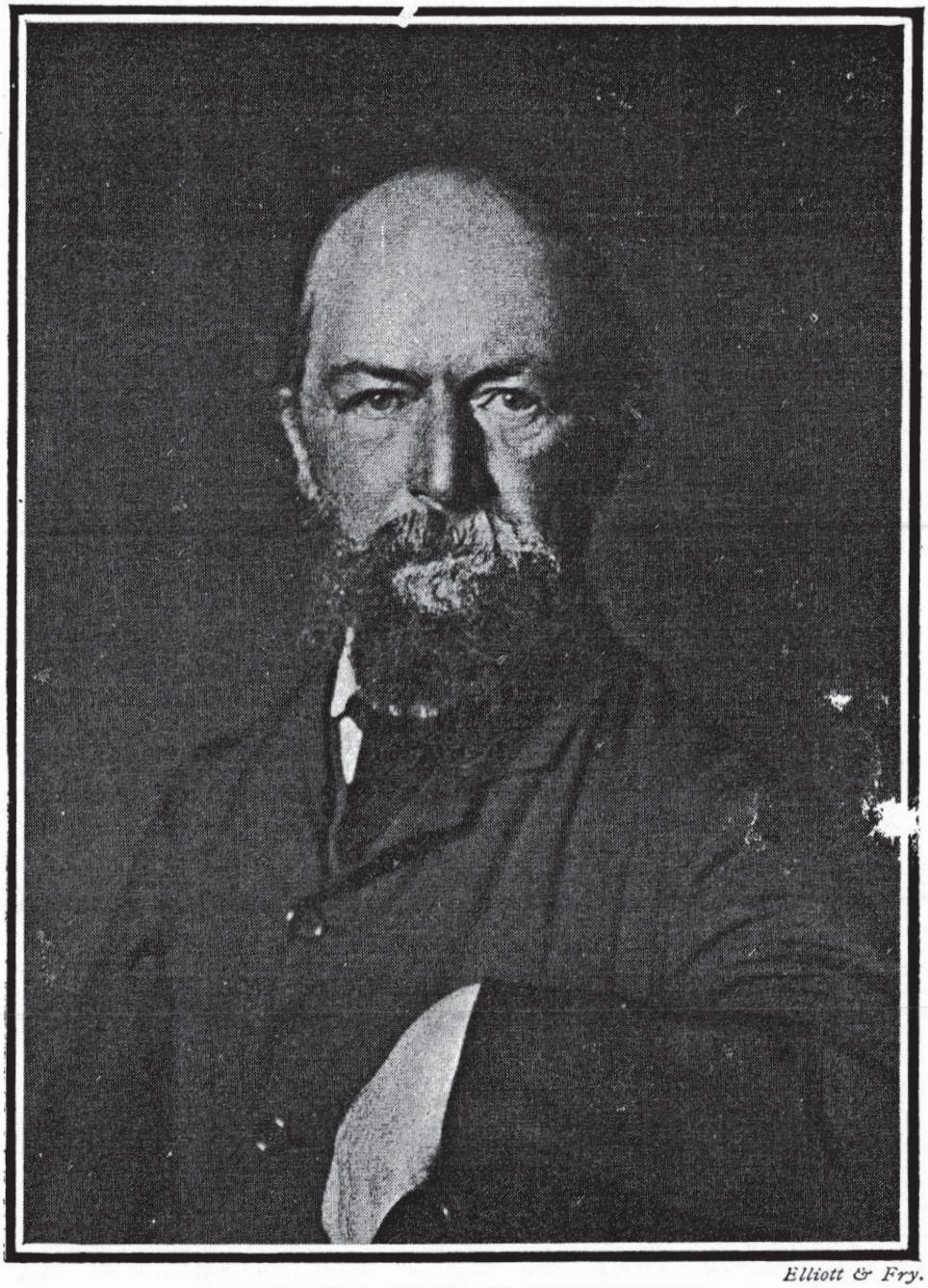


JAMES PAYN.

(By kind permission of Friar Clement K. Shorter.)

THE LATE ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE TO THE LATE MR. ——

Mr. Swinburne begs to inform Mr. —— (whose name is unknown to him) that he did receive the number of *The* —— inquired about, and is happy to learn that the lines inscribed to him which appeared in it will not reappear under that inscription.



Elliott & Fry.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

(*By kind permission of Friar Clement K. Shorter.*)

THE LATE THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON TO THE SAME.

DEAR MR. ——

If Mr. Swinburne has not answered your letters, his silence must be taken to be adequate.

Yours truly,

THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON.

THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON.

(By kind permission of Friar Clement K. Shorter.)

THE FRIARS' CLUB.

Subject for Discussion - - The Model Editor.

By Friars Richard Whiteing, Joseph Shaylor, St. John Adcock, Robert Leighton, G. B. Burgin, Clement K. Shorter, W. H. Helm, T. Heath Joyce, Coulson Kernahan, Robert Donald, Edward Clodd, Keighley Snowden, Alfred Edmonds, Silas K. Hocking, W. Francis Aitken, Charles Garvice, W. Senior, and A. G. Gardiner.

Friar Richard Whiteing says that the Editor must be a man of the time.

In our day the Editor must be essentially a man of the time. If he has a bias—and how can the straightest of us escape that?—it must be towards the business of life in its largest sense, not towards learning, nor even literature. A sense of the "now," of the living forces that move the world, of the people who work the machine of daily life, is the note, even of the best literature of the time. If I may put it so, the literature has gone out of literature: Wells, Bennett, Shaw are all men of affairs with the pen. This it was that made Delane the Model Editor of his generation. He wrote nothing worth keeping, but he was the motive force of most of the writing that shaped the practical politics of his day. He acted as agent-general of that tremendously powerful middle class which had come into power and almost into life under the great Reform Bill, and he judged everything from the standpoint of the wishes of that class and of its sense of opportunity.

And must understand the million.

Now a new thing has come as the depository of power—the million; and the Model Editor is the one who understands its aims and its needs, and makes himself the ministrant of its unconquerable will. This involves no loss of self-respect, for such an Editor must believe what he preaches—and, above all, it implies no demagogue. The million is not composed of tub thumpers; it is but the aggregate of the plain dealers who just want to get things right, you know, for themselves as but mighty units of the "everybody else." Their deep sense of respectability, their cult of it, is the great saving force of our new age. Be practical

in the larger sense is the new gospel. Hence Wells's latest—drop your compulsory Greek out of the conception of a good general education, and substitute Russian or Hindustani. And so say many of us.

Friar Joseph Shaylor declares that it is a difficult question.

WHAT is a Model Editor? is a very difficult question to answer without treading on someone's toes, especially in a Club Journal associated with so many. I conclude, therefore, that the question has to be discussed in a general way, but especially in its ideal and practical application. As I am sure no member would wish to bring down upon his head the wrath of an all mighty Editor, and have to apologise in sack-cloth and ashes, I thought it best, therefore, to analyse the title of the first word, "Model." This I find to be: "An object to be reproduced by imitation. A model may represent a perfect type incapable of reproduction but furnishing an ideal aim." I can only add my pious wish that every Editor will live up to and practise this high ideal, but I think he is more often represented by the following, from Addison's "Spectator":

> "In all thy humours, whether grave or mellow,
> Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow,
> Hast so much wit and mirth and spleen about thee
> That there's no living with thee nor without thee."

And wants to know which one.

Is it the newspaper or the literary Model Editor whom we have under review? If the former, I would venture the opinion that he is only "model" in so far as he carries out the opinions of those to whom he is responsible, be it either party or policy, and probably he does not in any way represent his own ideals or convictions.

He has known cases.

I have known cases where a certain author's books are never reviewed in a particular newspaper, and, on the other hand, anything and everything by another author is noticed by some newspapers. Occasionally a publisher's advertising clerk may be a partner in this transaction, but certainly not the Model Editor.

And thanks the Model Editor.

Regarding the literary Model Editor, I will only express an opinion that it is often the Model Editor who is responsible, and whom we have to thank, for giving us many of our classics. To mention only

a few: Pepys' Diary, Boswell's Johnson, Fitzgerald's Omar Khayyám, and Chesterfield's Letters—these latter would have been burned by the writer if he could have had his own way, but, fortunately, his Editor saved them for the benefit of posterity. Such Editors live in a reflected glory as well as in a glory of their own.

His verbal answer.

To return to the Model Editor, had I been asked to give a verbal answer I should at once have said: "The Editor of THE WHITEFRIARS JOURNAL is that man; for he has no object to serve but the happiness and the welfare of his fellow members, and this he does with wisdom and justice."

Friar St. John Adcock has never met the Model Editor.

I HAVE never met the Model Editor, and have long since given up looking for him. I notice that even the one referred to by Friar Richard Whiteing in "My Harvest" was in danger of dying young, and had to retire from the business in order to save her life. Most Editors of my acquaintance have lived to a ripe old age, steadily getting worse all the time. They have run no risks of early deaths.

The nearest approach to it

The nearest approach to the Model Editor that I ever heard of was an enthusiastic gentleman who edits a quarterly magazine devoted exclusively to the publication of evidence and arguments that the British nation is the lost tribe of Israel. He does it all at his own expense, gives the magazine away to anybody who won't buy it, and invariably writes a long, critical, and apologetic letter with every manuscript he rejects. I believe he is the only Editor on earth who is so polite as to do this. On the other hand, he never receives more than three manuscripts in the course of a year, and he has a fixed rule of not paying for any contribution he accepts, so I don't suppose the gods love him enough to worry about him, and he is pretty certain to be a centenarian before they want to make him leave off.

Friar Leighton's idea.

YOUR Model Editor is a paragon among men, an embodiment of all the journalistic virtues. Like a good soldier, he thinks less of himself than of the duties that lie before him. He is necessarily a man of penetrating foresight, anticipating not only what his readers

will expect to-morrow or the day after, but what will be acceptable next month or next year. His skilled judgment and wide knowledge guard him against mistakes, and his human kindness saves him from giving offence. He is alert to seize upon original ideas, and his *flair* for the requirements of his public enables him, in satisfying those requirements, to satisfy also his proprietors by increasing the circulation of his paper. This is his first consideration, his immediate aim, since periodicals are published not for pleasure alone but for commercial profit.

A practical man.

He is, above all things, practical; never relegating to the hand of a deputy what can better be done by himself. He does not trust his paper to produce itself automatically, but carefully prepares his own "make-up," measuring his varied material with exactitude. He is his own proof-reader, his own rigid censor.

Not a working idealist.

However much of an idealist he may personally be, he knows that it is wiser to explain and assist public opinion than attempt dogmatically to lead it. Sinking his own predilections, he aims at giving his readers what they want, rather than what he wants them to want. If he is a literary artist, he is too wise to be pedantic, knowing that it is possible to be popular without sacrificing his love of harmonious prosody. His paper may be the merest rag in outward seeming, but he likes it to bear the impress of his refining touch, and to carry something of his personality. R. L. Stevenson, the literary purist, once wrote to a humble editor thanking him for the improvements he had made in his syntax and punctuation.

Editors in the right place.

Many Editors are "models" on one paper who would be out of their sphere on another. Charles Dickens was a Model Editor for *Household Words,* but not for the *Daily News.* Sir Owen Seaman and Sir W. Robertson Nicoll could not with advantage change places, and one cannot imagine Friar Clement Shorter editing the *Baptist Messenger* or the *Building News.*

Friar G. B. Burgin was one himself.

I WAS a Model Editor myself "in the dear dead days beyond recall"—until I got tired of it. I made a virtuous resolve to read all MSS. submitted to me as soon as possible, with the result that everyone who received back a MS. within forty-eight hours of sending it in

came to the conclusion that I had not read it. One fair maiden said that she had put a golden hair inside the second page of her story, and it was still there. When I explained that I had gummed it on the page in order that she might preserve it as an heirloom, she said I was a degraded wretch and it wasn't true.

"My lady's beads."

She didn't tell her beads, but she told me what she thought of me when I put them in an envelope and returned them with the MS. labelled "Beads—miscellaneous." One day, a madman with a big stick entered my room and produced an article entitled, "If Christ came to the Strand." I said that mine was not a theological magazine, but he said that if I didn't print it while he waited he would knock out my alleged brains. I only succeeded in getting rid of him by sending him to the *Sunday at Home*.

Lady contributors.

They were always the worst, from the "Countess" who made eyes at me to the slightly shabby but indubitably bibulous lady who said that if I would not print her story would I "lend her fourpence to go to Paris." She made the quickest return Channel passage I ever heard of, for she was back again in half an hour with a request that I would "make it eightpence more as it was so expensive on board." When I put down the fourpence and the eightpence as "office expenses," my proprietors said they would deduct a shilling from my salary.

The Model Editor should be made of cast iron.

The Model Editor should be made of cast-iron and live in a submarine. There is no other way. Even then he'd find would-be contributors sitting on the periscope waiting for him when he came up for a breath of fresh air. As the office boy once remarked to me in a moment of confidence: "This being a neditor ain't wot it's cracked up to be." He is quite right. To adopt his own expressive phraseology, "It ain't."

Friar Clement K. Shorter is very much to the point.

I HAVE no ideas on the subject of the Model Editor, except that he must be a very hateful person.

Friar W. H. Helm drops into poetry.

LIVES there the writer whose soul is so dead
That ne'er to himself in his walks he has said:
"Oh! could I but once be relieved of my creditors,
I would try my own luck as a model of editors."

But, of course, in that case, to ensure him a job,
He must firstly find means to replenish his fob;
A man with ideals, who a model would be,
Will scarce find employ at the price of his tea.

Suppose, by strange fate, one such man has his will;
Now, how shall our model his duties fulfil
In that land of perfection in which he would dwell,
Remote from our mean betwixt Heaven and Hell?

For models, whatever our copybooks said,
Are too good for this everyday world, or too bad;
A model of virtue, a model of vice,
Can never be human, can scarcely be nice.

Our editor, fixed in his magistral chair,
Mild cigar 'tween his lips, in a current of air
(Fresh air being essential to freshness of mind)
Settles down to his task, perfect "copy" to find.

He must judge all the "copy" he gets on its quality,
Regardless of friendship, of fame, or frivolity;
"Dear old Jack," or "My Lord," or "You sweet bit of fluff,"
Must be nothing to him if he like not their "stuff."

Our "model" would pay at "per so much a page,"
A price equal for all, the unknown or "the rage";
And that price would be high (for the better one pays,
The keener the zest to fall in with one's ways).

Most Friars will say, if they read of this "model,"
"Did ever you hear such ridiculous twaddle?"
If we want lively "pars," and not lectures supernal,
We shall plump for the Friar who edits our Journal.

Friar T. Heath Joyce is dubious.

I HAVE left the Editorial Chair so long, and so many radical changes have taken place, that my Ideal Editor would excite risibility rather than reverence amongst the present journalistic generation.

And has no idea what the up-to-date editor should be.

Though born and bald in journalism, I haven't any idea of what the up-to-date Ideal Editor should be, unless a combination of Jehu, the Son of Nimshi, "who drove furiously," or that of a London taxi driver who drives recklessly and "to the public danger."

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Friar Coulson Kernahan is satirical.

I AM just now too busy trying not to express my views about the Model Plumber to do justice to a mere Model Editor. I have always contended that the four creatures who have no consciences are cats, spiders, editors and clergymen.

Friar Robert Donald says there never will be a Model Editor.

THERE is not, never was, and never will be a Model Editor. There could no more be a Model Editor than there could be a Model Prime Minister. Every reader of every newspaper knows, or thinks he knows, how to run the paper better than the Editor, just as every elector thinks he knows how to run the country better than the Prime Minister, especially in war-time.

His modesty prevents him from going further into the question.

To ask a Friar who is an Editor to answer your question is to imply that he may possibly think that he himself is *the* Model Editor, or it may be to entrap him into describing a standard which he could never possibly live up to.

Friar Edward Clodd is financial.

MY conception of a Model Editor is of a man or a woman (sex is secondary) who asks me to write on any subject that I like at any length, who doesn't blue pencil or score out anything, and who pays me ten guineas per thousand words on delivery of the MS. When you come across that *lusus naturæ,* please send him on to my address.

Friar Keighley Snowden says a Model Editor is born, not made.

THE Model Editor *nascitur, non fit,* and I know nothing about eugenics. It is a pleasure, all the same, to say what sort of patron saint he should be. The *non fit* rascals who have popped into Editors' chairs (for all the world as if life were a parlour game) may put the cap on and think it a halo, but I shall have cleared my breast of perilous stuff. The Model Editor, then, in my humble and sincere opinion, would have all the virtues and not know it. You would be able to feel that he had them and didn't, as soon as he said how much he had been delighted by your suggestion; it is monstrous that there should be any hesitation about asking

twenty guineas for an article to be written in the public interest. Why in the public interest? Because the Model Editor would think of welcoming nothing else, of course! He would have, I mean, a conception of literature as a priestly craft, freed from the commercial tyranny and purged of commercial ambitions. For fifteen hundred or even two thousand words, however precious, who could think of asking more of such a Man? He would, and should, put bounders to the blush. He would also have gifts of divination, and so be able to advance in price a hundred and twenty thousand word serial from the look in the bashful author's eye before it was written. Why not? Such gifts are extremely desirable—in the public interest—and I can think of none more useful to the Model Editor. In poets he would provoke, not extinguish, the fine frenzy, paying them handsomely to live.

The Model Editor is a man and not a woman.

At this point you will see why, without discussing it, I predicate the Model Editor as a man and not a woman; for, in that urgent matter of eugenics, I do seem to have heard that poets are a rock ahead. No one blames, but neither does anyone pretend to explain them; and yet my Model Editor would make of life itself a poem. No, I believe we are all poets *in posse*. Egeria? We should write no more!

Friar Alfred Edmonds thinks that the Model Editor is the one who has a model staff.

THE Model Editor is he who has a model staff. He should do no thinking himself, but pay others to think for him. If he has any regard for the smooth working of his paper, he should interfere as little as possible, leaving everything to an energetic sub-editor, who, in most cases, really runs the paper. If the Model Editor has any suggestion to make, he should adopt a respectful attitude towards his "sub.," and regard it as a great favour if he might be permitted to glance at the scheme of the paper. It would be far better, however, in the interests of the readers and of his staff, if he devoted his time to golfing, munition making, trench digging, or any of the hundred-and-one harmless activities which would keep him away from the office. He should arrange his pay-sheet on the sliding-scale principle—i.e. that an advance in the profits would mean a corresponding advance in the payment of his staff, and he should insist upon the irreducible minimum of a

living wage for all, no matter what the profit or loss of the paper might be, with at least six months' holiday, with all expenses paid, for his faithful "sub."

And that the proprietors should regard it as a great privilege to support genius.

The proprietors should regard it as a great privilege to support genius. They would thus stand a better chance of going down to posterity with a good obituary notice. During the "sub.'s" absence, the Model Editor might be permitted to overlook matters provided he never wrote anything himself. By this means the staff would be saved an enormous amount of unnecessary trouble, and the public a number of unnecessary scares.

Friar Silas K. Hocking declares that the Model Editor should be omniscient.

THE Model Editor should be omniscient and infallible. He should have the wisdom of Solomon and the patience of Job; he should have a tender heart and a tough skin; he should have no fads or prejudices; he should be both practical and sentimental, should have a vivid imagination and a keen sense of humour, and should be able to look at a question from everybody else's point of view as well as his own.

He also has been an Editor.

I have been an Editor myself—not a model one—and so I know what is expected of him. My own success may be gauged from the fact that all the journals with which it has been my misfortune to be connected editorially have ceased to exist.

The nearest approach to a Model Editor.

I presume that the nearest approach one can get to the Model Editor is the man who occupies most successfully the editorial chair; but here again so much depends on the point of view—that is, the point of view of the readers, or the contributors (or would-be contributors), or the proprietors. It is within the bounds of possibility that the Editor who would be regarded as a model by the reading public would be regarded as an ass by a very large section of the writing public, and vice versa. If it is the business of an Editor to give the public what it likes and to pay large dividends to the proprietors, then the Model Editor is the man who knows to a sixpence the market value of every writer in the country, who has gauged to a fraction the likes and dislikes of his readers, and who will fill

his columns with what he knows will tickle the palates of those for whom he caters.

There is no room for idealism.

So, after all, the matter resolves itself into a question of commercial shrewdness. There is no room for idealism or sentiment. The best Editor ideally would possibly prove the worst possible commercially. I leave it at that.

Friar Aitken wants to know what is a Model Editor.

WHAT is a Model Editor? It depends on the point of view. The proprietor of a newspaper, magazine, or book publishing house may not see eye to eye with those who form the staff.

He is born, not made.

Perhaps the Model Editor is like the poet, born not made. But it used to be Club gossip that no member of the staff on entering a certain office knew if he was to be asked to run the paper or run the lift. Let us take it from this that an Editor is one who "runs" a paper, magazine, or MSS., the publication of which is to make his proprietors rich or famous.

And his work must be profitable.

To meet the requirements of his position a Model Editor must make his work financially profitable to all concerned; within and without the office inspire his staff with a spirit of persistent zeal and undeviating loyalty; have no distracting interests outside his work; never know what it is to be ill; possess infinite tact, a sense of humour, and discriminating sympathy; never lose his temper (I am referring to the "Model" Editor!), and be able quickly and clearly to show others how the necessary work is to be done without doing any of it himself. The pivot of his success is confidence—the confidence of proprietors, of the public, of the staff, and in himself.

Friar Charles Garvice and his story.

SOME years ago I described, at one of our delightful dinners, my idea of a Model Editor; he was an Editor who gave the unknown writer an effusive welcome, proffered sherry and biscuits, accepted MSS. without reading them, and insisted upon paying an enormous sum before publication, his one complaint being that the MSS. were only too short. The young and fluttering

literary man, on calling for his cheque, was informed that the noble-hearted man had been removed to a lunatic asylum.

Its adventures.

The story, which I invented on the spur of the moment, amused the Friars; I was asked to put it in print, and it appeared in the *Westminster Gazette*. As a matter of fact, it was the first of a series of similar literary stories and sketches which appeared in the *Westminster,* and was afterwards published in volume form, under the title of "The Scribblers' Club." I do not recount all this because I am desirous of an advertisement, but because I want to say that some years later the dramatic critic of the *Westminster Gazette* began a terrific slating of a play, which had been adapted from a book of mine, by stating that he had never read a book of Mr. Charles Garvice's, and did not wish to do so! (The play was a success, and is running in the provinces still.)

Most models die young.

The Model Editor is, like all other model persons and things, difficult to find; most models die young, some of 'em before they're born. But I should like the Editor with whom I am compelled to have dealings to read my "copy" quickly, to give me an answer, yes or no, without keeping me waiting weeks or months, to pay on acceptance, and to send two sets of proofs and a copy of the magazine or periodical in which my story appears. I do not expect him to write and tell me that he likes my work, because very few angels seem to care about appearing in the guise of Editors; and I do not expect him to write and tell me that the story has run him up twenty thousand. No; if he will read, reply, send proofs and pay quickly, I, who am a very easily satisfied individual, will be content.

Friar W. Senior and the squirrel cage.

As a squirrel that was active in his time, I slip for a moment into the little wire cage again, knowing all the while that the journey can only be the everlasting round-and-round. No doubt some of the moderns will succeed in getting miles further.

At the "Daily News" Office.

When, in 1866, at the *Daily News* office I was taken up to be introduced to Edward Copping, the Foreign Editor, in his dingy room in Bouverie Street, I was struck with the motto stuck up in odious tonerau headline over his desk—"The world is too much governed."

Coming down the narrow, winding stairs, I settled upon what I think is better, viz. "Be ye wise as serpents and harmless as doves"; always, of course, reading the context that you are sent forth as sheep in the midst of wolves.

The modern Editor must be wise.

The modern Editor must be wise—worldly wise. If he isn't, somebody will fleece the sheep. And he must be harmless—to the friends of the party, the cause, or the cult of his paper. But, above all, he should not—oh! indeed he should not—fall into the lamentable error from which some of us have suffered; call it self-depreciation, call it backwardness.

He must shake his fist in the world's face.

If the Editor fails to shake his fist in the world's face and ram himself down its throat, he will always be keeping a Slough of Despond in stock, as it were. I have known really excellent men who had all the makings of the most brilliant of Editors, and they eventually stopped short of mastery for want of a sustained self-assertion that was both wise and harmless. Others I have known fail because they had over much of it, or did not qualify it with the two specified correctives.

An "inspersion" on our Editorial wisdom.

As for Wisdom? Well, if the Editor of the JOURNAL prints this contribution, you may form your own conclusions.

Friar A. G. Gardiner says it is a hard commission.

I AM asked to describe the Model Editor in two hundred or three hundred words. It is a hard commission. The Model Editor cannot be hit off in two hundred or three hundred words. The mere statement of his virtues would fill a book. He is not a man, but an epitome of men. In a day of specialism, he must be a universalist. Other men have their subjects, the lawyer—law, the doctor—medicine, the priest—theology, the cotton spinner—his trade. But the Editor has no subject in particular, and all subjects in general. He must be as familiar with politics as the politician; but while the politician can take one phase of politics, the Editor must have a nodding acquaintance with all phases.

The Model Editor's "convictions."

The Model Editor must have settled convictions about Tariff Reform and the Monroe Doctrine, about the nationalisation of railways and the economic possibilities of sugar beet,

about the rival claims of tenancy and ownership for the small-holder. He must know enough of literature to measure the value of his reviewers, enough of art to criticise his critic, enough of music, trade, finance, sport, to check the authorities on whom he relies.

And his knowledge.

The Model Editor must know the mechanism of a newspaper as well as his mechanics know it; he must be as punctual as the train he has to catch; he must read all his rivals, and cultivate all the public men; he must know the libel law, find time to dine out without missing his "proofs," and be able to live civilly with the advertising manager.

His wisdom.

The Model Editor must have the wisdom of Solomon, the patience of Job, and the versatility of the Admirable Crichton. He must walk with the saints and the sages, and have sympathy with the sinners and the foolish, and his recreations should range from the Shorter Catechism to Charlie Chaplin.

But Friar Gardiner has never known him.

I will only add that I have never known a Model Editor. In the words of the immortal Betsy, "I don't believe there ain't no sich a person."

CLUB DINNER.

THE dinner arranged for the month of March took place on Friday, March 31st. Club Guest—"THE MAN WHO DINED WITH THE KAISER"; Prior—FRIAR F. A. MCKENZIE.

"THE MAN WHO DINED WITH THE KAISER."

Among the guests present were: Mr. G. E. Beer, News Editor of *The Times;* Mr. Clifton Robbins, Literary Editor of the *Daily Mail;* Mr. W. E. Fish, News Editor of the *Daily Mail;* Mr. Arthur Wontner; Mr. Walter Hodson; Mr. Wallace Myers; Mr. W. J. M. Lefroy, Editor of *Canada;* Mr. Sidney H. Webb; Mr. Cranstoun Metcalfe; Mr. Frederick H. Miles; Mr. John Ferguson; Mr. Dugald Smith; Mr. Trench-Watson; Mr. F. C. C. Neilsen; Mr. A. Hood; Mr. A. G. D. Burnett; Mr. E. S. T. Haynes; Mr.

St. John Micklethwaite; Mr. J. R. Fothergill; Mr. J. Aubrey Rees; Mr. R. Mortimer Wheeler; Sir Ernest Birch, K.C.M.G., Commander-in-Chief and Governor of North Borneo; Major-General Desmond O'Callaghan, K.C.V.O.; Major Sir Harry North; Major Hart Davis; Mr. Paul Creton; Mr. A. H. Wynne; Mr. Eric Peall; The Archdeacon of Rochester; Signor Valentino Ferrari, of Milan; Mr. B. T. Swinstead; Mr. A. C. Stanley Stone; Mr. F. H. Norman; Mr. Francis Lindley Jones; Mr. A. J. Mundella; Mr. John Gennings; Mr. W. P. Forbes, of the Central News; Mr. B. H. Binder; Captain Lovat Fraser, Durham Light Infantry, from the Ypres salient; Mr. D. Roy; Monsieur Henri Davray, of the *Mercure de France,* the eminent French Critic of English Life and Letters, who is at present in England doing official work for the French Government; Mr. Percy Hurd, Editor of the *Canadian Gazette,* and London Correspondent of the *Montreal Star,* author (with his brother Archibald) of a new work on Empire Policy; Dr. Vincent, of Trinity College of Music; Mr. Sydney F. Boam; C. E. Fagan; P. L. F. Perkins; Mr. C. H. St. J. Hornby; Engineer Captain J. A. Richards, R.N., Ministry of Munitions; the Friar's son, Captain and Adjutant A. G. Saunders; Mr. H. White; Mr. H. V. Longworthy; Mr. Anderson Wells; Mr. Leslie Narzetti; Mr. Herbert Jenkins, publisher of "How I Dined with the Kaiser"; Mr. Collingridge, of the *City Press;* Mr. J. M. Bullough, Editor of the *Weekly Graphic;* Mr. H. A. Holland; Lieutenant Grant, of the Divisional Staff (now Lieutenant, R.A.M.C.); Mr. Spencer Leigh Hughes, M.P.; Mr. W. Douglas Newton, the well-known War writer and story writer; Lieutenant Warwick Deeping (just back from Gallipoli); Sir George Frampton, R.A.; Mr. A. Ransford Collett; Mr. Geoffrey Jeffrey; the Rev. Bernard J. Snell; Dr. J. G. Glasgow; Mr. G. H. Cook; Mr. E. G. Drewry; and Mr. L. C. V. Bathurst.

The Prior, in welcoming the guest of the evening, described him as representing the spirit of romantic adventure—something of the spirit which Stevenson caught and depicted in his immortal "New Arabian Nights."

"The Man Who Dined with the Kaiser," in the course of his reply, narrated the following adventure he experienced in Frankfort a year ago: "I remember being in a cinema one night; the place was crowded with women, there being but few men to be seen. In the middle of the performance, I noticed on the screen an announcement that every woman whose husband was fighting

for the Fatherland would have her money returned if she went to the door. I was curious to go to the door to see what happened. I saw an escort of twenty constables march the women to the police station, instead of returning them their money. Here their names were taken, and they were warned that if they were caught again in a place of amusement whilst their husbands were fighting for the country and their children were at home, their allowances would be stopped by the Government. That was the German way of dealing with the people.

"I enjoy this banquet considerably more than the one I attended at Nish. I felt far from being all right over there. Had I been recognised by one of the scoundrelly German agents there would have been a little comedy and tragedy at the Town Hall wall, at which I should have played the principal part. I was coming from Constantinople by train *en route* for Belgrade. I was asleep in the train when it arrived at Nish, and I was aroused by hearing an officer call out: 'The Kaiser is here.' I got excited myself. On opening the carriage window, I saw that the whole place was decorated. When our train steamed into the station, I saw the Imperial train standing in a siding. The Kaiser was talking to King Ferdinand on the platform, with some German officers and soldiers forming a circle around him. I got out and abandoned my journey to Belgrade. Two Bulgarian officials asked me what was my business. I told them that I represented one of the chief neutral papers, and that I had had an interview with a leading Pasha. I showed him my special passport which had been issued at Vienna. They showed me the Bulgarian Press Bureau, where I saw the Director and told him a lot of lies.

"When the Director had been through my credentials, he said something to this effect: 'Our King gives a banquet to-night in honour of the German Emperor. There will be only three journalists present — two Germans and one Austrian. Would you like to be there on behalf of the Neutral Press?' I nearly fell through the floor when I heard this. I must have turned pale, for the official asked me what was the matter. I told him that I had not brought my dress clothes with me. The Director replied: 'That does not matter—the whole thing will be simple. The other journalists will be in their travelling suits. The officers will be in ordinary field dress.' He told me that the banquet would be held at six o'clock at the Town Hall at Nish.

"When I came to the Town Hall, I heard the bugles blowing outside the building. On getting inside, I saw the Kaiser talking to King Ferdinand and the Chief of the German Staff—by far the best-looking German I have seen in my life.

"The banquet itself was very simple indeed. Three tables were arranged; I sat at the lower end of the table between two journalists. I was asked by the bureau to make no notes, and to submit my story immediately the banquet was over to the Bulgarian censor. I was not going to send it to the paper I ostensibly represented—I wanted to bring it to this country. I said to the representative of the Press Bureau that I intended to join the express to proceed to Vienna, where I would submit it to the censor. He believed the story, and that is the reason my article appeared four days before anything came out in the German papers.

"I had seen the Kaiser some years before at Amsterdam. His hair has turned grey—I don't know whether it is due to his conscience troubling him. When I saw him some years ago, he had black hair. His moustache is now of a suspicious darkness; the points have disappeared, probably on account of the shortage of horse-hair in Germany. The Kaiser eats before attending a State banquet, as he is unable to use both hands at the table, his left arm being paralysed. He had very little to eat, and spent most of the time in talking. I have heard the report that the Kaiser is suffering from cancer, like his father.

"After the banquet concluded, the Kaiser spoke to King Ferdinand, kissed him, and disappeared at the back door, which was immediately guarded by two soldiers. We had to remain from ten minutes to a quarter of an hour in the room before we were allowed to leave it. The Kaiser disappeared in the fashion which has been his custom during the war."

Turks like people to wear the fez. This our guest did whilst in Constantinople. One day, whilst going over the famous bridge which connects Stamboul with the European part of the city, he saw the U18 submarine coming from the Bosphorus. It had a large iron cross painted on the conning-tower, indicating that it had committed some kind of outrage. He obtained a boat, rowed behind the submarine, and saw it disappear behind two huge German liners. Between these liners was a wooden erection, a kind of wall. When it was closed nobody was able to see what had happened. It was opened to allow the submarine to enter,

and when it got past the wall was closed again. It gave him the chance of seeing three more of the German submarines of the same size as the U18. He noticed the U4, but could not see the other numbers. When he passed, from the deck of the German liner someone shouted: "Get out of it." He pointed to his fez, and nobody interfered with him. On returning to Constantinople, he obtained a map, and marked on it the position of the submarines and their numbers. Throughout his journey he had this map tied to his bare body. All the military information he could pick up on his journey he placed voluntarily at the disposal of the British Government.

Mr. Spencer Leigh Hughes, M.P., opened the discussion. The chief guest of the evening had shown several interesting traits, and among them a very strong personal modesty. In a *Daily Mail* correspondent they did not always obtain that. He confessed to having strayed sometimes from the paths of strict truthfulness—that was perhaps more customary. Their chief guest had told a tale of the treatment of some women at a cinema at Frankfort, where they were put under arrest. He remembered something similar happening at Jaffa, when the Kaiser visited it. Jaffa was noted for having more beggars to the square yard than any other place in the world. The Governor of Jaffa issued a proclamation announcing that if the beggars would come together at Government House, he would give them sufficient backsheesh to keep them for three days. In order that the visitors should not be annoyed, when the beggars called at Government House they were imprisoned for three days.

"I don't know what was our chief guest's views of the Kaiser's mental condition," Mr. Hughes proceeded. "He presented a curious study seventeen years ago when in Palestine. It was then stated—I have helped to spread the rumour, but I don't say that it is true—he tried to walk on the water. Somebody told him that somebody else had done it in that part of the world a long time ago. When the Kaiser failed, he did not believe this. I saw him enter Jerusalem. Again wicked rumours were spread, chiefly by the Parisian journalists, who sent pictures home, that the Kaiser rode in on a donkey. I saw him coming in dressed very much like one of the men who used to ride in the Lord Mayor's show, or still more like a Drury Lane crusader, with gleaming helmet and white robes suspended from his shoulders. He had a haughty expression

on his face, as though saying: 'I am not only the limit, but I am absolutely it.' I heard him preach a sermon at the church. He walked the goose step up the church, armed to the teeth. The choir sang: 'Rejoice, daughter of Zion, behold thy King cometh unto thee.' The Kaiser saluted at these words.

"I never dined with the Kaiser, but I took part in a dinner as memorable as if I had dined with him. Many gentlemen here know the name of Charles Hands, of the *Daily Mail,* also distinguished for truthfulness and modesty. He and I lived in a tent outside the walls of Jerusalem. We were the only representatives of the halfpenny papers there. We put up a card: 'The Halfpenny Press—Hughes and Hands; "God Bless our Little Home."' It happened that amongst the party were Charlie Williams, the war correspondent, and Melton Prior, the war artist. These men were not on speaking terms; they had had a row twenty years before. I had asked each the cause, but they had both forgotten the origin of the quarrel. Both said each of them behaved like a scoundrel. Both spoke at each other through me.

"One night, whilst we were dining outside the walls of Jerusalem, a cock began to crow. With the cocks and hens all night and the Kaiser all day, we got very little rest. I made the thoughtless remark that the cock's voice sounded wheezy enough to make it identical with the fowl which disturbed Peter in that part of the world. Melton Prior made a dry remark about St. Peter, and the difficulty of getting past him at the gate. Charlie Williams, although given to strong language, was a very devout man, and he opened fire on us. 'I will not,' he said, 'have my faith caricatured by the miserable specimen of humanity sitting by you.' I said it was my fault in having introduced the name of Peter. Prior said: 'Don't apologise to that old ruffian at the end of the table.' I sat as a buffer state between the great contending powers. Those are some of the trials you have to put up with when you don't dine with the Kaiser."

Major Hart Davies offered some criticisms of the Government's policy. He considered that we have frittered away our chances owing to having a Parliament of lawyers.

Friar G. B. Burgin had been over a good deal of the ground traversed by their chief guest. He went out to Constantinople as secretary to a General in the Turkish Army, and, in his

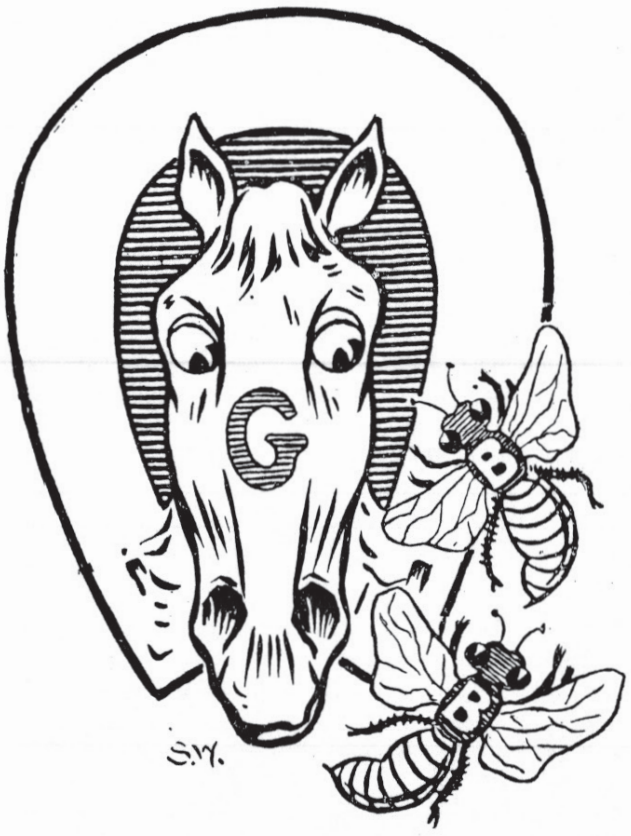
innocence and inexperience, found himself in many tight places indeed. The first thing his chief said on joining him was that a rascally Armenian dragoman had been swindling him for months, and he added: "You will have to go through his accounts." Unfortunately, the Armenian was listening behind the door. Before he retired to rest, the Armenian came to him and said: "It is a very cold night, Effendi, and I am going to put a beautiful charcoal brazier in your room." It was an open brazier filled with charcoal. This ingenious and ingenuous Armenian omitted to have the charcoal burnt up properly, so that it emitted poisonous fumes all the time, and he put it behind a screen. During the night the speaker awoke half-suffocated, with a violent headache, just managed to burst open the door, and fell outside. Next day, the Armenian, very much concerned, came up to him, and was promptly kicked downstairs.

Another "tight place" was forced upon Friar Burgin by the thoughtlessness of a friend. Youngster-like, he used to go about Constantinople in order thoroughly to familiarise himself with everything. His friend said: "You have never been to a Turkish bath, have you?" "No, I never have," he replied. "To-morrow, Friday," his friend said, "is the only day in the week set apart for Englishmen. I will show you the bath; you can go boldly in, and I am sure you will enjoy what you see there very much." His friend came to the end of the street, and pointed out the bath. He went in, and suddenly found himself facing a big bath filled with about fifty women in a state of nudity—some brown, some black, some piebald, and others singularly striped. Then a gigantic negress rushed forward, butted him violently in the stomach with a broom, and in a moment he found himself outside tumbling down the steps. A friend afterwards told him that these women might have shaken the life out of him, as Friday was the day set apart for women to go to the baths.

Mr. Percy Hurd described his experiences at Potsdam with a party of journalists. "Sitting next to me at luncheon was His Serene Highness. I happened to have my napkin tucked in my waistcoat, in the regular way of the French man of commerce. His Serene Highness turned to me, and said: 'I am glad the Kaiser is not lunching at this table with his guests, because if he were you might suffer the same indignity as that recently experienced by one of his guests. His Majesty saw that his napkin was placed in the same way in which you have

tucked yours, and he sent an aide-de-camp, who, tapping the guest on the shoulder, said: 'His Majesty wishes you to know that this is not a barber's shop.'"

The members of the party were subsequently presented to the Kaiser. He was struck with the Kaiser's English. One of the guests, more bold than the others, said: "If I may say so, your Majesty speaks good English." "They say I do," he replied. "Your Majesty speaks better English than our own King" (referring to the late King Edward). The Kaiser answered: "I ought to do that; we learn our accent in childhood. My governess was an Englishwoman; my uncle's governess was a German."



CLUB NOTES.

THE dinner to Sir George Reid on January 21st, with Friar Robert Donald as Prior, was a great success, very largely attended, and distinguished by a fervour of utterance which shows what Friars can do when they let themselves go. Apart from Sir George's magnificent oration, full of wit, force and earnest feeling, the speech of the evening was made by a young Anzac, Mr. Oliver Hogue, the sole unwounded survivor of fifty

comrades at Suvla Bay. It was so genuine, so modest, so entirely marked by an absence of "side," that it took the Friars by storm.

Friar Archbald was greatly congratulated on the presence of his son, Captain Ralph Archbald, who had been buried in a trench "somewhere in Flanders," and, after a long and tedious illness, is now convalescent. Though there were many other khaki-clad warriors present, with the exception of the Anzac hero, they all modestly refused to speak.

Sir George was heartily cheered with reference to his electioneering success at St. George's. Only the other evening, being a holy man and a Friar, I was dipping into the Koran, and found the following prophecy concerning it:

> Lo, the unbroken reed flourisheth by the river when the stately palm lieth prostrate in the desert sands.

Sir George is evidently the "unbroken reed," St. George's the "desert," and Mr. Mackenzie Bell the "prostrate palm."

A few of Sir George's utterances detached from the main body of his speech:

I don't think the world would have been as populous as it is, had it not been for the early Friars.

The less you know of the country of your birth, the more you can admire it.

The whole time I lived in Scotland (he left it at the age of seven weeks and a half) I found it a land flowing with milk and honey.

We have been living on Providence for hundreds of years.

I have a little bone to pick with Sir George. For my sins, I once wrote a novel called "The Shutters of Silence." Sir George introduced me to an old lady as "the gifted author of 'The Domes of Silence.'" The "Domes of Silence" are those little shiny things you put on the legs of heavy pieces of furniture so that you can wheel them about easily.

Friar Rose, like Mr. Wegg, has been "dropping into poetry." It is a "double acrostic," and, as we want a new Poet Laureate very badly, I blushingly include it in these notes:

TRUTH'S GREAT ECHO.

(Double Acrostic.)

G ather round, ye worthy Friars, no W
E cclesiastics of no scheduled churc H
O bligated by some vows that I
R emember not. Our Journal is so bright tha T
G reedily I scan each printed pag E
E agerly to glean the gist thereo F
B lessed is Saint George in time of wa R
U seful in these days of stress do I
R egard our George. Aye, we are blest to have A
G ifted kindly knight — as Edito R
I ntent on radiating happines S
N ow, to our brotherhood, the "W. J."
E ast, north, south, and west by post doth g O
D oing welcome good to me and yo U
I n thunder growls the ordnance of the Kaise R
T ruth's echo even Wilhelm cannot shu N
O mnipotent is NOT Germani A
R IGHT must conquer Might! Else, heav'n were hel L

A. S. ROSE.

I was dipping into Lady Knightley's Journal the other day, and, among a mass of uninteresting matter, found a few interesting notes. She got on very well with a certain "stonemason at Poole, Thomas Hardy," who had written a book called "Far From the Madding Crowd." Miss Bowater had decided at the age of eighteen that Tennyson was "wild and incomprehensible," and she was apparently disappointed to find Browning "a loud-voiced, sturdy little man, who says nothing in the least obscure or difficult to understand."

Among the things that Browning said was that his friend Carlyle would "talk for two hours at a stretch without letting anyone else get in a word."

Another story of the "sage"—this time from the Duke of Somerset—concerning his appearance before a Commission to

inquire into the management of the British Museum, of which the Duke was chairman :

"I believe, Mr. Carlyle," he began, "that you make considerable use of this reading-room. Could you give us any suggestions for improving the arrangements?"

"My Lord," replied Carlyle, "the function of man is to go into Chaos and make it Kosmos."

"I think, Mr. Carlyle," said the Duke, "we will leave Chaos and Kosmos for the present, and perhaps you will be so good as to tell us whether, when you ask for a book, you get it."

Charles Newdigate knew George Eliot well, and says that all her life she was mortified by her want of beauty.

Froude is responsible for the story of a dinner at Lord Houghton's, "and of Swinburne standing on a sofa, reciting some of his most passionate verses, 'making himself as wicked as he knew how,' and of Ruskin walking up to the poet with outstretched arms, exclaiming 'Exquisite! Divine!'"

After these stories of "literary bugs," as they call them in America, it is refreshing to turn to R. G. Knowles's reminiscences. There was a certain little girl whose mother, in reproving her for pulling another little girl's hair, said: "It was the devil that made you do it." "Yes," said the child, "he did; but" —and she brightened up considerably—"kicking her on the shins was my own idea."

I met Barry Pain the other day, and he told me a story which may make English editors reflect a little when they return the MSS. of eminent Friars. In America he heard of an editor who paid a lift boy to sit in his office for an hour every night while he read out the manuscripts sent in. Anything the boy laughed at went into the paper, with the result that it soon had a splendid circulation and a magnificent advertisement revenue. Inevitably the boy began to take notice, and as time

went on the circulation fell. The editor could not make it out, until one day he overheard the lift boy saying to an author: "Hand your story over to me, bung in a five-dollar bill, and I'll see it goes in. I'm the editor."

The new shilling edition of *The Athenæum* is distinguished by an almost painful modesty, bearing as it does on the front page a notice that it is "Entered at New York Post Office as second-class matter."

The many friends of Friar Robert and Mrs. Leighton will have heard with great regret of the death of their elder son, Lieutenant Roland Aubrey Leighton, of the 7th Worcesters. He died in France from wounds received in action on December 23rd last.

Roland Leighton was educated at Uppingham School, and won a scholarship at Merton. A short time before his death he sent to his mother from Flanders the following set of verses:

VIOLETS.

Violets from Plug Street Wood,
Sweet, I send you oversea.
(It is strange they should be blue,
Blue, when his soaked blood was red,
For they grew around his head;
It is strange they should be blue.)

Violets from Plug Street Wood—
Think what they have meant to me!
Life and Hope and Love and You.
(And you did not see them grow
Where his mangled body lay,
Hiding horror from the day.
Sweetest, it was better so.)

Violets from oversea,
To your dear, far, forgetting land
These I send in memory,
Knowing You will understand.

He was a dear lad, and would have done great things had he been spared. "*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*" I grieve for him with all my heart.

In these hard times, one is glad to fall back upon the penny boxes outside the second-hand bookshops in the Charing Cross Road. My latest find is Volume I. (price one penny) of Fanny Kemble's "Records of Later Life." If it were republished now, the American nation would scarcely be grateful, for it was written in 1837-40, and to anyone now travelling in "The States" the things she depicts would be incredible.

Perhaps the most characteristic of her stories is of her party, on their way to Butler's island, taking refuge in the house of an old Carolina Colonel, who welcomed them with the greatest hospitality, gave them a filthy supper of dishwater (miscalled tea), old cheese, bad butter and old dry biscuits. Then, when he was thanked for his hospitality, charged each member of the party half a dollar.

It was of this same Colonel that Fanny Kemble writes:

"A tinge of rather deeper misgiving as to some of his virtues stole over our minds on learning that three of the sable damsels who trudged about at our supper service were the Colonel's own progeny. I believe only three—though the young negro girl, whose loquacity made us aware of the fact, added, with a burst of commendable pride and gratitude: 'Indeed, he is a father to us all.'"

Fanny Kemble gives the most original reason for a man not being a good playwright which has ever come to my notice: "He does not look to me like a man who could write a good play; he speaks too softly, and his eyelashes are too white."

From gay to grave, etc.!

"Our possible separation hereafter from those we have loved here is almost the only idea which sometimes obtrudes itself upon my mind. Yet though I cannot conceive how Heaven would not be

Hell without those I love, I am willing to believe that my spirit will be fitted to its future sphere by Him with whom all things are possible."

Welsh Friars will be interested in the following from Margoliouth's "The Jews in Great Britain":

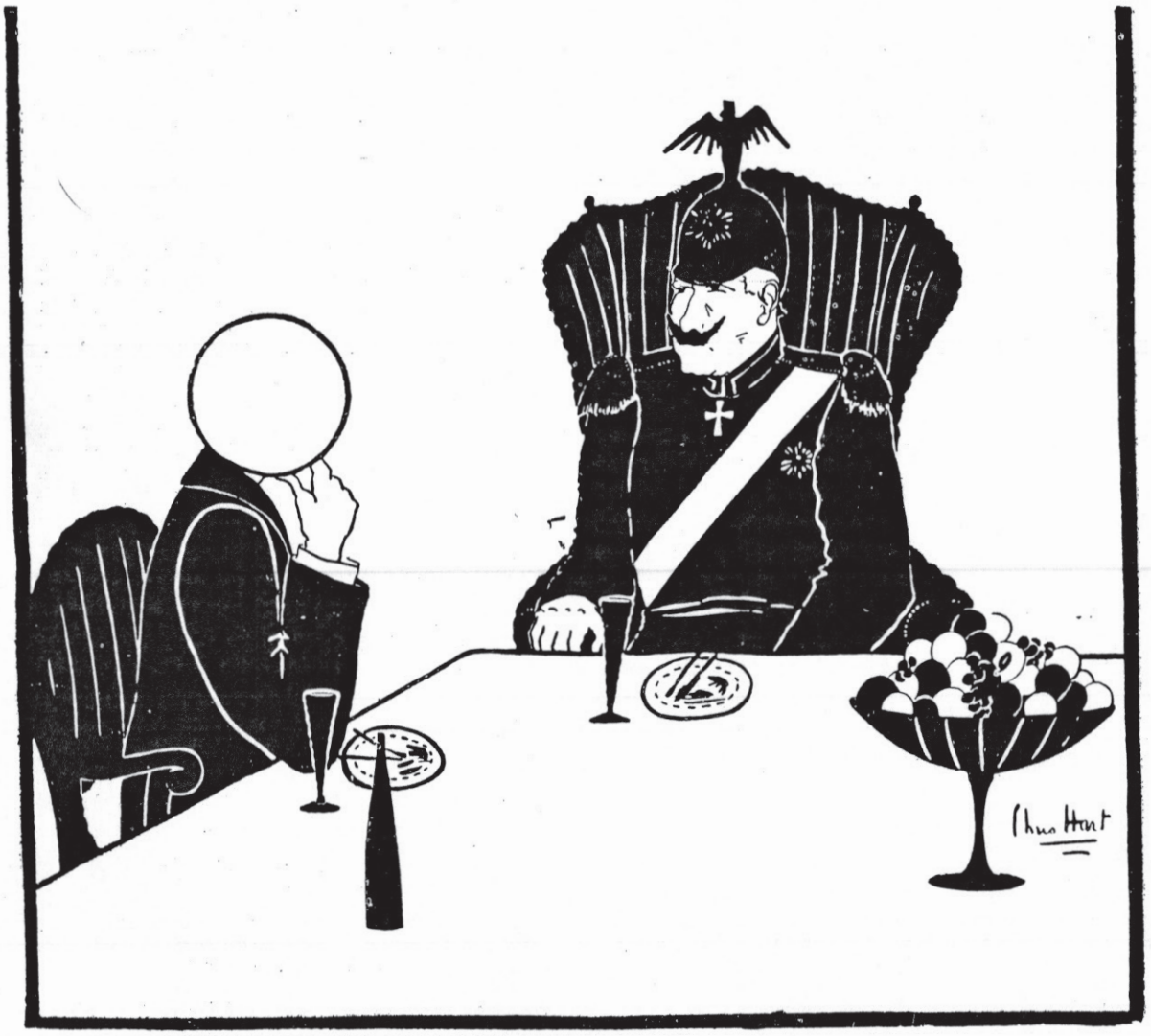
"It would be difficult to adduce a single article or form of construction in the Hebrew grammar but the same is to be found in the Welsh, and there are many whole sentences in both languages exactly the same in the very words."

Why should it be an unlikely thing that the Jews went with Cæsar to Britain, aided in his conquests (many Jews served in the Roman legions), and remained there under the protection of the Roman banner and settled in Wales? There was a covenant between the Jews and the Romans to help each other in time of war. If you look up Margoliouth, you will find that he goes very exhaustively, and exhaustingly, into the question.

Tolstoi prudently died before allowing his Journals to be published. His curious attitude toward women is nowhere more in evidence. "The chief thing," he says, "in an artistic production is the author's soul. That is why amongst productions of average value those of women are better and more interesting. A woman on occasion speaks out her innermost soul, and that is what is wanted, for you see at once that her love is a real thing, although she makes you believe that it is something different. When an author writes we put our ear to his breast, listen, and say: 'Draw in a breath; if there is anything hidden we shall discover it.' Women do not know how to conceal. Men, on the contrary, having grasped the method of writing, immediately hide themselves behind their style, and the reader sees nothing but the stupidity of the writer. The most precious thing—soul—is invisible."

That is the trouble with Tolstoi. He is always magnifying the soul at the expense of the body. "Women do not know how to conceal!" Well, well, we all live and learn.

Friar Richard Whiteing writes me: "By the way, please note that I spoke of Senior (in 'My Harvest') not as a member of the Friars, but as a man on the *Daily News* staff. Gracious! What would have been the size of the book if I had commemorated all the Club men I have known?"



"THE MAN WHO DINED WITH THE KAISER"

Friar Walter Jerrold's "Jerrold's Jest Book" (Simpkin, Marshall and Co., 1s. net) is the first of a series wherein are gathered together, and newly displayed, jests and jokes, witticisms and good stories, conceits and clinches, flashes and whimsies, and many other of the manifold brevities that move to mirth or lead to laughter. The first story in the book is a very fair sample of its contents:

Whitelaw Reid, Joseph Choate and Mark Twain were once lunching together in New York. When the waiter was about to pour out some wine for Choate, that gentleman prevented him.

"What, no wine, Choate?" asked Mark Twain.

"No," came the reply. "I am sixty to-day, and I have never yet drunk a glass of wine, or tasted tobacco, or gambled."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mark Twain, "I wish I could say that."

"Why don't you, Mark?" drawled Whitelaw Reid. "Choate did!"

Friar St. John Adcock's book, "Australasia Triumphant" (Simpkin, Marshall and Co.) (thirty-six illustrations), deals with the Australians and New Zealanders in the great war on land and sea. He takes for his motto Tennyson's stirring lines:

"Strong Mother of a Lion line,
Be proud of these strong sons of thine,"

and tells with scrupulous moderation of the wondrous heroism of our "strong sons" beyond seas. Those who heard the speech of Sir George Reid at our dinner in his honour will readily understand how the Australians and New Zealanders can go anywhere and do anything.

It is with very great regret that I chronicle, at the ripe age of eighty-seven, the death of that lovable and genial brother of ours, Friar J. Farlow Wilson. He was buried in Norwood Cemetery, and Friars Spurgeon and Perkins attended his funeral on behalf of the Club, Friar Perkins coming from a long distance to pay the last sad honour to his old friend.

Apart from the warm liking and respect which Friar Farlow Wilson inspired (he at one time acted as the Club joint secretary with Friar Arthur Spurgeon, who did so much to retrieve our then fallen fortunes), he has an additional claim to our remembrance as the author of "A Few Personal Recollections by an Old Printer," a book which, although printed for private circulation only, had a great vogue in Fleet Street, and is now very rare. A man of singularly kind heart and great sweetness of nature, the "passing" of Friar J. Farlow Wilson mournfully recalls: "All, all are gone, the old familiar faces."

I have met but one Friar who has read De Vere Stacpoole's "The Ship of Coral," and yet it is a great little book. Here is a sample of the wonderful word-painting. There are dozens of others:

There were reefs here, indeed, just a dark bloom under the blue water, just a trace of snow; a pencilling of foam showed where the murderers of the sea lay hidden; and the sea was beautiful here, more beautiful than to the south of the island, for the reefs and the shallows were continually changing in the wonderful light of the tropics to suit the hour of the day; colours chasing colours, sky-blue parallels of sea and heather-purple lines of reef greeting the dawn, cornflower-coloured spaces of water flashing the sky back like mirrors at noon, whilst at sunset, in those sunsets that reach to the zenith, all this stretch of sea and reef would be a field of beaten gold. Just as the ever-changing light of day made ever-changing beauties, so did the ever-changing air and ever-changing tide. At low tide, with a strong breeze, every reef would speak, and you would hear a sound that, once heard, you would never forget—the song of a hundred tiny shores, the tune of the reefs.

Three Friars have identified my quotation in the last number of the JOURNAL from Milton's "Areopagitica." They all seem to be under the impression that I did not know its source, whereas I was merely actuated by a desire to get some interesting "copy." Friar Leighton is dubious as to its correctness, and Friar Jerrold confesses that: "The tidifying of my desk has made me a belated reader of the JOURNAL. It has been snowed under other papers, and I am probably but one of the chorus of Friars who will have answered your quotational query: Please give us the two succeeding sentences."

Friar Ward Muir's latest:

The learned Doctor Spooner at a recruiting meeting began by calling his audience "tons of soil," then informed them that the first thing they would have to learn would be to "shout and scoot," and wound up by promising his hearers that when they returned in triumph "all the hags would be flung out to welcome them."

Friar St. John Adcock writes me that the near approach of the Shakespeare tercentenary is already casting shadows before it. Preparations are afoot to celebrate the event with lectures, exhibitions and dramatic performances in various parts of the country; and it is giving occasion for further additions to our incalculable supply of Shakespearean literature.

Sir Sidney Lee's new and drastically revised edition of his "Life of Shakespeare" led the way a few weeks back; and next month we are to have from Constable's "Shakespeare the Player, and Other Papers Illustrative of Shakespeare's Individuality," by Alexander Cargill. The author endeavours to present something of Shakespeare's personality as revealed by the evidence of his contemporaries.

Friar Edward Clodd delivered this year's Moncure Conway Memorial Lecture at South Place Institute on March 17th. He chose as his subject "Gibbon and Christianity," and dealt with the famous fifteenth and sixteenth chapters of the "Decline and Fall." Particularly he considered the adequacy of the causes which in Gibbon's judgment explain the progress of the Christian religion in the Roman Empire. Sir Sydney Olivier occupied the chair on what was a very notable evening.

Friar Arthur Spurgeon, who succeeds Sir Reuben Barrow as chairman of the Croydon County Magistrates, is well known as the energetic managing director of the famous House of Cassell. In the autumn of 1913, Friar Spurgeon's name became a household word. While travelling on the *Carmania,* that vessel received a S O S message from the burning *Volturno,* and thus he became an eye-witness of one of the most appalling tragedies of the sea. His descriptive message sent by wireless was recognised as the most thrilling piece of writing published in recent years, and in its amplified form in "The Burning of the *Volturno*" it remains as one of the most powerful stories of the sea ever written.

Truly, considering the paucity of our numbers, the Friars are doing very well in the eyes of the world. It will be remembered

by the senior members of the Friars that Friar Spurgeon's great gifts as an organiser contributed very largely to the success of the Club. Let us continue in well-doing. To quote the words of a gifted contemporary poet:

"It is this being wot we is as makes us wot we are."

This was the mysterious announcement of the last Club Guest:

The Committee have pleasure in announcing that "The Man who Dined with the Kaiser" will be the Guest of the Whitefriars on Friday week, March 31st. The mysterious "He" prefers that his name should not be given.

Who was he?

The dinner to "The Man who Dined with the Kaiser" was the largest weekly one we have had for some years, no less than one hundred and twenty-five members and guests being present.

"The Man who, etc.," was like a rather diminutive edition of the late Lewis Waller. Many of us guessed his nationality before the evening was over, but, of course, were put upon our honour not to divulge it. The substance of his speech may be found in the opening chapters of "My Secret Service," published by Mr. Herbert Jenkins. The things our guest did not say would probably have been still more interesting than his speech. He met with a very cordial reception.

In his book, our guest says a very unusual and striking thing about German naval officers:

"If all Germans were of the same type as the German naval officers and men, the word 'Hun' would probably never have been applied; it certainly would not so aptly fit. In their franker moments these naval officers and men confess that they hate the horrible work they are obliged to do; but that they have no alternative but to carry out

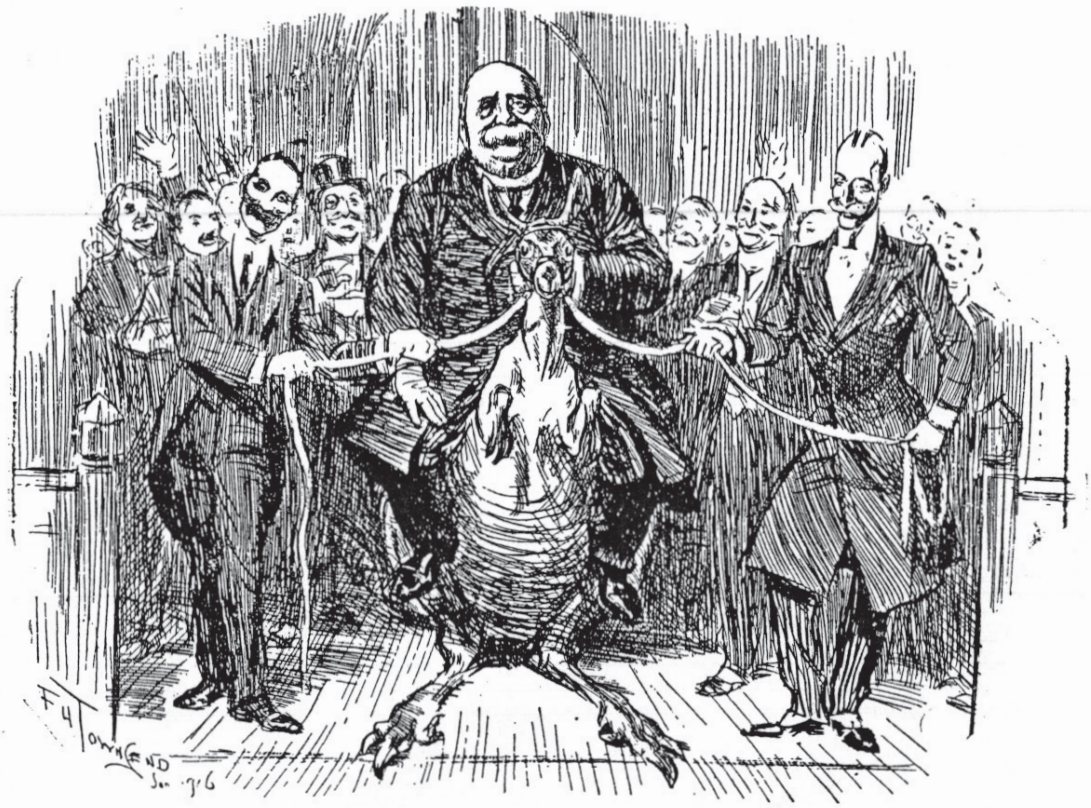
the orders received from Berlin. There are brutes among them, no doubt, but such German naval officers as I have met compare very favourably with their swaggering colleagues of the land service. German sailors are under no misapprehension as to the might and efficiency of the British Navy."

I shall be glad to receive any news concerning the Friars which their cloistered modesty will admit of their sending to me.

G. B. B.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)



THE SPEAKER (*lapsing for the first time from Parliamentary etiquette at the sight of* SIR GEORGE REID *ready to take his seat in the House*): "ADVANCE, AUSTRALIA!"

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