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FRIAR G. B.
BURGIN.

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PRIVATE
CIRCULATION.

LUNCH TO GENERAL E. F. GLEN.

19TH MARCH, 1918.

Prior—FRIAR SIR ARTHUR SPURGEON, J.P.

Topic—GREAT BRITAIN AND OURSELVES.

Among the Guests were: Mr. Arthur Marriott Powell, Mr. Chas. E. Granlund, Rev. W. R. Matthews, Mr. P. J. Pettigrew, Mr. Frederick Keel, Major R. E. Crane, Mr. G. Dutton, Mr. J. F. Roberts, Mr. G. A. Sutton, Mr. H. W. Wilson, Captain Roberts, G.H.Q., Mr. J. B. Atkins, Mr. J. H. Roberts, J.P., Lt.-Col. Sir Campbell Stuart, Mr. H. A. Yapp, Mr. Fredk. Anthony White, Mr. Hugh Terres, Major Raymond Smythies, Mr. R. C. Bagley, Lieut. Will Dyson, Mr. Naylor, Mr. W. S. Gaul, Mr. W. Crawley, Lieut. L. C. Rideal, R.N., Mr. Octavius Beale, F.R.Hist.S., Mr. W. H. Nicholls, Mr. W. Mackenzie, Mr. Robert McBride, Mr. H. A. Holland, Mr. F. G. A. Butler, C.B., Major A. G. Saunders, Sir W. H. Dunn, Bart., Mr. Bernard Kettle, Mr. C. E. Lawrence, Mons. Georges Dusol, Major A. Stuart-Elmslie, Lieut. A. J. C. MacRory, Captain Talbot, Mr. Sturrock, & Sir George Toulmin, M.P.

THE GUEST'S SPEECH.

GENERAL E. F. GLEN, U.S.A., said that our Irish friends are very limited in number on the battle line, as I saw it. We have the Irish at home and we get along exceedingly well. They think they are the Government and we let it go at that. We also have some silver-tongued orators who have advocated the doctrine that when the call came at sunrise we should have a million men at sunset fully trained and armed. As for myself, I have always preached against that pernicious doctrine.

We have discovered a number of things. The most serious of them is that, starting with the nucleus of an Army, we are compelled to raise armies running into millions. I believe we shall have a real army on the Western Front within a year of more than a million of men.

Now, the greatest essential for an army is a supply of commissioned officers and also of non-commissioned officers, and to meet this want we have established Reserve Officers' Training Camps. Two per cent. of the whole of our population are college men, and 85 per cent. of the men in these training camps were college men. It is a little needless to say that we were much perplexed as to what the conscripts would be like, for if you take a man by the scruff of his neck and the seat of his pants and throw him into a new job you have disturbed his social relations and his outlook.

However, we are making a success of these men. We have men of all grades of wealth and education in the ranks. When it was necessary to plan some cantonments, an officer appealed to his company for an architect. Three fully qualified architects at once stepped forward. They were given the task and carried it through with the greatest success. We know our men have all these qualifications and if I may use a homely expression we also know they "have got the guts."

We have considerably more than a million men under arms in training. This necessarily imposes a great strain on our railways. Some of our men have to be brought more than 3,000 miles by land to a port. The great problem is the shipping problem, but I believe the submarine as a menace will be done away with this year. By this July or August it is anticipated that our construction will be greater than Germany's power of destruction.

I think that Germany may have trouble in manning her submarines. No Government however autocratic can force men into certain positions. Men are willing to face death in certain forms but they will not face certain death in certain other forms. We are tackling the submarine menace with the greatest energy and, as showing how many minds are busy on this problem, I may mention that the Admiralty have had submitted to it no fewer than 40,000 devices for listening for submarines.

I have visited the British, French, and American fronts and am

reasonably hopeful that the enemy cannot and will not break through that front. In my opinion, it would be an absolute calamity as far as my country is concerned if the war terminates within two years, as that would mean a German victory. France and England have already made such great sacrifices that they cannot be expected to make the further great sacrifices which will be necessary if we are to break through the German line on the Western Front, and, therefore, that must wait until America is there in full force.

The spirit of the American people is as good as that of the American soldier and they will not hesitate about making the necessary sacrifices to win this war. I have never seen an American army so efficient as that portion of it now in the front line. Within 24 hours of its arrival there, the German Headquarters withdrew their Order that the American troops need not be regarded. We are going to hold on, because nothing else would mean success.

Mr. Newton Crane, seconding a vote of thanks to General Glen, told a story of a Chinese Ambassador at Washington, a man of culture and widely travelled, who had resided in most of the civilized capitals of the world. This Ambassador was asked by some American ladies which country of all those he had visited he would prefer to live in. They expected from a man of such great urbanity the reply "America," and were consequently surprised when the answer came promptly "China or Ireland." "Why?" asked the ladies. "Because," said the Ambassador, "they are the only countries not governed by Irishmen."

CLUB LUNCH.

29TH MAY, 1918.

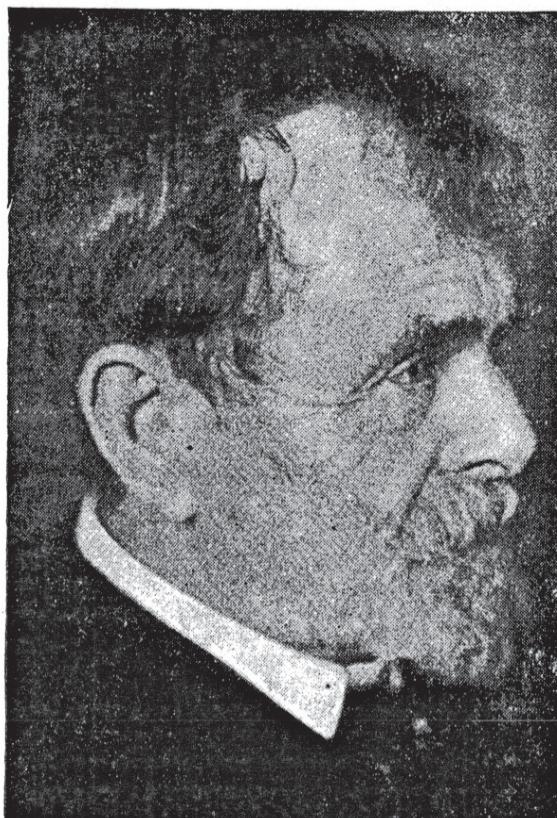
Club Guest—MAJOR PUTNAM.

Prior—THE RIGHT HON. SIR GILBERT PARKER, BART, M.P.

Topic—"AMERICA IN THE WAR."

Many distinguished guests were present to do honour to Major (he is also "Dr.") Putnam. The attendance of Friars was one of

the largest on record. Our Prior was admirable and the guest of the day held his audience in one of the most poignant and thrilling speeches ever delivered at the Whitefriars Club.



DR. GEORGE HAVEN PUTNAM.

The Prior submitted the toast of "The King, and the President of the United States," and then, as Prior, gave a hearty welcome on behalf of the Club to Major Putnam. He went on to propose a toast which he said he knew would receive their warmest appreciation—"The guest of the day, George Haven Putnam."

George Haven Putnam was a liar. He was quoting from his own book ; he wrote it himself, but the person who said that about him was a President of the United States, President Arthur, who declared that—"He is one of those irresponsible reformers who have no regard for the reputations of other people—and he is a publisher." If George Haven Putnam had not been a man of great importance, a President of the United States would not have said anything of the sort about him ; and it was because he was a man of importance in those days—the days of President Arthur—because he was a man of importance to-day, and because he was

one of the best friends that this country had ever had, that this Club welcomed him with open arms.

Dr. Putnam was an Englishman, born in London, and if it had not been that on the day the Confederate general surrendered and that day was his birthday—George Haven Putnam's birthday—he could have chosen whether he would be an Englishman or an American ; but he was so busy in attending to the surrender of the Confederate general that he forgot the event. That was why, officially, he was an American ; but he was an Englishman born, and might not they imagine that some of that enormous and splendid industry, fearless confidence and magnificent chivalry with which he, in our darkest days, fought for us in his own country, was due to the fact that he could not escape his birth in London ?

There was no man in America who knew this country as George Haven Putnam did, no man who knew so well the Intellectuals of this country, the Academicians, the University, Literary and Public life of this country ; and because of that, because he was a man of consequence and integrity and power, he asked the company to remember that when they drank his health they were drinking to a brother, to a man who had been the friend of this country and her Allies, and who, if he could have done so, would have had the United States in the War when the “Lusitania” was sunk.

Major Putnam, who was received with loud and prolonged applause, said they had more important things to talk about than his career. He had been coming to London from year to year since 1865—when he got out of the Army at the close of the Civil War, and had seen with the greatest satisfaction the Confederate Army surrender—and coming with increasing interest and regard and increasing personal ties with Englishmen and English women. But never had he come to England before with the feeling that influenced him this Spring.

He thought he knew England, but he did not before now—an England that had been aroused with a national spirit for a righteous purpose, an England taken unawares at the time of the beginning of this damnable war of German aggression, unawares but unafraid ; taking hold of the work of preparation, with some slowness and some mistakes—the Anglo-Saxons made plenty of them—but with

persistence and confidence, and with the larger results that they had recognized in the past three and a half years in the creation of a vast English Army, the extension of the Navy, and the great work accomplished in every bit of the world where there was fighting to be done against the present enemy of the world's civilization.

The Englishman had been doing that with such thoroughness—not always with success, that did not come at once—such assured purpose—that must in the end bring success. At the time this war of aggression was begun, with the fearful wrong of the invasion of Belgium and the tearing up by Germany of their obligations as scraps of paper, many of them in America felt that the United States ought to have taken prompt action, if only even by protest. At the time of the sinking of the "Lusitania," the growth of feeling was such that the people would have been ready to organize a war policy for the purpose of bringing the United States into the war. He and those who thought with him were simply one of many factors, but they did their share of that public work. They held hundreds of public meetings throughout the country involving the outlay of considerable sums of money, and they distributed millions of copies of their policy to the public through the members of their organization.

In some States it was difficult to get working Correspondence Committees; he did not have any in Texas, for instance, for a long time. Then one morning, Herr Zimmermann in Berlin decided to annex Texas to Mexico, and then he (Mr. Putnam) had Texas with them almost the next minute. The propaganda done by the Germans in the United States had been quite useful in educating public opinion. A special meeting of their Executive Committee was held, and they elected as honorary members Zimmermann and Bethman-Holweg. He sent a formal note on the subject to Berlin, but never got an acknowledgment. If it had not been for these men, he doubted whether they would have got some States in, for they had helped them very much.

Washington was bothered very much with petitions to get rid of that lying scoundrel Bernstoff. Did ever an ambassador, a diplomatist, in past history—when diplomatists were known to be liars—use his opportunities in such a generally dastardly fashion as Bernstoff?

He (the speaker) was a student in Germany and had been going there since, and had read many German papers and books—much to his irritation. He was always convinced that the Germans were lying to them, and that a great deal of the trouble was owing to that. The first report of the Committee of Investigation showed that Germany had spent 29,500,000 dollars in propaganda work—some of it legitimate in the form of newspapers—but a great deal of Bernstoff's money was spent in the manufacture of bombs for explosions in factories and works, and sabotage. The organization with which he was connected continued to petition Washington to break off relations with Germany, and finally the evidence became strong enough for the Administration to act.

The President of the United States had been carrying, since the beginning of the war, an enormous burden of responsibility. President Wilson had been hopeful that the war was coming to an early end, and that the United States—a great Neutral Power—would be in a position to be of service to those who were now their Allies ; and he was very confident that President Wilson's personal sympathy was, from the beginning, with England and her Allies.

On reading the German papers, Americans realized that because they were shipping munitions to England and France, Germany held that they were at war with her. That was a convenient obsession—the Germans were given to obsessions—and they chose to forget that in times of war it was customary to sell munitions. Germany had sold more, in times of peace for her, to warring nations than any other people. The only condition was that the sale of munitions should be on equal terms. Anybody could buy who could take away ; and if Germany was not in a position to buy and take away, that was not the fault of America but was owing to the good service of the British fleet. The British fleet said “ No.” They had made an enemy of Germany and they ought to have done it a great deal sooner.

Finally, the American people came round to their way of thinking. A substantial portion were ready to back up the President in seeing to it that America did its duty as a member of the Family of Nations, and they saw also that they were to fight not only for the Allies but for the liberty of the United States.

The speaker proceeded to allude to the preparations for war since 1871 on the part of Germany, at the conclusion of the Franco-Prussian War, in the days of the Emperor William I. (We will call him "William the Decent," to distinguish him) and quoted well-known blasphemous utterances of the present Kaiser before and during this war, showing his lust for conquest. Germany had been so frank since the crushing of France in 1871, that it was a continual puzzle to Americans that England remained blind to the situation. The English Channel, it was then said by one of Germany's prominent men, should become the Deutsche Kanal, they needed the Skaggerack and Kattegat, the plains of Spain and Gibraltar, and control of the Mediterranean. France must not stand in the way of Germany, for so long as she was there the British Empire could not be broken up.

A German writer had said, "It is time we should deal with those damned Americans. We don't want to conquer the United States, but when we have smashed one or two of the coast cities the Republic will crumble." But even if that were so, Chicago would be perfectly able to run the Republic without the assistance of Washington or Boston.

America had been maintained by the British Fleet alone, and Americans had at last come to some recognition not only of their needs but of their obligations. A lecturer at Leipzig said that the twentieth Century belonged to Germany and that Germans were the natural inheritors of the Roman Empire. The British Empire was a mere sham, etc. As he came out of the lecture-room he suggested to a German friend that the lecturer's theories of Empire-building were a little like Sheridan's views on Matrimony in his *Reminiscences*. The great Sheridan said to his son—"Dick, you are getting to be a big boy ; it is time you should take a wife." "Well," said Dick, "whose wife shall I take ? "

There were ten millions of Germans in the States by birth and kin, and in lecturing before them he had tried to make clear to them that it was the theories of their rule and government that had brought on this war, and that, coming to such a democratic country, they ought to have no sympathy with such theories. A German writer had asked them to submit to German guidance, and said, "Germans go to the United States for the same reason

that missionaries go to China, to bestow on them the inestimable blessings of civilization." That was a rough translation. He would not say it was a German lie; it was a Hun truth.

The extraordinary utterances of the Kaiser in past and recent times, would be laughable if they were not backed up by the fighting power of his tremendous machine. Everything depended on confidence between man and man, the understanding of each other, and that was the same in regard to nations. The world without truth and without law was a world of anarchy, and they went back again to the Cave Dwellers. But all the states and nations now fighting the Kaiser told him that law, truth, and justice were not to be abolished from the world on the fiat of a Hohenzollern; and that was what they were fighting for.

He (Mr. Putnam) had not many years to spare for this world, but, if success were to attend the Kaiser's theories, the sooner he got into the other world the more comfortable would it be for him. Their present theories and actions were an obsession that had come over the good old German people who in 1848 fought for their liberties. Underlying it all, there was still a German ideal that was going to come, and it would be realized that there could not be a German domination of the world. When that was realized there was going to be a revolt, not against Germany but against the Hohenzollerns. The nations had to get rid of Hohenzollern control, and to treat with a Germany which could be trusted.

Now when America had come into the settlement, Americans were pushing forward rapidly and were coming over at the rate of fifty thousand a week. There was good material being licked into shape, and if they could only have a little more time, and the English boys and the French continued to hold the lines, all would be well.

After this War Alliance, the speaker looked forward to an Alliance of Peace of the English-speaking people of the world with the same ideals, the same theories of government, the same belief in the rights of man, the same sense of obligations, the same purpose of protecting the smaller peoples, the same utter antagonism to government by Divine Right and Prussian theories of militarism; they would then have for the service of the world "Government of the people, for the people, by the people."

The Prior, in the course of his eulogistic remarks concerning the guest, mentioned that in the American Army Dr. Putnam had been a private, a sergeant, a quartermaster, an adjutant, acting-chaplain and acting-major. He had been ever since a leading publicist and had had a great influence on American opinion. Those who were interested in literature and journalism realized that they owed more to Dr. Putnam than to any other living man in the United States for their copyright law. The Friars welcomed him and needed him, for he had inspired them, and made them believe in themselves and in the cause for which they were fighting.



OUR HON. TREASURER, FRIAR E. CLODD.

THE FRIARS' CLUB.

Subject for Discussion.

POTATOES *versus* TOBACCO.

WAS SIR WALTER RALEIGH A BENEFACTOR FOR INTRODUCING
POTATOES TO THIS COUNTRY OR A MALEFACTOR FOR INTRODUCING
TOBACCO ?

By

FRIARS RICHARD WHITEING, COULSON KERNAHAN, CECIL PALMER,
S. N. SEDGWICK, MOULTON PIPER, ROBERT SOMMERVILLE,
ALFRED H. MILES, AND THE EDITOR.

Friar Whiteing set them over against one another as deadly
is astonished. opposites when they are really shoulder to
shoulder as fast friends. Without the Tobacco who would ever
be able to live on the potatoes, and without the potatoes of course
you would have no wind to make the pipe draw. Raleigh knew
what he was about: the discoveries had to synchronise as
collaborators and chums.

For the sake of the Argument. But suppose one allows you the enmity for the sake of argument, and labels the tobacco as the bad habit. Why how can one get any fun out of life without some bad habit as a thing that gives the necessary purchase for the exercise of the virtues, and so ministers to the holiday sense of existence! Without it they would work in a void, and bore each other to extinction by sheer attrition. Beware of that worst of miseries before you throw the baccy away. Go farther in substitutes, and see if you don't fare worse.

Tobacco Cheers but not Inebriates. Tobacco cheers but not inebriates—like that grocers' stuff, which poor thing lost all chance of carrying out its true mission the moment it became possible to class it with cocoa or tapioca, or the Jane Austen gruel, as something appropriate to the service of evensong. Hot and strong this even may hold its own in the list of bad habits if another and wiser poet will only give the word. The moral of the whole business is choose your bad habit, cherish it, call it by its right name, and never fear but you will then be just as good as you can.

Friar Coulson Kernahan's intelligence is vexed. INSULT to one's intelligence received (without thanks) per post card wrongly addressed. Suggest applying for information required to Mr. Budget-maker Bonar Law, or The Food Controller. Failing either, might try Colney Hatch. Meanwhile a little of the old brand of genial and generous "Burgin-dy," so popular at Club might prove a remedy for the brain anæmia from which someone appears to be suffering.

Friar Cecil Palmer is discursive. I KNOW nothing about Sir Walter Raleigh except that he was a very naughty man, who was first of all loved by good Queen Bess, and when this experience rather bored him, fell in love himself with one of her maids! The cloak incident leads me to believe that Sir Walter had a cunning eye on the "main chance"—in Parliamentary phraseology, he knew the art and artfulness of playing to the gallery! In other words, the aforesaid good Queen Bess walked on Sir Walter's coat, and Sir Walter promptly walked over the lady!

And uses strong language. I did not know that Sir Walter Raleigh introduced potatoes in this country, but if he did he was a d——d scoundrel, for I hate them. However, on second thoughts, I believe this statement is high treason in 1918 and I withdraw it in favour of the statement that Sir Walter deserves to be remembered with affection since he blessed mankind—and womankind—with the joys of smoking !

Friar Sedgwick So far as I can remember, Sir Walter Raleigh was set to work, during his leave, to watch a saucepan of Irish stew, and was soured with water by a neatherd's wife (who obliged by the day, in the absence of servants) for introducing spuds into the pot behind her back, without peeling them. I believe also that some incident occurred in which he got his ears boxed for smoking his filthy pipe in her clean kitchen, but the details escape me.

And waxeth Poetical. There is little doubt therefore as to what her verdict would be on the subject, but the world to-day would appraise him very differently. Even the ladies have come round in the last few years to realize by personal experiment the value of that soothing and fragrant weed, by the taxes on which we support a Navy, whilst city men have made two precious rediscoveries:—(1) the long-lost joy of Adam's profession, and (2) after an evening's work in the back-garden, potato-planting, *the backache* ! As the bard says:—

“ From one point of view, Raleigh made matters worse
 When he introduced ‘ taters ’ to feed on,
 For he added a clause to the primeval curse
 That Adam incurred when in Eden.
 To the bread he must eat by the sweat of his brow
 He adds spuds by the pain in his back oh !

* * * * *

But Raleigh's misguided intentions, I vow,
 Were more than atoned for, as all men allow,
 For he soothed Adam's aches with Tobacco.”

Friar Moulton Piper POTATOES *versus* Tobacco, but why *versus*? has no quarrel with either Potatoes or Tobacco. I have no quarrel with either, and as for Sir Walter Raleigh he will get something handsome, that is if I have the wherewithal to pay, and treating is allowed

on the other side. But of whatever gods there be, I would crave that every woman sent into the world may be endowed with the capacity to cook potatoes, and for every pipe-smoker going out who failed to "spring-clean" his pipe, at least once a week, there may be reserved a nice little recess in Purgatory with something with boiling oil in it.

He purposes to enjoy both. I propose eating potatoes while they are to be had, and while *others* will dig allotments, and I shall smoke till the taxes make the practice prohibitive. Potatoes and tobacco are good things, and I can imagine some Friar, with an aptitude for alliteration and with more time than I have, singing their praises in some such fashion as this :—

Till a fancy becomes the creamy crumble
Of the speckless spud, and the friendly drink ;
Till Food Controllers our luncheons humble ;
With tobacco that lessens, and taters that shrink ;
Here now till the Peace our belts releases,
We pledge the potato and soothing smoke,
To cherish them both till our credit ceases,
And we are broke.

Friar Sommerville THE premisses are unnecessarily arbitrary. Why thinks the pre- benefaction as regards the potato and malefac- misses arbitrary. tion as regards tobacco ? This prejudges the question by subtle inference. I have always admired the Christian Scientist who will tell you there is nothing wrong if you should be suffering agonies of pain—you, mark you, not himself. Imagination, he will say, merely imagination ! So I imagine the tuber is too definitely important as an article of food at present to allow of any negative answer to the question of the first part.

As regards Tobacco. As regards tobacco, the thing so obviously ends in smoke that there can be no answer to this question of the second part. There are aspects of the case however. I have been served with potatoes, such as would have made Sir Walter turn in his grave and hide his face for very shame. Is there any evidence that he ever did ? Certainly the persons who introduced these potatoes to me never even once winced. Does not that reflect adversely on the character of the originator ?

Potatoes are
windy things.

But enough about potatoes ; they are windy things. Tobacco on the other hand, has this in its favour. It is frankly a weed, making no pretensions of any kind. (I hate pretensions. Fancy being tempted by a haricot steak, a vegetable stew, or a savoury sausage these meatless days !). Tobacco, from the moment it is set to its allotted purpose, rises higher and higher, a heavenly, if not also a holy tendency. The only outward and visible result is the dust and ashes, but what more is man ? So the creature, tobacco, is, so to speak, equal to its creator. Who or what was Raleigh anyway ? Now if he had introduced whiskey——. At a pinch, in war time, give me the potato ; and may we all soon smoke the pipe of peace.

Friar Alfred H. CHARGED as a malefactor the verdict must be **Miles rallys to Sir** "not guilty." Sir Walter Raleigh was, no **Walter's rescue.** doubt, a profiteer, and made much money and other wealth by minding his own business. But there was no more in this than there is in the patriotism of many members of parliament, civil and uncivil servants of the state, and not a few leading business men who are still rewarded with dignities and titles, *ad lib.* In any event, no case would lie, even if the indictment did, for if criminal proceedings were instituted Sir Walter would certainly profit by the sad experience of the late lamented Mr. Pickwick (see *Bardell v. Pickwick, Law Reports*) and claim an acquittal on an alibi. Professor Laughton says "To Raleigh belongs the credit of having first of Englishmen pointed out the way to the formation of a greater England beyond the seas, but he had no personal share in the expedition, and was never in his whole life near the coast of Virginia." The criminal charge disposed of by the alibi, there is no evidence to go before the jury in support of the second. There is no proof that Sir Walter Raleigh ever committed the crime or conferred the benefit.

**Sir Richard Gren-
ville's expedition.**

IN 1585, Sir Richard Grenville headed an expedition which was a lamentable failure, and, in the following year, when Drake visited the colony he found the excursionists clamouring for return tickets,

and gave them passage home. Now who was it that conferred the proffered benefit and committed the alleged crime. Was it Raleigh, Grènville or Drake? Who will affirm that it was either of these? Is it not far more likely that it was an emigrant green-grocer who returned with Drake, with tobacco for his own pipe and potatoes for his own allotment or shop—the progenitor of that famous man Mr. William Adams who three centuries later won the Battle of Waterloo!

The Editor
wants Statistics.

Not a word from any one about the part the
"Murphy" has played in the present War!

Which reminds me of a certain Lieutenant Murphy who, on joining his regiment, called himself "Murfoy" because it sounded better. "Can I pass you anything, Colonel?" he asked one evening at Mess. "I'll trouble you for one of those Murphies that don't change their names," was the unexpected rejoinder.



CLUB NOTES.

In view of Friar Coulson Kernahan's last year's letter about Swinburne's sobriety, or the lack of it, I think I can furnish him with some interesting details from the "Life of Sir C. W. Dilke."—

"A wreck of glasses attests the presence of Swinburne. He compared himself to Dante; repeatedly named himself with Shelley and Dante, to the exclusion of all other poets; assured me that he was a great man only because he had been properly flogged at Eton, the last time for reading 'The Scarlet Letter' when he should have been reading Greek; confessed to never having read Helvétius, though he talked of Diderot and Rousseau, and finally informed me that two glasses of green Chartreuse were a perfect antidote to one of yellow, or two of yellow to one of green. It was immediately after this that Theodore Watts-Dunton took charge of him and reduced him to absolute respectability."

This was in 1877.

Dilke also tells an anecdote of Tennyson and Lord Houghton :—

“ It (the dinner at Lady Pollock’s) had been in honour of Tennyson, who would not dine at any other hour, and Tennyson sat on one side of the hostess, and Lord Houghton on the other ; and the latter was cross at being made to dine at seven, preferring to dine at eight-thirty, and sup, after dinner, at eleven. The conversation turned on a poem which had been written by Tennyson in his youth, and Tennyson observed : ‘ I have not even a copy myself—no one has it.’ To which Lord Houghton answered : ‘ I have one. I have copies of all the rubbish you ever wrote ’—A pause—‘ When you are dead I mean to publish them all. It will make my fortune and destroy your reputation.’ After this Tennyson was heard to murmur, ‘ Beast ! ’ It must have been a real pleasure to him to find himself survive his brother poet.”

Our own little Pickwickian personalities fade into insignificance when compared with this.

* * * *

I once met Swinburne myself, and only once. Here are a few recollections of my visit to The Pines which I jotted down at the time :—

“ Never met Swinburne ? Oh, you must come and lunch with us next Wednesday,” said Theodore Watts-Dunton. “ Be there at one sharp and I’ll introduce you to him.”

I had seen The Pines from the outside, and it struck me as the essence of suburban respectability and dulness, rather gloomy and depressing. Subsequently I saw a picture of it in *The Pall Mall Magazine*, and it looked better, for Watts-Dunton sat with his head out of the window of the ground floor and Swinburne’s head projected from a window on the first floor. Both were reading as if unconscious of the photographer’s presence.

I hied me to The Pines at the appointed hour and met Watts-Dunton coming out. He had evidently forgotten all about his invitation to me, and profusely apologised when I said I would go back to town with him. “ Nonsense ! ” he exclaimed. “ You must see Swinburne. Come in, and I’ll introduce you to my sister, and of course you’ll stay to lunch.”

He did. Then he departed Londonward and I went in to lunch with Miss Watts.

It was a Victorian dining-room, which had got up early in the Victorian period. But the walls were hung with magnificent pictures by Rossetti, and in studying them one forgot the other furniture. Presently, after we had seated ourselves, the door opened noiselessly and Swinburne glided in, nervously shook hands with me, and we began to lunch.

The menu consisted of roast shoulder of mutton and “ pudden,” both very good in their way although they hardly came up to my ideal of poetic fare. In front of Swinburne was a big tumbler and a bottle of beer. He unscrewed the stopper, or pulled out the cork, and poured the beer with loving care into the tumbler, his eyes lighting up with fervent anticipation. Then he took a gulp of the beer, and his features became convulsed as he put down the tumbler and hissed out the one word “ Flat ! ”

Miss Watts was evidently not surprised, for she calmly surveyed the agitated poet and rang the bell. When the maid appeared she pointed to the beer and mildly remarked, "Jane! Flat!"

Jane did not appear to be surprised either, for she took the bottle, gave an indignant toss of her head, left the room, and returned with a fresh bottle and tumbler.

This time the beer was all that the other bottle should have been, and Swinburne drank it with evident enjoyment. Miss Watts addressed one or two remarks to him, which he answered in monosyllables, and then devoted himself to the mutton and "pudden" with a very decent appetite, from time to time nervously regarding me from one corner of his eye. Although I longed to tell him that I was more afraid of him than he could possibly be of me, I dared not do so, and when the meal was finished he hastily got up and disappeared.

What was he like? Oh, nothing very distinctive about him. To use an Americanism, "his upper chest had slipped a little," and he had beautiful hands. Had I seen him in a restaurant and not known who he was I should have taken him for a prosperous tradesman. He was very deaf, too, although his shyness may have made him take refuge in this method of escape from talking to a man of whom he had never heard. Miss Watts made a very charming hostess, but the most abiding impression I retained of my visit was the magnificent solidity of the mutton and "pudden."

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My old friend Friar Coulson Kernahan is indignant at this number's subject for discussion by the Friars' Club. The reason for the choice of such a subject is that a certain Friar wrote to me a little while ago: "I like the *Journal* but you're all 'so darned lit'ry.' Why not give us a subject for discussion in which we can all join? Try 'Taters and Baccy.' Sir Walter Raleigh is supposed to have been responsible for both."

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So we've tried "Taters and Baccy." As the Chinaman said, "No pleasee evlybodee. How can get?" I "dunno."

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Friar Robert Sommerville has very kindly obtained permission from Friar Sir Francis Gould for the appearance in this number of Friar Gould's celebrated cartoon "A Mine Adrift," copies of which were sold and realized over £400 at the Eccentric Club Minesweepers' Matinée at the Empire Theatre. Friar Sommerville writes me:—

"In spite of the magnificence of some of the other pictures, the Gould picture was very popular. It was 'auctioned' several times at the Matinée, and was put up for auction again at our House Dinner a week later, when



"A MINEADRIFT."

there was the liveliest bidding for it. Again and again it was sold. When we totalled up the amount, we found that altogether it had realized no less than four hundred pounds, ten shillings—and don't forget the ten shillings—these are hard times! Best of all, none of the many people who had 'bought' the picture got it, for the final purchaser asked leave to present it to Rear-Admiral Cuthbert Cayley, Commodore-in-Charge at Harwich, who was present at the dinner and on whose account in the first instance we got up this Matinée to help the mine-sweepers at Harwich. Whereas we aimed at three or four hundred pounds for this purpose, the Matinée yielded nearly four thousand pounds, and so we decided to hand over the money officially to the Admiralty for distribution among several minesweeping bases around the coast."

* * * *

Paymaster Friar Duncan Cross writes thusly from "Somewhere in the Adriatic" :—

"It would be pleasant indeed to see you all again, but unless some fresh turn of my fortune's wheel takes place, it does not seem immediately likely. The Friars must have changed a good deal since December, 1914, when I last saw them. I hope they don't all feel as old as I do. However, they say that the first seven years of a war are the worst. A rivederla, as we say out here."

Yes, we *have* changed since 1914, most of us. Some of us have lost that "embongpong" which lent weight to our speeches, and others have passed "beyond these voices." Those that remain, will, I am sure, join with me in wishing Friar Cross a happy escape from submarines and a triumphant return to us when

"The Boches cease from troubling
And the Kaiser is—meeting with his desserts."

* * * *

Friar Gurney Benham very kindly sends me the following interesting little note about our predecessors "Les Carmes" :—

Voltaire, in his *Essay on Manners* (ch. 139), states: "Les carmes, transplantés de la Palestine en l'Europe, au treizième siècle, étaient contents, pourou qu' on crût qu' Elie était leur fondateur."—"The Whitefriars, transplanted from Palestine into Europe in the 13th century, were perfectly happy as long as you believed that Elijah was their founder." This ancient testimony to the special sweetness of disposition of the Whitefriars deserves to be preserved as a tradition amongst us.

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I really think that after the war, we ought to wear proper Carmelite robes at our functions. I have an old camel hair dressing-gown which would do admirably for the purpose. It would add a certain something to the "colour scheme" on "Ladies' Nights."

* * * *

Friar Morgan de Groot and myself "took a dish of tea" with Friar Miles at the Charterhouse a little while ago and found him in very good health and spirits. His room overlooks the ancient bowling-green, and he has fitted it up very delightfully with the accumulated treasures of a long literary life. Signed photos of celebrities, here and there a dainty water-colour presented to him by the artist, and a wonderful old desk and piano all lend an air of snugness and repose to his historic retreat. The almost mediæval four-poster bedstead has curtains all round it, so that its occupant can lie in peace whilst the "nurse" tidies up the room, lights the fire, and lays the cloth for breakfast.

The Brethren are expected to put in an appearance at chapel



FRIAR ALFRED H. MILES.

and dinner, "and all that doth accompany old age" is to be found in full measure in this wonderful monastery so rapaciously "wolfed" by Henry the Much Married. What a novel one could write in these classic shades. When Thackeray used to visit it, there was one old gentleman whom he always went to see, and an inscription on the outer wall of the room still testifies to the fact.

Unlike King Lear, who

"Hates him that would upon the rack
Of this rude world stretch him out longer,"

the Brethren flourish at the Charterhouse and renew their youth from day to day.

Think of the blissful peace of it! No rents or taxes, no critics, no "taking thought for the morrow." Nothing but kindly courtesy and respect. And to add to all this, a stone's throw away, you and I, my brother Friar, are carewornly wondering what unpleasant thing is next going to happen to us. Colonel Newcombe was well advised to spend the end of a beautiful life in this beautiful spot.

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At the last Committee meeting, Friar Miles was unanimously elected an Honorary Member. I am glad to think that he will sometimes emerge from his peaceful retreat to take his accustomed place among us.

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Here is a belated portrait of the Rt. Hon. Augustine Birrell, K.C., M.P., which reached me too late for the last issue. I am indebted to the courtesy of Friar Clement K. Shorter for permission to use it.

A friend has just lent me one of the most interesting books of travel I have ever read ; and I have read a good many.

It is "Travels in Tartary, Thibet, and China during the years 1844-5-6 by M. Huc, Translated from the French by W. Hazlitt, Illustrated with 50 engravings on wood," and was published at the Office of the National Illustrated Library. M. Huc and a companion priest, M. Gabet, set out in the year 1844 to ascertain the nature and extent of the Apostolic Vicariat of Mongolia just established by the Pope, and, after encountering many difficulties, reached Lha-Ssa, the seat of Lamanism, whence they were ultimately deported by the Chinese Minister Ke-Shen.

I have endeavoured to discover the secret charm of this book and have come to the conclusion that it lies in its absolute simplicity. If Kipling had seen it, we might have lost the wonderful Lama in "Kim," for the Lamas are a wily folk in spite, or because, of their fanaticism.

But you had better haunt the Charing Cross Road and try to get a copy for yourselves, O Holy Ones, as we say in Thibet, for it would take a whole number of the *Journal* to chat adequately about it. I will content myself therefore with quoting Ke-Shen's views concerning "Albert the Good":—

"He spoke a good deal about the English and Queen Victoria. 'It appears,' said he, 'that this woman has great abilities ; but her husband, in my opinion, plays a very ridiculous part ; she does not let him meddle in anything. She laid out for him a magnificent garden full of fruit-trees and flowers of all sorts, and there he is always shut up, passing his time walking about. They say that in Europe there are other countries where women rule. Is it so ? Are their husbands also shut up in gardens ? Have you in the kingdom of France any such usage ?' 'No, in France the women are in the gardens, and the men in the State.' 'That is right ; otherwise, all is disorder.'"

Ke-Shen then wants to know whether Palmerston has been banished or put to death, and discourses thusly on Mandarins :—

"Our Emperor tells us, 'That is white' ; we prostrate ourselves and answer 'Yes, that is white' ; he then points to the same thing and says 'That is black' ; we again prostrate ourselves and reply 'Yes, that is black.' But if you were to say that a thing cannot be at once 'white and black,' the Emperor would perhaps say to a person who exhibited such courage, 'You are right' ; but, at the same time, he would have him strangled or beheaded."

Do we manage these things better in England ?

Friar Philip Wilson is good enough to send me a few facts about the late Friar Kendall who was killed in action on the 31st of May last year. I am sure that all Friars will join with me in tendering our sympathy to the friends and relatives of this true patriot and gallant gentleman :—

Captain Ian Alistair Kendall Burnett was born in Aberdeen in 1885, and educated at Aberdeen Grammar School and Aberdeen University, where he graduated M.A. in 1909. In the same year he obtained an appointment on the staff of the Royal Scottish Museum at Edinburgh, and in February, 1910, he became an assistant in the Department of Printed Books at the British Museum. When war broke out he was a member of the Inns of Court O.T.C., and was in training at Aldershot until November, 1914, and obtained a commission in the 3rd East Lancashire Regiment. He went to France for the first time on April 10th, 1915. On May 28th he was sent home gassed. Returning to the front in June, he was wounded in the head on July 6th, and was again in hospital for several weeks. In May, 1916, he was invalided for the third time with an injury to his knee. On May 31st, 1917, he was struck by an explosive bullet during a night attack on a German trench. Although he was officially reported wounded and missing there would seem to be little doubt that he was killed almost immediately. His Colonel, writing to Miss Burnett on June 1st, said :— “ As a company commander he was quite excellent. He knew all his men intimately, studied their peculiarities, and always got the best out of them. Personally I shall miss him more than I care to think of, for his interests were more varied than those of the majority one usually meets and his sense of humour delightful. I have lost my best company commander and a man who in more ways than one can ill be spared and not replaced.” He himself, writing to his sister about an hour before the attack, said that he knew he was going on a forlorn hope, but added “ Please believe me that I wouldn’t be anywhere else at this moment.” He joined the Whitefriars Club in 1912.

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Friar Richard Whiteing has done that wonderful and versatile old lady Miss Genevieve Ward the honour to collaborate with her in “ Both Sides of the Curtain ” (Cassell’s, 10s. 6d. net). The book is a veritable treasure-trove of good stories when both actors and audience took a play seriously. This is the way, a frequenter of Sadler’s Wells theatre describes the plot of “ Hamlet ” to a friend :—

“ You see, old Phelps’s father was old Marston, King of a place called Denmark. Well, old Marston, he’s supposed to have gone off very sudden, before the piece begins, and people had their thoughts about it—specially old Phelps. But he sez nothing, until who should turn up one night but Marston’s ghost. He’d come to give old Phelps the straight tip that it was a case of murder, and that the chap as did it was his own brother, who’s now come in for the Crown and all the property, includin’ the widder. It was all done so quick that she ’ardly ’ad time to change her weeds for the orange blossoms ; in fack, the cold scran from the funeral was ackshally served up for the weddin’ breakfast. “ But mind,” he sez, “ don’t you say nothin’ sarcey to Mrs. Warner, your pore mother.” With that old Phelps goes clean dotty, or pretends to. This gives a awful upset to Sally Atkisson, a gal he was very far gone on, and she gets wrong in ’er ’ead too.”

The following epitaph from a Savannah graveyard ought to appeal to such Friars as are allotment holders :—

“ Here lies the body of Solomon Pease,
 ’Neath the daisies and the trees ;
 Pease is not here, only the pod,
 Pease shelled out and went home to God.”

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Another find in a second-hand bookshop. “ Tales of the Colonies ” (6th Edition) by Chas. Rowcroft, Esqr., a late Colonial Magistrate. Smith, Elder, 1850.

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But, in view of the development of our Colonies, I am mainly concerned with the preface in which this justly indignant magistrate sets forth the condition of things and the attitude of our governing classes toward them not later than 1856. Listen to this, gentle Friars, and perpend :—

All those practically acquainted with the colonies, must feel that if one-tenth part of the annual expenditure of the poor’s rates for some years past had been directed to a systematic plan of national emigration, for the conversion of the wretched, half-starved pauper into the contented, well-fed colonist, all the irritation and ill-will which have been caused by the concoction of the new poor-law, for grinding the labouring man down to the lowest degree above starvation point, might have been happily avoided. Were this act of national charity and national wisdom to be even now adopted, those huge and unsightly receptacles of misery which the union workhouses present to the people’s execration ; those engenderers of discontents ; those nurseries of Chartist ; those normal schools of plots and treasons ; those frowning and repulsive prisons for the poor, proclaiming in the severity of their privations how criminal in the sight of the rich is poverty ; and practically complaining, as they impiously do, of the improvidence of God in allowing creatures to be born into a world which political economists have pronounced to be already overstocked ; those foul blots, from a hard and selfish system of short-sighted saving, on the fair country of England, might be levelled with the ground—amidst the shame and repentance of society, for having, even for a time, permitted so dangerous an experiment on the feelings and habits of the British people.

It has taken us a long time since then to realize the truth of the worthy magistrate’s strictures. If we had not, however tardily, come to our senses, where should we have been in the present war ?

* * * *

Major (Dr.) Putnam was the Club guest at a luncheon at Anderton’s Hotel on May 29th, and spoke upon “ America for the War.”

As the head of the great publishing house bearing his name in New York, and as a literary pilgrim, Major Putnam has in past years made many visits to England, but the present one was unique, inasmuch as he brought with him an intimate knowledge of the bonds uniting literary circles in America and our own Country in the common cause.

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The last time I saw Dr. Putnam was at the Devonshire Club several years ago, when we lunched together and talked of many things. He has changed a good deal since then, owing to the climate of America. He is a small man with longish iron-grey hair coming over his forehead, to the left. His nose is prominent, and he sports a dark lounge suit, and has a "torpedo" beard à la Captain Kettle. He wore a turn down collar, with a neat black tie and pearl pin, and in his buttonhole was the ribbon of the Legion of Honour. Dr. Putnam has a trick of dropping his voice, which, owing to his long involved sentences, makes him rather difficult to follow.

* * * *

I jotted down one or two of his sentences:—

"We won't say it's a lie; we'll say it's 'Hun-truth'."

"A world without truth, without law, is a world of anarchy. We go back to the Cave Dwellers."

"German domination is a dream which has been poisoned by Prussic acid from Berlin."

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Friar Walter Lindley-Jones, F.J.I., has been presented with an illuminated album containing the names of the subscribers, and a table-cabinet, despatch-case, silver salver, and cheque for £135 in recognition of his four years' services to the borough of Bromley (Kent), as Mayor. At Friar Lindley-Jones' request, the cheque has been utilized for the endowment of a fund to provide prizes for scholars attending Bromley elementary and secondary schools. The Friar in question has also been appointed Chief Organizer (The Controller of Paper Office at the Board of

Trade) to stimulate and organize the collection of waste paper and other paper-making materials throughout the Kingdom. He has no less than 38 Organizers in the various counties and, since I have promised him all my rejected MSS, is throwing himself heart and soul into the work.

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On behalf of the Brethren, I take this opportunity of expressing our sincerest sympathy to Friar Sir Ernest Clark in the domestic bereavement he has so recently suffered. The late Lady Clark had a singularly sweet and winning personality and will be much missed at our gatherings.

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Captain Francis Carpenter (accompanied by Mrs. Carpenter) the hero of Zeebrugge, accepted the invitation of the Committee to luncheon on June 6th.

* * * *

The story of the Naval operations against Zeebrugge thrilled the civilized world. Admiral Fournier, one of the greatest authorities in the French Navy, writing to Admiral Sir Rosslyn Wemyss, said :—"I consider the recent attack in force against Zeebrugge the finest feat of arms in the Naval history of all times and all countries." The *Vindictive*, which now lies at the entrance to Ostend Harbour, played the leading part in these operations.

The luncheon (ladies were welcomed) was a great success, and Friar Sir Arthur Spurgeon, in spite of the recent death of his gallant son at the Front, took the chair as originally arranged. He was accompanied by Lady Spurgeon, and among the guests present were Sir Kenneth and Lady Anderson, Lady Foster Fraser, Captain A. Carpenter, D.S.O., Mrs. F. Carpenter, Mrs. Richardson Evans, Mr. Gerald Fiennes, Lieutenant McRory, Baron Gerard, Mrs. Rideal, Mrs. Fairbanks, Mrs. Robert Leighton, Mrs. McFall, Mrs. G. B. Burgin, Mrs. Morgan de Groot, Mrs. H. Spender, Miss Treloar, The Rt. Hon. J. W. Galland, M.P., Mrs. Kimmings, Mrs. Locker, Mrs. Gamon, Mrs. Slater, Commander C. Temperley, S.C., M.B.E., Mrs. Gaston, Mrs. Piper, Mrs. Hamerton, Mrs. Walker, and Mrs. H. T. Brown.

Captain Carpenter told his thrilling story in the simplest and most natural way, as if this wonderful feat were a mere everyday episode in a sailor's life. He stipulated, however, for obvious reasons, that no report of his speech should appear anywhere, so I am debarred from the pleasure of publishing it in the present number of the Club *Journal*.

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What struck me most about this modern hero was his superb modesty. One hardly realized while he spoke that he was "dodging" death all the time the action lasted. A brother Friar has seen Captain Carpenter's cap *with bullet holes in it back and front*. His gloves, lying on the bridge, where he placed them as he went into Zeebrugge, were shot to ribbons. The Colonel and Major of Marines were shot down by his side, his Quarter-master was killed, and he himself steered for the open sea when the time came "to get a move on."

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By the way, a quaint problem arises as to who is to be court-martialled because of the loss of the *Vindictive*? Captain Carpenter was not there when she was sunk in the entrance to Ostend Harbour, but it was his ship and it is an unvarying rule that a Captain must appear before a Court Martial whatever the circumstances in which his ship was lost. The problem is a nice one.

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We are proud of being Friars, but we are prouder still to think that Captain Carpenter told us the story of a deed which will be remembered for all time.

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Friar Joseph Shaylor, who never does things by halves, has succeeded in getting together a complete set of the Club *Journals*, has had them magnificently bound, and they will lie on the Club table for Members to look through when we foregather. Such a presentation is only another indication of his desire to do all in his power to make the Club as attractive as possible.

Messrs. J. Russell & Sons write me: Some years ago we had an arrangement with the Whitefriars' Club to take photographs of any of the members, and to supply an Imperial copy to hang on the walls of the Club room, but this seems to have fallen into abeyance. We are anxious to continue to do this, and shall be very much obliged if any White Friar will give us an early complimentary sitting, when we will submit proofs for his inspection, and present a copy of the photograph he likes best to the Club.

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By the way, I have been editing the Club *Journal* for nearly ten years. "Lor, how time do fly," as the little girl said when the teacher told her how many years it was since the Deluge. "My hair (what there is of it) is grey but not with years," but with constant expenditure of energy in getting Friars to help in the good work. They say what a nice journal it is, and then put my requests for "free copy" in the wastepaper basket. There are, however, a few noble souls who never fail me, and of such is the kingdom of—good scribes.

G. B. B.