

WHITEFRIARS JOURNAL.

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

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PRIVATE
CIRCULATION.

DINNER TO MR. P. W. WILSON.

January 31st, 1919.

Prior—Friar Harold Spender.

Topic for Discussion—AMERICA AND THE WAR.

Among the Friars and Guests were: Frederick Whelen, W. J. Boyle, G. B. Burgin, Joseph Shaylor, Cecil Palmer, W. M. Saunders, G. H. Northcroft, Wilfrid Whitten, Dr. J. Morgan de Groot, G. Moulton Piper, Sir Vincent Evans, W. N. Shansfield, Cyril Gamon, W. B. Slater, W. H. Helm, A. B. Cooper, Mr. Wilson's Son, G. S. Sole, P. H. Euesden, Spencer Leigh Hughes, C. S. Evans, G. Scamell, W. M. Gaul, T. Huws Davies, P. Williams, W. H. Kesteven and guest.

The Prior said that the Guest of the Evening had been absent from us too long on his mission to America, and we were glad to welcome him back again. Mr. Wilson had been away from us during the most critical years of the great war, and those among us who had read his despatches to the journal he so ably represented, were filled with admiration for the way in which he had endeavoured to influence American opinion with regard to England. At one time, during the War of Independence, there had been a great cleavage of opinion between England and America, and the problems of that cleavage were still of profound interest to the students of history. There had been many dark sides to the present war, but people had not sufficiently dwelt on the bright side, which had brought us so much nearer to and a better understanding with our brothers across the Atlantic.

Mr. P. W. Wilson, in eloquently replying, gave an interesting account of his endeavours to influence American feeling with regard to ourselves, and expressed his opinion that the friendship of America for us would prove to be a lasting one.

Owing to the Club reporter having failed to appear, and no one noticing his absence, it was not discovered until after Mr. Wilson had sailed for America, that there was not a note of his speech. Consequently, the report of the proceedings on this occasion is rather like the play of "Hamlet," with Hamlet left out. In lieu of Mr. Wilson's speech, is appended a little sketch of him (not a particularly amiable one) by Mr. Gerald Cumberland, a brilliant seeker after personality in others, who has not yet discovered the effect of his own personality on the "others," although he quotes Mr. A. A. Milne's remark about himself with the naïvest candour:—"I cannot tell you how thankful I am that I insisted on seeing your article before it was printed. It does not represent my views in the least; your talent for misrepresentation is remarkably resourceful."

Mr. Cumberland writes of Mr. P. W. Wilson in "Set Down in Malice" (the story is condensed a little):—

"The amiable but rather weak Mr. P. W. Wilson, who used to do 'Lobby' work for the *Daily News*, entered, into conversation with me at the hotel at Criccieth. 'I hope,' said I, 'that the suffragettes will not be brutally treated to-morrow, but I am very much afraid they will.'

"'Of course,' observed P.W.W., between draws at his pipe, 'if they create a disturbance here, in the very midst of Lloyd George's worshippers, they must expect a stiff time of it.'

"I added: 'We must prepare ourselves for dreadful sights to-morrow. I should not be very surprised if one or two women are not torn limb from limb.' And if they are, the responsibility will, in my opinion, rest mainly with Mr. Lloyd George himself.'

"P. W. Wilson took his pipe from his mouth and looked at me with some concern. 'How do you make that out?'

"'Well, hitherto, he has not done very much to soothe the irritation of meetings he has addressed which have been interrupted by suffragettes.'

" Wilson, really disturbed, moved a little uneasily on his chair, rose, scratched his head, sat down again and sighed.

" ' I must tell him,' said he. ' I must warn him that at the very beginning of his speech, he must appeal to the audience to deal gently with any interrupters. . . . Torn limb from limb. . . . You really think that ? '

" I felt a little sorry to have disturbed him so much, and yet I knew that I very much preferred an anxious, harassed Wilson to a Wilson who was smooth and sleek.

" That afternoon my warning concerning the suffragettes was nearly prophetic. Mr. Lloyd George of course, did all in his power to quell the mob's anger, but the women were violently assaulted, their breasts beaten, their clothes ripped from their backs, their hair torn by the roots from their heads. . . . On the edge of the mêlée I saw P. W. Wilson standing deploring it."

(EDITORIAL NOTE.—*What else could he do ?*)

Mr. Spencer Leigh Hughes spoke of journalists of a type who paid short visits to the Front and then came back to write about their experiences and liberally sprinkled their articles with references to the Almighty. A journalist of this type recently returned and wrote : " How long, O Lord." and " Truly the ways of God." Remembering that this particular journalist had been permitted to return alive, the speaker quite agreed. The Chairman had Hughes to right of him and Huws to left of him to volley and thunder.

Much had been said about " coupon men " at the General Election. Well, he (the speaker) was a coupon man and his constituents did not seem to mind it, as they had given him a walk-over. This label was a source of pride to him, as he had always understood that if you wanted good meat it had to be coupon meat ; he did not think that he wished to be a non-coupon man, which, in politics, as in meat, might mean " offal."

Friar G. B. Burgin had listened to the speeches of the Prior and our Guest with great admiration, but found himself in doubt as to which of the two had his more cordial approval. In fact,

the situation reminded him of an epitaph in a Birmingham churchyard :—

Here lies the mother of children seven,
Four on earth and three in heaven ;
The three in heaven preferring rather
To die with mother than live with father.

He did not know which would be preferable ; to die with “ Father ” Wilson or live with “ Mother ” Spender, and could not make up his mind between them. Personally, in the course of his visits to America, he had done all he could to create a better understanding between the two countries ; so much so, that one old lady took him on the verandah hotel and said to him : “ Well, now, you tell me all about England and I’ll tell you all about my stomach troubles.”

The Guest of the Evening had alluded to the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers on Plymouth Rock, and another Guest had described how they first fell on their knees and then on the Indians. An American friend had once told the speaker that he was so tired of hearing how the Pilgrim Fathers landed on Plymouth Rock that he wished Plymouth Rock had landed on the Pilgrim Fathers.

It was true, as someone had said, that all Americans did not fully appreciate Niagara. He had gone down to the Cave of the Winds dressed in those hideous waterproof garments which hid the sex of the wearers, and heard a young Englishman say to a person next to him, at the same time giving the man a hearty slap on the back : “ I say, old man, this is damn fine.” A shrill shriek came from the slapped “ man.” “ Are you aware, sir, that you are addressing a clergyman’s daughter ? ”

There was an American in England who bought some pink flannelette for a nightshirt on the distinct understanding that it was unshrinkable. A month later, he came back to the shop and said : “ The darned nightshirt I bought from you was all right till it was washed. When I put it on again it only came down to my knees, but the next morning I found myself with nothing on but a pink frill round my neck.” The speaker, metaphorically, had entered this discussion with nothing on but a pink frill. Now, thanks to the luminous speech of our Guest, he felt himself “ Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful.”

Mr. Huws Davies, in the course of a fervent panegyric on how the Welsh created the earth and all that therein is, declared that whatever greatness America possessed it owed to Welshmen. Intellectually speaking, what great Americans had America produced? None of the first rank, although E. A. Poe was the best short-story writer the world had ever seen. There was Longfellow, too. Well? And Wendell Holmes? Longfellow was a poet of sorts and Holmes a good talker. The greatest thing which had happened to America during the last four years was that it had made up its mind to rewrite its history books. An American came to London and was greatly struck by the lawn of the Temple Gardens. He asked an old gardener how it was done, and the gardener explained: "You take a little bit of land, put railings round it, and go on tending it for six hundred years. Then you get your lawn." America had not yet had its six hundred years in which to get its lawn. As a matter of fact, the whole history of America was really the result of the efforts of a few isolated Welshmen. Americans appreciated nothing but size. Another American who came to England was disappointed with everything until someone showed him Vesuvius in eruption. "You've got nothing like that in America," said his guide. "No," said the American. "No, I guess not, but we've got a waterfall that would put it out in two minutes."

Friar Leslie Burgin described the American efforts in the Italian offensive. Our lorries weighed only three tons and the Americans were convinced that they could "go one better." Consequently when they built lorries of seven tons each, the lorries went through the plank bridges into the River Piave.

Friar Helm wanted to know why Mr. Huws Davies, in giving his list of American celebrities, had omitted Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Emerson, Walt Whitman and Mark Twain.

The Prior, in closing the debate, expressed an opinion that the great thing Americans and Englishmen had to bear in mind was a tolerant appreciation of each other's national characteristics. He then called upon the Guest of the Evening to reply.

The Guest of the Evening, after meeting the more serious parts of the discussion, said that our misunderstandings in the past had

been due to temperamental differences, but he thought that the time had come when these difficulties would rapidly disappear.

The Prior declared how much he had enjoyed this brilliant and intellectual evening, and explained that this was the first weekly dinner of the Club since the beginning of the war. He hoped Friars would attend the dinners in large numbers and thus help to produce a session which would linger long in the memory of us all. There would be an occasional Club lunch, but now that air raids were a thing of the past, he trusted that the Club dinners would be as fully appreciated as in former days.

DINNER TO MR. HANDLEY PAGE.

March 7th, 1919.

Prior—FRIAR DR. LESLIE BURGIN.

Topic for Discussion—THE FUTURE OF AVIATION.

Among the Guests were : Mr. G. Caradoc Rees, Mr. F. J. Platt, Mr. C. Grey, Mr. E. L. Burgin, Mr. Charles Burgin, Major H. J. Holmes, M.C., Mr. W. R. Deighton, Lieut. F. H. Wilson, R.A.F., Sir John Cawston, K.C.B., Mr. W. L. Rind, O.B.E., Mr. Cyril F. J. Hankinson, Mr. R. M. Cunningham, Mr. Frank Lindley-Jones, Mr. Edgar Lindley-Jones, Dr. Kesteven, Mr. H. J. Card, Capt. L. de G. Sieveking, D.S.O., Mr. J. S. Ross, C.B.E., Major W. H. D. Acland, M.C., A.F.C., Mr. G. R. Francis, Capt. H. Passmore, Mr. F. Cosser, Mr. G. Hall, Mr. Percy Home, Mr. Eskil Sundström, Mons. Palmié and Mr. E. C. Randolph.

In introducing Mr. Handley Page, the Prior remarked that it might be safely said that Mr. Handley Page during the war, invented the premier British night-bombing machine. The supremacy which Great Britain acquired in the air marked a very important stage in the war. "A man who can put a German underground, living or dead, is an asset to his country," added the Prior.

Speaking on "Commercial Aviation in the Future," Mr. Handley Page said that when they came to the question of carrying heavy

loads by aeroplane, the great thing was to carry those loads at the cheapest possible rate. The taxi-cab aeroplane had yet to come. All the time one was flying, consideration had to be given to the thought that every hour's flying cost money ; therefore, the cheaper one could fly, the better. For that reason, the future of commercial aviation would depend on cheapness for their particular air service.

The machine that was best suited for commercial aviation was the one that would carry the heaviest possible load, at the slightest possible cost, and he always liked to think of a commercial aeroplane as one with the engine in front and the maximum amount of load behind. The heavy night-bomber used during the war was a moderate speed machine, not more than one hundred miles an hour, capable of carrying as much as twenty pounds for every horse-power installed in the machine. If they had a machine flying one hundred and twenty-five miles an hour, the load which could be carried was reduced to about ten or twelve pounds per horse-power.

Many items were involved in the cost of an aeroplane service. There was first the provision of aerodromes, then they had to provide hangars, facilities for collecting goods, places where passengers could book, and other things. There was also the important question of buying the aeroplanes with the engines, spares, etc., in addition to finding and paying the pilots. Petrol and oil had also to be reckoned and allowance made for depreciation of the machines.

At first, the cost for running a low-speed, hundred miles per hour machine, would not be excessive compared with railway travelling to-day, but later when things had settled down, and a lot of unforeseen difficulties had been overcome, a regular service between places would cost very little in excess of the ordinary first-class railway fare. If, on the other hand, they endeavoured to fly faster (125 miles an hour) with the same engine power, they would find that their useful carrying capacity was decreased probably by a quarter or a third and the cost of transporting the individual was increased in proportion. In that case, the individual would not find it worth while to pay the amount except in the case of very important letters or despatches which it would be necessary to send by an aerial express post.

Mr. Handley Page favoured the slow-speed machine as against the high-speed machine, believing that it was upon the former that the future of aviation would depend. Both these types, small and large, had flown from here to India, starting from Hendon. The future of aviation would mean very great things to the world at large. At the present time, we are separated from our Colonies by immense distances. Once we can bring these Colonies closer to us, we shall be doing a great service to the Empire. When one thought of being able to reach India in three days, Australia in about six, get down at Johannesburg in about five, it made all these places very much more accessible and it would be an important factor in preserving the peace of the world.

Speaking of immediate aerial development, Mr. Handley Page said that directly peace was signed, his firm proposed running a service between London and Paris. They had allied companies in France right down to Marseilles, through Italy, where they will pick up another company which will take passengers as far as Rangoon, which is the farthest point at present. They were also going to start a Chinese commercial aviation service. The Chinaman was frightfully keen. The Handley Page machines at the present time were running other services, and the present American mail long-distance service was run by their machines. He hoped that the civilian flying restrictions would soon be removed.

A very interesting discussion followed. Friar Helm regarded the aeroplane with some apprehension, fearing the effect it might have on the amenities of country life. What he was anxious about was this: when Mr. Handley Page's ideas come into general use, will there be any place in this Old England of ours where one will be able to find that perfect rest and enjoyment of the country that one used to find? "It seems to me that the only place where there will be any hope for rest will be some place about a mile from the sea coasts, far away from any of the routes either across the Atlantic or the Channel, where the ground is so extremely rough and hilly that no aerodrome can possibly be built and where the road leads to nowhere."

Mr. F. J. Batt, one of the pioneers of engine building, said that experiments were now being made in order to secure the silent engine. Already, the engine was considerably silenced and in a

very short time one might say with confidence that the engine would be practically as silent as the motor engine.

Friar Hamilton Fyfe disagreed with the suggestion that facilities for travelling would make people like one another better. On the contrary, the more nations saw of one another, the more danger there was of war.

Major Acland thought, generally speaking, that the future of aviation was just beginning. It had got to that stage when they might compare it with the "wash out" of the man with the red flag in the early days of motor cars. Drawing a distinction between the pilot and the navigator, the speaker likened the former in commercial aviation to the ordinary taxi-cab driver. The man who will really run the commercial aeroplane will be the navigator.

Mr. Caradoc Rees expressed the view that aerial communication with all parts of the world will tend to internationalize the whole world, delimit boundaries and bring us more together.

Friar G. B. Burgin also contributed several anecdotes to the discussion, and moved a vote of thanks to Mr. Handley Page, who briefly replied.

DINNER TO ADMIRAL SIR WM. REGINALD
HALL, M.P., K.C.M.G., C.B.,

Late Director of the Intelligence Division of the Admiralty War Staff.

MARCH 21ST, 1919.

Prior—SIR JOHN FOSTER FRASER.

Topic for Discussion—OUR NAVAL INTELLIGENCE SERVICE.

Among the Guests were : Mr. James Heddle, Mr. C. C. Cooper, Mr. A. W. Woodbridge, Mr. Sydney Turner, Mr. Hibbert, Mr. H. C. Biron, Mr. R. M. Cunningham, Mr. T. Herbert Kendrick, Mr. A. C. Stanley Stone, Mr. H. J. Welch, Mr. Charles Reedy, Mr. T. C. Walton, Mr. H. J. Card, Corporal R. K. Quinn, *New Zealand Expeditionary Force*, Mr. S. Philip Williams, Mr. Roberts, Mr. Keir,

Commander C. P. Serocold, R.N.V.R., O.B.E., Capt. E. W. Beauforte Greenwood, R.A.F., Mr. R. F. Norton, K.C., C.B.E., Capt. T. Whateley Rose, M.B.E., M.C., Major H. C. Lambert, Mr. T. Cox Meech, Mr. A. B. Glen, Mr. W. Mackenzie, Mr. Hy. A. Holland, Mr. A. Croxton Smith, Mr. John K. Snowden, Mr. Shirley James, Mons. Palmié and Lieut. Gellatly, R.N.

In calling upon the Guest of the evening, the Prior said that all journalists knew the excellent work which had been done by the Admiral in connexion with the intelligence service of the Navy. He, the Prior, esteemed it a great honour that he should have been asked to take the chair on that occasion.

Responding to the toast of his health, Admiral Hall gave some incidents regarding the inner workings of the Naval Intelligence Service during the war. The gallant Admiral began by paying a warm tribute to the loyalty of the journalists who for fifteen months met him week by week at the Admiralty and who, during the whole of that period, never once betrayed the confidence he had so justly reposed in them.

The Intelligence Department, continued the Admiral, was a world-wide service. It covered not only naval work, but practically every other sort of work, though, of course, the principal part of one's duty was to elicit information about the movements of enemy ships. There was spread over the world a network of German enterprise, each being the centre of German conspiracy, and wherever you found the Germans you were bound to suspect something hostile to the Allies.

Consequently, we had a very large intelligence service which extended to every known country, and agents were even planted in Persia. Events proved the necessity for that step, and provided an answer to those who said : " Why the devil do you want agents in Persia ? " So effective were the means adopted by the Department that we knew in England from six to eight hours after the Germans had made a decision what they were going to do. And it was due to the fact that the German is a very talkative animal. Sometimes, he talks in plain German ; sometimes, he talks in a cryptic language ; but as long as there are ether waves going through the air, and you have the means of catching them, you will always find out what the Boche is going to do.



ADMIRAL SIR W. R. HALL, M.P., K.C.M.G., C.B.

In addition, we had a very excellent service of submarine scouts. Our submarines were everywhere. As the war went on, the Germans mined the Bight very heavily. And so did we ; and in the last years of the war, we mined it on a very scientific basis. This channel was watched carefully and patrolled by submarines. The result was, that the Germans never moved out but what they lost some ships, or they were damaged either by mine or torpedo. During the closing months of the war, we destroyed in the German Bight over one hundred surface vessels. It was done entirely by scientific mining, based on scientific intelligence. But, added

the Admiral, he did not want his hearers to draw a wrong conclusion and go away with the idea that it was this loss of craft that caused the German fleet to crack up. Just before the signing of the armistice, two things occurred; there was mutiny in the German fleet and there was mutiny in the German troops at Munich. Both these incidents were due to the German psychology. The Germans foresaw the consequences of the fleet coming out, and of the danger to which they were open eastwards; and the German's psychology was such that he would not fight to the last.

Difficult problems of German conspiracy also confronted us in Spain and still more in America, North and South, and in China. In Spain, we had a very efficient service, and it was from there that we had the greatest compliment paid to us. A very well-known gentleman who had returned from Spain complained that he had found no trace of any British organization in that country, but the speaker had this gentleman's itinerary reported to him by his agents in Spain at the time.

Before the organization was complete and in working order, U boat 21 did get a supply of oil off the north coast of Spain. Shortly afterwards, the Germans sent a second submarine. By that time, we were a little more efficient, and through one of those unfortunate circumstances which no one can explain, labels got changed and the oil the Germans were expecting (it had been shipped at Barcelona) never reached the right place.

The Admiral then narrated an incident to show the success of the Service in Spain. We knew that the Germans were short of Wolfram steel and they had collected in small packages about a hundred and ten tons of Tungsten in a warehouse at Bilbao, where it lay for some time. Information reached the speaker to the effect that it was being put into bags mixed with sawdust, and that a suspect firm had chartered a Spanish schooner with the bags on board. Watch was kept as to the vessel's movements. Then an extraordinary incident occurred. The ship was stopped and captured by a British boarding steamer. The schooner had a German and six Spaniards on board, and the ship's papers showed only cement. Two of our submarines came along and did the remainder of the work. The Spanish crew were brought to England and they had to be placated. A Spanish schooner and a Spanish

crew had been captured illegally, and the only evidence was the ship's papers. So well were they treated that when the time came for them to be sent back, they did not want to go. The only way to get rid of them was to increase very appreciably the gratuity they had been promised, and they were fitted out with clothes. They made excellent British propagandists when they returned to Spain.

In America, the problem was more complicated, and it was difficult to fasten on to the line of communication. But we did this in the end and everything was done to gain the line of communication in accordance with the laws of the country. By far the most effective part of the work was the tracking down of Von Papen and Boyed. Von Papen was an extraordinary fellow with a passion for collecting papers.

Other stories were told by the Admiral to shew how skilfully the Department hoodwinked the Germans in making them believe what we thought they ought to believe—so we filled them up to the brim.

Opening the discussion, the Prior thought that the Admiral had shown that not only had the Germans been bluffed, but that he had bluffed British journalists. Notwithstanding this, they were pleased to have discovered that there was a considerable amount of wisdom still left in high places. The Admiral now said that their great aim was to sit tight on information. But they did lift the valve now and then.

Mr. Biron, after listening to the Admiral's speech, felt that everyone must come to the conclusion that he was a most distinguished naval officer, afloat as well as ashore.

Friar Leslie Burgin, Mr. J. Heddle (who referred to the calling together of newspaper editors to Downing Street by Mr. Asquith in the early days of the war), Mr. Roberts, Mr. Norton, K.C., Friars Gaston and Ward Muir also contributed to the discussion.

LADIES' NIGHT DINNER.

*May 2nd, 1919.**Prior—DR. LESLIE BURGIN.**Club Guest—LADY OLIVER, C.B.E., R.R.C.*

Among those present were Miss M. Foster Fraser, Mr. Walter Inskip, Miss Foster Fraser, Capt. Vincent Poore, Lady Seton-Kerr, Major Douglas Vernon, Lady Foster Fraser, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Caley, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Burgin, Sir W. P. Treloar, Mr. and Mrs. Gill, Sir W. H. Dunn, Miss Treloar, Mrs. Hetley, Mr. C. E. Lawrence, Miss Colver, Miss White, Mr. W. N. Shansfield (*Hon. Sec.*), Mrs. Gulland, Mons. Palmié, Mr. Berendt, Miss L. D. Power, Capt. Staton, Miss Power, Major Redmond, Lady Frances Ryder, Mr. A. D. Power, Miss M. A. Willcox, R.R.C., Major Digby, Miss Florence E. Gay, R.R.C., Lieut. Robertson, Mrs. Bullock, Mr. J. C. Bullock, Madame Palmie, Rt. Hon. J. W. Gulland, Lieut. A. W. Hawes, Mr. Ivor Nicholson, Mr. Hugh Dent, Mrs. C. N. Dent, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Evans, Mr. Cecil Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Gamon, Friar Joseph Shaylor and Miss Shaylor, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Best, Mr. E. P. Gaston, Mr. and Mrs. John Walker, Mr. and Mrs. and Miss H. J. Brown, Mr. Ward Muir, Mr. and Mrs. Algernon Rose, Mr. and Mrs. G. Bartlett, Miss Vere McAuliffe, Mrs. H. McAuliffe, Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Seares, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Stone, Mr. and Mrs. W. Lindley Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lindley Jones, Mr. H. McAuliffe, Miss Dorothy McAuliffe, Mr. and Mrs. G. Moulton Piper, Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Crawley, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Bingeman, Mr. W. Hill and Miss Hill, Mr. George Benington, Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Burgin, Miss Alice Nielsen, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Browning, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. C. Nielsen, Mr., Mrs., and Miss Slater, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Spencer, Mr. and Mrs. F. Rowland Munt, Mr. Cyril Hawkins, Miss Spencer, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Palk, Mr. and Mrs. Goldfinch Bate, Miss B. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. L. Williams, Mr. Adsett, Miss Wentworth, Mr. Richard Simon, and Mr. W. H. Kesteven.

The Prior proposed the toast of "The King," which was drunk with musical honours, and then gave the welcome to Friars and Guests.

The Prior next proposed "The Work of Women in the War," coupling with the toast the name of Lady Oliver, C.B.E., R.R.C. He said their reason for gathering there was to recognize, now that they had peace nearer in sight, the noble work done by women during the war, with special reference to the services of the V.A.D., from which they had so distinguished a member with them as their principal Guest. He wished to place on record, very humbly, their thanks to the women of this country, of the Empire, and of the world, for what they had done. They were also celebrating that night the fact that they were members of the great country which did so much to win the war, of the great Empire to which that country belonged, and that great new association which they hoped to see formed between Britain and America, and of the great Alliance which fought against the enemy. Those who had been privileged to take part in the war, knew that the valuable work of women was not confined to women of one country but was universal, and it was on universal grounds that their thanks were due to the women.

Lady Oliver, who was very heartily welcomed, responded. She gave an interesting account of the history of the V.A.D. movement, and, coming to the outbreak of war, said the first V.A.D. members to be employed in connection with hostilities were eight, who were sent to Brussels in August, 1914, with a party of 100 nurses asked for by the Belgian Government. On arrival in Brussels on August 20th, they were taken prisoners and forced to nurse the Germans. Subsequently, the main body was taken to Germany and subjected to all sorts of indignities, but eventually they were able to return to London. The beginning of the work in the Western theatre of war, the services of the V.A.D. in Serbia, in 1915, and in Montenegro, were described by Lady Oliver, who went on to state that after having been snubbed when they offered to supply nursing members to supplement the work of the trained nurses in military hospitals, they were asked by the War Office to do so in March, 1915. Since that time, 22,000 military nursing members had passed through the wards of the military hospitals.

As well as in the home hospitals, V.A.D. members had served in France, Italy, Salonika, Gibraltar, Malta, Egypt, Mesopotamia, and some were now with the army of occupation in Constantinople.

Some 4,000 members had been employed since the call was made to release men, and under the military authorities members had also been employed in hospital ships, eight losing their lives when a hospital ship was torpedoed. The V.A.D. had also staffed the naval and air force hospitals and last year had the privilege of supplying members for all the American hospitals in this country. Further, they staffed the Australian, New Zealand, Canadian and South African hospitals. She thought, in fact, that there had been no military hospital in this country that had not had its full quota of V.A.D. members. Lady Oliver gave vivid accounts of the air raids in France in 1917-18, modestly describing the life as being "very strenuous."

The experiences which the nurses went through were utterly horrible, but they showed great bravery and the Military Medal was awarded to two nurses and two convoy drivers. On one occasion an ammunition dump blew up, and, the male drivers being killed, women were sent to bring away the wounded, and these girls were also awarded the Military Medal. Another member was decorated for rescuing her patients when her ward was burned down in Salonica, and the Albert Medal was given to a member who was working in the operating theatre of a Flander's hospital when it was attacked by hostile aircraft. An operation was in progress, and all the lights went out. The theatre was filled with smoke and flames, but the surgeon was able to continue the operation, the V.A.D. member handing him his instruments and threading the needles, and the patient's life was saved. At home, some 14,000 auxiliary hospitals had been staffed by about 60,000 members. As to the future, it was hoped that the services of the V.A.D. would continue to be of value to the army, and also in the health services of the country in connection with the civil population. With this object, Lady Ampthill had inaugurated a scheme of scholarships, and, judging by the number of applications received for training, a large number of members were anxious to continue in the health services.

A conference was to take place in Paris next week, as a result of which it was hoped to enlarge the scope of Red Cross work and to band together the Red Cross Societies of Europe in such a

way that they would be able to increase their usefulness to the community in a very large degree.

Friar Sir W. Treloar made an amusing speech on "The Value of Laughter"—a toast which he should have proposed and to which Captain Bruce Bairnsfather should have responded, but the latter was prevented by family illness from being present. He first congratulated the Prior on his appearance in that capacity, and declared that, if he went on as he had begun, he would be an abbot some day. Sir William described himself as a commercial man, and knew the value of a good many things, the value of a thing being what it would fetch; but he did not quite know how to approach the subject of the value of laughter. Laughter depended very much upon whether one was being laughed at or laughed with. He had been laughed at—possibly he was being laughed at then—but if he was he did not know the value of it. If he sent the waiter round with a plate after he had finished, he might ascertain the value of the laughter. His experience in a somewhat long life was that if they could approach everything with some little idea of humour, life was very much more pleasant to them and those with whom they came in contact. He had had the misfortune to be Lord Mayor of London, and if one had not a sense of humour that was a position he would tell them not to go in for. When he arrived at that position, the office had been in existence about 700 years, and he knew that each Lord Mayor was better than the preceding one. He really believed that was so until his time. He had not been interested in the matter since then, but he did not believe they got much higher. Had Captain Bairnsfather been present, he would have told him how they had been stimulated by his magnificent drawings and his sense of humour. He was told that the gallant captain had also done a great deal of fighting, but he hoped Captain Bairnsfather had not carried that humour to those whom he fought and that he did not make them laugh, except the wrong way, in which case the value of laughter would not have been great. Sir William concluded by saying that the value of laughter must be ascertained in some other way than by hearing him speak. He knew that on his way home he would make a great deal better speech, and by the time he got to bed it would be perfect. The value of laughter was just what they put upon it

Friar Lindley Jones proposed "The Prior," and said the Club was very proud of what Dr. Burgin had done in the war.

The Prior briefly responded.

THE FRIARS' CLUB.

Subject for Discussion—

MY IDEAL HOLIDAY.

By

FRIARS RICHARD WHITEING, HUGO VALLENTIN, SIR JOHN FOSTER
FRASER, JOSEPH SHAYLOR, W. H. HELM, G. MOULTON PIPER,
and G. B. BURGIN.

**Richard
Whiteing's
Idea** My idea for a holiday is "far from the madding crowd." Not in proud isolation, nor in Cowley's sneakish hope that they would all be asking what the deuce had become of him, when he went to Chertsey in the affected search of a hermit's cell. When he heard that they had not shown any curiosity about the matter, he came back post haste.

**It must
be a
retreat** No, it must be a retreat "the world forgetting by the world forgot." There are a few such left; and some base betrayer once tried to make money by them by publishing a guide. I hope he lost by it. I know of one, but wild horses shall never get it out of me. I rashly bragged about it at first, and hence a "colony" in a trice, where they exchanged readings of one another's projects for great books, great pictures, and all the rest of it, and fancied themselves to the top of their bent, in perfect security of the indifference of all their neighbours to the manner born.

**Where it
lies** It lies in a fold of the hills, and has done nothing to speak of for some six or seven hundred years. It is Catholic to this day, and, for aught I am aware of, has only just heard of the Reformation. It

has lost the village church, but it worships in the private chapel of the lord of the manor, Catholic like itself. It mends its windows with scraps of old stained glass that have lost their pride of place by wind and weather, or by the misdirected shots of the urchin with the ball. There, and there alone, as I know, you may find the peace that passeth understanding, and the nerve cure that the doctors miss. Ask not for more ; but when the other peace comes, trudges to the "Continong" with the old gang. It will probably be all you deserve.

Friar Hugo Vallentin My ideal holiday is the one which I have never had, one which probably never will be mine. That is has never had it just why it is ideal. Of course, I have dreamt about it, just as I have dreamt about happiness generally. But everybody learns sooner or later that happiness grows with the square on the distance from its attainment. When I was a youngster six years of age, I was asked what I intended to become when grown up. I always replied : "Professor." I never became one, so I am still wondering whether I have not mistaken my vocation. When later in life I went to the theatre and spent one shilling and sixpence on an upper circle ticket as often as I could afford it, I always envied the dramatic critics in the stalls, who were paid for going there. I thought that to become one of their much-feared fraternity would be the acme of happiness. I became one, and went to about three first nights weekly for something like fifteen years. I have scarcely recovered yet. (London managers please note that this was in Stockholm.) I thought that to be the omnipotent editor of a political comic weekly was, after all, the only thing worth living for. It materialized, and, although I am still alive, it nearly killed me. And so on, and so on, for ever.

The uncomfortable peaks I have, practically, reached all the lofty peaks of my youthful ambition, but none of them has proved so comfortable to sit upon as when looked at from below. So with holidays. I have had many, but none like what I dreamt them to be. There was always something wrong. Either the weather or the rooms or the crowd or the loneliness, or the effect of change of occupation from laziness in my own London flat to the hard work of trying to enjoy myself among

strange surroundings. Perhaps the ideal holiday is not to go away at all.

The Swedish Stationmaster It reminds me of a story about a stationmaster at a country railway station in Sweden. He had never taken a holiday, but was at last persuaded to take one for a fortnight. The first day, he brought out a chair on the platform, sat down and waited until a train came in. He just looked in front of him and said : "I don't care a damn for that train." When the next train came in, he said : "I don't care a damn for that train, either." Thus he continued, and was happy for the whole of the fortnight. I envy that man. I wish I could copy him and say, as my twelve or fifteen newspapers arrive in the morning when I am taking my annual holiday somewhere and somewhat : "I don't care a damn for that paper, or for that, or that." And so on through the whole of the newspaper directory. But I cannot. I have not the moral fibre of my friend the stationmaster, so I only say : "Why the dickens do they come so late ? "

Friar Sir John Foster Fraser stays in Town It will be, some August or September, when everybody else has gone into the country, to stay in town. Even my family must be away and one old servant left in the house. And there must be no book "on the way," and no daily or weekly newspaper article to get off by the evening post. I want to feel what it is like to be my own master—which I never have felt. I want to sit in my back yard and smoke my pipe and read the papers for pleasure instead of running through them on the search for a topical subject on which I must write.

And makes Excursions Then I want to behave like the country cousin in town. I want to go to Kew, and Hampton Court and the Tower, and, oh, I want to go to Madame Tussaud's and have an extra sixpen'orth in the Chamber of Horrors. I'd like to feed at the Cheshire Cheese, which I've never had time to do, although I've been in London over a quarter of a century. I'd like to have a look at Whitechapel on a Saturday night and Hyde Park on a Sunday morning. I'd like to roam the City with a guide book and dawdle through some of the interesting places I've heard about but never seen.

Or loaf

And if I felt lazy, I'd like to snooze the afternoon away in a basket chair or try to read again some of the novels which I loved as a lad. Though it will be summer, I'd like to go to the theatre just as the fancy suited me, not to please somebody else, but just because the fancy suited me. It would be rather jolly to get on a bus-top and go off to places which buses go to, Dalston or Homerton or Hackney, which I suppose exist, though I'm sure I don't know where they are. Perhaps I might go to Hampstead Heath on a Bank Holiday.

And do
just as
he likes

I don't want any companion. I want to do just as I like, which means I wouldn't even answer letters. Other Friars can go to Scotland or Switzerland or Devonshire, fish, golf or make love. But I've been in fifty-seven countries and I want a change. So my ideal holiday is just to stay in London and be supremely selfish.

Friar
Joseph Shaylor
goes afield

THIS description of my ideal holiday entirely depends whether I judge it from to-day or the time at which I spent it. Everything German is now accursed, even a holiday there, but I must say that one of the most enjoyable holidays I ever spent was in Germany. It was on the occasion of the International Congress of Publishers holding their meetings at Leipzig.

The order
of our
journey

The following was somewhat the order of our journey out: One night's voyage from Harwich to the Hook of Holland. This was unconventional except for those small matters which usually effect men unaccustomed to a sea voyage. In the morning, we continued our journey first to Brunswick, a most interesting town. The market-place, however, was full of a disgusting-smelling cheese, a smell which I have never forgotten. Then on to Leipzig, where both our business and pleasure were centred.

Admirable
arrange-
ments

Everything was admirably arranged. One thing particularly showed me that there were, any way, at that time, some kindly hearts in Germany. I was with a friend, and we each had our wives with us, and on the first morning there was an invitation from Mrs. Koheler,

wife of the head of the firm of booksellers of that name, to a dinner. As our wives were not invited, we wrote and declined. Before we were out of our bedrooms the next morning, Mrs. Koheler was at our hotel full of apologies, saying that she had no idea our wives were with us. She hoped we would bring them and she would invite many ladies to meet them.

**Combining
pleasure and
business**

It was most gratifying to see how well both pleasure and business were organized, especially the book trade. The Buchhandlerhaus is a marvel of centralization, with its splendid display of pictures, books, and bindings. This building is open every day for both the trade and the public, and the general production of books was there for everyone's inspection.

**Seven
different
Nations**

One thing of which, as an Englishman, I am very proud, was that there were seven of us one evening talking in our hotel when someone raised the question of the nationality of those joining in the discussion. The seven were representatives of different nations, and the only language in which they could all join was English.

**A
Pleasing
Visit**

A pleasing visit was paid to the old Drenwood Auerbach's wine cellars, dating from 1530. Many of the legends connected with the cellars—especially that of Doctor Faust—are embodied in Goethe's works. He was a constant visitor there, as were also Martin Luther, Melanchthon, and other celebrities.

**German
Hospitality**

I fear I am exceeding my friend, the editor's limit, so I will only add that from Liepzig we went on to Berlin and there had another expression of German hospitality. I can never thoroughly express the very great pleasure this holiday gave me. Whether it was "ideal" or not, I will not discuss, but to me it gave more than pleasure, and its incidents have lasted with me longer than those of any holiday I have ever had.

**Friar Helm
bicycles
in France**

THE nearest approach to my ideal holiday that I have yet enjoyed has been in wandering on a safety bicycle, along by-roads in France. The ideal itself would be to hire a steady-going horse at Saint

Malo, and ride through Brittany, cross the Loire into La Vendée, and jog on into Touraine, all this in late spring or early autumn, and in balmy, bright weather. I should go by bridle-paths and forest-tracks, passing the nights in those old-fashioned inns in the small towns where, as I know from much experience, it is exceptional to miss a clean bed, a well-cooked dinner, and some excellent *café-au-lait*.

A good road surface With a bicycle, one must have a fairly good road-surface, whereas, with a horse, one could go anywhere so long as the peasants and the *gardes-champêtres* would allow. So travelling, one would fill a month in reaching a point which, with a motor-car, one could reach in two days or less. But one would, at the end, have learnt something of the country traversed, of the beauty of its woods and valleys, and streams, and of the life of its people. Personally, I have never shared the opinion of Mr. Jonathan Wild's father, as reported by Fielding, that travelling consists "in being such a time from home, and in travelling so many leagues."

The advantages of walking Walking has, perhaps, some advantages over riding, for those of robust physique, to whom a well-filled knapsack is a burthen of no more account than a rider and saddle-bags to a sturdy nag, and who, after a fifteen-miles' walk, are not too tired to enjoy the after-dinner conversation of the frequenters of the *table-d'hôte*, including the notary, the chemist, and the corn-dealer, reinforced by two or three lively commercial travellers.

Friar Moulton Piper has ideal aspirations To say that a man's ideals are subject to his mentality is to state an obvious truism, and the same considerations influence one's standard of an ideal holiday as they affect the more insistent things in life. I take a lively interest in men and the work of men's hands. The act of creation—of making—fascinates me, though I shall go through life without adding so much as a deal table to the material wealth of the world. But I like to be where things have been made; to picture men at their work, to follow their thought, and ponder over why they did this rather than that. My ideal holiday is to be where the cross currents of men's aspirations and men's

endeavours have met. Where the union of hand and brain has led to the fashioning of things humane, and beautiful, and rare. To sit for a while in King's College Chapel, or in Sainte Chapelle, to wander through St. Peter's or the Alcazar, to try to follow what the men thought who made those things, what manner of lives they led, to trace the weaving of hope or fear or exultation in their work ; these things please me.

Somewhere in France Nor am I unmindful of the *genius loci*, but I want it there to link the desert with the sown. The Yorkshire moors become friendly places to ramble over if I can think of Girt and Turner also wandering there and planning how they were going to give England their vision of the light that never was on sea or land, and loitering in the Marais takes on an added zest when trying to locate just where Villon drank, and starved, and robbed, and fashioned the *Grand Testament*. But big things have also been doing in these latter days, and my ideal holiday for this year would be "Somewhere in France." I want to stand on a fire step, and try to think what *they* thought in that last half-hour before going over. I want to carry a sprig of laurel into Mons. I want to lift my hat on the ridge of Messines, and turn down an empty glass in Ypres. And the holiday I shall really get—well, that is another matter !

Friar G. B. Burgin wants to go to Canada I HAVEN'T been to Canada since 1908, and I'm homesick for it. My ideal holiday would be to sail up the St. Lawrence in the sweet springtime and watch the pine-guarded little white cabanes on the shore. I can see myself, after a brief run round Montreal, getting into the train for Four Corners, having the conductor, in case I am unable to secure a "free pass," stick a ticket in the band of my hat and say : "So you can't keep away from the old place any longer?"

At every Station At every station, the train, after a solemn tolling of the engine-bell to warn unwary cows off the track, will pull up and, there will be the same crowd of loafers in the same pants and flannel shirts and cow-breakfast hats, smoking the same corn-cobs and looking as if Eternity did not matter to them in the least. I can see the little

steamer, with its crew of one man and a boy, fussing across the Ottawa River to land me at the rotten old wooden wharf, and, incidentally, three pigs and a dozen barrels of apples. Then, the "stage driver" will come along as if he had seen me yesterday, rattle me up the wharf at break-neck speed, and dash into the main street of Four Corners with his customary joke: "Shall I land you at the gaol or the parson's?"

The Welcome And the welcome from old friends! "Hope you've come to stay for a year." Oh, if I only could, and renew my youth like the eagle, do just the same lazy things, hob-nob with the priest, give *le bon tabac* (like Kipling's camel, it "stinks most awful vile"), to the prisoners in the gaol, most of them old friends, walk down the wharf to catch the evening breeze, see young lovers in its nooks and corners, hear the wail of distant whip-poor-will, the eerie laughter of lonely loon, watch the silver moonlight pour its benediction over the Ottawa's amber flood, loaf down to the post office to fetch a non-existent "mail"; and then—

And then! And then? Go up to the green little God's acre, a mile away, greet those who lie beneath its tender turf, hear again the familiar voices, dream the same dear dreams, forget the vanished years until the griefs which Time has assuaged

Resemble sorrow only
As tears resemble the rain.

That would be my ideal holiday.



CLUB NOTES.

Friar W. Francis Aitken has removed to 24, Elm Park Road, Chelsea, S.W. 3.

* * * *

Which reminds me of an eloquent address of Mark Twain's on a similar occasion. He chose for his subject, "The Household Gods," with incidental allusions to household goddesses. He made a very picturesque and venerable figure with his leonine face and masses of white hair.

* * * *

Admiral Sir Wm. Reginald Hall, M.P., K.C.M.G., C.B., late Director of the Intelligence Division of the Admiralty War Staff, was the Club Guest at Anderton's Hotel on Friday, March 21st. This "Island" people have little knowledge how much they owe to Admiral Hall's sagacity and astuteness in the highly responsible office he held during the war; but the Services have the warmest appreciation of his qualities, and journalists

have found him friendly in counsel, and have reason to be grateful to him for his occasional aid. Admiral Hall, it may be added, is the only Britisher who won the Iron Cross from the enemy during the war. The evening was an unqualified success.

* * * *

Owing to the multiplicity of "affairs," Friar Sir Arthur Spurgeon has reluctantly asked to be relieved from his duties on our Committee, and, accepting his resignation with equal reluctance, the Committee has elected in his place, Friar Cyril Gamon.

* * * *

The sympathy of all Friars will go out to Friar Silas Hocking and Mrs. Hocking in the loss of their younger son, Vivian, who was smitten down by pneumonia and influenza in February last.

* * * *

Vivian Hocking was full of promise, a rising young barrister of 29, a writer of charming little plays, essays and stories, and gradually feeling his way to the full development of his artistic talent. And he leaves a young wife to mourn his loss—the wife of a year.

I should like to say much about him, for I have known him since he was ten years old. Keenly as I feel his loss, I regret the more this meaningless cutting short of a career which was so rich in hope, so full of a charming courage and energy in the face of all discouragement and difficulty. Friar Morgan de Groot and myself were with those who laid him to rest in the softly falling rain on that chill February day. And as we came away, the road was black with hearses and mourning coaches bent on a like errand to ours.

* * * *

Friar Gaston writes me from New York, where he has been doing yeoman's service for us:—

I have been wondering of late if my official duties as Secretary of the Mayor's Committee of National Defence (New York) would not permit me to take a little run over your way in the near future. Passports are being issued in limited numbers now, and I certainly should like to have another look at old Fleet Street. I trust that all is going well with the Whitefriars, and that the war which the British have won so splendidly finds the Club in good form.

I recently had the pleasure of rendering some special co-operation towards the success of Britain's Day here in America, when 3,000 or so demonstrations were held throughout the country as a tribute to our great but modest Ally. Thanks for all you have done for our President.

By the way, I am a Captain now, and a Staff Officer, so have been trying to do my bit. All good wishes for 1919.

Since writing the above, Friar Page Gaston has braved the perils of the Atlantic, and received a hearty welcome from us all on resuming his old place among us. I regret to learn that he intends taking his charming wife and children back to America for a prolonged stay.

* * * *

A Friar who has served at the Front, sends me the following verses, written by a Tommy in hospital. I give them just as they are :—

TO THE BLUE-IDE SISTER IN WARD 32.

You done the dressins on mi back
 With such a gentle tuch
 Your fairy fingers seemed a stack
 Of feather beds and such,
 I dare not trust mi pen, alack !
 Lest I shud say 2 much.

And so I rite these lines 2 state
 Now we are far apart,
 That tho mi back is goin grate
 I've got another smart ;
 Pleas cum be4 it is 2 late
 And dress mi woundid hart.

* * * *

This is what, in America, they call the "direct method of criticism, with no flies on it" :—

England has a promising crop of pretty cynics and everything they write is smarty smart. There's REBECCA WEST, who doesn't respect anybody, not even the late departed HENRY JAMES. There's MARY CHOLMONDELEY (pronounced Chumley, of course)—Oh my, MARY is a case ! And there's ROLAND PERTWEE who aspires to be an Anglicized Boccaccio, and is. They're a trinity, those three, make the fur fly, aren't concerned for anything except to be amused and to be amusing, which they are decidedly and then some.

They're an awful relief after that socialistic evangelist WELLS, that business-like bore ARNOLD BENNETT, and that put-you-in-a-hole and be-damned-to-you SHAW. They are fresh of the freshest, both as regards "cheek" and as regards vivacity. They are out after fun, and when one goes with them fun is his reward.

They're a long, long ways from old VICTORIA, and from Boston, too. They're very deadly with the arrows of their wit. Their butt, man or woman, a sex or humanity in general, they carve up fine in atrociously dainty style.

The eminent Victorians had humor, stacks of it. But this new bunch in England have wit, the Parisian kind. They are more nearly related to the Eighteenth Century. They are something like what our own OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES would have been with his Puritanism left out. The comedy of life is what they go out after and, believe us, theirs is good hunting. They mop up whatever is loose and there is plenty loose to their brooms.

* * * *

For my pleasure and instruction in this year of Ruskin reminiscences, I have been recently dipping into him and idly marking phrases which struck me. Ruskin possesses the first attribute of the novelist in that he depicts clearly and accurately the thing to which he wishes to draw our attention. He will not slur it over in a few haphazard words, but

Paints the thing as he sees it
For the God of Things as they are,

be it a cloud or a tree or a mountain top. And his imagination sees beyond the object. "Beauty is continually mingled with the shadow of death." The true ideal consists in "The clothed and fed beauty of living men and in the lights and laughs of happy homes." We "feed our benevolence with fallacies of felicity." "The law of life for a finite being, with respect to the works of an infinite one, must be always an infinite ignorance." "The world would yet be a place of peace if we were all peacemakers, and gentle service should we have of its creatures if we gave them gentle mastery." "Beauty has been appointed by the Deity to be one of the elements by which the human soul is continually sustained." And so on, *ad infinitum*.

* * * *

It always interests me to hear one Friar eulogising another and I therefore append Friar Clement Shorter's eloquent account of Friar Sir Robert Hudson's many and varied activities:—

It is not often that an editor has his speeches reported in his own paper, but Mr. Geoffrey Dawson, the editor of *The Times*, is so universally liked by his brother journalists that no one will grudge him the few inches of space that he devotes to a speech printed in the smallest of type in *The Times* the other day, the more particularly that his was in the form of an eulogy upon a man who has done a great service to his country—Sir Robert Hudson. The editor said of Sir Robert that his name had been printed in *The Times* more conspicuously, more frequently, and to better purpose than that of any other living Englishman.

This means that Sir Robert Hudson has been during the war the treasurer of the Red Cross Society, and in that capacity has won golden opinions by

his tact and skill. He is a man of many friends, and, moreover, is an author, for he is responsible for an interesting biography of his father, a Warwickshire clergyman of distinction. Let us hope that when his work on the Red Cross Society is quite finished he will tell the story, which must necessarily be a very romantic one, much more interesting than books about the war itself, of which, I venture to say, for at least a generation most people will refuse to read a single page.

* * * *

Friar Cooper lost his umbrella at a recent Club dinner ; so did Friar Shaylor. When the umbrellas were found and restored to their respective owners, Friar Cooper blossomed out into the following pathetic verses :—

Dear Friar Shaylor, Yours to hand all right
 Anent the brollies swopt the other night ;
 Lo ! when I came to look for my old gamp
 Which erstwhiles kept my hat from getting damp,
 I found that it had disappeared from view
 And left me one of somewhat different hue.
 But here's a miracle of wondrous kind
 The like of which I fail to call to mind,
 That I was better pleased with what was left
 Than with the one of which I'd been bereft.
 In fact, so swagger was my new umbrella
 That I half hoped I'd never find the fellah
 Who, on a rainy night, at ten o'clock,
 Had left me this in place of my old crock.
 Great Scott and Dickens ! It was superfine,
 And worth at least three times as much as mine !
 Of finest silk, with silver decorated,
 I felt that it and I were badly mated,
 And so I hope, ere long, with it to part,
 And clasp my own lost brollie to my heart !
 Adieu, dear Shaylor ! Hope your gamp to see
 At Anderton's on Friday.—A.B.C.

* * * *

A Friar sends me the following little article on the Influenza victims when the epidemic was at its height :—

THE VICTIMS.

A chill, small, penetrating rain fell softly over the beautiful cemetery, in summer gay with flowers, now disfigured by upturned heaps of clay, draggled wreaths and faded blossoms. Clumsy, heavy men in rough moleskins stood, mattocks in hand, by the side of a dozen open graves in a row. Muddy, slippery pieces of planking made a gangway from one end of the row to the other. The sides of one grave were lined with evergreens ; the bottom was wet with clammy raindrops. A little beyond the row of graves sat a man having his mid-day meal. There was a tin can beside him, and his food was spread out on a blue cotton handkerchief.

I went to the chapel door and opened it. Two men talked in a little room off the chapel. One was a small, spiritual-faced man in a college cap

and black robes. "Yes," said he, in answer to my enquiry ; "Yes, I have a 'committal' there at twelve. There are eleven others to follow. It is where the big tombstones are." He spoke in a brisk, business-like way. "Yes, I am told all of them are victims, men, women, and children alike, to pneumonia and influenza. And influenza. Yes, I shall be there at twelve. At twelve."

I went back to the row of graves, stood under the spreading branches of a big fir, and waited.

A clock struck twelve somewhere and a hearse, with men clad in black walking on each side of it, came slowly up the broad gravel drive until it reached the row of open graves. Through the glass sides of the hearse I saw the coffin of my young friend covered with flowers. The hearse stopped opposite the first grave, and two men in moleskins arranged some heavy bands across the grave. The undertakers' men took off their hats, hung them on the railings, and stood expectantly by the hearse, the rain falling on their bare heads and trickling down their shoulders. They were waiting for the little clergyman, who was two minutes late.

He came gravely, quietly, with a courteous gesture to those who had descended from the mourning coaches, and stood at the head of the grave. When the coffin had been lifted out of the hearse by the bare-headed men, he again waved his thin, white hand. "Do not take off your hats, gentlemen ; it is still raining."

We ranged ourselves on each side of the grave and, the little clergyman "committed" my friend to his resting-place. He pressed the hand of the bereaved father, and moved to the next grave.

We got into the black coaches drawn by "the steeds of death" and moved slowly away. As we turned out of the cemetery, a long string of hearses and mourning coaches streamed slowly toward us with the other victims.

* * * *

On the 22nd April, there was a little informal luncheon at the Club Room to bid God-speed to Friar Clement K. Shorter on his way for a three months' visit to America in company with Mr. Massingham. Among those present were : Friars Shaylor, Gamon Morgan de Groot, Aitken, Shansfield, Helm, Ward Muir and Burgin. Ex-Friar Wale, one of the best raconteurs of the day, was also there as Friar Shorter's Guest. He once made a speech at a Club dinner, and wound up with : "Thank God, as Lady Godiva said on finishing her memorable ride, I am now nearing my close."

* * * *

It is with great concern that I record the very serious illness of Friar Sir Ernest Clarke, who has been ailing for some time. I am sure that all Friars wish him a speedy recovery. So genial and accomplished a Friar could ill be spared from among us.

* * * *

Friar Robert Leighton is now ceasing his Church Army Hut

labours and hopes shortly to return to town. He has become an accomplished *chef*.

* * * *

Truth is stranger than fiction, and a Friar calls my attention to the following :—

He (Lieut. T. T. Worsley, 95th Regiment) was wounded at the Siege of Badajoz, under one of his ears. The ball made the circuit of his neck, and was taken out on the opposite side. He was again wounded at Waterloo under the other ear, the ball, as before, making a circuit of his neck. Kincaid relates that the wound Worsley received at Badajoz had the effect of turning his head to the right and that the wound he received at Waterloo restored his head to its original position.

G. B. B.