

# WHITEFRIARS JOURNAL.

*Edited by*  
**FRIAR G. B.  
BURGIN.**

---

No. 5. Vol. V. DECEMBER, 1918.

---

PRIVATE  
CIRCULATION.

## DINNER TO ADMIRAL SIR HEDWORTH MEUX, G.C.B., M.P.

*Prior*—FRIAR J. R. FISHER.

*Topic for discussion*—OUR SPLENDID NAVY.

Among the Guests were: Mr. Gordon Larkworthy, Major Raymond Smythies, Dr. Guy Neely, Lieut. Will Dyson, A.I.F., Mr. D. Neylan, Mr. W. M. Gaul, Capt. Douglas M. Saunders (Bedfordshire Regt.), Mr. P. H. Euesden, Mr. G. A. Sole, Mr. Arthur Sharpe, Mr. J. M. Butterworth, Mr. Percy Home, Dr. Cope (of the last Shackleton Expedition), Mr. C. E. Best, Mr. A. E. H. Greenhow, Mr. H. M. Hales, Mr. J. Watkin Wilson, Mr. Fred Catling, Lieut.-Col. Sir Edward Pryce-Jones, Bart., M.P., Mr. John Hinds (Lord-Lieutenant of Caermarthenshire), Mr. D. Young, Mr. John Abernethy, Mr. George Dussol (of the *Petit Journal*, Paris), Mr. F. Wallace Whitlock, Lieut. Macrory, and Major A. Stewart Elmslie.

THE PRIOR said his task that day was the easiest one which had ever fallen to a Prior at that table, for the toast, "Our Splendid Navy," and our gallant and distinguished guest, spoke for themselves, especially at such a moment as this. On Tuesday, in reply to the address from the Houses of Parliament, the King summed up all that was necessary to say in a few simple words: "The Fleet has enabled us to win the war."

There was once an Oxford don who, in the course of his lecture on history, was accustomed to say: "The Germans were converted to Christianity in the 10th century," and he was always wont to add: "They were converted very imperfectly." We were not

likely to indulge in any indecent jubilation over a fallen foe, but it might be pointed out that the German fleet, in its very ignominious surrender, was now taking the longest cruise in all its history. The great High-Admiral Tirpitz had "sailed by train" to Switzerland—a very excellent choice, for this was the only country the silent Fleet could not approach to remind him of happier days.

The Prior alluded to the chief guest's distinguished naval career, mentioning the part he took in the bombardment of Alexandria and his gallant work with the naval guns at Ladysmith. Since becoming an Admiral, Sir Hedworth had ventured into the stormy waters of politics, and had introduced some wholesome hilarity in a dull place. We had just read with regret that he had hauled down his flag, and was retiring from Portsmouth. He had heard that it was due to some trouble with the ladies. We should all join in hoping that early in the future he would find a safe haven, protected from mosquito craft, where "The Woman's League ceases from troubling and even the suffragettes are at rest."

ADMIRAL SIR HEDWORTH MEUX, M.P., said it was rather difficult for him to return thanks, as he had done no fighting in this war; he was commander-in-chief at Portsmouth for the first 18 months, and he and his staff were made responsible for the transport of one million of men to France, without losing a life.

There had been very great changes in the Navy since he joined it nearly 50 years ago. His first ship was the old "Trafalgar," a two-decker, and very much of the same type of craft used in the days of Nelson. There was a midshipman on board with red hair, and the captain warned him: "Mind you don't go anywhere near the magazine, my boy." He learnt a lesson from an unfortunate experience. One day he was going carelessly down an accommodation ladder when he fell from the upper to the lower deck. A kind-hearted gunner rushed up and inquired: "Are you hurt?" He replied: "No, sir." The gunner said: "You infernal young ass, what did you come down on your knees for."

There was a great difference in the gun-room in those days. When he first joined, the life was somewhat rough. There was a sing-song entertainment every night. Those who could not sing used to be beaten over the hands; he used to be beaten once a week. In those days, the youngsters spent most of their time



up aloft. Small guns of 32-pounds were used, worked by a lever, very different from the modern weapons.

He was subsequently appointed to a flag ship of the Channel fleet, under Admiral Sir Geoffrey Hornby, and went on board expecting to find a highly respectable staff. The first thing he saw in the gun-room was the senior officer of the mess, chained under the table, so drunk that he could not put his head out of the port hole to call the captain.

All kinds of sport were indulged in, particularly snipe shooting. On one occasion, whilst on shore, he brought down two snipe, right and left. He secured one bird, and the other fell into a farm-yard. On going to the farmyard, he saw an old barn-door fowl strutting about with a lot of chicks, and his wounded snipe was pretending to be a chicken.

Once, when he was with his ship at Zanzibar, some young officers went ashore to a gambling-house. They played with the head clerk of a merchant, and cleaned him out of everything. The clerk then produced a parrot and a cat; these were also won by the officers, who returned with their prizes to the ship. About 11 o'clock the merchant came aboard and kicked up an awful row, complaining "I have lost my beautiful cat and parrot." He got his parrot; the cat was down below with the rats.

After this, the ship went to Bombay, to await the arrival of the Prince of Wales, on the occasion of his first visit to India. The Admiral was a great friend of the Prince of Wales, and he obtained for him two very fine turtles from Colombo. The turtles were put on the end of a line and allowed to swim in the water. On the following morning, when the line was hauled up, there were no turtles to be seen. The question then arose who dare tell the Admiral, who was a very irascible man. The steward said he could not, and dare not, as he knew what had happened.

He went through the usual course of a sub-lieutenant at Greenwich, and afterwards joined the "Alexandria." They had a pack of beagles. He acted as one of the whips; the captain was the master, and a sporting parson from the West Country was the huntsman. On one occasion, when they found a hare, the parson, forgetting the traditions of the hunt, instead of having the hare killed in the open, allowed it to be worried in the bush. The master,

forgetting that the huntsman was a parson, damned his eyes, and there was a most unholy row.

During the time of the Russo-Turkish war, he had the pleasure of visiting General Valentine Baker Pasha, who held the line at Constantinople against Russia. He had often thought of the inscrutable ways of Providence. If Baker Pasha had not joined the Turkish army, Russia would have had Constantinople, for Baker was the only man who could pull the Turks together. Coming home in the ship with them were two or three Russian officers. One of these officers who had been advised to have a bath said: "I had a bath at the beginning of winter; I will have one next May."

Our guest afterwards served under Sir Beauchamp Seymour. No man managed men better than Sir Beauchamp; if there was any trouble he smoothed over matters by inviting him to dinner. They visited the capital of Montenegro, and had breakfast with the Prince (now the King) of that country.

One of the things they used to have in those days was a fine regatta. In the Mediterranean every year, there was a contest for the Admiral's cup. It was a sailing race, and the handicap was according to the boats. He went in the Admiral's barge, which had been entered three times before, and had been beaten each time. He told a friend: "I am going to win the race, and, what is more, I will give you the cup." Sure enough, he won the cup. His friend was away at the time, and he thought over the best plan of carrying out his pledge, and at the same time of keeping the cup. Eventually, he went ashore to a toyshop, and bought a tiny china bowl, belonging to a doll's house. This was made into a large parcel and sent to the officer with this letter: "As I have always told you I was going to do, I have won the race. I forward you the cup, and only ask you before opening the parcel to send for a few of our friends and first drink a bottle of champagne."

After they had the champagne, they opened the parcel; he had kept the letter his friend wrote to that day.

Shortly after this, there was trouble in Alexandria owing to the Arab rising. There was a massacre and a rising of the natives. It happened on the morning of the rising, that the English Admiral thought that everything was quiet, and contemplated giving the



men leave. The French Admiral very wisely said: "Let us wait a week." As it happened, the Admiral's man and his (Sir Hedworth's) went on leave and both were beaten to death.

It was at this time that Sir Beauchamp Seymour and himself nearly had their heads broken in two. They were driving in Alexandria in order to lunch with the Consul-General. Just as they were approaching the police station, they saw the occupant of a carriage in front of them beaten to a jelly. Their carriage at once turned back. He had never had a more unpleasant time in his life.

Sir Hedworth was present at the bombardment of Alexandria, in which his friend Charles Beresford was in charge of that gallant little ship, the "Condor." He engaged the forts some distance away, putting in some beautiful shots. It was at his suggestion (Sir Hedworth's) that the signal, "Well done, Condor," was given.

Sir Hedworth then referred to the incident of the naval guns being used at Ladysmith. He was introduced last year to General Smuts. The General said to him: "Ah, do you know the second shot you put in nearly killed me?" "My dear Smuts," he replied, "thank God, we did not."

At the present time, all our hearts go out to the Navy. It was obvious that the real reason of the revolution in Germany was the fear of Beatty. The British Navy had rendered a noble service, and it was hoped that it would get its reward in due time.

The Prior thanked Sir Hedworth Meux for his interesting reminiscences, and said the Navy would never be forgotten for the glorious part it had played in the war.

---

## ARMISTICE DAY.

By A FRIAR.

"A MAD world, my masters"—a mad world and a merry one, with tears underlying the laughter and a thousand extravagances hiding a secret woe. The tinsel tyrant has gone, and the motley crowd has come from its offices and workshops, has decked itself in flags and ribbons, has hidden its cr pe with gay shawls, is doing fantastic dances on the pavement, is standing perilously over the drivers' heads on motor buses or dancing on lorries and blowing tin trumpets from the roofs of taxis.

At yonder window, with his legs dangling in mid-air, sits an Australian soldier, furiously beating a sheet of tin with an old poker, whilst a sallow-complexioned Serb assists with the end of a megaphone. Well-dressed girls smile at strangers, and sedate mothers of families, hauled from beneath the wheels of passing vehicles, ask you home to dinner.

The streets are littered with broken flags, confetti and scraps of paper. Policemen look on and smile. Wild yells rend the air. Pandemonium has broken loose, and is likely to last. Even the presence of a man wearing a big placard on his breast inscribed with "Is this a time to smile?" cannot check the general hilarity.

"It is a time to smile," although many black-garbed women in the crowd are very near to tears. But it is not the time for the "superior person" to sneer, for all this riot and tumult and medley of colour is simply the reaction from the nerve tension of the last four years. We have reached the edge of an Inferno, and peered into the abyss. Now the discrowned and discredited monster who has set the whole world by the ears is stopping his own as he sits and shivers in craven fear.

---

## THE PEACE DINNER.

18TH DECEMBER, 1918.

*Prior*—FRIAR SIR VINCENT EVANS. *Guest*—MRS. C. S. PEEL.

Mrs. C. S. PEEL, in proposing the toast of "The Spirit of Christmas," said: I am very much gratified at being asked to be the guest of the Whitefriars' Club. I think that the "Spirit of Christmas" is peace. This year we hope to see the peace for which we have been waiting so long. Everyone has felt so terribly and deeply the tragedies which have been suffered in order to bring about Peace.

On such an occasion, I will not deal with the peace side of the question, but touch on lighter subjects, giving a brief description of war work in the Ministry of Food.

During the great food economy campaign, I travelled all over England and a greater part of France. Naturally, very funny



things happened at different times. These are some of the little incidents I desire to describe in confidence to you to-night. They are taken from my book, "A Year in Public Life," which will shortly be published.

First dealing with her experiences at Grosvenor House (the Duke of Westminster's town residence), which was used as offices by the Ministry of Food, Mrs. Peel said: "Certain kinds of writing-tables we learned could only be used by fortunate persons whose salaries exceeded a certain sum, and, finally, we were made to realise kindly but firmly that we had committed a gross impropriety in commandeering even a chair when establishment officers existed for the purpose of promising the supply of such articles of furniture as were suitable to the position to which the Food Controller had called us. As, however, Government furniture, even unto the tea-cups and dusters, belongs, I understand, to the Office of Works, and the Office of Works, like the Treasury, cannot be hurried; the lawful method of furnishing our ball-room would not have been so quick as the one which we adopted. *Apropos* of furniture, it was whispered that another Ministry official, unpaid, and something approaching to a millionaire, when put in charge of a section, petitioned humbly for a carpet and an umbrella stand. The carpet was refused, because he was not in receipt of the salary which entitled its owner to protect his feet from the chill blast. To make up for this, five months later, seven men from the Board of Works arrived to fit up stabling for 144 umbrellas.

After I had been at work for a few weeks, it struck me that more minutes than really seemed to concern me found their way to our section. At first, I endeavoured to deal with them, but then it occurred to me that other people might as well do their own work. In fact, I learned the game which is played in Government offices. Schoolroom children play it with cards, and call it 'Slippery Anne'; Government officials play it with minutes, and it has no name, but its rules are well known. The man who is finally left with the minute and obliged to answer it, loses the game."

Mrs. Peel recounted some incidents of her platform campaign. "An amusing experience," she stated, "occurred at a certain south-country meeting organised by the Mayoress. The local Member of Parliament had not interested himself very much in

the affair, and at first professed himself unable to bestow the light of his presence upon it. When, however, it appeared that the audience would be large, and it was found necessary to engage the local cinema, he discovered at the last moment that his engagements would permit him to say a few words. This was in the early days of the food economy campaign, when Lord Devonport was Controller, and many months before compulsory rationing came into force. Of course, I had come to ask the audience to make voluntary economy in food. My friend, the Member, greeted me with kindly condescension, and then began his few words. He spoke for three-quarters of an hour, assured his audience that they would be on compulsory rations in a week or two's time, inferred that he enjoyed the innermost confidence of Lord Devonport, and summed up the situation by saying that this being the case, he thought the food question would be settled without any necessity for voluntary effort on the part of anyone. 'And now, ladies and gentlemen,' he ended, 'I am sure that our friend, Mrs. Peel, will be kind enough to give us a few recipes for rice pudding.' However, I got back a little of my own later, for when question time came the audience showed itself solid for prohibition. At this, I at once became Mrs. Peel, whose only subject was rice pudding, and left the Member to deal with his prohibition party as best he might, which, as he owned a large interest in a local brewery, put him in a difficult position. I did find it so hard sometimes to remember that I was a woman, and to 'keep my place.'

At meetings, the speaker must be able to take personal chaff with good temper. On one occasion when I was addressing a Yorkshire audience, a man from the back of the hall called out to my chairman, 'Sither, laad, t' Government sends the Peel—happen we raather thy's send the potatoes.' At a south-country town, a large man arose, and in a sleepy, good-humoured voice remarked: 'But what I say is they shouldn't send such a well-fed looking lady as you talking food economy.' "

[EDITORIAL NOTE.—*Mrs. Peel's speech, charming though it was, had little or nothing to do with her subject, "The Spirit of Christmas," and a Christmassy Friar sends me the following as he would have liked to deliver it. If Friars will look up the*



*back numbers of the "Journal," they will find an admirable speech on the same subject, which was given by a late Friar, the American Ambassador, Mr. W. H. Page.)*

---

### THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS.

WE have met to-night full of the Spirit of Christmas, and of its other good things. Who among us does not remember as small boy or girl, the wistful expectancy of Christmas Eve, the empty stocking so carefully hung at the foot of the bed, the vain attempts to keep wide awake in order to surprise Santa Klaus as he came down the chimney with his numerous gifts for good little boys and girls? Who among us does not remember the fearful joy of awaking in the chilly gloom of Christmas morning, the rubbing of half-opened eyes, the sudden flash of recognition that it is Christmas Day, the scurry out of bed to that fateful stocking in the dim light, the hurried clutch at it, and the eager realisation of its many treasures, the bewilderment, pleasure, surprise, delight at the perceptive powers of that kind visitor who comes but once a year? And to those of us who have outgrown childhood, the maid waiting for her lover's gift, the lover yearning for the maid's—do not all these bring back to us the Spirit of Christmas? For the old, who have fought the Battle of Life, who have loved and sorrowed, who have won and lost their heart's desire, the Spirit of Christmas comes again, renewing bygone joys, recalling former happiness, filling us with fresh hope and patience for the days which yet lie before us. The Christmas Bells ring out their message of cheery confidence and faith to help us on our way. Old friends meet us on the threshold as we fare forth into the frosty air, and the neighbour who has been a little unneighbourly feels his churlishness drop from him when the Spirit of Christmas lightly touches his heart.

Four years ago, the Angel of Death spread his wings over the land. Every night the rustle of his mighty pinions broke upon the ear. No man knew when sudden doom might smite him from the skies. The Christmas bells were dumb; the Spirit of Christmas died out of our hearts; the cry of the widow and the orphan, the wailing of mothers for their gallant dead, the pitiful sobs of little children, filled the air. Santa Klaus came no more. There was no

room for happiness, for the Spirit of Christmas had fled from many lands, from homes that smoked in ruins, where murdered men and women lay dead upon the threshold. Year after year, the cry went up to Heaven from breaking hearts—"How long, O Lord, how long must we sorrow and endure for the truth, for all that religion has taught us, until lost ideals return to earth, sweetness and light revisit its dark places, and joy once more efface the bitter burdens of our days?"

With the coming of this Christmas feast, our prayers have been answered, and the world is once more free. It is a chastened and a more thoughtful, but a happier world, for the sorrows we have endured, the griefs that have cost us sleepless nights and saddest tears, are softened by Time's gentle hand. Once again the Christmas bells ring out their jubilant message, once again the Spirit of Christmas fills our souls and the shadows fade into the sunlight of this day of all days, when we meet around the festive board, clasp hands, and, with thankful hearts, softly say to neighbour and to friend—"God bless us all."

---

## THE FRIARS' CLUB (AND OTHERS).

---

*Subject for Discussion—*

THE INFLUENCE OF THE WAR ON LITERATURE.

By

SIR ANTHONY HOPE, SIR JOHN MURRAY, MR. HERBERT JENKINS,  
MR. H. A. VACHELL, SIR RIDER HAGGARD, SIR SIDNEY LOW,  
MR. J. L. GARVIN, SIR HALL CAINE, K.B.E., AND FRIARS SIR  
ARTHUR SPURGEON, CYRIL GAMON, JOSEPH SHAYLOR, ST. JOHN  
ADCOCK, AND G. B. BURGIN.

---

NOTE.—*This subject has so many aspects that, contrary to our usual practice, I have sought the help of various well-known gentlemen who are not Members of the Whitefriars, but who have special knowledge on many points outside our province.*—EDITOR.



Sir  
Anthony Hope  
is cryptic.

THE influence of the war on literature has been, is, and will be, incalculable.

Sir  
John Murray's  
point of view.

As regards the war itself, it has afforded opportunities of reading to many people who had not such opportunities before, *e.g.*, to people at home whose life had been spent in frivolity and who had to settle down to a more sober existence : to soldiers in camp and in hospital : and there is no question that an unusual amount of literature has been circulated for these various classes. Many educated men have gone out to the Front, and their demand has been for books of a high class ; and there were many whose education was half-finished and who endeavoured to complete it during the war.

The Financial  
Side.

From the financial side, the outlook is very black ; wages have been raised continuously, without regard to economic principles and with no check on the part of the Government, and the prices of books cannot be raised proportionately, though they are being raised to some extent. Wage earners are, as a rule, profoundly ignorant of the true bases of the rise and fall of wages, and there is likely to be serious trouble in that direction. A fall in wages and in cost of production must take place. The one shilling cloth-bound reprints of novels and standard works are doomed for the present. The public must be prepared for a continuance of dear books, and popular competitive authors for lower earnings. This will be especially the case in regard to novels, as the limit of the selling price of fiction is restricted by convention and the cost of production is more than three times what it was three years ago.

Friar  
Sir Arthur  
Spurgeon.

AT the beginning of the war, there was a tremendous demand for works dealing with the origin of the conflict, such as the books by Professor Cramb, Bernhardt, and Prince von Bulow. In the course of time, that phase passed, and then came the time for books dealing with the actualities of the war, especially fighting in the air,

With regard  
to  
Magazines.

With regard to magazines, after a slight drop at the beginning, the sales bounded up and were only stopped by the paper famine. Prices had to be put up, but made very little difference in the sales. One of the curious features of the developments of the war from the public's standpoint is how gaily they agreed to pay 1s. for periodicals and magazines which before the war could be bought for 4½d., 5d. or 6d.

And Cheap  
Fiction.

The demand for cheap fiction has been phenomenal, but the sales were restricted in the same way as the magazines by the shortage of paper, and, in regard to cloth-bound books, by the difficulties of binding. The two outstanding publishing successes of the war are "My Four Years in Germany," by Gerard, and "My Mission to London," by Lichnowsky. In fiction, "Mr. Brittling" tops the list.

Friar Cyril Gamon  
and the licensing  
restrictions.

THE increased sale of books is largely due to the licensing restrictions. It is also partly due to the higher wages and better distribution of wealth. The former reason has compelled the workman to spend more time with his family and in his home.

Sex  
Novels.

British workmen do not care for that eminently successful class of pre-war fiction—sex analysis novels. In the past, the novelist has largely ignored the working-class readers and they have had to rely on magazines and weekly budgets of fiction. A working-man sitting in his shirt-sleeves and reading a novel would be an interesting sight.

The other  
Side.

In view of the mortality in the flower of our land, there is a large number of deep-thinking people who are anxiously groping into the mysteries of "the other side." Books on psychological lines would not only be popular, but would be sought for by this class eager for light. But spiritual persons do not seem to have grappled seriously with this subject. Certain it is that any book of fiction



reverently touching on it, would have a strong appeal to this class. There is a wide interest in "Raymond," and Conan Doyle's latest book.

And  
War Books. With few exceptions, war books will not live. My experience of Tommy in France is that he reads anything and everything, so long as it does not present a problem. He hates books with problems, and has little patience with analysis and discussion of sex matters. The war, with its increased income and decreased drink bill, has forced the working man to take more interest in his home, and read more.

Mr. Herbert  
Jenkins thinks  
seriously. AFTER the first spasm of Peace rejoicing, which ought to die out at the end of a year or eighteen months, we shall, I think, gradually become a more serious people with our minds upon the more vital aspects of life. I hope that literature will to some degree come into its own. First, however, I anticipate that there will be the natural reaction from the strenuous times through which we have all passed ; but gradually the aftermath of war will assert itself.

Less to  
Spend. For one thing, people will have less to spend, and there will be less chance of luxury and extravagance. I shall be surprised if the next ten or fifteen years do not produce some poets.

The Danger  
of  
Definiteness. My views must appear rather general, perhaps a trifle nebulous ; but it is always dangerous to be too definite where the psychology even of an individual is concerned ; how much more dangerous it is in regard to a nation, particularly when the world is undergoing the greatest change in history.

Mr. H. A. Vachell  
considers most War  
Verse ephemeral. THE war seems to have stimulated immensely the output of verse, some of it is likely to live, most of it, in my judgment, is ephemeral ; but the fact that verse does command a ready sale is significant and hopeful. So far as current fiction and dramatic work is concerned, the public has demanded and received light stuff, which

can hardly be treated as literature. Nevertheless, I am convinced that in due time, the effect of this war upon our literature will be far-reaching and profound. Indeed, it must be so.

Friar  
Joseph Shaylor's  
views.

THE war has created a wish among the public for books on the one hand full of humour, or else with more true realism; it has, I think, killed a certain class of silly sentimental novel, which has gone for ever. It has undoubtedly made a fresh field for the historian and also fertile ground for the thoughtful novelist, especially those who can draw a possible picture of the future of both England and the world, using the war as a jumping-off station.

The  
Sale of  
Books.

As far as the production and sale of books is concerned, it is strange that it has really been very little affected, and in the classes of fiction, poetry, and reminiscences, there has been an increased output. But as a matter of course, the output of books directly associated with the war has been far and away greater than that in any other class of literature.

Sir Rider Haggard  
and the  
new Poets.

So far as I know, the war has thrown up no considerable writer, save one or two poets of promise, who have been cut off, and what effect it may have in this direction is more than I can guess. It is a case of "Wait and see." No doubt, a vast number of ephemeral books will be produced (indeed, many have been produced), and among them may be some of permanent value. Meanwhile, it has made it very difficult to keep existing works in print. Also, although the war has made many readers, the papers have little space to give to books.

Friar  
St. John Adcock  
is sceptical.

I DON'T really believe that the war has had any appreciable influence on literature except to produce an enormous variety of war books. It has not brought any new note into literature, or any essential change, unless it may be in the poetry that the soldiers have been



writing. I have been re-reading a good deal of it and reading more for the first time, and it is, I think, significant that all the fine idealistic verse was written in the early stages of the war. The later verse says far less of the ideals for which the men are fighting.

Sir Sidney Low  
quotes  
G. S. Street.

WHAT I have to say about literature and the war, I find pretty well summarised in the following extract from G. S. Street's "At Home in the War," of the amazing output of poetry during the last four years :—

The explanation of the number so far beyond the record of peace is to be found in these simple facts : the stimulus of unwonted life, the consciousness of emotions which seem to call for unwonted expression, long hours for silent thought, but not for silent writing, and, above all, the aid to memory of rhythm and rhyme.

It might be added that one can hardly expect really great literature in war time. Men's thoughts are too intent on deeds to have scope for words. Perhaps the great books will come after the war. Virgil, Horace & Co. wrote after Cæsar's conquests. The best of the Elizabethans and 17th Century literature (Shakespeare's Tragedies, "Paradise Lost," etc.), came after the Spanish Armada period.

Friar G. B. Burgin  
and the  
Novelists.

THE novelist has the greatest audience of any class of writer, and most novelists have been influenced by the war to do their best to relieve the anxiety and sorrow of those who looked on. They have been benefactors to the English-speaking race, inasmuch as they have endeavoured to comfort their audiences, to make them forget in pleasant love story or tales of exciting adventure, the awful strain of, and depression induced by, the war. And the Tommies at the Front have also been grateful to the novelists for making them temporarily forget the horrors of their surroundings. The novelist's audience is universal, he is the most important teacher and jester, the most eagerly read of all writers. It is the novelist also who teaches, who is the fount of inspiration, who gives the world ideas, who makes them intelligible ; some times in rare cases he so touches the depths of an anxious people, that :—

The cares that infest the day  
Fold their tents like the Arabs  
And as silently steal away.

Mr. J. L.  
Garvin's  
two points.

I DON'T think it can yet be said that the war has modified the trend of literature; that will come after. Two things I think remarkable: the outburst of war poetry will always communicate some thrill to posterity and the prose records of every aspect of the struggle, though very few of those records are fine literature, will have an immense influence upon all future conception and treatment of the human capacity for action.

Sir Hall Caine  
and the  
elemental passions.

ONE effect of the war on imaginative literature will be to banish for fifty years at least all the little interests of life, the study of manners (except so far as these are the essence of life's drama) and all the transitory emotions. I think the great effect of the war will be to carry us back to the elemental passions, the things that abide, the everlasting things. These passions are few, and the stories that illustrate them are few, and the writers who can handle them are perhaps fewer still. So it may come to pass that, as a result of the war, the number of writers will be fewer than before and that the number of books published will be less.

Successful  
Books.

But I think that the success of successful books may now be greater than ever. I envy the young novelist who has to begin now. In range of influence, he may well become one of the masters of the new world. It is my very strong conviction that chief among the effects of the war on imaginative literature will be yet a bolder assault upon some of the false doctrines of the law, the church, and the world in regard to the relations of men and women. I think I see many indications of this in the letters I get from women who have been long separated from their husbands; and I shall not be surprised if the future of fiction is at the feet, or on the lap of, the man or woman who can deal with that relation in the large spirit of Nature, with insight, power and reverence.



## ANNUAL REPORT AND BALANCE SHEET, 1918

MOST clubs have had to record a falling off in membership through the war. The Whitefriars, however, is in the fortunate position of having maintained its roll very much as in the piping days of peace. This is the more gratifying because the movements of public men having been uncertain, it was found impossible to ensure, as in ordinary times, the attendance of noteworthy guests for the new feature—the Club luncheons. These luncheons instead of the usual Friday dinners, were arranged because it was felt that the lighting restrictions and the inconvenience of travelling at night, made such a change desirable.

The experiment was a great success, the attendances being larger than at the old-time functions. The alteration, however, was made to meet the passing circumstances, and it is proposed to renew the dinners, the evening entertainment giving more opportunity for converse, and also to have an occasional invitation luncheon as may seem appropriate. It is hoped during the spring, to obtain the presence on different evenings of a number of distinguished men who will take up new and engaging topics arising out of altered conditions.

By annual resolution, the subscription to the Club, both for town and country Members, has been halved during the war. The reduction was made because it was obvious that the programme must during this period, be modified. It has meant, however a need for considerable economy, and with the renewal of greater activities, Members will not the, Committee feel sure, grudge the return in regular course, to the ordinary subscription of two guineas for town membership and one for country membership.

The Club Guests at the luncheons held at Anderton's Hotel during the past year, were Admiral E. F. Glen, U.S.A. (Friar Sir Arthur Spurgeon in the Chair), Major Putnam (the Right Hon. Sir Gilbert Parker, Bart., in the Chair), and Admiral Sir Hedworth Meux, G.C.B. (Friar J. R. Fisher in the Chair). The respective topics were, "Great Britain and Ourselves," "America in the War," and "Our Splendid Navy." A special luncheon, to which ladies were invited, was held at the Trocadero, when Capt. Carpenter,

of the "Vindictive," and Mrs. Carpenter were the Club Guests. Sir Arthur Spurgeon was Prior.

Two new Members have been elected during the year:—Mr. Hugh Spender and Mr. Octavius Beale.

It will be seen from the Balance Sheet that the Club began the year with a balance in hand of £72 5s. 10d., and finished with a balance in hand of £92 3s. 0d., showing a saving on the year's working of £19 17s. 2d. This was due to the reduction in the number of events and to the fact that some Members paid the full normal subscription.

The *Whitefriars Journal* has continued to be a bond between Friars who, through the circumstances of the war, have been unable to keep in touch with the Club as heretofore. It has also been highly appreciated by those in attendance, because of its many original features and rare literary value. The Club is deeply indebted to Friar Burgin for his labour of love as Editor.

---



## WHITEFRIARS JOURNAL

*Audited and found correct,*  
(Signed) W. B. SLATER.

(Signed) EDWARD CLODD,

*Hon. Treasurer:*

## THE ANNUAL MEETING

(Friar JOSEPH SHAYLOR *in the Chair*).

AMONG those present were Friars W. F. Aitken, W. N. Shansfield, W. H. Helm, A. Edmonds, W. B. Slater, G. H. Perkins, Clement K. Shorter, A. D. Power, C. Gamon, Dr. J. Morgan De Groot, Cecil Palmer, D. M. Gane, and G. B. Burgin.

The Chairman, in a few felicitous remarks, opened the business of the meeting, which was held at Anderton's Hotel, on the 18th January, 1919, and gracefully alluded to the many services rendered to the Club by the Hon. Secretary, Friar Shansfield.

The usual business was then proceeded with, the Committee and other officers of the Club were unanimously re-elected, and Friar Edmonds eloquently proposed a vote of thanks to the editor of the *Journal*. The aforesaid editor bent his blushing countenance over a sheet of paper, on which he was taking illegible notes with an equally illegible pencil, and, in so doing, forgot to deliver a little impromptu speech which had cost him much anxious thought.

The Chairman considered that the Club might congratulate itself on its prospects for the ensuing season. Now that the necessity for holding lunches instead of dinners had passed away, the Club would revert to its usual programme. Though many clubs had suffered considerable losses in their membership during the war, he was happy to say that this was not the case with the Whitefriars. He feelingly alluded to the recent deaths of two well-known Members, Friars Hinkson and Ernest Foster, and the proceedings terminated with a hearty vote of thanks to the Chair.

---



"GENSERIC :  
KING OF THE VANDALS AND FIRST PRUSSIAN KAISER."  
By POULTNEY BIGELOW. (*Putnams.*)

---

AN APPRECIATION  
By FRIAR W. FRANCIS AITKEN.

AMONG the more remarkable books inspired by but not describing the war, prominent place must be given to Friar Poultney Bigelow's "Genseric." It is issued by Putnams, and a copy of it has been presented to the Club by its author, "In memory of happy Friar days."

Friar Bigelow was for a quarter of a century the recipient of Wilhelm's favours and it says something for the histrionic faculties of Genseric's successor in the Hun hierarchy that not until the Kiel Canal was completed, did our "Cæsar Gloriosus," as Ferdinand of Bulgaria described him, drop the mask of peaceful intention.

This fascinating volume, so full of amazing parallels, fifteen centuries apart, is the result of a painstaking and thorough study of bygone and present-day Potsdam. Friar Bigelow suggests that those who knew Genseric might have anticipated Wilhelm II. "The future has few surprises for those who know the past."

Among his other exploits, which included the capture of Carthage, Genseric was a gentleman who spent sixteen years in preparations for the sack of Rome. Meanwhile, he sent assurances of his peace-loving qualities to many Courts. He devoted all the energy of his nature to constructing a navy so that he might secure the mastery of the Mediterranean ; and when he planned a piratical raid he led the way aboard his flagship and prayed to his Herr Gott to steer him toward any land deserving of his divine punishment !

Friar Bigelow formulates an indictment of that Teutonic "scholarship" which hypnotised so much of the world in the years immediately preceding 1914. His book is a real contribution to history, but the victim of Fleet Street brain-fag need have no hesitation in taking it up. There isn't a dull page in it, and his brother Friars on this side cordially reciprocate the author's fraternal greetings.



## CLUB NOTES.

FRIAR ALGERNON ROSE writes me from the country :—

The *Horse-shoe Heading* to your piquant "Club Notes," reminds me of a celebrity in these parts :—

### POLLY.

Once upon a time, Polly was "The Reverend's" pet pony. Polly knew a trick or two. She knew that her master suffered from asthma, that he had to officiate in two parishes twenty minutes' walk apart, and that she was as necessary to him as was the cob to the local doctor.

The authorities, clearly, had no right to commandeer Polly. But in the early days of the war, many mistakes were made. Fit horses were seized without careful enquiry. Polly was taken. Great was the lamentation of the countryside. "Over there" much horseflesh succumbed. Conditions were serious. As "The Reverend" trudged on foot to his distant parish, to attend the sick or take a service, he could only shake his grey head when asked what news there was of his former four-footed companion.

Presently, he had welcome tidings. Belonging to the Yeomanry before the war, a fine athletic young man, the only child of a neighbouring farmer, had joined up directly hostilities began. He had written home. Latterly, he had been busy scouting, and his horse had been shot. Judge of his surprise when he found that the remount allotted to him was Polly! She knew him at once, despite his khaki and changed appearance. And she had cause; for he had assisted at her foaling and broken her in as a colt. If this sort of thing happens in fiction, the reader curls his lip. There were millions of chances against Polly and Trooper T. meeting; but they met,



Again was the Trooper's regiment sent forward. There was then no supreme unity of command. The British were unaware that the Allies, on their right flank, had been withdrawn. When too late, the scouts found themselves, not in the French lines, but in territory occupied by Fritz. Our men turned to bolt. Several were shot down. Others were captured. It was then that Polly, knowing her rider, got into her stride, and showed her mettle. Never had she carried "The Reverend" as she did Trooper T. through shell-fire on that memorable day. Going like the wind, she out-distanced all competitors. The Colonel who cross-examined Trooper T. when he was the first to bring in the news, was so struck by the young soldier's smartness and address, that he was offered a commission.

No wonder that the new subaltern, as well as "The Reverend's" parishioners, were proud of Polly, and were equally chagrined when, later on, the cavalry were transformed into foot-soldiers. By rights, Polly ought, they thought, to have become the Colonel's charger. Fate decreed otherwise. She was turned into a pack-horse, and did her "bit" patriotically bringing up ammunition and rations through the awful Flanders' mud to the front lines. At length, a shell killed her at Monchy. She has no little white cross to mark the place of her burial; but, in this quiet village, her memory lingers. When "The Reverend" gets an occasional lift in the baker's cart, some wayfarer or other unconsciously gives the knife a twist in the old wound, by remarking: "Good little Polly. It's a pity she was took."

\* \* \* \*

Friar William Senior asks me to inform his brother Friars that his address is now "Allandale," 48, Coombe Road, South Croydon.

\* \* \* \*

Friar Paymaster C. Duncan Cross, R.N.R., was married to Miss Margaret Moon, at Saltwood Parish Church on the 9th of October. The enthusiastic bridegroom writes:—"Isn't it wonderful what a year's Foreign Service will do in helping one to appreciate the charm of the English woman?" It is. Friarly congratulations from us all.

\* \* \* \*

A little thing of Friar Richard Whiteing's:—

#### REMEMBER 1871

Object-lessons are the best: let us see how the Germans dealt with an offer of armistice when the present conditions were reversed and they were throttling France in the war of 1870-1.

She was done: M. Thiers had made the tour of Europe without finding an ally; and he and Jules Favre sought Bismarck with a plea for a stoppage on all fronts to negotiate terms of peace and surrender. It was granted, and they met the man who had lured them into the war with the lie of the Ems telegram, but who now, with all the cards in his hands, seemed to have no temptation to any further exercise of his favourite vice.

He drew up the agreement and presented it for their immediate signature. It purported to contain a full list of all the French armies in being; and

never doubting that this was even too elaborate in its detail, Jules Favre, who had the matter in hand, took it as read, and with Thiers appended his signature. They were bowed out, and left with the only consolation possible, that the morrow would bring with it a surcease of profitless slaughter.

What was their horror to find that it brought only a savage attack on General Bourbaki's army of eighty thousand men pinned up against the Swiss frontier, and at the mercy of a German force of double their number.

A cry went up, not from France alone, but from all the world; and the French plenipotentiaries sought the conqueror again, almost with clasped hands, to know the meaning of the breach of faith.

Bismarck was ready for them. If they would kindly consult again, he said, the paper they had just signed, they would find that there was no mention of Bourbaki's force in the list of particulars. In other words he had diddled them again, this time with another lie in the form of a sin of omission. It had done its work: Bourbaki was driven across the Swiss frontier and of course disarmed and interned, and so wiped off the list of the armies of France.

\* \* \* \*

The moral is obvious. What the Germans did in the green tree they may certainly be suspected of a readiness to do again in the dry of any negotiations. Have nothing to do with them, therefore, in terms of ink and paper, but only in terms of powder and shot. They would be quite capable, for instance, of a mental reservation of a surprise attack on one of our forces, not arguably in the schedule—say the British Fleet, lulled into a momentary slackening of their ceaseless vigilance. Vainly is the net spread in sight of any bird.

\* \* \* \*

Friar G. M. Piper, for the delectation of his brother Friars, kindly sends me the following unique bill. The authorities of an ancient church in Belgium decided to repair its property, and employed an artist to touch-up the old paintings. Upon presenting his bill, the Committee in charge refused payment unless the details were specified, whereupon he itemized the work:—

	Fr.
To Correcting the Ten Commandments ... ..	5.12
„ Embellishing Pontius Pilate, putting new ribbon on hat ...	3.02
„ Putting new tail on the rooster of St. Peter and mending his comb	2.30
„ Re-pluming and regilding the left wing of the Guardian Angel...	5.18
„ Washing the servant of the High Priest and putting carmine on his cheek ... ..	5.02
„ Renewing Heaven, adjusting stars and cleaning the moon ...	7.14
„ Touching up Purgatory and restoring lost souls ... ..	3.08
„ Brightening up the flames of Hades, putting new tail on the Devil, mending left hoof and doing odd jobs for the damned	7.17
„ Re-bordering the robe of Herod and adjusting his wig ... ..	4.00
„ Taking the spots off the son of Tobias ... ..	1.30
„ Putting ear-rings in Sarah's ears ... ..	1.71
„ Putting new stones in David's sling, enlarging the head of Goliath, and extending Saul's legs ... ..	6.13
„ Mending the shirt of the Prodigal Son and cleaning his face ...	7.70

Fr. 58.87



## A little thing of Friar Ward Muir's :—

## THE FIRST OPERATION.

Nurse was an extremely pretty girl. I had (I confess) remarked the fact the moment I entered the ward to report myself for duty as orderly. Thereafter nurse was a mere pleasing, occasionally glimpsed, decoration in the background of a morning of hustle under the commands of our potentate "Sister."

But towards midday I had the privilege of making the closer acquaintanceship of nurse. She and I were detailed to convey a patient to the operating theatre. Said patient, when we brought him back, would be minus a leg.

I had never in my life before been present at an operation, and I was not at all certain about my powers of witnessing horrors unmoved. It occurred to me that I should look singularly unsoldierlike if, when the blood began to flow, I collapsed in a faint on the floor of the operating theatre. And when I glanced at nurse—trim, slender, pink-and-cream complexioned, about ten years my junior—when I stole a glance at this self-possessed chit I trembled inwardly. *She* wouldn't blench. She and I had never set eyes on each other before; but I had to concede that she was the blasé expert and I the timid novice.

Presently I was wheeling the patient into the white-walled sanctum and helping to dispose his unconscious form upon the operating table.

\* \* \* \*

The surgeon approached "Sister," and other acolytes hovered round him. I stood back, waiting to be called for when needed, but careful to have a clear view of the operation. On the other side of the room, similarly stationed, stood nurse. She was prettier than ever—serious and serene and blue-eyed.

And in due course the amputation was completed.

Instead of being horrified by the spectacle's ugliness, I had been enthralled by the spectacle's beauty: the beauty of an exquisite skill exquisitely exercised.

We wheeled our patient back to the ward, nurse and I. There is a camaraderie in hospital. She and I had never been introduced and never would be, yet we were already able to chat familiarly, and I said:

"Been here long, nurse?"

"Not very."

"Really?" I was surprised. "Long enough though to have grown accustomed to things. Now that operation was my first. I was awfully afraid I shouldn't stick it."

"What! Your first operation!" Nurse's blue eyes were round. "And you never said a word! Oh, *orderly*!—I thought you'd been at dozens. You were splendid."

This was delightful. I felt a hero, beneath the naïvely admiring gaze of those blue eyes.

"What did *you* feel like at *your* first operation, nurse?" I asked.

"This morning's *was* my first operation!" she said. And then—really she was rather a darling, this pretty child—she added: "But I didn't know that *men* could stand these things as well as *women*!"

\* \* \* \*

In "Liberty and Brotherhood" (Palmer & Hayward), Friar Joseph Shaylor has written a book which will delight the hearts

of all Friars, embodying, as it does, the shrewd, kindly observation of his fellows during a long and busy lifetime. "Age cannot wither nor custom stale his infinite variety."

These addresses were delivered to young men, but they contain much that will appeal to those who have passed their first youth, notably "Some Thoughts on Inspiration" and "The Friendship of Books." Speaking personally, Friar Shaylor regards General Booth as one of the most inspired and inspiring men of the nineteenth century :—

He laboured amongst a class that no one else wanted, except perhaps as hewers of wood or drawers of water, and by strength of will, earnestness, piety and innate force of character worked his way through persecution and opposition until he had won the hearts and love not only of those for whose benefit he laboured, but of countless numbers of others at home and abroad.

Can that man be dead  
Whose spiritual influence is upon his kind ?  
He lives in glory ; and such speaking dust  
Has more of life than half its breathing moulds.

\* \* \* \*

In "The Friendship of Books," Friar Shaylor (he has lived the greater part of his life among them), declares that they introduce us to the best society and the greatest minds, and to an extent we seem one with them :—

The mind, like friendship, requires continual nourishment ; the brain cannot live and be healthy upon novels or upon false beliefs any more than the body can be supported on fancy dishes. Good books are the legacies which genius leaves to mankind.

\* \* \* \*

Friar Shaylor believes that the mind cannot be healthy if nourished on novels alone. Of course, even healthy novels require a balance of facts to counteract their imaginative suggestion, and for this purpose a Blue Book is about the best thing to bring one down to the workaday world. Bad novels—but I quote from an old friend—"The publication of bad novels by the prurient purveyors of pornographic dustbins, ought to be a punishable offence against the well-being of society." This is so alliteratively put, that I don't think I can improve upon it.



## A little thing of Friar G. B. Burgin's :—

## BY THE BOSPHORUS.

The Black Sea mouth of the Bosphorus is a haunt of peculiar fascination for the wandering vagabond with an eye to the picturesque.

Walk along its sands and you cannot go fifty yards without stubbing your toes against the timbers of some ancient wreck, for there are two light-houses which in the dark winter nights, when the winds cut one to pieces, are often mistaken for one another, and such a mistake means death.

In the morning after one of these gales the shore is strewn with all sorts of débris, and at the foot of the lighthouse are dozens of beautiful birds with broken necks. Fleeing before the gale, they have dashed against the flaming light and met their fate.

Owing to the number of wrecks on this stormy coast, it has been found indispensable to have a lifeboat station and rocket service. When I first knew it the crew of the lifeboat were Turks, commanded by an Englishman who lived in a picturesque little cottage hard by. He liked his crew, but complained of their slackness. They liked him, and said, "Allah is with him," which is a polite Turkish way of informing you that a man is mad.

The reason for this was that the captain had an unpleasant habit of taking his men out and upsetting them for *practice*; and they did not like it. Still less did they like the "breeches-buoy" rigged up on shore. There was a high pole, up which they were expected to climb, get into the buoy, and then be hauled ashore. No Turk likes to look ridiculous; but directly his feet touched the ground he had to run for some yards and bound up and down like a cork.

In the summer, friends of the English captain were wont to go out to the Black Sea mouth, swim, eat, fish, and loaf the time away. There was first the morning dip, then the taking up of the nets stretched the night before. They were generally full of red mullet. Knowing that the porpoises drive the fish inshore, the Turks have prohibited the capture of "sea pigs" in the Bosphorus because these marauders save them trouble, a thing which irresistibly appeals to the Turkish mind.

Indeed, I once saw a Turkish fisherman, on discovering that the wind was blowing inshore, take off his trousers, fasten them to an oar, and, holding the oar between his legs, allow himself to be wafted ashore. It saved him the trouble of rowing. When he landed, he put on his trousers again and thanked Allah for giving him so much wisdom.

\* \* \* \*

Friar the Rt. Hon. Gilbert Parker has left the classic precincts of Carlton House Terrace for 24, Portman Square.

\* \* \* \*

## A little thing of Friar Sir Gilbert Parker's :—

## THE COLONIAL TROOPS.

I think I never saw a finer-looking lot of men—very intelligent, lithe, and capable looking. Those who doubted that the American and Australian, New Zealander, and Canadian would lack in discipline have been proved wrong.

Officers in dug-outs, men in carts and by the roadside, everywhere were cheerful, without being jubilant—hopeful and radiant and self-possessed.

Decadence—there is none of it, and a new door has been opened to the cohesion of Imperial action and sentiment, but we must do our work thoroughly, and let this be said that there is no Pacifist or so-called "Moderate" in the British Army; and Mr. Gompers, whom I saw at Boulogne, has proved that the American worker is in to the finish.

No soldiers have ever had to face the terrors that our present fighters have had to face, and our best reward to them is to see that they do their work thoroughly and completely, and that we exact immense compensation.

\* \* \* \*

Mrs. C. S. Peel, the well-known writer and for some time Director of the Women's Service at the Ministry of Food, was the Club Guest at the Christmas Dinner at the Trocadero on December 18th. Prior Sir Vincent Evans made a charming little speech to the assembled Friars and their guests, and greatly contributed to the success of the evening by his courtesy and tact.

\* \* \* \*

Friar Lieut. Leslie Burgin has received the Italian Cross "for special services during the Austrian offensive." I understand that this youthful warrior, also a Doctor of Law, is to officiate as Prior at one of our next season's dinners.

\* \* \* \*

Friar Lindley Jones has been busy at his post of Paper Controller. From a very interesting speech delivered by him, I take the following :—

The Supply Department has to keep its fingers, so to speak, on the National pulse to endeavour to supply the necessary material and to ration it to the best of its ability. Its efforts are being continually complicated by new problems. To-day, it may be labour, to-morrow, transport, and the next day, coal, and in the unlikely event of one of these being lacking, another is certain to be forthcoming. It has to make sure of the supply of pulp from Norway or Sweden, distribute it amongst the mills with the object of keeping them all at work and ensuring the production of the needful quantity of paper. On this Department depends the issue of your daily newspaper, and the supply of your stationery, to say nothing of the demand notes for your income tax or your rates. Difficult positions are to be met with day by day, and they are faced with a courage and promptitude which have gained my admiration.

\* \* \* \*

A capital speech, full of information. Indeed, as Mark Twain once said, although not of Friar Lindley Jones, "Information leaks out of him like otter of roses out of the otter."



It is with great regret that I chronicle the death of one of our most distinguished honorary Members, the American Ambassador, to London, Dr. W. H. Page.

Mr. Page, who was 63 years old, was born in Cary, a suburb of Raleigh, North Carolina. After gaining a Fellowship at the John Hopkins University, where he met Mr. Wilson, he went to New York to take up newspaper work. He edited successively the *Forum*, the *Atlantic Monthly*, and the *World's Work*.

In May, 1913, he came to London as United States Ambassador, a position which he held until ill-health compelled him to resign last August, amid general regret.

After America entered the war, many audiences in London and elsewhere in England came under the spell of his oratorical charm. His speech before the Pilgrims in April, 1917, welcoming his country's entry into the fight for freedom, was among the great utterances of the war. He will be greatly missed by all Friars, to whom he had endeared himself by a singularly charming and humorous personality.

\* \* \* \*

A former Friar, Ernest Foster, has, I am sorry to say, joined the great majority. Beginning his journalistic work about forty years ago, he had edited successively *Little Folks*, *Chums*, *Cassell's Saturday Journal*, and other publications of Messrs. Cassell & Co. He was also a pioneer in the production of interviews with celebrities in a weekly popular paper, and author of various volumes of biography. Some of his journalistic experiences are embodied in a recent book, "In an Editor's Chair." Friar Foster was 66, and had been ill for about two months.

I shall never forget his kindness to me as a youngster when I once sent him a short story. He was sanguine enough to see signs of promise in it, re-wrote most of it, and then accepted my (?) story. Few editors would have taken so much trouble with a fledgling, and the incident lingers pleasantly in my memory.

\* \* \* \*

Friar H. A. Hinkson has also passed away. Who does not remember his kindly, choleric, amusing and critical presence at our Club lunches and the solemn protests he invariably sent in

to the Secretary about the way his life was being shortened by the food he had to eat? My own impression is that he will be best remembered for his admirable short stories of Irish life. He died on the 11th January at his residence, Brookhill House, Claremorris, Co. Mayo. Friar Hinkson, who was a resident magistrate, had been stationed in Claremorris since 1914. He was the author of several novels, which dealt with life in Ireland, and a treatise on the law of copyright which was published in 1903. Educated at Dublin High School and Trinity College, Dublin, he was called to the Bar by the Inner Temple in 1902.

\* \* \* \*

It is always interesting to get first-hand news from Colonial climes. A gifted Canadian friend writes me how the news of the Armistice was received in Ottawa. One can imagine the vast crowd on that majestic cliff where the Indian roamed before the White Man came to rob him of his inheritance:—

Where were you, I wonder, when the news of the armistice reached that small spot on the globe that is London, on the morning of St. Martin's Day? It was 3 a.m. in Ottawa when the sirens of all the lumber mills in our twin cities announced the glad tidings.

I was sorry not to be among those who were out under the stars at that romantic hour of mystic morn. Throngs filled the city streets down town and surged over Parliament Hill—singing, waving flags, building bonfires in the streets, and utilizing without scruple every conceivable instrument or utensil capable of making hideous noise.

The down town streets were a seething carnival all day Monday and for two nights, but there must have been a thrill in the magic hour of darkness under the night sky when the message first came. It was a day of brilliant sunshine, and in the afternoon I went with some friends to the special service of Thanksgiving officially planned by the Government on the terrace and steps of the House of Commons—the new building is completed now and the interior is being hurried. We were fortunate enough to be within a few feet of the Cabinet Minister, who, in the absence of the Premier, read the terms of the armistice, for the first time; and it was a wonderful sight to look down upon that vast and usually empty square filled with a sea of eager upturned faces, intent on knowing just what demands the Allies were making.

\* \* \* \*

The Christmas Club Lunch was a pleasant little affair under the presidency of Friar Joseph Shaylor. The week after, it was followed by another informal lunch on the occasion of President Wilson's visit to the City. Among those present were Friar Shansfield, with Captain and Mrs. Nash and family, Friar Joseph Shaylor and Miss



Shaylor, Friar Dr. J. Morgan de Groot and Mrs. de Groot, Friar G. B. Burgin and Mrs. Burgin, Friar Walter Slater, Mrs. and Miss Slater, and Friar Henry J. Brown and Mrs. Brown.

\* \* \* \*

I am sure that all Friars will lend their cordial support to the erection of a Newspaper Hall. If there were a Newspaper Hall close to Fleet Street and Tudor Street, and yet away from the noise of both, in which the Press Fund, the Institute of Journalists, the N.P.A., the Whitefriars' Club, the Newspaper Society, and the rest were housed, it would merely mean crossing a corridor or entering a lift.

\* \* \* \*

There would be no loss of independence; each Association would be as much of a separate entity as now, but many of the various organizations would be strengthened and improved by the facility of contact and intercourse with each other; members of the Press Club should be members of the Institute and of the Union, as well as of the Press Fund; and *vice versa*; and the convenience, saving of time, and increase of comfort would be incalculable.

The benefits of this scheme are so obvious that the wonder is something of the kind has not long ago been carried out. Twelve or fourteen years ago, the late Lord Burnham wrote expressing his willingness to invite the leading newspaper proprietors and notabilities to meet together for the consideration of such a plan. Lord Northcliffe has shown himself willing to give substantial support to the idea. Others are also favourable and only need a lead—or perhaps only a hint—to take the lead themselves.

\* \* \* \*

The Christmas "Peace" Dinner programme was purposely curtailed in order that old friends might have an opportunity of chatting over the momentous events of the year. Owing to the stringency of the paper regulations, we missed Friar Shaylor's annual gift of a little book to each of us.

Those of the Friars who were able to be present, however, enjoyed their dinner with quiet thankfulness, for there were no bombs to dodge on their homeward way, no tragic news reached them from the paper sellers in the street. The Spirit of Christmas brooded over us and made us, for the time being, forget the sorrows of the last four years.

\* \* \* \*

And now, in this year of 1919, we hope to do great things with our Club programme. But, in the words of the immortal Mrs. Malaprop, I will not "proticipate," lest, also in the words of another immortal lady, you "result me and treat me with ironing." Good luck and happiness to all brother Friars, is the hearty wish of that editorial potentate alphabetically known as—

G. B. B.