WHITEFRIARS JOURNAL.

Edited by FRIAR G. B. BURGIN.

No. 1. Vol. VI. JANUARY, 1921. PRIVATE CIRCULATION.

DINNER TO THE REV. FATHER BERNARD VAUGHAN.

February 6th, 1920.

Prior—FRIAR GEORGE WHALE.

Topic for Discussion—SOME ASPECTS OF MODERN SOCIETY.

Among the Guests were: Mr. H. V. Routh, M.A., Mr. A. W. Holland, Mr. G. F. Monkshood, Mr. W. G. Bell, Mr. Harry Furniss, Rev. E. R. Ford, Mr. J. Hayward, Mr. J. A. Barlow, Col. G. Baker, Mr. G. Piper, Mr. D. Neylan, Mr. W. M. Gaul, Mr. W. Wilkie Jones, Mr. F. A. Major, Capt. E. Stock, M.B.E., Rev. Father J. Martyn, Rev. I. Shimmins, Mr. F. Cossor, Mr. G. C. Binsley, Dr. E. Gardner, Rt. Rev. Monsignore Northcote, Rev. Father John Sheen, Mr. James Carrall, Mr. E. W Blatchford (of Chicago), Mr. A. D. Mackay, Mr. G. B. Hamilton, Major Howard Tripp, Mr. C. F. Simons and Mr. Campbell J. Nelson.

In giving the toast of the evening, the Prior remarked that it was extremely difficult in the presence of the chief guest, to say the generous, appreciative and just things one would wish to say. There was once a distinguished man in Damascus who was told: "You are a man of great learning, piety, and influence and you really ought to address the congregation." After some social pressure he mounted the pulpit and said: "Brethren, do you know what I am going to say unto you?" "We don't," was the reply. "Neither do I," and he descended the steps. The following Friday he again mounted the pulpit. "Brethren, do you know what I am going to say unto you?" This time they all shouted "Yes." "Then," he answered, "there is no need for me to say it." His friends grew more urgent in their remonstrances, and he went

into the pulpit on the third Friday and said: "Brethren, do you know what I am going to say unto you?" This time they replied: "Some of us do and some of us don't." "Then," he retorted, "let those who do know tell those who don't." He could not believe that Father Vaughan would treat them in such a scurvy way as that.

Father Vaughan, in the course of his breezy speech, related an incident which occurred during his visit to San Francisco. "I went to get my hair cut, and when this was finished the gentleman who attended me said: 'We have a very fine preparation for the hair. If you use it, you will have a very fine crop of black, curly hair.' I asked how many bottles would be required, for instance, on a billiard ball to produce black, curly hair. He replied: 'A billiard ball will take three months.' 'How long in my case?' I asked. 'Six months,' was the reply. 'How many bottles would be required?' 'Twelve bottles.' 'What is the price?' 'If your doctor will agree to mention the firm, we will let you have the bottles at the cost price of five dollars a bottle. We have put a dozen bottles into your automobile.' 'Let me see the bottle.' The bottle was produced, with a magnificent gold label and the words 'Hope for the Bald.' I said: 'You can remove the bottles from my automobile. I have had hope all my life—it is hair that I want.'"

To come to a more serious subject: people did not trust one another. There was great distrust all over the world; we could not even altogether trust the word of the Government—not even about matters relating to Central Europe, Russia and India. The judges told us that they could not trust witnesses when they were sworn on the Bible to tell the truth. The great difficulty to-day between Capital and Labour was due to mutual distrust. Instead of unity, Capital and Labour were always bringing divorce proceedings one against the other. A man in America was brought into the divorce court by his wife because for 14 years he had not uttered a word to her. The judge said: "I have sympathy with your good lady, and I shall proceed to grant a divorce unless you have something to say which will cause me to alter my decision." "Well, well, judge," the man replied, "I have not much to say, but I am a thorough gentleman and I didn't like to interrupt her."

Labour and Capital ought to come into line ; they could live a normal wedded life on the principle of give and take. He certainly thought that Labour should have a democratic voice in the business, and that there should be mutual understanding.

Father Vaughan then alluded to the great need of increasing the population of our empire. " I want to see everyone whom God calls into the marriage state do his duty to his God and country. This is the finest thing a minister can preach about and encourage." Father Vaughan severely condemned the modern tendency to limit families.

Friar Harold Spender, referring to the last statement, said that Father Vaughan did not realise the problem of boots as one of the troubles which faced the married man. There was a brighter side to the picture. For the first time, the working classes were getting a decent amount of leisure. This leisure was going to be used well, for there was an important movement on foot to encourage adult education amongst the working classes.

Mr. Theo. Matthews said that Father Vaughan once told a congregation of pious-looking old ladies that they had been guilty of every form of misbehaviour ; they had played bridge and jazzed and had been guilty of other improprieties, and, as they listened, these old ladies smiled and seemed to be delighted. We had heard that evening how important it was that we should become fathers of families. Somebody once told Lord Beaconsfield that Lord Palmerston, at the age of 81, as the result of a liaison, had become the father of a fascinating boy. Lord Beaconsfield replied : " For goodness sake, keep it quiet, or he will sweep the country." He could not help thinking that Father Vaughan entertained the same views on the desire to increase the population as Lord Beaconsfield.

Friar Kimmins emphasised the importance of the housing problem being dealt with in order that the working classes might bring up their families under better conditions.

Mr. Harry Furniss said the pencil spoke the tongue of every language. In his experience the wielders of the pencil on occasions such as this were wisely dumb. At a dinner given in his honour, Sir John Tenniel arose and faced the audience and said nothing. " I have been present," he added, " at a dinner at which Phil May was called upon to speak ; he smiled, lit a cigar, and sat down ;

Linley Sambourne, who was also called upon, said: 'I say ditto.' He lit a cigar and sat down." As regards the population question in Canada, some years ago an arrangement was made that every French Canadian should have a grant of land for each child in excess of six in one family.

Friar G. B. Burgin stated that he was always called upon to speak and that his audience must agree with Sidney Smith when he said to Macaulay, who had been talking for two hours: "Macaulay, when you are dead, you will be sorry you have never heard *me* talk." That afternoon he was talking to a girl who had attended a jazz dance the night before. "I wonder what sort of a view of modern society Father Vaughan would have taken," she said, "had he been at my dance?" "I should think a back view," was the answer.

The Rev. I. Shimmins, as an outsider, recognised the tremendous influence of the press to-day. There was a wave of materialism sweeping over the country, and he was sure that no greater power for righteousness than the press now existed.

The Rev. Father Sheen urged the need of abolishing the slums. The British working man loved his children, and desired to see them brought up under healthy conditions.

Friar Hamilton Fyfe considered that he ought to apologise in a white sheet, as he did not belong to a large family. His parents and grandparents produced only small families; they could not afford to have large ones. Unless we changed the present conditions, the same thing would go on. In this country, people did not have large families because they could not find room for them. Unless we found out the cause of the evil, we could not find the remedy.

The Rev. E. R. Ford said that from his experiences of East London, nothing had been said that night too strong to describe the condition of the slums. The physically and mentally unsatisfactory people were producing far more numerously than the satisfactory stock of the country More real Christianity was the only cure.

The Rev. Father Vaughan thanked the Friars for their friendly welcome, and briefly replied.

DINNER TO THE RT. HON. J. R. CLYNES, M.P.

February 27th, 1920.

Prior—FRIAR HAMILTON FYFE.

Topic for Discussion—

INDUSTRY UNDER LABOUR GOVERNMENT.

Amongst the Guests were: Mr. G. D. H. Cole, Mr. Austin Harrison, Mr. James E. Gardner, Mr. Edwin J. Sadgrove, Mr. Wilfred Coleridge, Mr. G. L. Burton, Mr. Leonard Hitch, Mr. A. E. Broadbury, Dr. R. Wilson, Mr. S. Bozman, Mr. R. H. Tawney, Mr. J. Kennedy Maclean, Capt. Berkeley, Capt. S. N. Pike, D.S.O., Mr. G. H. Lane, Mr. C. F. J. Hankinson, Mr. Sanger, C.B., Mr. James Currie, C.M.G., Mr. C. H. St. J. Hornby, Viscount Hambleden, Mr. P. L. F. Perkins, Mr. W. Adams, Major C. H. Douglas Mr. Fred. Hughes, Mr. E. M. Griffiths, Mr. W. MacKenzie, Mr. S. J. Shaylor, Dr. E. Classen, Dr. G. H. Lawson Whale, Dr. Russell Wells and Capt. Acland.

" The talk of a Labour Government," Mr. Clynes said, " was in the minds of many people as something very remote. But changes in the current of politics in this country came so rapidly that before many years have passed, Labour, as it is known in its political aspect, would be charged with the responsibility of Government in this country."

Justifying his claim for moderation, Mr. Clynes acknowledged that he was as anxious as the most extreme men to give force to the promotion of the welfare of the working class, but at the same time he wanted to be guided by experience and to avoid a fall. He should be well content if in the coming generation the power of organised Labour, either through industrial action or Parliamentary or political effort, could remove the worst type of grievances which confronted them to-day—grievances which sprang from excessive work or no work at all, under-payment, driving and sweating (which industry in this country has too long borne), the conditions which had given so many millions of hard-working folks such wretched social and domestic surroundings, houses not fit for human habitation, and streets and towns of which we ought all

to be ashamed. "If in a generation, I say, we can hope to destroy these abuses which have grown up through centuries, then we shall have accomplished a great deal." But whatever Labour could do, he believed, must in the main be done in relation to industry through political and Parliamentary action.

The vast majority of working men and trade unionists were convinced of the justice and reasonableness of the nationalisation of mines. They also believed that it was mere justice and common-sense that the land should be nationalised. Land was an indispensable factor in life, a commodity without which they could not live or work. It was a thing which no man made or could make, and, being such a thing, Labour said man should never have made laws to entitle any person to give away, to sell in perpetuity, to parcel out or in any way to deprive people, generation after generation, of this inalienable and indispensable factor in the life of human beings. There were other properties like railways, minerals, and certain waterways, which Labour also claimed should be nationally owned and controlled.

In setting out those things which may furnish material for action on the part of the Labour Government, Mr. Clynes explained that his views were formed chiefly on the basis of experience in relation to working-class life, though to a great extent upon the general conditions of the British mind. As he understood that mind, we, in this country, he believed, were irrevocably committed to legislation which would not go too far in the way of experiment, which was not too venturesome or bold and which had the fewest risks and the highest degree of safety. Thus a Labour Government would find its legislation determined by the general body of public opinion. Hundreds and thousands of men, as well as a large number of those who had been fortunate enough again to secure their positions in industry, had had their attitude of mind toward the Government completely altered by the outstanding events of the war. He believed a Labour Government would not attempt anything very revolutionary or too experimental in relation to the industry of the country. A Labour Government would provide such a margin of security for work for the workless while not seriously interfering with the pursuit of ordinary trade and business as now conducted. In less than 12 months public money to the

extent of 40 millions had been paid as out-of-work donations. For this payment there was not a stick or stone to show. If public money has to be paid, the Labour Party said it should be paid on the basis, not of something for nothing, but of rendering some service in exchange. A Labour Government would provide locally and nationally such opportunities for work as would not interfere with ordinary business and would absorb those who were not absorbed in the ordinary labour market. It would not be necessary that the work should carry with it conditions quite as good, certainly not better, either in remuneration or conditions of labour, as the best that could be obtained in the private market. A Labour Government would also insist upon industry yielding a minimum human level expressed in terms of wages, conditions of service, healthy surroundings in workshops and factories, and allowances of a reasonable character for time to be taken in travelling to and from work. The more they could raise the human level of industry, the more they fortified themselves for raising the efficiency of the average worker as a wealth-producing machine. But accompanied with this minimum, there would have to be a maximum of a different kind—a maximum profit. They could not have great trusts and combines to fix whatever profits they liked.

Prior Hamilton Fyfe opened the discussion by remarking that they had had a good answer to the question, " Can Labour Govern ? "

Sir Herbert Morgan thought that Mr. Clynes had great courage in saying that he knew something of the British mind. If they only reflected for a moment on recent by-elections, they found " Miss Vesta Tilley " M.P. for Ashton-under-Lyne and Horatio Bottomley returned for Wrekin.

Mr. G. D. H. Cole urged that if they were really to get good work out of the community, they had to give some sound or real reason why they should work, and make the workers feel that the benefit of their work was going to the community and not to the benefit of any particular class.

Mr. Russell Wells (Vice-Chancellor of London University) pleaded for a greater distribution of knowledge, while Mr. Austin Harrison did not think that Labour would come into power next time or possibly the election after, because " We are in England the most illogical people in the world."

Mr. Percy Alden did not think that the average man believed in Brotherhood, but he believed the Labour movement had the seeds of the new co-operative commonwealth.

DINNER TO MR. J. C. SQUIRE.

March 5th, 1920.

Prior—FRIAR W. FRANCIS AITKEN.

Topic for Discussion—THE CRITICISM OF NEW BOOKS.

Among the Guests were: Mr. C. E. Lawrence, Mr. George Sampson, Capt. Donnelly Aitken, Capt. W. B. Maxwell, Monsieur Émile Cammaerts, Mr. A. W. Holland, Mr. William A. Mutch, Mr. Vivian Carter, Mr. J. G. Wilson, Mr. "Bennet Copplestone," Mr. D. Ray, Mr. Geoffrey Williams, Mr. A. W. Evans, Major J. R. Boosé, C.M.G., Mr. Crawford Snowden and Mr. H. Mattingley.

In proposing the toast of the evening, the Prior remarked that Mr. Squire was especially welcome among them as one who had experience of the "Street of Adventure." They welcomed him not only for what he had done as editor and poet, but also for the promise that work held out of what he would do in the future.

The debate that followed was remarkable for the closeness with which the speakers kept to the topic selected. In opening it, Mr. Squire urged that a sharp line should be drawn between a review and what was generally known as criticism. The reviewer for the daily or weekly press worked under severe limitations of time and space. In the weekly press largely devoted to literature, it was seldom a review extended to more than 1,500 words; in the daily press 1,200 words was the maximum. Obviously the best equipped and most conscientious reviewer could not in such circumstances hope to say the last word on the book with which he was dealing. Then came the economic limitation. Before the war it was a common thing for papers in the first flight to pay 30s. for 1,000 words, but the rate had gone up to £2. Just before the war he reviewed for a London paper a "History of the Gold Coast,'

in two big volumes. He spent a day or two on the book, but had he read it through it would have taken a month, and by the end his children would have been terrified by famine. Then there were the personal limitations. Unless one was an extraordinary callous or brutal man, it was not possible to say all one thought about a new book written by people known to the reviewer. An important function in reviewing was to give a guide to readers.

During the last 20 years a fashion had set in for inserting signed reviews; he thought this was rather a pity. When a review was signed the reviewer, humane, modest, or disinterested, would be tempted to "show his paces." He had written signed reviews and had taken care to include what he might call "characteristic touches." He did not think that "characteristic touches" were the business of a reviewer in the press. One of the first considerations should be not to waste space. There had been a fashion amongst reviewers to begin miles from the subject, and gradually approach it in the last paragraph. It was very essential that the review should be informative. It might be good for the habitual reviewer to change his category. He had known a good many reviewers who for 20 years had reviewed the same kind of books, and this meant that the writers were "dead stale." They could not do this and retain the breath of life in them.

Friar G. Whale thought the reviewer had a certain responsibility if his name were published; and he agreed that the primary purpose of a review was to be informative.

Mr. "Bennet Copplestone," speaking from his experience as a former editor of the *Glasgow Herald*, said it was absolutely difficult for a daily paper adequately to deal with current literature owing to space. The economic difficulty should not be great in the case of a daily paper with plenty of money, but he must say that the papers did not pay the reviewers anything like the amount which was paid to writers on special subjects. A greater difficulty was the choosing of suitable reviewers. The system he had adopted was to prepare a list of reviewers for dealing with serious works. In Glasgow, where there was an important University, they had a specialist for almost every single subject. The daily papers failed to deal adequately with novels. He mentioned the case of a reviewer who took three books out to read at his tea, and he wrote

notices of them half-an-hour after his return. In dealing with serious works, the difficulty was that the reviewer had not the time to read the books.

Friar W. H. Helm, speaking of his experience as literary editor of a morning paper, said he had found an expert who wrote reviews an "infernal nuisance." He usually had strong personal views on his own particular subject. The expert always knew very much better than the literary editor and tried to overrule him. The ideal reviewer was a man who knew no authors personally. It was extremely difficult for a reviewer to condemn a book which had been written by a personal friend.

M. Emile Cammaerts, the eminent Belgian poet, in expressing his pleasure at being present, thought it was a very happy idea on the part of the Club to associate journalism with the monks who lived near Fleet Street in former times. As far as the Continental press was concerned they had no literary reviews to compare with those published in the British press. Excellent notices of French books and extracts from French poems were given in the original in the British press, but he did not remember seeing any English quotations in the French press. He considered it would be very useful if increased attention were given to the literature of both countries in the press of France and Britain.

Friar J. A. Hammerton thought that as regards anonymous reviewing, it was done extremely well in certain papers. After a fairly long experience, he had very little faith in reviews selling books. Nothing sold a book like a good advertisement.

Mr. George Sampson agreed with the statement that reviewers were badly paid. Most of the papers for which he wrote had doubled their price, whilst the reviewer's fee remained the same. The only things which were at pre-war rate were the fees of reviewers and the cost of pulling an alarm bell in a railway carriage. One of the most characteristic qualities of reviewing was its fairness. There were very few instances of books which had been badly treated —of course, one's own books were always badly treated. He had written signed and unsigned reviews, and he could honestly say that it had not made an atom of difference in the way in which he had written and the view he had taken. He thought the press as a whole had reason to be proud of its work of criticism.

Friar St. John Adcock, on the whole, favoured signed reviews. He mentioned the case of a reviewer who had shown his animosity to a writer and had persisted in hunting him down. This could not have happened if the reviews had been signed. On the whole, the notices given to novels were adequate.

Capt. W. B. Maxwell, the author of "The Guarded Flame," considered that for a mere author to speak on criticism was as though a schoolboy had pushed himself into a conclave of schoolmasters who were discussing the rod.

Friar Edward Salmon thought that if reviewing was to be done scientifically and with a proper regard to the quality of a book, no reviewer should be paid at so many shillings for so many words. He had reviewed the "History of the Gold Coast," referred to by Mr. Squire. He spent a fortnight going through the two volumes, and then received two guineas for his review, which appeared in a distinguished weekly. He received the same number of shillings which a barrister would obtain for reading a brief taking one-hundredth part of the time. Some years ago he collaborated with a man in writing a novel. He supplied the exact description of a scene he had witnessed hundreds of times in Fleet Street. The reviewer in a distinguished daily paper criticised the novel and stated: "It is perfectly obvious that the man who wrote about Fleet Street knew nothing of practical journalism."

Mr. Squire briefly replied to some of the points raised in the discussion.

DINNER TO SIR ARTHUR STEEL-MAITLAND.

March 19th, 1920.

Prior—FRIAR PERCY ALDEN.

Topic for Discussion—IS HONESTY POSSIBLE IN POLITICS?

Among the Guests were: Mr. John Henderson, Mr. G. P. Gooch, Mr. Lane Lilley, Mr. Reginald Watson, Mr. R. R. Formoy, Mr. H. O. Danckwerts, Mr. Henry Maddocks, K.C., Mr. Frank Arnott, Mr. H. G. Savill, Capt. F. J. Loring, R.N., Mr. A. R. Fraser, Mr. R. W. Matthew, Lt.-Col. Beattie, Lt.-Col. Raikes, Capt. Heywood

Johnson, Mr. E. Brooke Elliott, Sir Fredk. G. A. Butler, K.C.M.G., C.B., Mr. T. A. Davis, Mr. W. R. Smith and the Rt. Hon. James MacMahon.

The Prior, in extending a cordial welcome to the chief Guest, alluded to Sir Arthur's brilliant career at Oxford, and his subsequent services to the State as Special Commissioner to the Royal Commission on Poor Law and as Under-Secretary for the Colonies.

Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland explained that he was faced with the difficulty that in dealing with the question, " Is Honesty possible in Politics ? " he had to accept a reservation that no existing politician was to be mentioned, not even by way of illustration. In these circumstances, his treatment of the subject would be like " Hamlet " without the Prince of Denmark, and indeed without a good many other members of the cast. He could only ask them to act up to the spirit of the toast proposed by the Prior that they would " sweeten with sympathy those broken by fortune who have fallen in Alsatia."

There were four of them present who were more or less " broken by fortune." He had always felt that the public regarded politics much as they regarded race-horses—one was the noblest of sciences, the other the noblest of beasts ; and they made all mortals connected with them the basest of men. In discussing this question, there were three parties to the problem. First the artist, then the material, and the instrument through which he worked. The painter or architect was largely affected by the material with which he worked.

The same thing applied to the politician of the present day. When it came to some economical question of the present day, the electors caught at the side of a policy which was most easily understood. During the Tariff Reform controversy he was ashamed of some of the arguments which appealed most to the electorate. When it came to a difficult argument, the electorate were instructed but only half enlightened. The difficulty of the position was made more acute by the fact that the economic question was so intricate.

Politicians of all sides promised such a lot without the hollowness of these promises being seen through. The press did not make the situation more easy. It seemed to him that the press was

exactly like a skilled advocate at the Bar, with this great advantage, that it was paid by the jury and not by the criminal whom he advocated. The public only saw the politician as he was reflected in a mirror by the press.

Speaking of the politician, Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland pointed out that one of the difficulties was the necessity of making compromises. Under the present party system, members inevitably found themselves supporting measures which they did not approve. Another disadvantage was the test of fluency of speech as the deciding factor as to man's fitness for administration, and for this reason the best men were not always selected. What was needed at the present moment was something much more humdrum and the avoidance of " stunts." Character, coupled with a fair amount of ability, was of importance.

Sir Gilbert Parker considered that if more people visited Ireland and studied the problem on the spot, not only would the conditions between the two countries be greatly modified, but we should get Home Rule under different conditions. He did not think that Sir Steel-Maitland had been quite fair to the Members of Parliament. He did not wonder that the electorate were ignorant, seeing the multiplicity of questions which had to be dealt with. When he was a Member of Parliament he had the greatest difficulty in keeping touch with the many Bills which were brought forward. He did not think that he ever gave a vote for a Bill he did not believe in.

So long as there was a party system, compromise was absolutely necessary. The speaker remembered writing to Lord Morley (then Mr. John Morley) saying: "It seems so strange to me that I have the greatest admiration for your literary skill and ability and yet should think so differently from you in politics." His reply was: " If our hearts were uncovered it would probably be found that we don't differ so much as we appear to." He believed that Parliament was over-worked, and a solution would have to be found by establishing Parliaments in Wales and Scotland. The less we had of music-hall politics the better. The more we had of men of the sterling qualities of Mr. W. H. Smith the better it would be for this country. We needed " sound sense " at the head of our administration—eloquence could " go hang."

Friar Silas Hocking had been trying to balance up the subject as to whether honesty was possible in politics and so far he had not been able to gather what Sir Steel-Maitland believed in on this point. There must be compromise in politics as in other things, and a man who compromised was not necessarily dishonest. We wanted in the House of Commons men of character and probity, and then we should have the right legislation. When Rome fell there was no longer integrity in the Senate ; when in the British Parliament policy was considered to be above character and truth, then would be the beginning of the end of Parliament and position.

Friar A. G. Gardiner thought that the title of the address was probably mistaken. We could have honesty in politics. Could we have honesty with success ? This depended on the construction which was put upon the word " success." There was no profession in which dishonesty succeeded to the same extent as in politics. If he made any exception it would be the press. If a lawyer adopted shady practices, he did not succeed ; but if a politician adopted Dodson & Fogg methods his success was phenomenal. Things said and actions performed in politics if employed in any other profession or sphere of business life, would be universally repudiated and condemned. They were done in politics and acclaimed with enthusiasm. The press must bear a large share of the responsibility for a failure to inform the public so as to enable them to judge character. During the past 25 years, the press had gone through a great revolution. Formerly it was an instrument that appealed relatively to a small public. Now there was a mass of readers who had been largely exploited on American lines. He had found in America that the people were grossly ignorant of the true situation. It was because of this they had failed to act in the way we desired.

Friar Hamilton Fyfe stated in listening to the address he was reminded of a conversation he had with a Jew in Russia during the war. He said to the Jew: "You know that you are unpopular, and the reason is that you swindle the unfortunate Russians." A smile crept over his face and he replied : " Vell, they ask to be svindled." This seemed to be the sum and substance of Sir Arthur's defence. We had been told that only a quarter of the electorate were enlightened. This was because the people did not

have the chance of being enlightened; there was a conspiracy to keep them from being enlightened. The only condition in which we could have a successful democracy was for the leaders to come forward and say sincerely what was good for the country. "This is what I will do if put in power, and if it is not accepted I will go back and cultivate my garden."

The poison of politics entered into men, and made them stick to office and do any dirty trick in order to keep in power.

Friar Gardiner thought that things were different 25 years ago. Just the same humbug was talked 25 years ago as now. The art of the politician had been defined as governing mankind by deceiving them. To-day, more than ever before in our history, the art of governing people by deceiving them was carried further. What was an honest man in general politics to do? A great deal of the testimony of the honesty of Sir Steel-Maitland he was perfectly willing to accept. He was honest in politics—what happened? He lost his job.

Friar Hugo Vallentin contended that those who believed in honesty in politics must insist upon it in themselves. His friend M. Branting once described a newspaper as having "balanced on the outer edge of veracity." He considered that the press was largely responsible for the dishonesty in public life. After all, dishonesty was stupid and, as the French said, "stupidity is worse than a crime." He thought that a politician should act on the lines suggested by Mr. Hamilton Fyfe. What did it matter if the politician did not succeed, for after all the best thing for everybody in this life was to be honest.

Sir A. Steel-Maitland briefly replied to some of the chief points raised.

LADIES' NIGHT DINNER.

May 7th, 1920.

Prior—FRIAR ROBERT DONALD.

Club Guests—LADY BONHAM CARTER, DR. AGNES SAVILL AND Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P.

Among the Friars and guests were: Friar Gurney Benham and Mrs. Gurney Benham, Miss Elwes, Friar A. Rose, Mrs. A. Rose, Friar G. B. and Mrs. Burgin, Friar A. D. Power, Mrs. E. Marling Roberts, The Bishop of Antigua, Miss F. D. Power, Miss Christine Wesley Dennis, Rev. E. Marling Roberts, Miss L. D. Power, Rev. A. R. Ingram, Friar Wesley Dennis, Mrs. H. Wesley Dennis, Miss H. Wesley Dennis, Mr. A. G. Morrish, Mrs. A. G. Morrish, Mrs. Bethell, Friar W. H. Helm, Mrs. W. H. Helm, Mrs. Frank May, Mr. R. G. Behrens, Mrs. R. G. Behrens, Friar John Lane, Mrs. John Lane, Mr. Sidney Coxon, Mrs. Sidney Coxon, Mr. Richard King, Miss Margaret Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Grierson, Friar Paul and Mrs. Creswick, Friar and Mrs. H. G. Lane, Friar Louis H. and Mrs. Falck, Mr. J. K. and Mrs. Gregory, Mr. J. A. B. and Mrs. Jachman, Mr. and Mrs. Slinger, Friar Dr. and Mrs. Leslie Burgin, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Burgin, Mr. Maurice Lacell, Mrs. Lacell, Friar C. W. Kimmins, Friar W. N. Shansfield, Mr. and Mrs. George Moore, Miss Cayley, Miss Pullen, Mr. Macklow Smith, Mr. Felix Cross, Mrs. G. M. Piper, Mr. Gordon Piper, Friar and Mrs. E. Torday, Friar Joseph Shaylor, Miss Shaylor, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Shaylor, Mr. and Mrs. F. Elliott, Friar and Mrs. A. B. Cooper and Miss Elsie Cooper, Friar and Mrs. A. Mackintosh, Friar and Mrs. Cyril Gamon, Sir Philip and Lady Gibbs, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Bailey, Miss Sheila Kaye Smith (Club Guest), The Viscountess Rhondda, Mrs. Archdale, Dame Helen Gwatkin Vaughan (Club Guests), Friar Sir Vincent Evans, Mr. John Hinds, M.P., Colonel Bradney, C.B., Major and Mrs. Cemlyn-Jones, Friar H. E. Alden, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Shackleford, Friar G. H. and Mrs. Northcroft, Friar H. T. and Mrs. Brown, Miss M. Brown, Mr. S. Schooling, Friar and Mrs. H. T. Shepherd, Friar Goldfinch and Mrs. Bate,

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Palk, Friar H. S. Wellcome, Mr. and Mrs. F. A Palen, Friar Clive Holland, Mr. C. F. J. Hankinson, Friar H. A. Taylor, Miss Dorothy Chesterton, Friar Sir Ernest and Lady Wild, Friar W. H. Kesteven, Dr. and Mrs. Elt, Miss Wellings, Mr. A M Duncan and Miss J. Blaker.

The Prior proposed the toast of " The King," and then gave the welcome to Friars and Guests.

In submitting the toast of " Our Visitors," the Prior said that they were looking forward to the time when women would knock at the door, as they were knocking at other doors. If women had taken part in the Peace Conference, there would have been no nonsense as to secret diplomacy. If they had women governing the League of Nations, it would make more progress ; it was a child which wanted careful ministering ; some new spirit of love and sacrifice was needed to get away from a world governed by fear and force. They wanted women to take part in this world movement.

The Prior had to associate with the toast the name of Lady Bonham Carter, who had recently come before the public as a speaker. She was a speaker before, but the public did not know it. The newspapers discovered her. Lady Bonham Carter was not seeking notoriety although about 20 constituencies would now like to get her as a candidate. The newspapers admired her brilliant speeches and her great sense of humour. She had been telling him some of her experiences. Amongst those stories there was one which related to an old Scottish couple who had been impressed by " Pussyfoot " speakers, and they decided to give up whisky. They thought, however, that it would be a nice thing to have a bottle of whisky in the cupboard in case of accident. The old man went to the cupboard to look at the bottle and saw it was almost empty. The old man said : " Where is the whisky ? I want a wee drappie as I have a sinking feeling." " Ah," the old lady said, " I had a sinking feeling all the week."

The Prior also coupled with the toast the name of Mr. T. P. O'Connor, who was the father of the House of Commons. Mr. O'Connor had plied his pen in every phase of journalism during the last 50 years, and was a finished craftsman of his art. Had he been in France or some other country he would have received honours,

distinction and recognition which would have made him memorable ; he was one of the great undecorated. Mr. O'Connor always had this satisfaction, that every journalist had a warm corner in his heart for " T.P."

Lady Bonham Carter thanked the gathering for the great honour conferred on her in drinking the toast. The Prior was far too kind and flattering. She wished that he had praised anything else except her power of speech. As a speaker, she was afraid that she was being unmasked. If he had said what a good mother she was, what exquisite water-colours she painted, or how well she played the harp, she might have gone out of the room with her reputation intact. This she felt she had now but little hope of doing.

She wanted to begin by saying that this evening had been to her, so far, at least, a most overwhelming surprise. In her ignorance she imagined that the Friars were bound by harsh ascetic vows, and she thought every member would be very particular about the company he kept. It appeared that the Friars admitted to their society without any outward sign of disapproval one fresh from the hustings, and a mud-slinger like herself. This monastic life for the first time explained what Wordsworth meant in his line : " The world is too much with us."

Some of the members of this brotherhood were engaged in pursuing the profession which the Friars of old made peculiarly their own. She meant the writing of history—only the present Friars wrote in the modern way in very short instalments. They were writing what she might call history in a serial form.

This new method had many great and far-reaching results. The writers took everything in short notices—including our own reputations. A friend of hers was talking to a very well-known politician—some people called him a statesman. Her friend spoke of Bertrand Russell, the Fabian philosopher and mathematician, who was imprisoned under the Defence of the Realm Act, and said that his name would be remembered long after the politician had gone. The politician pricked up his ears : " How soon will that be ? " Her friend replied : " You might be remembered 50 years or so." " Fifty years ! " exclaimed the politician, with ecstacy, " 50 years will do for me."

" After all, what were laurels and bay leaves to us when we had headlines?" Lady Bonham Carter continued, " What did it matter to posterity? What we wanted was to ring in the ears and stink in the nostrils of the public to-day. We wanted our friends' praises and our enemies' execrations in our own hearing. We wanted, above all, to hear about ourselves in our own day. Was it a gain or a loss? Were we living better and acting a finer part than in the days gone by? The age of bronze and marble was past; the " movies " had arrived, and the handle was being turned faster and faster. The great names of the past shone out like stars—Alexander, Pericles, Caesar. Stars nowadays had no fixity of purpose. Hero-worship survived in snap-shots."

The speaker did not know whether the history was more or less true of the days when it was written, but it was as unquestionably believed. In the present day we would rather look at figures than facts; we prefer from day to day life in the raw. You hold up the mirror daily and we see just anything you care to show us. You are not chroniclers of events, but manufacturers or controllers; you can drive our opinions and thoughts, driving us like swine from the top of the cliffs to the depths of the sea.

Proceeding, the speaker pointed out that people were afraid to take in a newspaper, even when they agreed with it, for fear it would change their minds. Personally, she might wake up one morning and find herself a member of the National Party, a follower of " Pussyfoot " or Bottomley, or, worse, a passionate supporter of the Coalition Government.

" In conclusion, may I say that I envy your power. I thank you for having allowed me to share the rigorous austerities of your existence. I warn you that if I should return amongst you, I shall probably take the veil myself."

Mr. T. P. O'Connor, in the course of his response, said it had been stated that it was not discovered that Lady Bonham Carter had a sense of humour until she went to Scotland. If Scotland was anything like its reputation, it was the last place where anyone would expect that this would take place.

As regards the House of Commons, continued Mr. O'Connor, he had never found a more agreeable assembly than the present one. There was a time when a Liberal and a Conservative would

glance at each other and would not dine at the same table. But this had all passed away. He had had one or two difficult problems to solve. Recently, Sir William Joynson-Hicks wrote a pathetic appeal for his corner seat, which had been taken by Lady Astor. He got up in the House and asked whether it would be possible by an act of courtesy to allow Lady Astor to retain the seat. Sir William turned around and said : " If you are so anxious for her to have my seat, why don't you give her yours ? " He would have willingly done this but for a slight difficulty. Lady Astor had an extremely charming personality, but she had the habit of making frequent comment on the proceedings in the House of Commons. Sitting next to him he had a peppery Irishman from Belfast—Mr. Joe Devlin—and there might be difficulties if he were placed in close proximity to Lady Astor. He thought that there should be women in the House of Commons, but that they should not be under 55.

Mr. O'Connor came there that evening partly for the sake of Lady Bonham Carter and partly for the sake of her father. He remembered Mr. Asquith as a stuff-gownsman at the Parnell Commission, and witnessed his first great success in the cross-examination of Mr. Macdonald, of *The Times*. He had known Mr. Asquith since that time, and was perfectly sure that when the verdict of history was given everybody would see that a finer or more high-minded man never appeared in public life.

Friar Sir Arthur Spurgeon announced that he appeared on the programme as " an extra turn." During the existence of the Whitefriars' Club they had had experience of the special services rendered by various members. Among those men who had rendered exceptional service to the Order was Friar G. B. Burgin who, as a labour of love, had edited the " Whitefriars' Chronicles " for some ten years past. As a token of their love and admiration for Friar Burgin, the Club had asked him to make a presentation consisting of the works of Harrison Ainsworth and Tobias Smollett. He asked Friar Burgin's acceptance of the gift as a token of their respect, admiration and gratitude for the arduous and exacting work done in past years out of sheer love for the Brotherhood.

Friar G. B. Burgin was greatly touched by the kindly way in which Friar Spurgeon had made the presentation. During the last ten years, his editorial duties had been much lightened by many contributors among the Brethren. His other editorial experiences had not been so pleasant, for on one occasion a dirty and bibulous old woman came into his office and asked for a loan of sixpence with which to go to Paris. As this was such a reasonable request, he produced the sixpence. She departed to Paris, *via* the public house round the corner, and a little later returned with the statement that as the cost of living was very great in Paris she wanted another sixpence to come home again. That seemed to him the quickest journey on record, and his utterances that night would be equally speedy. There was a great popular orator, a certain photographer, who attended prominent literary banquets, and always made the speech of the evening. The speech consisted of a few words which invariably provoked great applause : " Ladies and gentlemen, I thank you very much."

Dr. Agnes Savill, in proposing " The Prior," gave some of her personal experiences with the Scottish Women's Hospital in France.

The Prior briefly replied to the toast, and the proceedings then terminated.

CLUB LUNCH TO FRIAR RICHARD WHITEING

ON ATTAINING HIS 80TH YEAR.

July 28th, 1920.

Friar Clement K. Shorter took the Chair, and in a felicitous speech characterised by much genial and kindly feeling, welcomed Friar Richard Whiteing to the festive board.

In reply, Friar Whiteing declared that " At one time old age had all the best of it. In the classic revival of the French Revolution the first concern was to provide for ancient rights of reverence from the young. The gardens of the Tuileries were furnished with a few benches of pure Pentelican marble—cushions at your own

expense—where the seniors presided as patrons of the sports of youth. This went the way of all make-believes, and there is now a sort of claim of the predominant partnership, on the part of the young.

"However, as yet no young fellow has gone so far as the Sophist in Aristophanes who beats his aged father, entering upon his second childhood, in grateful return for the many 'lickings' that parent has lavished upon him in his first. The elders have now to be content with the dignity of a sort of Upper House, exercising a veto scarcely more imperative than an order for the restitution of conjugal rights. Age has learned to drop the tone of command, and even to be more merciful in the infliction of its memories. It has now to remember to forget, and, above all, to avoid the homily and the luxury of rebuke. I tried the latter one day on two jovial blasphemers who were swearing at large in a public thoroughfare. 'Bill,' said one to the other, after a stare at me, 'I never could stand Old and Bitter; give me Old and Mild.'

"It was a lesson for life, and I have made it 'Old and Mild' in deportment ever since. It saves one a thousand mortifications and there are, in the nature of the case, many enough at hand without going about to look for them. I cite a few. *If* well-meaning people would only be less ostentatiously sorry for us, especially in public vehicles! I never enter a crowded carriage on the Tube without a foreboding that I am going to wince for it ere I come to the journey's end. The stripling who resigns his seat in my favour must needs overrule my hesitating acceptance with a 'Take it and welcome: you are older than me.' I am lucky if I escape 'Take it and welcome, *Dad*.' The Dadders are a peculiarly irritating breed. I ask my way in the street. 'First to the right and second to the left, Dad.' I buy an evening paper—'There y'are, Dad!' You may avoid this, to some extent, in the open by electing to lose your way rather than ask a question: in the Tube there is no escape. I offer my seat to a lady in difficulties as a strapholder. In one swift glance, she estimates for threescore and ten as a safe bid for assistance, and smiles refusal. I may still rejoice that she has missed the other ten. But it is a brief triumph. The keener pang is pretty sure to follow, when another lady brings the full count into reckoning by offering her seat to me.

'But no! that last indignity
Shall ne'er approach his haughty eye.'

I look the other way, until I find a vacancy beside a venerable person who wheezes into my ear: 'How many does your clock strike, sir, next time?'

"But there are more serious trials—once again in the nature of the case. Old age wants buoying up against itself: it dreads the solitude of its memories. It is such a last survivor of old friendships. It needs life about it: it can do all its 'Meditations Among the Tombs' for itself. How pathetic is Herbert Spencer, obsessed by this craving, borrowing two children from a friend to come and play before him once a week or so by the clock!

"I came back of late to a club of which in the past I had been a member for one-and-twenty years without a break. It is the most reposeful of all the clubs of London, and the most beautiful—I use the word advisedly. We had been parted, I should say, for at least as long as my former term of membership, and my steps turned mechanically to a certain luncheon table which, in my time, had been a daily rendezvous of a circle of friends. James Payn and William Black, the novelists, were of the number; with Sir Wemyss Reid and Sir John Robinson, the journalists; and 'Joe' Parkinson, who had suspended his activities in the same profession to make his fortune as a magnate of finance.

"I now looked in vain for a single one of them, and consulted the head waiter—another stranger. 'All, all were gone—the old familiar faces.' And though there was compensation in newer friends, waving a greeting from another table, the old table in its present occupancy had no recognition for me. The very waiter I had hoped to find had retired long since on his pension; and, indeed, as his successor was able to inform me, was quietly inurned in due course. It was a great shock; yet what else could I have expected? The smoking room brought me in touch with the new coterie: but for that I should have sat in solitary grandeur to the last. The white stone that marks happy days for the octogenarian is so often quarried for a cenotaph.

"Beranger has found the great saying for the whole situation: 'Love, and let others love you.' There is no bettering this. It is my friend of the Old and Mild, in a setting (to him unattainable)

of the great poetry which is great fact. The affections are the well-spring of all happiness and perhaps even of length of years. A man of science has lately discovered that sour thoughts are a positive disease; and he is now busily engaged in hunting for the microbe. Blessings on his labours: he will save many a life."

DINNER TO SIR PHILIP GIBBS.

October 15th, 1920.

Prior—SIR J. FOSTER FRASER.

Topic for Discussion—

AFTER THE WAR: THE NEW FOUNDATIONS.

Among the Guests were: Capt. Donnelly Aitken, Mr. William Paynter, Mr. James Montague, Mr. M. A. Marston, Mr. Edward L. Burgin, Mr. J. E. Turner, Mr. Philip Williams, Mr. H. A. Taylor, Capt. Irving Gane, Mr. Seaton Teedeman, Capt. Godwin Smith, Mr. H. J. Card, The Hon. E. G. Knollys, Mr. Alec Waugh, Major A. G. Saunders and Mr. Herbert T. Butler.

Before beginning his speech, the Prior requested the Friars and Guests to rise in solemn silence as a tribute to the memory of the late Friar Senior.

The Prior, in the course of a lively and humorous speech, briefly sketched the career of our Guest and felt certain that we should all look forward to his opening of the debate with the greatest interest.

The Guest of the evening said that he must express his obligations to Friar Robert Donald for giving him the opportunity of going to the Western Front. Then he diverged to the foundations of our civilisation, and, though they seemed to be crumbling, thought that the crumbling was but a passing symptom. There were many causes for the ill-health of Europe. After the first enthusiasm of passion came a sense of disillusion, and the soldiers

talked of the war as "the same old bl--y mess." As a matter of fact, we did not win the war; the war won us, for the great machine of death which we had invented mastered and exhausted us.

The state of France was very serious when one remembered that she had lost a million men and that there were at least a million of her soldiers crippled. In Italy there was a false gaiety and unsound finance owing to the enormous issue of paper money. The masses had not enough to live on. Coal was still the great need of Italy and many other countries. In Vienna the children born during the war were suffering from rickets. They had no bones, but gristle only, and could not walk. This applied to 84 per cent. of the children. We must have the new foundations of a new society in Europe or Europe will perish. The first plank or bedrock must be a reconciliation of the peoples of Europe. If not, the last war would be absolutely nothing to the horrors of the new one. There must be some common link between the peoples to save them from massacring each other. It was not the idealist or the sentimentalist who was going to have any effect. To-day there must be an alliance between idealism and realism which cannot be broken. The hatchet must be buried in order to obtain an economic unity.

"England," the speaker continued, "is the worst hated country in the world. France hates us; Italy loathes us; Austria regards us as having condemned her to death; and the Turk has no love for us. Greece is the only nation grateful to us. But the new idea against the old idea is going to win out. These things are accidental. After getting back to the normal, common sense will ultimately triumph."

The debate was continued, in a series of speeches which attained a very high level, by Friars G. H. Perris, Walter Smith, Sir Arthur Spurgeon, Hamilton Fyfe and Robert Donald.

The Prior, in summing up the debate, said that so long as we belong to different races, so long, without any bitterness, we are inclined to get in one another's way. He had just returned from America, where there was a strong distrust against England, and he was inclined to think that the evil lay in the educational text-books of America. The safety of the earth really depended upon co-operation between America and ourselves.—G. B. B.

DINNER TO MR. BERNARD SHAW.

October 29th, 1920.

Prior—FRIAR A. G. GARDINER.

Topic for Discussion—

THE DICTATORSHIP OF THE PROLETARIAT.

The Prior, in a tribute to the brilliant and provocative qualities of our Guest as writer and speaker and his position in the literary and public life of his time, said that to attempt to introduce him to the Friars would be as needless as to attempt to introduce the Nelson Column to the Londoner.

Mr. George Bernard Shaw, in opening the debate, formulated a threefold indictment of (1) Capitalism; (2) Its effect upon Journalism; and (3) What he described as the New Foreign Policy.

About the time when he was born Capitalism could make out something of a case for itself. It had led to certain industrial developments and provided many cheap things. But for years the thing itself had been breaking down. The recent labour troubles were but incidents in this breakdown. It had reduced journalists -us—to a condition of prostitution. Modern journalists sold their souls as well as their pens.

There was a time when the journalist was distinguished by the possession of a certain style, of which Thackeray had given examples. In the past, politicians tried to influence him. In the past, newspaper proprietors had shared the kind of priestly privilege he had enjoyed. To-day, politicians owned newspapers as part of party organisation. Capitalists bought newspapers as a matter of business, and the work of the journalist was controlled in a very practical way. He gave examples, citing one case in which a journalist of exceptional personality and striking talent had proved stronger than the power that had sought to suppress him.

Journalists made the mind of the nation; the men who did this had a greater influence on the destiny of the nation than the men who made the laws. But the men who wrote in the newspapers wrote at the dictation of the men who owned them; and they omitted according to the same dictation.

What was a Proletarian? He was the man who worked, as distinct from the man who lived by owning. In this country, the comparison was between the one-tenth who owned and the nine-tenths who worked; but the wealth was divided in the proportion of nine-tenths to owners and one-tenth to workers. Our problem was how to introduce the Dictation of the Proletariat, to see that everyone lived by work.

The Great War had introduced a new set of ideas much more grave than existed before. He referred to what he called the New Foreign Policy, especially as this affected Ireland. We were now told that war could be waged by means less costly than great battleships—by submarines and poison gas. It was pointed out that submarines could easily be built in Ireland and could be sheltered in Irish harbours; that poison gas could be made there as cheaply as poteen. Therefore, that country was "a fearful danger" to England and it was necessary thoroughly to subjugate her, to revert to the policy of Strongbow or—for Strongbow was a gentleman by comparison—another whose name was still remembered in that island.

Journalists were going to be asked to convince people that this policy was necessary, and they had been reminded that the word of any official was to be taken against that of any journalist—not any Irish journalist, but any journalist; and the policeman was all-powerful.

Whither would this policy lead? What of France? What of America? What of the rest of the world? Was England to try to subjugate the whole of the rest of the world for the same reasons that she must subjugate Ireland? It was an impossible policy. But, represented as it would be in fragments, it might not seem impossible.

The only alternative was a policy of international peace. International Proletarianism must be the base of this alternative policy. It could not be founded on Capitalism or Feudal Militarism. The speaker closed with a reference to the sinister results that might attend the efforts of those who were trying to bring about a return to the old order in Russia.

Friar George Sampson said a great deal that Mr. Shaw had said was vitally true. The condition of journalism was deplorable. The London press of to-day lacked that solid body of sound criticism it had when "G. B. S." wrote on music and "W. A." on the drama in *The World* of the nineties. Causes were prejudged by suggestion. There was poison in the placard. Pointing to the danger of an uneducated majority, he thought our system of education had proved a failure, that elementary school children were being turned into labour fodder, and urged that a liberal education should be every child's birthright.

Friar Hamilton Fyfe thought it would be a good thing if everybody had to work; but brain workers and manual workers must be on an equality as workers. Journalism was, perhaps, not in quite so bad a position. In that room was one man who had given up a splendid position for conscience sake. It was possible to get on better terms with the Capitalist than with Capitalism.

Dr. Haden Guest regarded the phrase "Dictatorship of the Proletariat" as an idea comparable with the cheap things introduced by Capitalism. As to Russia, the present "dictatorship" there was one of journalists and doctors principally; it included only three "working men." As a lifelong Socialist, he looked forward with confidence to seeing a Labour Government in power in this country—a Government by the people who worked against the people who did not work. There was a general objection to hearing the truth. Leadership involved responsibility as well as privilege. To use force to bring about good things meant destruction. What was wanted was construction. Journalists had great responsibilities as well as privileges; they had to write what they knew to be true, not merely what they were paid to write.

Friar W. H. Helm emphasised the fact that Labour did not mean simply manual toil. The Labour Party must recognise this. Capitals were a cause of trouble as well as Capitalists. London was not England; Paris was not France. There must be a closer relation between talk and reason. We suffered from the prolixity of the bureaucrat. The four great beasts of Revelation were ristocracy, Democracy, Capitalism and Labour.

Friar G. B. Burgin, in an anecdotal speech, recalled an early incident of *The Idler* days, which drew from Mr. Shaw, when he replied to other speakers, some delightfully intimate confessions relating to his first steps in journalism.

Sir Philip Gibbs said there remained one consolation to the journalist: no one paid the slightest attention to him.

Mr. Shaw, who had used an ordinary reporter's note-book during the debate, stood up with this in one hand and marked with a pencil held in the other, the points to which he replied as he disposed of them. Sir Philip Gibbs had provided them, in his records of the battles on the Western Front, with a model of what a journalist could do with his material. He thought our system of education a success. Drawing upon his recollections of a shop steward who favoured direct action, he remarked on the possibilities of thought that was the outcome of action. Truth could only be told to those prepared to receive it. If English literature could be taken as a guide to national character, the Englishman should be the embodiment of honesty; but it was found that the ordinary Englishman honoured honesty when honesty was the best policy. As to those who had the courage to leave newspapers the policy of which they could not approve, he had never yet written for a paper of which he could say he approved.—W. F. A.

DINNER TO MR. JOHN DRINKWATER.

November 5th, 1920.

Prior—FRIAR W. H. HELM.

Topic for Discussion—

POETRY AND THE MAN IN THE STREET.

The Prior introduced the Guest as one not only distinguished, but, in his art, distinctive, not merely an echo of a school; a poet, and the author of a great play concerning one—Abraham Lincoln—who was one of the greatest and most distinctive statesmen who had ever walked this earth.

Mr. John Drinkwater said the Man in the Street might ask the Poet: "What is there in poetry that justifies you in giving your whole energy and life to it or in expecting society to support you in this job?" Such questions raised the whole problem of the relation of Art to the Man in the Street. The answer was that Art responded to the profound hunger of the human mind for an understanding of its own emotions and experiences. Art gave expression, colour, definition, form to the common and crude and abstract ideas of emotion, shape to the void.

The Poet wrote in the first place to satisfy his own needs, without, while at work, thought of his audience. Every artist had to "pot-boil" sometimes, but when he was thinking only of his audience, he was disloyal to himself. The content or matter of his work was not all-important. Great art rendered its service to humanity by quickening its mentality, it made mankind in general respond to a particular man's vision of a certain thing.

Why did the artist choose a certain piece of material for his work? Because through it he could express his own experience or emotion. For example, he (the speaker) had chosen Abraham Lincoln as a theme because he wished to deal with the phenomena of public leadership.

The Prior suggested it would be a good thing if writers expressed only what they felt.

Friar Émile Cammaerts was moved by his appreciation of Mr. Drinkwater's poetry to enlarge on the music and suggestiveness of which words artistically used were capable. Poetry was the singing of a song along the road.

Friar George Whale said the poet made the greatest appeal to the world when the world could understand what he said. Music was not enough in itself. Some poetry was a sort of ethical epilepsy. Poetry must have a message.

Friar A. G. Gardiner, dwelling on the relation of poetry to life, and its power to fashion the mind, said the work of the poet liberated what was fine in us, opened for us the magic casements of which Keats had sung. If the Man in the Street did not appreciate poetry, the fault lay with the method of his education.

Friar Sir Ernest Wild, K.C., M.P., agreed that the lack of poetry at the present time was partly due to faulty education in the past. He wished, with special reference to a certain modern poet, that poets would stick to their job. The poet went singing along the way that he might gladden the hearts of his fellow travellers.

Friar C. W. Kimmins said that our Guest had shown himself a psychologist as well as a poet and playwright. He instanced the poetry that came from the trenches during the war, poetry due to great emotional stress, as supporting Mr. Drinkwater's argument. Proper early training of the emotions would result in power of expression and love of poetry.

Friar Keighley Snowden, citing Mrs. Margaret Wilkinson's "New Voices," an anthology of modern American verse, spoke of the promising school of young poets in America who, if they sometimes lacked rhyme and scansion, were unpedantic, used no archaic words, were sincere, and got into close touch with the Man in the Street.

Friar G. B. Burgin reminded us that we were the Man in the Street. In our young days we read and perhaps wrote poetry. As we grew older, we became immersed in more material things. Later, in slippered ease, we felt the loss of early ideals, but then Poetry looked reproachfully at us and faded away. Landor's lines to Rose Aylmer were really a lament addressed to the Goddess of Poetry, whom we had forsaken.

Friar Hugo Vallentin said the poet, to appeal to the Man in the Street, must become a Man in the Street himself. The great sagas of Scandinavia were handed down by the Man in the Street, from father to son, not in writing, but by word of mouth.

Mr. Drinkwater replying, repeated that in a work of art it was not content but shaping that mattered most. As to the use of words, when all was said and done, they had always to remember one thing: that words formed the sole material in which the poet worked, and it was very largely by means of his skill in using words suggestively that he succeeded in expression. A whole vista of philosophic content might be opened up by the subtle use of a simple word. He gave as examples Shakespeare's use of "chimney-sweepers" in Guiderius' Song ("Cymbeline," iv, 2) and Milton's

" well and fair " in the closing lines of " Samson Agonistes." The Man in the Street had a sense of words, of style, but usually this expressed itself in a humorous way—sometimes with amazing effect.—W. F. A.

DINNER TO MR. HUGH WALPOLE.

November 26th, 1920.

Prior—FRIAR CECIL PALMER.

Topic for Discussion—THE CRISIS IN THE BOOK TRADE.

A considerable company of Friars and their Guests gathered together to hear Mr. Hugh Walpole on the crisis in the book trade.

Most of the speakers were far from optimistic in their views of the future. There seemed to be a consensus of opinion in the various discussions, which took place after dinner, that books were rapidly reaching a price which the public could not, or would not, pay. Further, that there was little prospect of any material fall in prices while publishers were called upon to meet the present abnormally high costs of production.

Mr. Hugh Walpole said that he had never before seen the inside of the Scarlet Room in which the Friars dined, and he told a story of an experience of his, when lecturing in the United States and feeling nervous about his lecture. His Chairman looked serious and gloomy, and introduced him as follows :—

" Ladies and gentlemen, you will be glad to hear the Club is doing well. The subscriptions are good, and I am anxious that everyone should work well. If the Club were richer, we might have had a better lecturer this evening. I will now introduce Mr. Hugh Walpole."

Mr. Walpole knew nothing about the book trade, except what he had seen from the cold street outside, with his face against the glass, looking at the warm, rich interior. He came to put some questions as to the book trade, and he hoped he would be able to

get answers. He reminded his listeners of a little letter of his to *The Times*, which appeared a year or two ago, and added that he took the precaution to sail to the States immediately it appeared. Sometimes he adored publishers, and thought they were at times most unjustly abused. No doubt publishing was now extremely expensive, and reaching heights which would soon make the purchase of fiction impossible. It was said that the young author, whatever his difficulties, if he had genius would push through, but his experience was that during the last few years there had been an extraordinary absence of promising first novels, and those which had appeared were, he thought, failures. As a rule, it was his experience that booksellers thrust ridiculous books on their customers, though he had far happier experiences with the multiple shops. On one occasion he wanted Galsworthy's " In Chancery," and the bookseller tried hard to put him off, saying it was dull. The system in the States of publishers being salesmen of their own wares (Mr. Walpole referred to American publishers having their own large retail book saloons attached to their publishing offices—*Ed.*) had many points to recommend it. Why should books not be sold on barrows in the streets ? In this, and other unorthodox ways, many additional books might be sold. The ordinary person seems to look upon books as something apart from him, and would be aghast at spending 10*s*. on a book, yet would spend double this sum on a single set theatre ticket.

Publishers and authors seemed to be on one side of the hedge and the motley crowd on the other side as a people apart. This was not so in the times of the monthly-parts novel. There are so many fine books which might be brought to the man in the street, as his betting news is, and something ought to be done to break down the present barrier.

These were just a few of the suggestions made by Mr. Walpole to get information, as he put it, how those barriers might be broken down.

Friar G. B. Burgin continued the discussion and emphasised the need for a friendlier understanding between author and publisher.

Friar Hamilton Fyfe, who had his two publishers one on either side of him, stated what he had to say was not by way of abuse, but friendly admonition. His view was that publishers should not

try to undercut each other so that they might get all classes of bookselling, but should go in for one particular class of publishing and one special public.

Friar Harold Shaylor made some excellent points, and was the only optimistic speaker of the evening. He thought that the present state of bookselling was good, and that there was no crisis. Times were vastly different from what they were in Thackeray's day, when book reading had few rivals, whereas to-day there were football matches, cinemas, and all the hundred-and-one sports to be indulged in. He differed from the remarks of Mr. Hugh Walpole with regard to the difficulties of getting first novels published, and surprised his hearers by stating that there had been fifty first novels during the present year. They might not all be successes, but no doubt those authors whose writing had real skill would get other works published, and he ventured to doubt if Mr. Hugh Walpole's first novel was a success.

Friar Clive Holland, in a humorous speech, full of point, also joined in the discussion.

Mr. Stocker thought the crisis to-day with regard to publishing was that the author, publisher and bookseller were too commercial, and looked forward to the time when we should have a revolution. If we did, it was doubtful if we should profit by it, but when we did get one, it would be Bolshevism plus Anarchy. As regards books, the public did not know what it wanted, and the publisher was trying to find out. Book publishing must be done for love of the work, and now-a-days authors mostly work for love of the task.

Mr. G. Marshall, Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son's distinguished librarian, spoke of the impossibility of supplying all books at a day's notice at present rates of subscription by the public. *The Times* Book Club, under certain conditions, now undertook to supply any book at a day's notice, but at what a price!

Mr. Walpole, in his reply, dealt with many points raised by the various speakers, and made an eloquent plea for closer co-operation between author, publisher and bookseller in their joint interest. He also expressed an earnest hope that in times to come they might meet together for discussion, and thus help each other to greater prosperity by means of a far larger sale of books.—C. G.

WHITEFRIARS' CHRISTMAS DINNER.

December 17th, 1920.

Prior—THE REV. CANON H. WESLEY DENNIS.

Club Guests—THE VISCOUNTESS RHONDDA

AND

MISS SHEILA KAYE SMITH.

The Prior, in submitting "The Spirit of Christmas," considered it a rash experiment on the part of the Committee in having entrusted the toast to a clerical Prior; they might expect that he would fire off an early-prepared Christmas sermon. He recently attended an "Old Boys'" dinner, at which an eminent civil servant was called upon to propose a toast. Looking around the tables, he discovered several distinguished K.C.'s and at least one full-blown judge of the High Court. So he said: "In the presence of such a company, I feel much hesitation in speaking, particularly before those accustomed to make long orations for an adequate remuneration." There might perhaps be a clergyman here and there who made long orations; at the same time there were not many who suffered from excessive remuneration.

In his own case that night he would endeavour to be as brief as the toast allowed, and would ask for his remuneration the sympathy and goodwill of those kind enough to listen to him.

"The Spirit of Christmas" was a time-honoured toast in the Club, and at the same time it was one always fresh and welcome. It would be a very churlish nature that did not respond to the note of the angel choir 1,920 years ago, "Peace on earth, goodwill towards men." Christmas had often given the brightest illustration of the power of this spirit. He did not suppose that anyone was very sorry when he heard that at Christmas-time on the Western Front the men in the contending armies came out of the trenches and exchanged cigarettes and Christmas dainties. There was something about it spontaneous and genuine; they felt that they could not fight on Christmas Day. In the same way, during this present week we had the sympathetic message of the Prime

Minister in his desire to bring a spirit of peace and goodwill to the distressful country of Ireland. We all felt anxious for this spirit, not only in Ireland, but in our own country and throughout the world.

Christmas was above all a children's festival. It was a festival to all of us, whatever our age, who still lay claim to have a child's heart, who could rejoice, as he hoped everyone did around those tables, in the happiness of young life. He always felt, and he was sure many shared the same feeling, that the most lasting tribute to the genius of Dickens was the wonderful sympathy with those characters he drew in the "Christmas Carol," which would always remain fresh and appealing to generation after generation of English people. It was just a week to Christmas—a week in which to make up any deficiencies, if there were any, and to help any of those "Tiny Tims" of whom, alas! there were far too many in our own cities and the great cities of the world, and to carry wherever we could that spirit of Christmas into every home, drinking deep of that joy which Old Scrooge on his conversion found to be so new and exhilarating. It was good in these times to be children again, whatever our ages might be, and to enjoy the mystery of Santa Claus; to find some joy in examining the secrets of a bulging stocking; the amazement of the youngsters in swallowing the flames of a burning Christmas pudding; to be allotted a three-penny bit in the pudding or a thimble brought far more joy than the discovery of a gold mine; we crown our heads, whether they be black, brown, grey or silver white, with a paper cap, discoursing sweet music from a Jew's harp coming from the crackers; it was a good thing to hang up the mistletoe, and to come to the centre under it, quite unconscious of the fact; to join a round dance, if one could not jazz—dancing Sir Roger de Coverly until the collars, which were insufficiently starched in these days, were hanging limp around the neck. He gave them with every good wish, the time-honoured toast, "The Spirit of Christmas."

Friar Sir Ernest Wild, in giving the toast of "Our Guests," said that in former years it took the form of "The Ladies," but that had now been altered. "Ladies have now come off their pedestal," as a distinguished daughter of a distinguished sire (the Viscountess Rhondda) informed the "Pilgrim" of the *Daily*

News." We have removed the sex disqualification and, therefore, in proposing this toast in the form of "Our Guests," we content ourselves by asking two ladies to reply to it. Whoever and whatever had "come off the pedestal"—and many things had—chivalry, romance and reverence, and so had many old-time ideals—there was one institution that remained enthroned on the pedestal, and that was Father Christmas, whose spirit the Prior had proposed in such felicitous terms. Father Christmas was placed by Christ on the pedestal; replaced after the ages by Charles Dickens.

With that ideal of Christmas, the Whitefriars' Club would never part, and amongst the inseparable ideas of Christmas might be reckoned hospitality. Therefore, to-night he was privileged on behalf of the Whitefriars' Club gratefully to propose the health of two distinguished ladies—one a lady with a mission, the other a lady with a message. The first name was that of Viscountess Rhondda, who had identified herself with her sex's victorious struggle for equality with, rather than superiority over, man. Thereby she had done the State some service—and she knew it. She had quite rightly faced the sordid facts of life, and found a demand for equal economic opportunities for women in return for equal work. We congratulated her and her sisters on their well-earned victory. Henceforward, woman might run with man in double harness, whatever the activities, political, social or industrial. Marriage shall no longer be a slave market; juries shall perpetually disagree. The "sweet influence" of Sanatogen and of Salutaris would be bestowed by Eve upon Adam, in place of the discredited but delicious apple. The House of Lords would open its jealous portals, as the Lower House had done, but in vain or worse than vanity. In the interview with the discomfited "Pilgrim," Lady Rhondda was reported to have said: "Men put us on a pedestal to get us out of the way." The result was that Galatea had come to life. O, happy Pygmalion! This was the lady with a mission whom we cordially welcomed.

The other lady with a message, was Miss Sheila Kaye Smith. She was the charming novelist of the countryside; her fame came quickly and naturally. In "Tamarisk Town" and by "Sussex Gorse" we could find repose. She beautified the simple country folk, the simple things of life which mattered. She taught "Tongues

in trees, books in running brooks, and sermons in stones" ; she not only found them for herself, but she gracefully interpreted them for her readers. The Whitefriars' Club, wherein diversity was combined with simplicity, which was anything and everything save the commonplace, extended its Christmas greetings to its honoured Guests.

Viscountess Rhondda regarded it as a great honour to be allowed to respond to the toast. After Sir Ernest Wild's speech it was not necessary to explain herself ; he had done it so efficiently already. He had spoken in particular on the question of pedestals ; but she did not know that he altogether appreciated the statue's point of view. From the point of view of the statue there was a grave disadvantage in being on a pedestal. There were so many things one could not do. As was shown in the play " Milestones," one was not able to drive in a hansom, ride on the top of a bus, or do an honest day's work. It was not as simple as it sounded ; it was an acrobatic feat. The pedestal was frail and apt to break. She had been accused of saying that men put women on a pedestal to get them out of the way, but she had said nothing of the sort. She would not have accused men of being so Machiavellian in thinking anything of the kind. The reason women were put on a pedestal was out of chivalry. She disagreed with the assertion that romance had come off the pedestal, and as to Sir Ernest Wild's reference to Adam, she could suggest no reason that Sanatogen and Salutaris should take the place of apples—personally, she would recommend all three.

Miss Sheila Kaye Smith said Viscountess Rhondda had so well expressed what she would like to say, that there was very little she could add to it. She felt very much honoured that the Whitefriars' Club should have asked her to be one of the Guests that evening. " I feel grateful to a men's club," Miss Kaye Smith continued, " whenever they open their gates to ladies, because a man's club exists principally to escape from women. A woman's club exists as a place where we can entertain men. I feel indirectly that I owe my life to the club. Ten years ago I was asked to be a Guest. Just before the dinner actually took place I became ill. My object was to recover in time to be present. I was told that I should be well enough. I was not, and I did not go. I afterwards asked the doctor : ' Why did you tell me that I should go to the

Whitefriars' Club dinner when you knew perfectly well I should not be able to ? ' The reply was : ' Well, you did something to get well, and that helped you to pull yourself together.' I am glad to put in a belated appearance nine years later. As to being on a pedestal, as Sir Ernest Wild has so touchingly remarked, one reason was that we had not proved our value. Now we have proved our value more thoroughly. One day in the dim years to come, men may put us back again."

Friar Sir Vincent Evans, in proposing the toast of " The Prior," said we had heard a most admirable speech from the Chairman at the beginning of this happy and eventful gathering ; it was bright, cheering and encouraging, and would help us in these depressing times to live up to the spirit of Christmas. The Prior was one of the most active members of the Brotherhood ; he joined our simple meals at Anderton's Hotel and shed his canonical blessing on our Bohemian gatherings. We were always better for seeing and hearing him.

The Prior expressed his grateful thanks, and referred to the pleasure he derived from attending the debates on " Topics of the Day " at the house dinners at Anderton's Hotel.

THE ANNUAL MEETING.

REPORT AND BALANCE SHEET

The Annual Meeting of the Club was held on Friday, January 21st, after Dinner in the Club Room. Friar Joseph Shaylor was voted to the Chair, and the Report and Balance Sheet were submitted. The first named was as follows :—

The Committee of the Whitefriars Club have again the pleasure of reporting that the membership has been maintained--with a waiting list of candidates—and that the attendances at the various gatherings have averaged more than in previous years. Eleven events are to be recorded, viz., eight Dinners to Club Guests at Anderton's ; Ladies' Dinners in May and at Christmas ; and a Special Luncheon. The Guests at the first-named meetings were Father Bernard Vaughan, the Rt. Hon. J. R. Clynes, M.P., Mr. J. C. Squire, Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland, M.P., Sir Philip Gibbs, Mr. Bernard Shaw, Mr John Drinkwater and Mr. Hugh Walpole. The topics discussed were " Some Aspects of Modern Society," " Industry Under a Labour Government," " The Criticism of New Books," " Is Honesty Possible in Politics ? " " After the War—the New Foundations," " The Dictatorship of the Proletariat," " Poetry and the Man in the Street," and " The Crisis in the Book Trade." The Guests at the Ladies' Dinner in May were Lady Bonham Carter and Dr. Agnes Savill, and at the Christmas Dinner, the Viscountess Rhondda and Miss Sheila Kaye Smith. The Special Luncheon to Friar Whiteing in commemoration of his 80th birthday, had a charm and pleasure of its own in its personal and literary interest.

With deep regret the Committee have to record the passing of six Friars--Charles Garvice, William Senior, C. R. Williamson, the Rev. F. A. Russell, Thomas Catling and G. H. Perris—all men of distinction ; they enriched the circle by their learning and good comradeship.

The Statement of Accounts, dated 31st December, 1920, shows a balance at the Bank of £136 14*s.* 9*d.*, as against £176 5*s.* on December 31st, 1919. It should be noted, however, that in the

past year, for the first time since the War, the Club renewed the practice of holding Ladies' Dinners, both in May and at Christmas, instead of only at Christmas, as obtained during the War; and also that the Balance Sheet, being carried to December 31st, instead of only to December 1st, clears the cost of the Christmas Dinner of December 17th.

The Club will be exceedingly sorry to learn that Friar Clodd has relinquished the duties of Hon. Treasurer, which he discharged with so much care for 11 years. The Club has been particularly fortunate in having in this office a Friar who, by a rare combination of qualities, has won high repute both in the world of letters and in that of finance, and has attended to these minor affairs with meticulous devotion.

The higher cost of printing compelled a change in the issue of the *Whitefriars' Journal* from twice a year to once, but the Club is none the less indebted to Friar G. B. Burgin for preserving vitality and individuality in its pages.

The business proceedings were brief, and of a pleasant character. It was announced that Friar Clodd had been elected an Hon. Member as a tribute to his work for the Club; and that Friars Sir Francis Gould, T. Heath Joyce, and George Whale had been similarly elected. Pleasure was expressed that Friar A. D. Power had—notwithstanding the many other claims on his time—accepted nominations for the Hon. Treasurership, and reference was made to his invaluable services in recent years on the Committee. Friars Dr. Kimmins and the Hon. Gilbert Coleridge were elected new members of the Committee. Otherwise, no changes are to be recorded.

STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTS, 1919-1920.

RECEIPTS.

Dr.	£	s.	d.
To Balance at Bank, 21st December, 1919 ...	176	5	0
,, Subscriptions	253	11	6
,, Entrance Fees	18	18	0
,, Interest on £300 London County Council 3 % Stock	6	6	0
,, Christmas Dinner Tickets, 1919	70	6	0
,, Ladies' Dinner, 1920	57	10	0
,, Christmas Dinner, 1920	76	17	6
	£659	14	0

EXPENDITURE.

Cr.	£	s.	d.
By Rent to Christmas, 1920	65	0	0
,, Club *Journal*	48	10	0
,, List of Members	10	15	0
,, General Printing	1	16	9
,, Stationery (Dinners)	14	17	6
,, Postages	18	2	5
,, Clerical Help, 1919-20	12	12	0
,, Typist	5	16	0
,, Reporters	5	17	6
,, Books to G. B. Burgin	6	14	8
,, Wreaths (Garvice and Senior)	2	17	6
,, Club Guests	7	0	2
,, Save the Children Fund	10	0	0
,, Christmas Dinner Bill, 1919	93	1	3
,, Ladies' Dinner Bill, 1920	72	0	9
,, Christmas Dinner Bill, 1920	91	5	9
,, Toast Master	6	6	0
,, Waiters' Gratuities	12	0	0
,, Artistes at Dinner	37	16	0
,, Cheque Book		10	0
,, Balance at Bank, December 31st, 1920	136	14	9
	£659	14	0

Audited and found correct—

(*Signed*) ALGERNON ROSE.
WALTER B. SLATER.

January 17th, 1921.

(*Signed*) EDWARD CLODD,
Hon. Treasurer.

CLUB NOTES.

It will come as a shock to economical Friars to learn that the printing of the last number of the Club *Journal* cost considerably over £50. In view of this heavy expenditure, your editor has received instructions to cut down everything as much as possible. Hence, many Friars will find that we are deprived of a permanent record of their wit and wisdom and they must not blame the editor. Like the pianist over whose head was written: "Do not shoot at him, he is doing his best," the editor is the creature of circumstances and must obey the financial powers.

* * * *

I approach "Club Notes" this time in the saddest of moods, for Death has been lamentably busy among us.

Our first loss was Friar the Rev. F. A. Russell. Who does not remember his wonderfully beautiful and touching speech on "The Spirit of Christmas?" It was one of the best, if not the best,

of the speeches ever delivered at our gatherings ; eloquent, simple, heart-appealing and filled with a fervent faith and belief in his fellows.

* * * *

And now Friar William Senior, the Father of the Club, has joined the great majority, full of the honour that doth accompany old age, and deeply mourned by us all. " We ne'er shall look upon his like again." Genial, sympathetic, with a cheery greeting for everyone, although conscious that his powers were failing, he was rarely seen among us of late.

* * * *

Friar Senior's first book was " Notable Shipwrecks," a work which he sold outright for a small sum, and which subsequently went through numerous editions. Later volumes which also achieved a wide popularity included " Waterside Sketches " (1875), " By Stream and Sea " (1877), Anderton's " Angling " (1878), " Travel and Trout in the Antipodes " (1880), " Angling in Great Britain " (1883), " Near and Far " (1888), " The Thames from Oxford to the Tower " (1889), " A Mixed Bag " (1895), a new edition of Blakey's " Angling," the " Pike and Perch " volume of the " Fur, Feather and Fin " series (1900), and " Lines in Pleasant Places: the Aftermath of an Old Age," was recently issued.

* * * *

Friar Senior was a Fellow of the Institute of Journalists, and for some years a number of the Council of the Newspaper Press Fund. He was for a long period President of the Highbury Angling Society, which in his honour changed its title to that of the Red Spinner Angling Society, a compliment of which he was very proud. Izaak Walton wrote : " He that hopes to be a good angler must not only bring an inquiring, searching, observing wit, but must bring a large measure of hope and patience, and a love and propensity to the art itself ; " and the conditions were fulfilled to the letter in the case of Friar Senior, whose loss will be mourned by innumerable readers and still more deeply by personal friends.

I have also to record the death, after a long illness at Bath, of my old friend, Friar C. N. Williamson. He was among the first to hold out a helping hand to me in my wanderings among literary men. That must have been 35 years ago, and we have been friends ever since. I take this opportunity, on behalf of us all, of extending our sympathy to his clever and accomplished wife. Garvice, Senior, Russell, Williamson, Catling, Perris! It is a heavy list we have to deplore.

* * * *

Friar Thomas Catling passed away on Christmas Day, at the ripe age of 82. A special service was held at the Brixton Independent Church, Brixton Road, on the 30th December, and the funeral, which was largely attended by representatives of various clubs and newspapers, took place at Norwood Cemetery at noon, the grave being at the foot of that of Douglas Jerrold.

* * * *

At the age of 12, Friar Catling entered a newspaper office at Cambridge, and four years later secured a position in the composing room of *Lloyd's News*.

His first memory was of helping Mr. Edward Lloyd to bring out a special edition of *Lloyd's* on Sunday, October 8th, 1854, with the news of the victory of the Alma.

On Mr. Blanchard Jerrold's death in 1884, Friar Catling took his place as editor, and for 23 years directed the fortunes of the paper.

Friar Catling retired in 1907, and was entertained at a banquet at the Trocadero, with the late Lord Burnham in the Chair.

* * * *

Within a day or two of Friar Catling's death, Friar G. H. Perris also passed away. The funeral took place at Golder's Green Crematorium on the 29th December. The Prime Minister was represented by Mr. J. T. Davies, and the League of Nations by Mr. G. H. Mair. Representatives attended from the National Liberal Club, the Anglo-American Society, the International

Peace and Arbitration Association, the Friends of Russian Freedom, and the National Union of Journalists. A large number of Mr. Perris's literary and political colleagues were present. Several addresses were delivered in the chapel.

Although Friar Perris was so well known to all of us, I should like to quote the following tribute to his memory by Sir Philip Gibbs :—

Sir Philip Gibbs said that as a very young man he knew Mr. Perris as a great toiler for humanity, and a fearless and untiring idealist. His watchwords were "Peace and Liberty." He fought the sinister and corrupt influences of the world against his ideals with the sword of truth, which he kept always clean and bright.

He was with Mr. Perris during the first days of the war, and saw what a shock it was to his soul when that monstrous challenge to civilisation came upon us. It seemed to him that all his life's work had been for the time undone, and that the evil powers against which he had fought had triumphed.

But Mr. Perris even then did not lose faith or courage. From his point of view on the French front he recorded the war day after day, year after year, believing always that, whatever its causes, it was only by our ultimate victory that civilisation would be safe, and that the world would have a chance again of liberty and peace. He had a soldier's courage, and took a soldier's risks ; and the French army, whose heroism he had recorded all that time, conferred upon him the Legion of Honour, which he richly deserved.

"I saw him last," added Sir Philip, "at Geneva a few weeks ago. The war was over, and his faith had been justified ; the evil thing that had threatened civilisation had been defeated. Once again he was proclaiming his old watchwords—'Liberty and Peace.' ; and his old faith was again bright and undimmed. I could see that he suffered less from disillusion and from cynicism and scepticism than many of the men around him there. The younger men listened to his words as to a veteran champion and an old knight who had fought for the common weal of humanity long before they came upon the scene. Now at last he has found that peace which he had always searched for."

* * * *

I am indebted to that most genial of Friars, Joseph Shaylor, for an exceedingly useful record of Friars' literary activities during the year 1920. He entitles it :—

SOME AUTHORS AMONG THE FRIARS.

Since the issue of the previous number of the *Whitefriars Journal*, the following members have contributed to the world of letters. The accompanying list, with a few comments, will show that we have a goodly number of members who are renowned as authors, as well as a large company whose work as journalists is seen but the authors are among the unknown :—

OUSTING LOUISE. By Dr. J. Morgan de Groot.

A witty and penetrating analysis of two women, told with much mastery and satirical insight.

A LORD MAYOR'S DIARY, 1906–1907. By Sir William Treloar.

This is a volume of interesting reminiscences of the author's experience during the period he occupied the important position of Lord Mayor of London.

ADVENTURES IN MARRIAGE. By Ward Muir.

These adventures are interestingly told, but they do not all end as expressed by Shakespeare in "Quiet days, fair issue, and long life."

UNCLE JEREMY. By G. B. Burgin.

This is not only Friar Burgin's sixtieth novel, but it is a volume vigorously written and full of humour; and is as interesting and humorous as any one of the fifty-nine volumes preceding it. When reading this novel, the author's continued youth and good fellowship are always before one, and we sincerely hope that he may still have in his fertile brain many novels equal to "Uncle Jeremy."

THE SUMMONS. By A. E. W. Mason.

A most readable romance and, although it is many years since we have had a novel from this master-craftsman's pen, the present volume shows that he has not lost the gift of writing a powerful and absorbing story.

NO DEFENCE. By Sir Gilbert Parker.

A novel which will take high rank among the best of Sir Gilbert's masterly romances.

IN THE SWEAT OF THY BROW. By Joseph Hocking.

This is a story full of adventure and deals with one of the greatest problems of the day. It is written in the author's well-known thrilling and fascinating style.

THE COURTSHIP OF PRINCE CHARMING. By F. Frankfort Moore.

This novel is from the pen of an author who is now too seldom before the reading public. The present book is full of incident and adventure.

THE WIDOW'S CRUSE. By H. Hamilton Fyfe.

This story may be termed a light comedy rather than a novel. Its interest is centred in the literary productions of a husband who has taken a journey to the North Seas and there met his death, and although the principal characters are women, they are developed in a human and practical possibility. Friar Hamilton Fyfe has been very busy in the literary world, as beside the above-mentioned novel, he has recently written a play and published the following:—

THE MEANING OF THE WORLD REVOLUTION.

This has reference to the late war, and what has followed.

TWELLS BREX: A CONQUEROR OF DEATH.

An interesting biography full of personal comment, and an attractive picture of a genial humorist and true lover of nature.

MAGIC IN NAMES. By Edward Clodd.

Shows how the superstition of the mind has imprinted itself everywhere upon all classes of the community. Coming from such an author, the book is certain to be the centre of much controversy.

CHILDREN'S DREAMS. By Dr. C. W. Kimmins.

An interesting contribution to the psychology of children and also their education.

An editor in search of "free copy," sent round to several of us to know why we write. Friar Hamilton Fyfe answered thusly :—

Why do I write ? Ask why the blackbird whistles,
Why the mosquitoes "wind their sullen horns,"
Ask why figs grow on fig-trees, not on thistles,
And why men gather grapes from vines, not thorns,
Ask why the bees pile up their hives with honey,
Or why the beaver builds his careful dam,
Why millionaires persist in making money.
Each would make answer : "I am what I am."

Why do men write ? If I could solve that riddle
I should know why men strive in work and play,
Why Kyasht dances, Heifetz scrapes his fiddle,
Why Beckett boxes, Epstein moulds the clay.
Art may be mere diseased imagination
Or may be due to super-subtle brain.
Whiche'er it be, we have one consolation :
"The labour we delight in physics pain."

We write to ease the need for self-expression ;
A fugitive and gracious light we track,
And though we never hold it in possession,
We neither can nor would turn empty back.
Not for the world's commending have we striven,
But to assuage an ache we cannot fight,
Not seeking gain nor by ambition driven ;
We cannot help it, that is why we write.

My response was briefer. I said : "Because I can't help it," and a Sunday paper, quoting it, gratuitously added : "Mr. Burgin should be firmer with himself."

* * * *

The Friars' Club discussion on "London Eyesores" is unavoidably held over until the issue of our next number.

* * * *

A TRIBUTE TO FRIAR SIR ROBERT HUDSON.

"THE LARGEST CHARITABLE FUND EVER RAISED."

At a special meeting of the Joint War Finance Committee of the British Red Cross Society and the Order of St. John, Sir William Goschen, on behalf of the members, presented to Sir Robert Hudson, the Chairman of the Committee, a silver salver.

In making the presentation, Sir William Goschen referred to the unfailing courtesy and kindness shown by Sir Robert Hudson during a difficult period and to the skill with which he had handled

the largest charitable fund ever raised in this country. Sir Arthur Stanley, Lord Plymouth and Mr. Evelyn Cecil also paid tribute to their Chairman's work for the Committee.

* * * *

Friar E. Page Gaston, in appreciation of his services to Denmark, especially on the occasion of the visit to America in September–October, 1918, of His Royal Highness Prince Axel of Denmark, has had conferred on him the decoration of a Knight of the Order of Dannebrog.

* * * *

That most scientific of men, Friar Clodd, has been " dropping into poetry " when inviting Friar Shorter to visit him :—

An exile from home, splendour dazzles in vain,
I am glad to be back in my study again,
With welcome awaiting you when you come down
From the fogs and the feastings and noise of the Town.

* * * *

I take this opportunity of extending to Friar Clement K. Shorter the most cordial felicitations of all Friars on the occasion of his marriage.

* * * *

FRIARS' CHRISTMAS LUNCH.

Among those present were: Friars Joseph Shaylor, E. Torday, W. N. Shansfield, G. H. Perkins, Cyril Gamon, W. Lindley Jones, Algernon Rose, Robert Sommerville, Hugo Vallentin, G. B. Burgin, W. Francis Aitken, Harold Shaylor, Clive Holland, H. E. Alden, Clement K. Shorter, Hamilton Fyfe and W. H. Kesteven.

In proposing the health of the Prior (Friar Joseph Shaylor), Friar Clement K. Shorter said :—

" I have been invited, and am only too pleased to avail myself of the high privilege, to propose the health of our Chairman and dear comrade, Joseph Shaylor. I am sure that I merely echo the feelings of all when in your name I thank him for his numberless good offices to the Club, and, above all, for the good sense and friendship

always evinced by him in our deliberations. I also thank him for presiding every Monday with such unfailing courtesy and *cameraderie* over our informal gatherings. We love him, we thank him, and we drink his health, at the same time expressing our hope that he may long be spared to assist and guide us in all that pertains to the welfare of the Club."

In reply, Friar Joseph Shaylor said:

"I thank you very much, Friar Shorter, for the kind way in which you have proposed my health and you also, Brother Friars, for the equally kind way in which you have responded to the toast. Though I am conscious that I have not lived up to the lofty way in which Friar Shorter has spoken of me, I do most thoroughly appreciate the brotherly feeling which animates every member of this Club and shall always be delighted to do everything in my power to foster and maintain that feeling. We will now proceed to give the servants their annual tips, for I can hear them busily preparing their speeches in the passage outside."

Our old friend and waiter, Robert, delivered his usual speech with fine fervour and discrimination, and then modestly retired to usher in the others, winding up the proceedings with a courtly bow as he announced the last of the recipients of the Club's bounty in the simple yet eloquent phrase of "A Housemaid."

* * * *

The list of Friars and their guests went astray in the post, so that, unfortunately, we are unable to give it.

* * * *

Friar Keighley Snowden leads off the list of Friars' publications for 1921, with his most interesting "Life of Sir Swire Smith." All Sir Swire's love letters were copied in the mill letter books and make delightful "copy."

G. B. B.

BUI277 BOYLE, SON & WATCHURST, Ltd., Printers, 8 & 9, Ivy Lane, London, E.C.4