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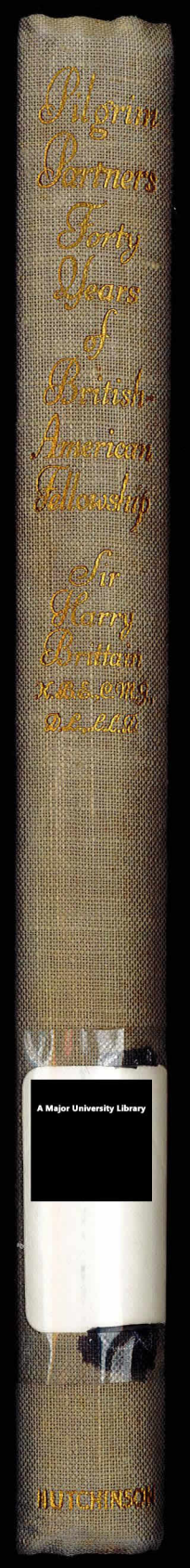
[Sir Harry Brittain, 1948, Age 75, National Portrait Gallery (UK). Reproduced for educational purposes only. Fair Use relied upon.]

Pilgrim Partners

Forty Years of British-American Fellowship

Sir Harry Britain
K.B.E., C.M.G., D.S.O.



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PILGRIM PARTNERS

Forty Years of British-American Fellowship

by

SIR HARRY BRITTAIN
K.B.E., C.M.G., D.L., LL.D.

With 18 Illustrations

SECOND IMPRESSION

HUTCHINSON & CO. (Publishers) LTD.
LONDON : NEW YORK : MELBOURNE

"TO BROADER LANDS AND BETTER DAYS"

"These two great organizations of the English-speaking democracies, the British Empire and the United States, will have to be somewhat mixed up together in some of their affairs for mutual and general advantage. For my own part, looking out upon the future, I do not view the process with any misgivings. I could not stop it if I wished. No one could stop it. Like the Mississippi it just keeps rolling along. Let it roll. Let it roll on in full flood, inexorable, irresistible, benignant, to broader lands and better days."

THE RIGHT HON. WINSTON CHURCHILL.

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
August 20th, 1941.

Made and Printed in Great Britain at St. Albans by
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1942

PREFACE

MANY OF THESE HAPPY MEMORIES WITH THE PILGRIMS were to have formed part of a volume of Reminiscences, which was not quite finished when war broke out; it will be time enough to try and complete this narrative of other days when the war is won.

Meanwhile, my friend the late Lord Lothian, before leaving as Ambassador to Washington, asked me to let him read my story of The Pilgrims. He returned it with a charming message, and a hint that it should be published without awaiting an indefinite date in the future.

A year or two later, from both Lord Halifax and Mr. Winant, as well as from other Pilgrim friends who had done me the honour of reading this story, came kindly suggestions of a similar nature.

I count it a privilege to accede.

My sincerest gratitude goes to Lord Derby, my distinguished successor in the Chair, for his very generous Foreword, and to Messrs. Hutchinson for undertaking to produce this book, despite the present problems and difficulties of the publishing world.

. . . . . .

As this book goes to press I learn with sincerest sorrow of the passing of our beloved President Field-

Marshal H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, who has been our chief since 1915.

His death leaves a gap, indeed difficult to fill ; his memory remains as a priceless possession of The Pilgrims.

FOREWORD

BY THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF DERBY, K.G.,
CHAIRMAN OF THE PILGRIMS OF GREAT BRITAIN

I HAVE BEEN ASKED BY AN OLD FRIEND OF MINE, SIR Harry Brittain, to write a foreword to this account which he has written of the formation and activities of The Pilgrims' Society. I am glad to do this as it gives me a chance of testifying to the good work he and a few friends have done in the cause of Anglo-American friendship.

The Pilgrims' Society began with a small group of kindred spirits and, headed by Sir Harry, rapidly gained success ; all were animated with the desire to do everything they could for Anglo-American friendship, and recognized that the surest foundation for such friendship was personal contact between unofficial representatives of both countries.

They built on a firm foundation, and were fortunate in securing such leaders as Lord Roberts for their first President, and at a later date Lord Desborough, who, under the Presidency of H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, was my immediate predecessor as Chairman.

For many a year now every prospective Ambassador from this country to America, and vice versa, has considered it essential that the first public act he should perform, either in New York or London, was to accept an invitation from The Pilgrims.

To-day these speeches are broadcast all over the

two countries, and the proof of the popularity of these gatherings is that the numbers who now wish to attend are so great that it is impossible to find a room sufficiently large to hold them.

The Pilgrims' Society, in my opinion, has done invaluable good service in improving the relations between the two countries, and in that work nobody has been more predominant, hard-working, and successful than Sir Harry Brittain, the writer of this very interesting book, and I am very proud to try and continue as Chairman of the Society the work which he and his friends began so many years ago.

KNOWSLEY,
PRESCOT,
LANCASHIRE.

A Message received by the Author from The President of the Pilgrims of America as this book was going to Press.

+ THE PILGRIMS OF THE UNITED STATES
JOIN WITH THEIR BROTHERS THE PILGRIMS
OF GREAT BRITAIN IN WELCOMING THIS
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THE EDUCATION OF PUBLIC OPINION TO
MORE COMPLETE UNDERSTANDING AND FULLER
COOPERATION BETWEEN THE ENGLISH SPEAKING
PEOPLES WHEREVER THEY MAY BE FOUND.

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER

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AIMS AND OBJECTS

THE PILGRIMS' CLUB CAME INTO BEING AT THE END OF July, 1902, its first function taking place early in the following month. During that particular August the London season carried on, for owing to the illness of His Majesty King Edward VII the Coronation had been postponed, which fact kept in London not only our leading countrymen and women, but visitors from every part of the world. There was nothing new in the idea of an Anglo-American Club, the great thing, of course, being to make it a success.

The first suggestion as to its formation was made by an American, Lindsay Russell, who was then over in this country, and incidentally engaged at that time to a relative of mine. There were preliminary talks, discussing plans and methods of operation, but the meeting which definitely put The Pilgrims on the map took place in the Carlton Hotel on July 24th. My press-cutting book reminds me that a week beforehand, on July 16th, an informal meeting was held at which General Joseph Wheeler, Colonel B. C. Mahon, D.S.O., the Hon. C. S. Rolls and I were elected as a provisional committee. General Joseph Wheeler was, of course, the cavalry leader of the South in the Civil War. He had, according to accepted legend, a dozen horses shot under him, and was known as Hellfire Joe. Bryan Mahon was a perfectly delightful Irishman, and Charlie Rolls was the well-known pioneer of the motor

and the aeroplane, but alas lost his life when flying at an early aviation meeting at Bournemouth.

At the meeting on July 24th, Field-Marshal Lord Roberts was to have presided, but was unfortunately unable to be present, his place being taken by General Lord Grenfell. In reading through the list of names at that gathering I do not think there are more than two or three at the most still living, but among them is my good friend, J. Arthur Barratt, K.C., an able and kindly American lawyer, who was elected a Member of the Executive, and gives us his whole-hearted support to-day. Sir Herbert Ingram, who some years later was good enough to be my best man, and Sir John Wilson Taylor, for forty-two years the popular Secretary of the Bath Club, and for many years past the equally popular Hon. Secretary of The Pilgrims itself, were, among others, in at the club's christening, and still hale and hearty.

The title of "Pilgrims" had nothing whatever to do with the *Mayflower* and the early Fathers, but was decided on as a short and concise name which would perhaps happily express the idea of members of the English-speaking world peregrinating from one country to another. In turning to the newspaper report of July 25th I am reminded that Lord Grenfell stated that that meeting was the result of the informal gathering to which I have referred, held upon the previous Friday, for the purpose of organizing an Anglo-American Association to be known as The Pilgrims, to which he added he would be very pleased to assist in any way he could. According to report, I then followed with a few remarks on the objects, which were, among other things, to perpetuate and increase friendly relations between the two branches of the English-speaking race, with a proposal to establish headquarters first of

all in London, and then in New York. There were to be no clubhouses—merely headquarters on either side, but later, with the growth of the Association, we hoped to form branches in Paris, Berlin, Washington, and other great centres. This, I may say, was never done, chiefly because of the difficulty in discovering a "key man" in each of the cities to form and steer each prospective branch.

At the conclusion of this meeting Field-Marshal Lord Roberts was elected the President, and General Lord Grenfell, Mr. Chauncey Depew and Captain Hedworth Lambton, Vice-Presidents, while I was chosen as the Hon. Secretary. The representative Committee elected also included Lord Strathcona, General Stahel, the Hon. C. S. Rolls, the Bishop of Perth, the Archdeacon of London, Colonel Bryan Mahon, Mr. Don M. Dickinson of Detroit, Mr. Henniker-Heaton, M.P., Colonel Herrick of Cleveland, Sir Henry Irving, and Mr. Charles T. Yerkes.

In the course of an informal chat after the meeting it was decided that we could not bring our Club into being more effectively than by forgathering in honour of our newly elected President, Lord Roberts ; General Joseph Wheeler, who knew the Field-Marshal well, and who, incidentally, was a tower of strength in our early stages, undertook to get in touch with Lord Roberts and, if possible, arrange the date for The Pilgrims' first banquet.

A few days later I received from General Wheeler a copy of a letter he had sent to Lord Roberts, to the effect that the Anglo-American Club, which had done itself the honour of electing him as its President, desired to celebrate the King's recovery at a banquet at which he—Lord Roberts—would be the guest of honour, suggesting as a suitable date either the 6th, 7th or 8th

of August. Another three or four days passed, and on August 5th I received a telegram which had been handed in in Paris, reading as follows :

> "Letter from Lord Roberts dated July fixes August 8th for dinner with Pilgrims. Letter was misdirected. Telegraph me plans.
>
> JOSEPH WHEELER."

At the same time, from the Elysée Palace Hotel, he wrote me a little note, which arrived the following morning, enclosing Lord Roberts' letter which had been addressed to the Carlton *Club*, and according to the General had "gone the rounds." His letter, he said, to Lord Roberts was written on Carlton Hotel paper. He then added : "I hope you will have time to arrange. You must communicate with Lord Roberts. I will come over. Sincerely yours, Joseph Wheeler."

This message was in response to my reply telegram, for as soon as I received the first wire from the little General I naturally came to the conclusion that it would never do for us to break down over our first suggested gathering, so wired back the reply : "Everything arranged, come back by first train, Brittain," and then got in touch with Lord Roberts to confirm the date.

OUR FIRST FUNCTION

IT WAS UNDOUBTEDLY A REAL HUSTLE TO GET UP A representative banquet in two days' time, particularly as it was the first occasion on which members of this newly-born Club were called together. We were, of course, fortunate in the fact that the postponed Coro-

nation had kept very many distinguished people in London, and also that the usual functions of the season had been completed. And so my old friends and colleagues, George Wilson, Lindsay Russell, Arthur Barratt, Louis Hay and others, right willingly worked overtime.

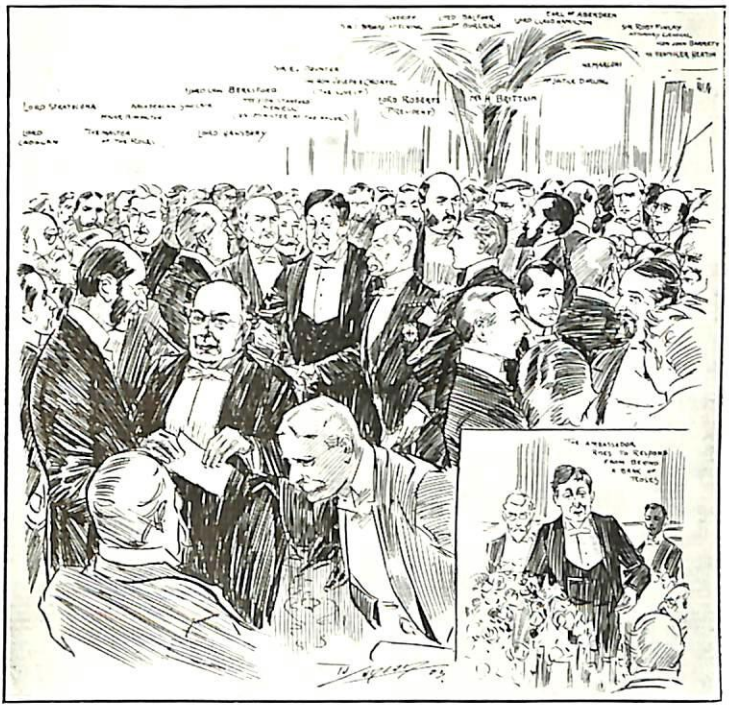
All preliminary arrangements were put in hand at once, telegrams sent to members, and prospective guests, so that when the little General arrived on the 6th he expressed himself as delighted with the progress made. The rest of that day and the 7th I spent with General Wheeler in a hansom cab, rounding up distinguished Pilgrims and strangers whom we desired to assemble at our Board. We drove from house to house and office to office, explaining to those whom we were inviting, or had already invited by telegram, something of the aims and objects of The Pilgrims, to which we added our apologies for the shortness of the notice, and our determination to ensure that we were well and truly launched.

In a contemporary number of the *Kansas City Star* there is a long article about the first effort of The Pilgrims, by Curtis-Brown—a well-known name in Anglo-American affairs, who had a talk with both General Wheeler and myself. Apparently I gave him a short account, which reads as follows : "After telegraphing to many Americans and Englishmen, we got into a cab and started out looking for other guests. A few we picked up at the House of Commons and the Lords, the rest we ran to earth at all points of the compass, and it really was a treat to see the indefatigable energy of the General. I suppose we must have covered in all at least thirty miles in that cab. At the end of the ride I was rather a wreck, but General Wheeler was as fresh as paint and perfectly ready to go through the

whole business again. Many of those we wanted we could not get. Lord Strathcona, Canada's High Commissioner, was dining with the Duke of Connaught. Pierpont Morgan was giving a dinner of his own. Lord Grenfell was dining with the Colonial Premiers, and so on, and all these gentlemen sent the very kindest telegrams of regret, and all are taking an interest in the development of The Pilgrims' Club."

I also made another statement to Mr. Curtis-Brown. "There will be one respect in which The Pilgrims will differ from, and be, I think, an improvement on other Anglo-American Associations which have been started from time to time, and most of which have failed. We intend to have at least three or four Americans on the English Executive Committee, and a similar number of Englishmen on the American Executive Committee. Heretofore such organizations have been made up on one side of the water entirely of Americans, and on the other entirely of Englishmen, with the result that the two wings of the organization got out of touch with each other." I added that the first Pilgrim from this side of the Atlantic would be Lord Charles Beresford, who was going to the United States in a few weeks' time.

Eventually the two days in the hansom, aided by telegrams, bore fruit, and a very happy company under the Chairmanship of Lord Kinnaird, assembled at the Carlton Hotel on August 8th. According to the Press, "the occasion given on the eve of the Coronation was made memorable by the speeches which, for uniform brilliance and brevity, could not be surpassed. The guests were received in the drawing-room by General Joseph Wheeler and Mr. Harry Brittain, two of the organizers of The Pilgrims, and among those present were Earl Roberts, the American Ambassador (Mr.



FIELD-MARSHAL EARL ROBERTS RECEIVES THE GUESTS AT A GATHERING IN HONOUR OF MR. JOSEPH CHOATE

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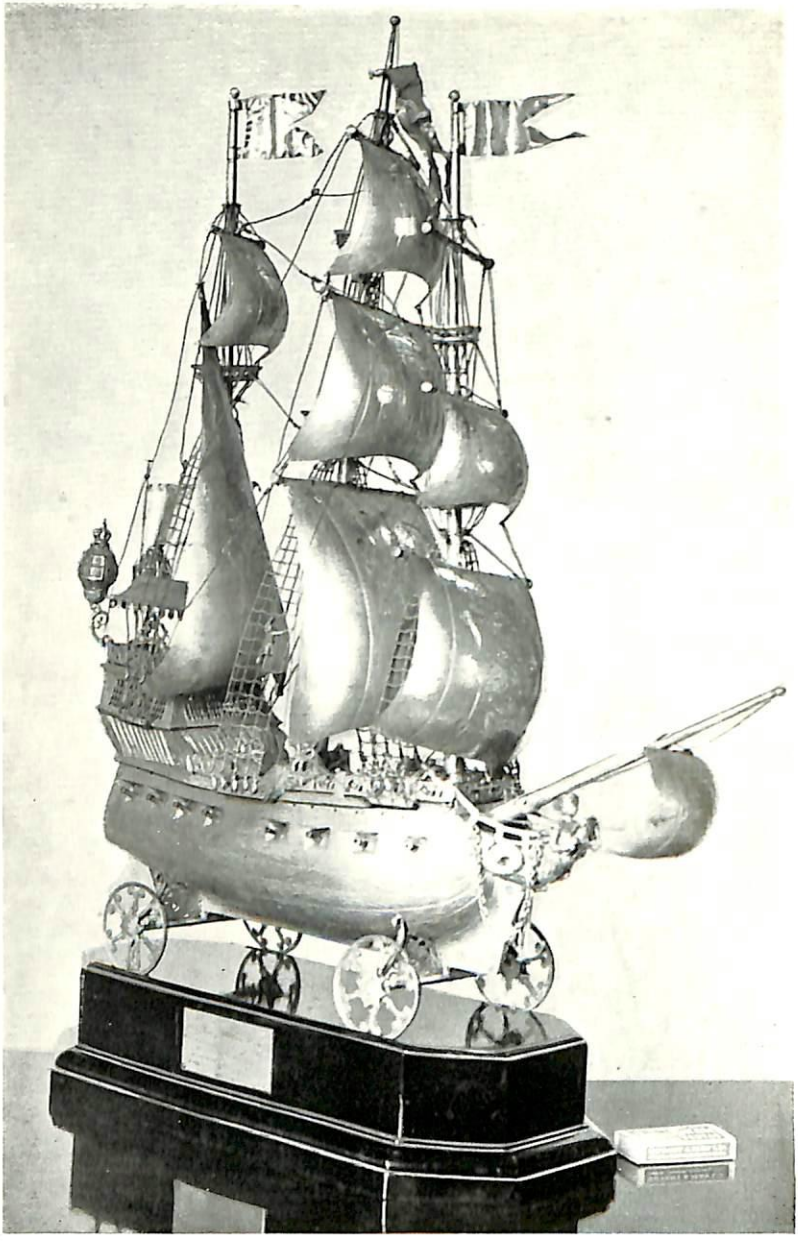


THE PILGRIMS' SHIP

Wedding gift by The Pilgrims to their Hon. Sec., Harry Brittain, November, 1905

Choate), Lord Kelvin, Lord Charles Beresford, Mr. Justice Browne of the Supreme Court of the United States, Mr. Justice Kennedy, Mr. Justice Darling, Mr. Charles Dilke, the American Consul-General, the Archdeacon of London, Mr. Henniker-Heaton, M.P., Mr. Henry White, Secretary to the United States Embassy, General T. H. Wilson, United States, Lord Deerhurst, the Attorney-General of the United States, Alderman George Truscott, Captain the Hon. Hedworth Lambton," and so forth.

At that dinner we were responsible for one innovation at least, the elimination of a top table, all members being seated at little round tables of eight, and throughout the whole of the time I was actively connected with The Pilgrims I followed this policy, incidentally spending hours in arranging those tables, trying as far as possible to place each and every Pilgrim in a position where he would enjoy himself.

It was an interesting comment on Pilgrim history that after very nearly every dinner one or other of the papers would pay us the compliment of saying that that particular dinner had brought together as distinguished a gathering as had ever been seen in London.

There were other points which we endeavoured to carry through, first of all to limit ourselves whenever possible to one main speech, that of our distinguished guest; undoubtedly this was a change from the oppressively long toast list which so often prevailed at the early part of this century and which far too often prevails even to-day. These curtailed proceedings, however, brought another experience which followed almost every gathering, when members used to say to me: "What a grand evening—what a pity to stop when we were really enjoying ourselves." That seemed to me rather the time to call a halt instead of letting the

evening peter out in utter boredom, as I fear it so often does when listening to an excess of post-prandial oratory. Also, and naturally with collaboration and approval, we frequently eliminated the toast of the Chairman, letting the evening finish with the reply of our distinguished guest—or guests.

However, this first dinner was by way of being an informal gathering, and so there were several short speeches, entirely impromptu, in which men representing different lines of activity extolled the idea behind the foundation of The Pilgrims.

One amusing speech was made by Sir Edward Clarke, the well-known K.C. After stating that he could not call himself a Pilgrim, never having visited the United States, added that his son, whom he had brought with him, when asked to elect where he was to go to spend his vacation, had chosen New York. Sir Edward then quietly chaffed the American Attorney-General by mentioning some of the obstacles and difficulties his son had encountered, as follows : "My son is of the age of nineteen. When purchasing a ticket he was asked the astonishing question as to whether he had ever been in gaol. He considered his past history, and then responded he had not. His next question was—if, when he landed in New York, he would have £6 in his possession. Considering his father's history he ventured to answer 'Yes.' Then the most astonishing query was whether he was a polygamist. He decided to leave the responsibility for answering that to the shipping people."

When the laughter had subsided, Sir Edward suggested that these obstacles and difficulties to the path of intending Pilgrims might be removed.

Altogether it was a great evening, and none left the Carlton Hotel feeling more satisfied and happy than

did that gallant warrior, General Joe Wheeler, and the humble Hon. Secretary.

It was on this occasion that I first came to know that most lovable personality and gallant soldier, Lord Roberts, who later became my firm friend, and so remained until the end. A concern such as The Pilgrims' Club, particularly in the days when it was being built up, was almost of necessity somewhat of a one-man job. I was intensely keen on it. Perhaps I devoted more time that I should have done to the building of it, time which I undoubtedly could have devoted more profitably to commercial purposes, but I have no regrets. Some of the best friends I possess in the world have been made through contact with The Pilgrims on either side, and I would not have missed those friendships for a mountain of gold.

During the years that I was at the wheel of The Pilgrims I was offered more than one attractive business connection with America, but I made up my mind as long as I was in any degree responsible for The Pilgrims, either as its Hon. Secretary or later as its Chairman, I would never have any kind or sort of commercial connection with the other side. Apart from satisfying my own conscience, I felt that if the question were ever raised it would be so much more satisfactory to be able honestly to state that that particular task had been to the fullest extent a labour of love, and that I was doing it because I believed that there was nothing in this world more important than Anglo-American friendship and Anglo-American co-operation. This belief I hold to-day as fervently as I did in 1902.

From the very commencement of The Pilgrims history, and throughout the whole of the time that I was closely concerned with the organization, I was blessed with the very best and kindliest of Committees.

Its members were for the most part very busy men, and I was not unemployed, so we therefore soon arrived at an understanding that my task was to assume responsibility, and go ahead with the job ; the Committee would then forgather from time to time and so long as everything met with their approval would continue to back me up. And the self-same support I always received from our beloved President, Lord Roberts. This confidence I fully appreciated ; no one realized more clearly than I that it was not on account of any magnetic personality or commanding position of my own which caused things to be accomplished, but the fact that I spoke for a fine representative body of British and American citizens, with whom I was very proud to collaborate and to serve.

During The Pilgrims early days, and for several years afterwards, there were very few clubs of a similar nature which were rapidly called together for the purpose of forgathering in honour of some outstanding citizen. We operated, if I may be allowed to say so, with considerable energy and also, I trust, with a modicum of tact, and because of the fact that our objects were sound and the names of our members fairly well known throughout the English-speaking world, we began as news, and news we remained. The Pilgrims were taken up and supported by the Press, and to the Press we owe a very great debt of gratitude for both placing and keeping us on the map, and making known as widely as possible those sentiments of Anglo-American friendship which were endorsed at every Pilgrims gathering. One innovation for which we received authority from the highest quarters was the permission to couple together in a single toast the names of His Majesty the King, and the President of the United States ; that toast either jointly, or

upstanding together for the two, has been a valued privilege of The Pilgrims ever since.

Within a week or two of our formation we were also the possessors of a crest or coat of arms, not, I fear, the authentic work of the Heralds' College, but one which was designed for us by an artist, Mr. Hugh Fisher, on the staff of the *Illustrated London News*. It consisted of an Ancient Pilgrim mounted on a mediæval-looking steed, with a lion walking beside him and an eagle perched upon the steed's latter end. All this was surmounted by a scroll depicting the amazement of another Ancient Pilgrim on gazing at such modern emblems as the motor-car, the bicycle, the steamship and the train, to say nothing of an early example of an aeroplane looming on the horizon. Our rules carefully drawn up by my good friend, Arthur Barratt, have remained unaltered ever since.

Our motto "Hic et ubique" was, I fear, rather cribbed from that of the Royal Artillery, adding our own "Hic." That coat of arms enlarged has, I think, appeared in a prominent position behind the speaker's chair at every Pilgrims' gathering.

At the time of the foundation of The Pilgrims' Club there was in existence, and I am glad to say still is, that excellent body, the American Society in London. There was, of course, no idea of rivalry whatsoever between the two Societies, nor could there be, for their organization was on quite different lines, but for the first few months the two distinguished gentlemen who then occupied the position of President and Secretary of the American Society did look upon us with a certain amount of suspicion, but that suspicion, I am glad to say, very rapidly died away for the excellent reason that there was no foundation for it. Ever since we have been the best of friends, and I, personally, have

enjoyed on many occasions the splendid hospitality of the older society, which represents—and represents so well—Americans in London.

As I have already stated, we have been tremendously helped since our early days, by the American and British Press, and among those who, during our first few years, were more than helpful were Walter Neef of the "Associated Press," I. N. Ford of the *Tribune*, H. N. Chamberlain of the *Sun*, and Milton Snyder of the *New York Herald*. Walter Neef, in those days, had as his assistant a brilliant young man, as able and energetic as he was popular, by name "Billie" Goode, to whom we also owed much for what he did in furthering The Pilgrims' cause.

In the years that have followed, Sir William Goode has striven successfully to help many, both at home and abroad, and, in more than one land his name is a household word ; to his brother Pilgrims he remains the same genial and delightful companion they were wont to meet in youthful days. Two other great stand-bys were Louis C. Hay and George T. Wilson of New York. Louis Hay, most delightful of Americans, was one of the shrewdest advisers and most reliable workers of our little band, and whatever else he might have had in hand, I never asked him in vain to give me a little help of any kind to assist the advancement of The Pilgrims.

As for George T. Wilson—dear old red-headed George—he was quite unique. Over here as a representative of one of the big American Insurance Companies of which he was Vice-President, he had as dynamic and magnetic a personality as I have ever met. I have often tried to visualize George in his younger days selling Life Assurance and wondering what type of individual would ever by any stretch of the imagination turn him down. He was a very prince of enter-

tainers and could put more life and go into any gathering than any man I have ever met. He gave the most amazing dinner parties to the most representative citizens, but whoever they were, bishops, Judges of the High Court, or leading business men, at the end of the evening they were all as schoolboys in the hands of George. Elsewhere I must endeavour to jot down a few odd memories of one or two of these functions.

It was to George Wilson more than to any other that we owed the establishment early in 1903 of our opposite number, The Pilgrims of America, and it was for years in the closest collaboration that George Wilson and I worked either by letter or cable in seeing that The Pilgrims on either side marched in step. There was no move made by either of us that was not immediately reported to the other, and it was by means of that intimate and close co-operation we looked forward to building up The Pilgrims of London and New York as a single entity.

We were, of course, together, The Pilgrims' Club.

One of our very first rules with regard to membership was to decree that a member elected on either side was likewise a member of the sister society.

THE U.S. ARMY

AFTER OUR FIRST GATHERING IN AUGUST, BOTH THE Coronation and postponed holidays intervened before our second function took place, which was a luncheon at the Carlton Hotel in honour of three American Generals, Corbin, Young and Wood, who were returning home after attending the manœuvres of the German Army as guests of the Kaiser. Lord Roberts, who had intended to preside, was unable at the last minute to

do so, and General Sir William Nicholson, then head of the Intelligence Department, took his place. It fell to my lot to welcome the guests, supported by four good colleagues of the Executive Committee, Stephen Gambrill, Russell, G. T. Wilson, and Milton Snyder.

From the Press notices of the time I see that almost everyone dealt with the excellence of the idea of the little round tables. To quote one paper, "There was no stereotyped formality, the seating of the company at a number of small tables instead of the usual large ones being a feature which acted as a happy stimulus to the hearty good fellowship that fittingly characterized the whole of the proceedings."

The toast of "Our Guests" was proposed by Mr. St. John Brodrick, later the Earl of Middleton, who had also attended the manœuvres and was at that time Secretary of State for War. After showing us what an impression the German Army had made upon the visitors he also added that the three Generals from America had made a profound impression on the German officers, and went on to say that he himself had been taken for one of them, which impression he had done his very best to keep up.

General Corbin in his reply told the company that when they were sent away from home they were told by their President to see, hear, but say nothing. He then followed this up with a very interesting speech. At this gathering we had, of course, a large number of distinguished soldiers as well as the American Ambassador, two or three Judges of the High Court, the United States Ambassador to Berlin, and such well-known writers as Anthony Hope and Jerome K. Jerome. It was on this occasion that we used for the first time our newly manufactured coat of arms.

After a full description of this very happy gathering

one of the papers winds up with this sentence. "In short, The Pilgrims are an Anglo-American combine we thoroughly approve of. Their headquarters—the Carlton Hotel. Their motto—'Hic et ubique'—and they have come to stay."

It was early in the following year, 1903, that our sister society, The Pilgrims of America, came into being. Shortly after our function to the American Generals, our good friend, George Wilson, made his way to the other side of the Atlantic, and with one or two equally active—or very nearly as active—American friends, the organization was put into being. The visit of Lord Charles Beresford to the other side was made the first occasion for forgathering.

PILGRIMS OF AMERICA FORMED

IT WAS ON JANUARY 13TH, 1903, THAT ABOUT A SCORE of prominent men met in the old Waldorf Astoria under the chairmanship of Dr. Potter, Bishop of New York. Those supporting the Bishop were Major-General Chaffee, Mr. William Butler Duncan, Ferdinand Beck, Herbert Noble, and of course George Wilson ; among those who had written in to express their desire to become Charter members were, among others, Grover Cleveland, Levi B. Morton, Mark Twain, Winston Churchill, Thomas Nelson Page, Morris K. Jessup, William Butler Duncan, James W. Alexander, Jacob H. Schiff, William Curtis Demorest, Dr. Russell Bellamy, Sir Percy Sanderson, Paul D. Cravath, Don M. Dickinson (of Detroit), R. A. C. Smith, Timothy L. Woodruff, Frederick R. Coudert, Jun., C. N. Duke, and John C. Calhoun.

The writing out of this list revives many a happy

memory, for it later became my good fortune to know each and all of these splendid American citizens and count them among my sterling friends. I should like to have been at that first dinner of The Pilgrims of America, at the Waldorf. The fact that George T. Wilson was toastmaster made it a certainty that the dinner went with a swing, and according to the *New York Sun* of that date, Lord Charles's speech was in the true Beresfordian style. In reading it through it is obvious that he spoke very straightforwardly and dealt with certain points of a supposedly delicate nature in a breezy manner amounting to almost half a gale.

One thing, however, among many I have noted with regard to our American friends and that is this—if you were looked upon as an old and trusted friend, if what you say has the smack of sincerity, and incidentally, if you say it with a smile, you are, as it were, taken into the family circle ; then you may hit out, metaphorically, just as straight as you like, and what you say is accepted in the right spirit.

Simeon Ford, a well-known wit in New York thirty years ago, was in due course turned on by the toastmaster, and certainly added to the gaiety of the evening. He commenced by saying that he understood the dinner was supposed to be in honour of Lord Charles Beresford, but it appeared to be turning into a halo for George T. Wilson, and that he was certainly not one to add a single cubit to the circumference of George's already over-developed brow. "George and I," he said, "were boys together, and we are yet, and I have always loved him and I love him still, and the stiller he is the more I love him."

Following this he attempted a definition of "this Pilgrims business," winding up with a vigorous tilt at our newly designed coat of arms. According to the

report, he said: "I have examined your crest as it appears on the invitation cards, and from it I have tried to gather the meaning of The Pilgrims, but what I saw was a likeness of Chauncey Depew wearing a marked-down Rogers-Peet mackintosh mounted on either a charger or a palfrey—I could not tell which; but the Senator, being a railroad man, and therefore slow pay, it was probably a charger. On the southerly exposure of the charger sits a bird which looks like a cross between the American Eagle and a vermont dry-picked turkey, and by his side stalks the British Lion with a slight twist in his tail looking as if the eagle had been trying to take a fall out of him. Underneath is the latin inscription 'Hic et ubique,' which being translated means: 'Children over five years of age must pay full fare.'

"I think the crest is unique and appropriate, all but the twist in the lion's tail. If the eagle ever had any inclination to twist that tail he has it no longer, and I hope it may be one of the missions of the American Pilgrims to untwist that tail and cause the twist to vanish—vanish like a tale that is told, for if that lion and that eagle could be trained to trot in double harness, they would make a team that would leave every other combination at the post."

Job E. Hedges and John W. Griggs, one-time United States Attorney-General, brought what must have been a very happy and colourful evening to a close.

As previously stated, during my long and close association with The Pilgrims, I was blessed with a delightful little circle of friends and warm supporters who formed the Executive Committee, and whose only requirement was that I should go full steam ahead and report to them for confirmation. And so with this object

we did forgather from time to time, not as a rule round a solemn Committee table, but at the houses of one or other of our hospitable colleagues, Of this number two were outstanding, one James Macdonald, a grand old American, at that time representative of the Standard Oil Company, and the other, Hamilton McCormick, a member of the famous Chicago family. Macdonald's house was in Cadogan Square, and his hospitality on many occasions to his fellow-members was princely.

Hamilton McCormick had one of those huge flats in Hay Hill, a flat, incidentally, in which not only every inch of wall space but even the doors were covered with pictures. There were said to be over three hundred paintings, and I can well believe it. Hamilton was particularly proud of his examples of early British school ; he had at least eight Reynolds, a dozen Gainsboroughs, as well as Hoppners, Romneys and Lelys.

Mrs. Hamilton McCormick was an English woman, as kindly and hospitable as was her husband, and in this great picture-covered flat in Hay Hill, the warmest of welcomes ever awaited their British and American friends.

In these days Macdonald, "Jimmie" Macdonald as we all called him, was unmarried ; later he married a lady who outlived him and afterwards married that grand old Scottish chief, the Marquess of Huntly. Among members of the Committee during those early days, I have already referred to Mr. Arthur Barratt, K.C., an American lawyer now retired after a long and honourable career at the British Bar, and one of the founders of the Club. Then there was Lord Fairfax, a descendant of fine old English stock, for generations associated with the United States, who returned to settle on this side in the early years of this century.

Fairfax and I met in Devonshire shortly after his arrival in England, at the home of Sir Robert Harvey, who was later to become my father-in-law, and at once formed a life-long friendship. Having settled in London, Fairfax soon became known in banking and finance, took up English citizenship, and later his seat in the House of Lords.

A genial and stalwart committeeman for many a year was the Venerable William Sinclair—Archdeacon of London. Sinclair had a striking presence, a deep voice, a ruddy complexion and a most disarming smile, unless, indeed, he had a speech to perpetrate, when he would become sternly uncommunicative.

I have memories of many an excellent meal with him, without speeches, at his old-world house near St. Paul's.

Sir Montague Barlow was another of our members of early days, and for the last twenty-one years a member of the Committee.

Few men have put in a more useful life, but no cares of State nor of business, ever prevented him from collaborating in the cause of Anglo-American friendship.

And the same could be said of Clarence Graff, an American with hosts of friends on this side ; his genial personality was greatly missed when he left us, we hope but temporarily, for a sojourn in his native land.

The Dominion of Canada sent us another committeeman for whom we all have real regard. Hamar Greenwood, an able, clear-headed and virile Canadian, has been for many a year a wise counsellor and guide.

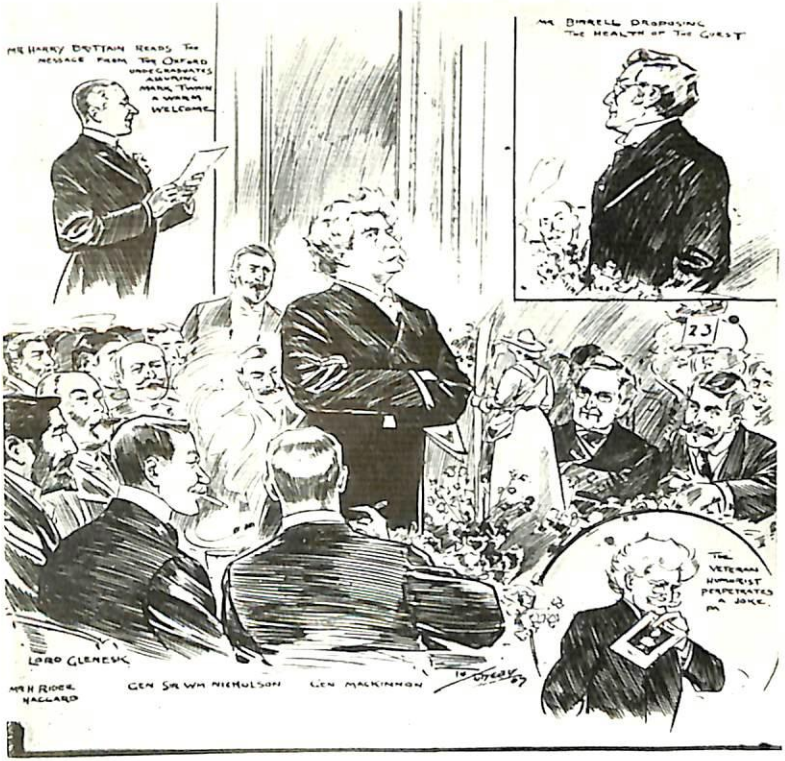
In House of Commons days he proved himself in more than one position a trustworthy and fearless Minister of the Crown ; to-day a member of the House of Lords, and head of more than one great industrial

remember one little incident. The official toastmaster, a gentleman in a red coat, with a large voice and pachydermatous hide, was—for perhaps the only time in his existence—made to appear slightly abashed.

The Ambassador's speech, as I have stated, was punctuated with sparkling flashes of wit, which naturally the guests appreciated, showing their appreciation in hearty cheers, and long ripples of laughter. The toastmaster, however, from his position behind the speaker's chair, insisted on taking charge of the proceedings ; when, in his opinion, the laughter had run on long enough he solemnly raised both hands and waved his arms majestically, with the obvious intention of "shooing" the audience into silence. Well, Mr. Choate, being human, naturally appreciated the appreciation of his delightful quips and, as he was not speaking on any time limit, concluded, as undoubtedly did the audience, that they should enjoy their laughter as long as they liked. Accordingly, after a series of these imperious gestures for silence, the Ambassador slowly turned round and, looking at the toastmaster with a quiet smile, brought down the house by saying, "Brother Pilgrims, I am not quite sure whether I, or the gentleman in pink, has the floor." It is needless to add that our honoured guest was permitted to finish his speech without further interference.

He wound up with these words : "I cannot thank you enough. I have never had such a personal tribute of affection and esteem as this since I first appeared in this wonderful island. I thank you again for one of the most delightful evenings of my life, and I shall carry the recollection of it to the end of my life."

This happy evening with the American Ambassador was followed a month later by the welcome of the American Pilgrims to Sir Michael Herbert, the British



THE PILGRIMS' LUNCHEON TO MARK TWAIN.

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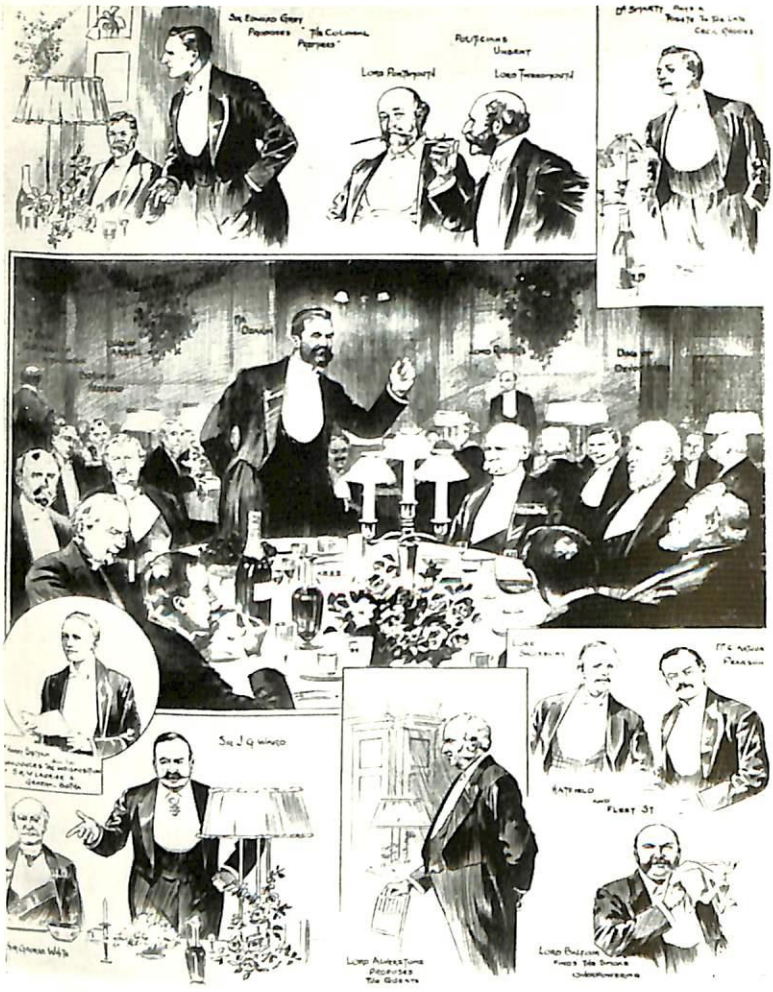

THE PILGRIMS ARE THE FIRST TO WELCOME THE DOMINION PRIME MINISTERS TO LONDON, 1907

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Ambassador, this being the first speech of any length which he made in the United States. And so was initiated the custom, which I am proud to say the Pilgrims have maintained ever since, of constituting the platform from which both American and British Ambassadors have made, and make their first speech to the people of the respective countries ; it is, needless to add, a custom which has ever been highly prized by the members of The Pilgrims' Club.

Bishop Potter, then Bishop of New York, presided over this gathering, and in proposing the Ambassador's health, declared : "We admire him for his diplomacy—we love him because he is loved by a charming American wife."

According to the Press reports, Sir Michael's speech was ". . . discreet, diplomatic, humorous and adroit." Sir Michael Herbert said that he had been trained in the art of silence, but he soon showed that he knew how and when to break it, departing just far enough from the traditions of diplomatic dumbness to prove that speech also may be golden. Elihu Root, speaking as Secretary of War, made a speech of peace, saying : "England is our true friend. War between England and the United States would not only be a crime but would argue incapacity of the governing powers worse than a crime." He then went on to say that : "For the state of happy feelings between the two countries we Americans are more than indebted to Sir Michael's predecessor, Lord Pauncefoot. He came to us at a time when our people did not so readily understand Englishmen as they do to-day, but he was a great man whom none could misunderstand—whom none could mistrust. Sir Michael is his worthy successor."

Many leaders, in both British and American newspapers at that date, endorsed these sentiments to the full.

A FIRST BIRTHDAY PARTY

THE PILGRIMS HAVING NOW ARRIVED AT THE MATURE AGE of nine or ten months we considered it might be a good idea to have a first annual banquet, even if such a gathering were not to take place yearly; as Irish affairs were then (as was often the case) of considerable interest, we invited as our principal guest, Mr. George Wyndham, Chief Secretary for Ireland. Lord Roberts was unable at the last minute to attend, so his place was taken by Archdeacon Sinclair, then chairman of the Executive Committee; a welcome and a very popular visitor from the United States being Senator Chauncey Depew, who undertook the task of proposing the health of our guest.

According to the *Chicago Record*, honours were divided that evening between the Senator and Sir George White, V.C., the defender of Ladysmith, who wound up the evening. Depew started his speech by telling the story of an itinerant missionary who carried on his wagon front and sides the legend "GOD IS LOVE," while on the back of the wagon was the warning "MIND THE BULLDOG. HE HAS ALL HIS TEETH."

There, suggested Depew, might be found the idea of the mission of Great Britain and the United States. They were preaching the gospel of love to the world, but on the rear of their wagon was the warning to whom it might concern that their teeth were sharp. An excellent and modest speech by the Chief Secretary dealing with the problems of Ireland of that day was followed by a little family interlude when Sir Gilbert Parker proposed the health of The Pilgrims, coupling with the toast the names of Lindsay Russell and myself.

Russell, who had conceived the idea of the Club and worked whole-heartedly throughout all its early stages, was leaving us the following day for New York and home, and we took this opportunity of presenting him with a silver loving-cup suitably inscribed.

Sir George White, who was brought to his feet by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle following an impromptu toast of "Men-of-War," wound up, as was most fitting from a holder of the Victoria Cross, with a first-class fighting speech.

. . . . .

A week of two after this, representatives of two great Republics visited Buckingham Palace, on the invitation of His Majesty the King.

The first M. Loubet, President of France, the second Rear-Admiral Charles Cotton, and officers of an American squadron, then in English waters. During their brief stay in London, Admiral Cotton and thirty of the officers were entertained by The Pilgrims, and Lord Charles Beresford was invited to take the chair. He was, of course, neither the President nor the chairman of the Pilgrims' Club, but we refused to be bound by any rigorous rules, and often invited some outstanding citizen to preside, one who might be looked upon in this country as the opposite number to our principal American guest. This idea worked admirably and helped matters to go with a first-rate swing. The popular Admiral was afraid he might be unable to undertake the task he so much desired because of a stiff attack of gout. However, preside he did, and although debarred from taking wine with the guests, otherwise appeared to be in his usual good form. In his speech he gave several interesting incidents where

the two countries had collaborated, and added : "Whenever there was anything disagreeable abroad in the world, Great Britain and the United States generally drifted together, and if these two nations could get together to maintain their common interests in trade and commerce it would make for the peace of the world." This then was a very early suggestion of an Anglo-American trade agreement.

During August of that year Sir Thomas Lipton was on the other side with *Shamrock III* in an unsuccessful attempt to regain the America Cup ; this was for the third time of asking. He had, however, succeeded in gaining the affection of the American people as a good-hearted sportsmen who was prepared to try and try again, and this regard was much in evidence at a dinner given in his honour at the Waldorf-Astoria, by the Pilgrims of America, under the chairmanship of George Wilson. It appears from all acounts to have been a very lively party and in the picturesque language of Col. Henry Watterson of Kentucky, it was "the wake of *Shamrock III* and the crowning of Sir Thomas." Sir Thomas received a riotous welcome, but the real hero of the evening was Lord Shaftesbury, who had accompanied Lipton on the *Erin* as Commodore of the Royal Ulster Yacht Club. At the end of the dinner, just before the speeches commenced, a few ladies were ushered into the boxes above the dining-hall of the Waldorf, among them the Countess of Shaftesbury. This brought to his feet George Wilson, who, bowing to the gallery, invited the diners to drink to the English lady who had christened *Shamrock III*, and had come over with her husband aboard the *Erin*. This was done with musical honours, and drew a quite delightful impromptu reply from Shaftesbury which brought down the house.

That same autumn the Alaska Boundary Commission

was sitting in London, and at Claridge's Lord Roberts presided over a banquet which was, I read ". . . unique alike for its significance and brilliancy." "Epoch-making" was the adjective used in another paper, but those adjectives and others of a similar nature have, I am glad to say, been very frequently bestowed upon Pilgrims' gatherings. The speakers were the Lord Chief Justice of England, Lord Alverstone, and Lord Lansdowne, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. The American and the Canadian representatives to reply were Senator Turner and the Hon. Clifford Sifton.

As Mr. Turner stated, the Tribunal was certainly unique in that it marked the first occasion on which two nations had undertaken to settle controversies between themselves by means of juries chosen entirely from their own citizens. Clifford Sifton remarked that it was interesting to note that the Pilgrims, an outstanding club of its kind, founded to promote international courtesy, was entertaining a body which in itself represented a unique attempt to settle international differences. From General Joseph Wheeler we received a telegram reading: "Pilgrims beyond the seas greet you, and express the hope that no boundaries will ever be discovered to the limits of Anglo-Saxon friendship." Elihu Root, in a splendid speech, brought to a close an amazingly interesting evening.

ANTICIPATING RADIO

IN JANUARY, 1904, SIR MORTIMER DURAND WAS APPOINTED British Ambassador to Washington, and on the 29th of that month the Pilgrims of America were to forgather for his first welcome at Delmonico's, in New

York. Those, of course, were days long before the advent of broadcasting, but the idea occurred that it might be possible to hold a simultaneous gathering in England and America if we could but borrow the Atlantic cable for a couple of hours. Accordingly, I went to see a brother Pilgrim, George Gray Ward, who was at that time the power behind the Commercial Cable Company. When I advanced our desire for two or three hours of the time of the Atlantic cable, after whistling softly, he replied: "Boy, that will cost you a lot of money."

After assuring him that a novel idea was sometimes of far more value than a money payment, and that we did not propose to pay a cent for the cable—I told him my story; at the finish he agreed to link up London and New York.

As I was abysmally ignorant about the appearance of a cable terminal, I asked George to let me see one working. After expressing my disappointment at the simple-looking little contrivance, adding, "We wanted something formidable, with batteries and cells, with lights which flickered, and wires that buzzed," Ward laughed and suggested that I had better go and get fitted out by the General Electric Company. Eventually, after securing an amazing outfit, arrangements were then made for a supper party of the British Pilgrims to forgather by cable with the American Pilgrims at dinner in New York's famous restaurant.

This joint gathering created intense interest at the time as a glance through the press cutting book shows. The *New York Herald* had a heading "Pilgrims in Synchronous Symposia"; the *Daily Mail*, "Cabled cocktails at ocean-linked banquet"; the *Daily Express*, "Pilgrims in Two Worlds Dine Together"; the *New York Sun*, "Pilgrim Dinners Bridge Ocean"; the *Daily*

Telegraph, "A Unique Event in the History of Anglo-American Friendship."

The *St. James's Gazette*, on the afternoon of the 29th, having inspected the supper-room, became almost poetic in describing our electrical contraptions. The paragraph in question is headed "The New Pilgrims Progress," and reads : "The Pilgrims will be a happy family to-night, united by bonds of cables. Members of the famous Club taking supper at the Carlton will be chatting quite informally and easily with members dining at Delmonico's in New York.

"Entering the supper-room of the Carlton is like coming into a weird wonderful land where walls have ears and tables are alive. Great globes dot the centre, from which radiate wires vibrating with life. The tables are connected by networks of wires, and where one should find luscious fruits or exhilarating wines, stand quivering, thinking, talking machines. A touch, a word—and in an instant New York is holding converse with us. Such a rapid Pilgrims Progress has been made possible by the Commercial Cable Company, and to-night the bonds of cables will draw English and American hearts together in feasting and concord."

The gathering in New York to honour our newly appointed Ambassador was a large and very representative one, and we did our best to get to our supper party outstanding Englishmen who would exchange messages of greeting with their American counterparts. Lord Roberts led off with a message to Bishop Potter, President of the United States Pilgrims, and with Lord Roberts we drank the health of Sir Mortimer Durand, and told him so. That message was rapidly followed by one from Mr. Choate, the American Ambassador, to his opposite number, then came Lord Brassey, on behalf of the London Chamber of Commerce, to Morris

Jessup, President of the New York Chamber. Naval greetings were sent by Lord Charles Beresford to Rear-Admiral Rodgers; then came cordial greetings from the members of the Bench and Bar of New York, recalling English hospitality at the Middle Temple some three years before, in the name of James M. Beck, to the members of the English Bench and Bar supping at the Carlton.

We then fired across a poetic salvo, which read as follows:

British Pilgrims westward gazing
Send you greetings overseas,
Glasses to their comrades raising
In a hearty unity.

Pilgrims whom no fate can sever,
May our path be calm and bright,
And the link of friendship ever
Bind us closely, as to-night!

There was a slight hiatus after this during which, we learnt later, gallant attempts were made to reply in verse. Unfortunately there was no ready-made poet handy, so our message was very heartily reciprocated, with three cheers for British Pilgrims.

Towards the end of the evening, a cable received with the greatest enthusiasm from Sir Mortimer Durand to our President Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, ran as follows:

"Please thank the Pilgrims for their fine encouraging messages and accept my hearty thanks yourself. I shall never forget that we were Pilgrims together in Kabul, twenty-four years ago. Durand."

Our final message was as follows:

That our fellow Pilgrims Progress,
That our fellow Pilgrims "may flower,"
Is our good night wish.

And in the name of the Pilgrims I offered our warmest thanks to Pilgrim Ward and the Commercial Cable Company for enabling American and British Pilgrims for the first time in their history, to spend together an evening of such happy fellowship.

. . . . .

At our second annual gathering in June of 1904, Mr. Joseph Choate, in a delightful speech, invited Lord Roberts both in his official and his personal capacity to cross the Atlantic and visit the United States, adding: "I can assure him a reception such as I believe no Englishman has ever received on visiting the United States, or I believe visiting any other country. If he will just come to us we will open our arms to him and extend to him the best hospitality of which we, as a nation, are capable." Mr. Choate added that he would like to be at the White House at the interview between Field-Marshal Lord Roberts and President Theodore Roosevelt to hear their stories of peace and war. In every hamlet in the land this visit would be welcomed with equal ardour.

Lord Roberts said he would do his very best to accept the invitation in the near future, and often told me how anxious he was to make that visit, but alas, fate was against its accomplishment.

During that same summer the Hon. Seth Low, a former President of Columbia University, and the ex-Mayor of New York, arrived in London, and The Pilgrims forgathered in his honour at the Savoy Hotel, whither we had moved for permanent headquarters. I suggested to Lord Roberts that we might ask Mr. Bryce, then James Bryce, M.P., to take the Chair.

Seth Low, in a most interesting reply to Mr. Bryce,

after pointing out some of the superficial differences between Britain and America, suggested that the wise man was he who looked on the two countries, and saw beneath the differences of opinion the same spirit which really reunited them. He added that a few days before, he had seen what was called in America a hawthorn, and what we called a may-tree, blooming, with a white blossom and a red from the same stem. Somebody had grafted the red upon the white, or the white upon the red. He did not know in that instance which was the original stock, but he knew that a common sap gave them both life, and animated by that sap both of them blossomed out into things of beauty. We were shoots of one stock, belonging now to very different environment, and compelled by the law of variation to adjust ourselves by many widely divergent methods to separate surroundings, but the sense of the fundamental unity of blood and speech between us was never so strong as now.

In a comment the next day on this gathering the *St. James's Gazette* says: "Speech-making was not allowed to interfere with the promotion of good-will, the one speech of the occasion, by Mr. Low, being one of the best ever of American after-lunch orations. The Pilgrims professes only to be a social organization, and it fulfils that function more than perfectly, but few who were present at such a gathering as yesterday's could fail to perceive what a wonderful factor it must be in the promotion of international amity, as well as personal enjoyment."

On the other side Archbishop Davidson left America after a visit of six weeks, during which, according to the New York Press, he had deeply impressed the American people and increased perceptibly their good-will to the English. Bishop Potter presided at the

farewell gathering, when, according to the *New York Tribune*, "Church and State, the Army and Navy, and the Civil Service, Law, Diplomacy and Finance alike vied with each other in paying tribute to the Archbishop of Canterbury at the dinner given for him by the Pilgrims of the United States at the Waldorf last night."

Mr. James Bryce and Dr. Boyd Carpenter, the eloquent Bishop of Ripon, were also on the speaker's list; James Bryce suggested that he was perhaps the oldest visitor to America, having crossed for the first time thirty-four years previously.

Towards the end of 1904 an American squadron, under Rear-Admiral Jewell, visited British waters and were one night The Pilgrims' guests. The Savoy made a great effort to see that the gathering, as far as decorations were concerned, was intensely nautical. It was, incidentally, extremely cheery. The account in *The Times* states: "The large dining-room was appropriately decorated with naval emblems, the tables having been specially made in the shape of battleships, blunt at the stern and sharp at the fore. They were arranged in columns of three, the starboard column consisting of tables named after British battleships; the centre column had five tables named after the great naval stations of England and America, and at one of these named "Admiralty" sat the chairman and Admiral Jewell. (Lord Selborne, at that time First Lord of the Admiralty, was our most excellent chairman for the evening.)

"The port column consisted of well-known American warships. On each table stood a tall, square-rigged mast. The 'warships' of both countries flew their respective ensigns and showed port and starboard lights. The room was lighted by lifebuoys suspended from the

ceiling, having attached to them hundreds of electric lamps."

We were duly piped in to dinner in regulation naval fashion by bosun's mates from the British Navy, and on a very realistic bridge watches were struck on a ship's bell between the courses, a distinguished Admiral on each occasion undertaking that duty.

From the "Admiralty" table there flew a signal which, incidentally, Admiral Hedworth Lambton was the first to decipher. It read: "Pilgrims expect that every man this night will do his duty."

It was a breezy evening, and in an excellent speech a first-rate story was told by Lord Selborne illustrating the diplomatic work so often carried out by naval officers entirely outside the problems of their own professional life. In a short and thoroughly sailor-like speech Hedworth Lambton amused us all by remarking, "I can say what I like as I am on half-pay"—then Admiral Jewell wound up by thanking Great Britain for the splendid hospitality received, and adding: "If we followed our own desires, it is doubtful if we would ever get out of the Thames."

It has been my good fortune to have known each American Ambassador since the days of John Hay, and America has certainly sent us of her best. The same thing, I think, may also be said of the Consulate in London: the United States Consuls-General have been of a wondrously high standard and each and all have left London, to the great regret of their English friends.

Henry Clay-Evans of Chattanooga, Tennessee, was Consul-General in the early days of the Pilgrims, and was immensely popular. When his retirement was announced, which, incidentally, he learned for the first time from the newspapers, he received a tribute from

the British Press which, I am glad to say, has often been repeated, to the effect that the departing Consul-General was perhaps the best the United States had ever sent to Britain. It was a real family party, presided over delightfully by Mr. Justice Darling, which forgathered to say "Au revoir" and wish Clay-Evans "God-speed" on April 12th, 1905.

I persuaded Leslie Ward, the famous "Spy" of *Vanity Fair*, to sketch the Consul-General for the menu. It was an admirable drawing of a first-rate subject, for Clay-Evans was as near as might be the accepted model of Uncle Sam, complete with goatee beard. When he left, he and his charming daughters were greatly missed.

FAREWELL TO JOSEPH CHOATE

THE FOLLOWING MONTH ANGLO-AMERICAN LONDON WAS to suffer another heavy loss in the departure of one of the most outstanding American personalities any of us has ever known, that great Ambassador, Joseph Choate. In his farewell speech Mr. Choate described his conflicting emotions between leaving his old friends in England, and returning to his still older friends at home. "My friends on this side of the water," he said, "are multiplying every day in numbers and increasing in the ardour of their affections. I am sorry to say that great hosts of my friends on the other side are as rapidly diminishing and dwindling away, and I have a great yearning to be with the waning number." Then he added : "To make a clean breast of it in this family party, I am running a great risk, if I stay here much longer, of contracting a much more serious disease than home-sickness, I mean Anglomania, which many of my fellow-countrymen regard as more dangerous and

more fatal than cerebro-spinal meningitis. To a young man it is absolutely fatal, but to one who has well-nigh exhausted his future the consequences are not quite so serious. It was wisely said by one of the Presidents of the United States that he would not trust a Minister or an Ambassador in England more than four years because those English would be sure to spoil him. You have done your best to spoil me—not as the children of Israel spoiled the Egyptians, by taking from them all they could lay their hands upon, but by heaping on my undeserving head all the honours and compliments you were able to bestow."

The Pilgrims of America gave a magnificent welcome home to Mr. Choate at the Waldorf-Astoria, and he in his turn made a characteristic speech filled with a wonderful warmth of affection to Britain and her Empire. It was, he said, his unique privilege to serve as Ambassador in two centuries, in two reigns, and under two of the most celebrated Presidents of the United States.

Towards the end of his speech he dealt with the difficulties of an American Ambassador in the absence of fitting headquarters abroad. While, he said, all the other great powers have their permanent embassies, the United States and Turkey alone lead a floating and nomadic existence. He then added that hardly two successive ambassadors of the United States in London had occupied the same house—they had wandered from Baker Street to Portland Place, from Cromwell Road to Lowndes Square, and from Eaton Square to Carlton House Terrace. He himself had to move from one house to another in the midst of his term because the owner, naturally enough, wanted to live in his own house. He then told a little story.

"My own position in the matter was graphically

depicted after I had been house-hunting for a month, by a little paragraph in the newspaper which represented a forlorn and travel-stained stranger wandering about the streets of London, hunting, hunting, hunting, but finding nothing. At last, about midnight, the police, having grown suspicious of him, touched him on the shoulder, and said : 'You must move on, sir, you must go home.' 'Home,' said he. 'Home ! I have no home—I am the American Ambassador.' "

No sooner had Mr. Choate finished this speech than one American Pilgrim jumped up and offered to head, with five thousand dollars, a subscription on the part of the Pilgrims, to put a home in London for the American Ambassador, and when the dinner was over a committee was put in hand to bring the matter before the Government at Washington.

During the dinner, Bishop Potter, the President of the American Pilgrims, read out a cable which we had despatched to him : "Sincerest greetings to your guest of honour from the Pilgrims of Great Britain. England's loss is America's gain. We join you in wishing long life and happiness to the great Ambassador who won our admiration and our hearts."

WHITELAW REID, U.S. AMBASSADOR

AS IS THE CASE WITH A MONARCH WHO HAS PASSED, "THE King is dead—long live the King !", so it is with Ambassadors ; at the end of June, 1905, the Pilgrims afforded the platform from which Mr. Whitelaw Reid made his first speech, to the people of England. Incidentally, our brethren in New York had gathered together to wish him God-speed. There was so great a demand for tickets for this function that we had to

migrate from the Savoy, which did not in those days contain the great banqueting-hall of to-day, to Claridge's.

In preparing this dinner, an idea occurred to me which I am forced to confess to-day was not exactly a brain-wave, though at the time I put it into action, I considered that it was. The Poet-Laureate in 1905 was Alfred Austin, and it seemed a happy thought to persuade the Poet-Laureate to write some welcome verses dedicated to Mr. Whitelaw Reid. Austin kindly obliged, but on reading the verses I did not quite like to print them, and a second thought then struck me to ask my brother Pilgrim, the world-famous actor Sir Henry Irving, to recite them. So I went to Irving who, after reading them through, looked at me and said : "You young ruffian—I believe I understand the reason for your request. It is a good idea, and anyway, I will not let you down."

From the Press reports I read that "The Pilgrims, in every walk of English life, dined together at Claridge's Hotel, London, under the Presidency of Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, to welcome the new American Ambassador."

Then in a cutting from the *Pioneer* of India : "Even a Club of such standing could hardly hope, except under unusual circumstances, to have the Prime Minister as its spokesman, the Leader of the Opposition as another speaker, its address of welcome to be written by the Poet-Laureate, and spoken by the premier actor, and to have the Lord Chief Justice, the President of the Royal Academy, Admirals, Dukes, and the Lord Mayor all in a ring fence round the chairman's table."

Both Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and the Prime Minister, Mr. Balfour, were in admirable form, the former in referring to the American Ambassador claiming

SULGRAVE MANOR, THE TUDOR HOME OF GEORGE WASHINGTON'S ANCESTORS

LADY BRITTAIN, D.B.E.

From a portrait by Sir James Shannon, R.A., presented by The Pilgrims on the Tenth Anniversary of the Club

that a man who possessed two such names as Whitelaw and Reid was most undoubtedly a Scotsman. The Ambassador's speech was all that the occasion demanded, careful and graceful. It was rather the old-fashioned type of oratory, cut and dried, and very different to the former easy polished style of Mr. Joseph Choate who, though he always seemed to have thought out his subject, allowed his words, ever adorned by delightful sallies of wit, to come on the impulse of the moment. I will not quote Alfred Austin's poem—but merely resurrect a couple of lines. These were referred to in an account of the dinner in *Vanity Fair*, a popular weekly of that time, where I find—"The only sad moment in an otherwise cheerful evening was the reading by Sir Henry Irving of Mr. Alfred Austin's poem. This is not intended as a reflection on Sir Henry. Half-way through the poem occur these two lines :

> The April-sent swallow circling round our eaves,
> Fresh with the buoyancy of wind and foam

receives a comment from *Vanity Fair* that such a swallow, 'fresh with the buoyancy of wind and foam' suggests a soda siphon rather than a bird." In the same issue was another paragraph which read : "As the guests were trooping into the Pilgrims' dinner I overheard an amusing remark made by one of the American members of the Club. On observing a particularly lengthy string of medals worn by a celebrated officer, he whispered to his companion : 'Snakes ! but he *must* have fought !' "

November 4th, 1905, was to me a very important date, for on that day I entered what is known as the state of matrimony, and a very happy state it has proved to be. A week before the event I received a delightful gift from the Pilgrims, delightfully given. The presentation was made to me by our President, Lord Roberts,

supported by a presentation committee consisting of General Hutchinson and Sir William Bell, representing the British Pilgrims, and Mr. Lewis C. Hay, and Mr. Stephen W. Gambrill, representing the Americans. The Pilgrims' gift was a magnificent old silver ship mounted on an ebony stand with a suitable inscription ; the model, over two feet in length and about the same in height, was that of an old man-of-war under full sail. According to the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph*, "it was an exquisite example of the silversmith's art, so skilfully and so artistically wrought that one seemed to feel life in the billowy silver sails, and expected to see the figures of the little sailor-men rush to their guns to give a marriage salvo."

After the happy informal presentation Lord Roberts gave me the interesting information that the old Duke of Cambridge, who had seen it, and who collected these old silver ships, had assured him—Lord Roberts—that it was a finer one than any in his collection. Entirely apart from its beauty and its intrinsic worth, I valued it, of course, for other reasons ; accompanying the gift was an illuminated scroll endorsed by four columns of signatures of distinguished Pilgrims, both British and American, wishing my bride and myself a long life of married happiness.

CANADA'S GOVERNOR-GENERAL IN NEW YORK

A WONDROUSLY INTERESTING GATHERING OF THE AMERICAN Pilgrims took place on April 3rd, 1906. For the first time in history a Governor-General of Canada was the guest of a banquet in New York. The Governor-

General in question was Lord Grey, as fine a type of Englishman as ever lived ; active in every phase of social effort, a man of generous enthusiasm, with an intense sense of humour, and one who made friends everywhere.

Elihu Root, successor to John Hay as American Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Mr. Joseph Choate, spoke on behalf of the five hundred distinguished Americans who filled the banqueting-hall of the Waldorf-Astoria. After an admirable speech, Earl Grey added to the historic nature of the gathering by making an historic gift. That gift was the portrait of the great Benjamin Franklin which had been taken from his Philadelphia home by Lord Grey's great-grandfather, Charles Grey, who had occupied Franklin's house in Philadelphia during the war in 1777. Ever since then the portrait had adorned Lord Grey's home in Northumberland, but as a great admirer of Franklin, and a well-wisher of a happy feeling between the two peoples, he had decided to restore of his own free will this well-known picture. As the New York Press stated : "At this announcement the diners rose to their feet and cheered enthusiastically, cheering which was renewed when Mr. Choate proceeded to say that the portrait was now in the hands of Mr. Whitelaw Reid, the American Ambassador in London, and would doubtless arrive in Philadelphia in time for the celebrations of the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of Franklin on April 20th.

Incidentally, this dinner must have lasted far longer than any other within my ken on either side. I have no copy of the book of words to tell me at what hour it started, but it certainly began on a Saturday evening, and according to the reports, "By the time the speeches had been concluded Sunday morning had arrived."

Well, a historical event does not take place every week, so I take it nobody minded.

. . . . .

Early that same year, 1906, the rule of a great British Viceroy in India was drawing to its close. There was no doubt about the service which Lord Curzon had rendered to the State, nor the brilliance of his Governor-Generalship. There had, however, been certain differences of opinion between himself and the late Earl Kitchener, then Commander-in-Chief in India, and perhaps more because of that than for any other reason it seemed good that the value of Lord Curzon's services should be endorsed, and a welcome given him on his arrival home.

Although the normal function of The Pilgrims of Great Britain was to forgather in honour of distinguished Americans, we were bound by no rigid rules, and with the approval of our President a message was sent to Lord Curzon expressing our desire to forgather in his honour with Lord Roberts in the chair ; an immediate acceptance arrived.

I always think that the finest speech I ever heard in the English language was that made by Lord Rosebery in inaugurating the first Imperial Press Conference in 1909, a speech with the text "Welcome Home" to men from every section of the Empire. With the exception of that wonderful effort of oratory, Lord Curzon's address to The Pilgrims was certainly second to none other to which I have listened.

With regard to the company which attended this function, once again we seemed to have reached dizzy heights, for a great metropolitan daily began its description with the sentence—"Earl Roberts presided last night over the most remarkable of the many occasions

on which The Pilgrims have entertained distinguished men."

Lord George Hamilton, in proposing Lord Curzon's health, said that he thought Curzon owed his great success mainly to himself, his indomitable energy and courage, to his incredible power of work, to his lofty ideals which he had induced others to accept. Lord Curzon's opening sentence pleased the Pilgrims of both nations when he said the best pilgrimage he had ever made in his life was to the other side of the water, to persuade an American pilgrim to continue her life pilgrimage in his company. After a brilliant description of life in India, and the duties to be carried out, Lord Curzon went on to say, "Whatever service we have given we have freely rendered, though when we come back we sometimes find that nobody knows quite where we have been, and still less what we have been doing. Yet we feel that we would not part with our experience for anything in the world. Whether our position in India has been great or small, we feel that we have had our hand on the pulse of the Universe," and then he added, "A member of the present House of Commons had said that my administration has been one of pomp and pageantry. This description has appeared to captivate even the Secretary of State. Such is the baleful influence of alliteration on the literary mind."

After referring to the right spirit of administration, and amidst cheers when mentioning the work of Lord Milner who was sitting near him, Lord Curzon urged all who heard him "To trust the man on the spot and to send out to this task the best man you can tempt or train. Wherever unknown lands exist, wherever a new civilization can be implanted, or can be superimposed on an old civilization, wherever, in fact, progress and

enlightenment are possible, there is the field for the Anglo-Saxon race, and may we never fall below the dignity of our high course."

The next morning I received by hand a note, which said, "You must allow me to repeat on paper what I could only do rather hurriedly and ineffectively last night, namely, to offer my sincere thanks for the truly successful and most complimentary welcome so brilliantly organized by you in my honour.

"I shall always look back upon it as one of the highest honours ever paid to me, and shall connect it with your untiring exertions. Yours very truly, Curzon."

For the remainder of his days Lord Curzon never forgot that Pilgrims' welcome, and I saw him often as the years ran on. I would drop in at his request, sometimes at odd hours, at his house at Carlton House Terrace, and enormously enjoyed listening to him. This great man, looked upon by so many as a stern, unbending, pompous individual, could be the most human of people, and to an undistinguished youth showed himself a kindly and most delightful companion. With stoic fortitude he bore what was almost continual pain, and never once did I hear him refer to it.

Sometimes when he got warmed up on a subject he would stand and, with his back to the fire, work out his ideas in wondrously well-chosen prose, frequently winding up with an effective peroration; all of which tended to make me feel that I might be the very Council of India itself instead of a single simple listener.

Our next function in London had an ecclesiastical flavour, for it was in honour of the Rt. Rev. Henry Potter, Bishop of New York, the speech of the evening being made by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

In a charming reply which combined eloquence

with several very good stories, the Bishop retaliated delightfully on the Head of the English Church. Again I quote from *Vanity Fair.*

"One good jest deserves another, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, chaffing the Bishop of New York at The Pilgrims' dinner the other night got a Roland for his Oliver. For the Archbishop said that Dr. Potter's versatility was so great that he could not say whether on the morrow he would be preaching in St. Paul's or going to the races. In his reply, Dr. Potter recalled the days when he was staying with Archbishop Tate, when the present Primate was that astute Prelate's domestic Chaplain ; he took his memory back to the moment when, after a good dinner at Lambeth Palace, Randall Davidson whispered to him that if he wanted a really good cigar he thought he could give him one."

In glancing through old letters of this period I find very many from my good friend, George Wilson, my opposite number in New York, then at the wheel of the American Pilgrims. As I have already stated, we wrote to one another at least every week, giving full details of anything happening on our own side, and making all kinds of enquiries from the other. It was a close-working partnership. Among other things, we were anxious to create the precedent that an incoming Ambassador on either side should make his first speech to the people of the country to which he had been accredited from the board of The Pilgrims, and George Wilson was very wishful to see that this much-desired honour should definitely date from the reception of James Bryce, who had been appointed as the next Ambassador to the United States.

I had known Mr. Bryce since my Oxford days, when he was a pillar of All Souls and a well-known Law lecturer, for which Honour School I was a humble

striver; an arrangement was therefore satisfactorily entered into by which the Pilgrims on this side should speed the parting and our American friends give the first welcome to the coming guest. They were both great functions. At the Savoy we had a full house, once again described in the Press as "unique in the history of this organization by reason of the number and representative character of the guests." Mr. Whitelaw Reid, in proposing the health of Mr. Bryce, stated that as Oxford professor, traveller, man of letters and statesman, Mr. Bryce's name was almost as familiar among the people of the United States as among his own. His book about their government had been accepted by them as an Authority, and he went to a country to which he was no stranger, and which was no stranger to him.

In referring to his work in the American Commonwealth, Mr. Bryce said, "Mr. Whitelaw Reid has been kind enough to refer to my book. I think the reason why that book was well received in the United States and has gained for me that kind reception to which he refers, is because it expressed seventeen years ago that which was really the sentiment of the English people, but which was perhaps not quite so well known to be the sentiment of the English people, a real wish and desire to understand America, her people and institutions, and to appreciate them."

A few days later Mr. Bryce left for Washington, and then joined the American Pilgrims in New York, where he was hailed as the perfect Ambassador. Mr. Choate, who welcomed the guest of the evening, admitted that Columbus discovered America, but Mr. Bryce discovered Americans to themselves.

From George Wilson I received a most enthusiastic letter on the subject of Bryce's reply, and this was

endorsed by the New York correspondents of London Papers, one of whom said, "I have heard Mr. Bryce on many occasions, inside the House of Commons and outside ; I never remember hearing him speak better. In a clear, precise voice which reached to the limits of the great dining-hall he rose to the occasion magnificently, making a really memorable speech."

WELCOME TO DOMINION PRIME MINISTERS

OUR NEXT FUNCTION IN 1907, COUPLED INCIDENTALLY with a similar gathering four years later, stands out in my memory as perhaps the greatest compliment paid to The Pilgrims, particularly when one remembers that on the first occasion the Club was not more than five years old. Early in the year the Colonial Secretary, "Lulu" Harcourt, asked me to call and see him at the Colonial Office. On arrival there I found that he wanted to talk over with me a welcome to England of the Prime Ministers of the Dominions, who were to assemble in London shortly afterwards for the Imperial Conference. Mr. Harcourt added that such was the name and fame of The Pilgrims that he quite approved of the suggestion which had been made that a banquet of welcome should be offered by our Society to the visiting Premiers.

These days, of course, were long before the foundation of that excellent body, the Empire Parliamentary Association, or of the many clubs which, paying us the compliment of flattery, sprang up during the years which followed somewhat on the lines of The Pilgrims ; notwithstanding all this, I felt that this request from the Colonial Office was an outstanding compliment to

what was, after all, an Anglo-American dining club, however effective its methods and distinguished its personnel.

It is interesting to look back at the Press cuttings describing this dinner. For example, I will take the *Evening Standard* of April 20th, 1907. Under the heading, "The Pilgrims' Club, Historic Banquet to the Colonial Premiers," there is a plan showing the arrangement of 34 tables at Claridge's, and then under the heading "How the guests were seated," the names of every individual member at each of those tables. It undoubtedly is a wonderful list to read through, and well I remember the hours I spent in arranging the places of those 368 guests, using my best endeavours to place each where he would most happily enjoy himself. There was no top table, Lord Roberts, who presided, being at table 15 towards the centre of the room. As the *Evening Standard* stated, "The Pilgrims' Club has been associated with not a few distinguished gatherings, and will, no doubt, play its part in many others, but it may be doubted whether any more interesting function has ever been, or will in the future be held under its auspices, than last night's dinner at Claridge's Hotel."

In addition to the Colonial (to-day Dominion) Premiers, the company of 368 included men of distinction in Politics, Diplomacy, Medicine, Finance, the Navy, the Army, the Church, Commerce, the Drama, Science, Literature and Law.

After a polished and graceful speech by Sir Edward Grey, Alfred Deakin, the Prime Minister of Australia, in a most eloquent reply, roused intense enthusiasm. It was a speech of uncompromising imperialism delivered with real earnestness. The Premier of New Zealand endorsed to the full all that had been said by Mr. Deakin, and the gathering was whole-heartedly in

accord with Lord Roberts when, referring to General Botha, our President stated that he was certain we should find him as staunch a friend as he had been found by the British Army to be a difficult and troublesome enemy.

A day or two later I was very pleased to receive from "Lulu" Harcourt a very charming letter thanking me for all the work entailed in arranging The Pilgrims' welcome, and congratulating The Pilgrims on the very great success of the evening.

MARK TWAIN ARRIVES

A COUPLE OF MONTHS LATER, IN JUNE, 1907, WE HAD what I think was one of the very happiest events which ever brought the Pilgrims together, and that was a luncheon in honour of Mark Twain. When this gathering was arranged, I went to see Lord Roberts to discuss with him who would make the most appropriate chairman, for it seemed to me that to get the very best out of this witty and distinguished writer, we should attempt to find his nearest possible opposite number. I therefore suggested to our President one who, although not at that time a member of the Pilgrims, seemed in every way to fill the bill ; this was Augustine Birrell, in public life Secretary for Ireland, in private life unmatched maker of polished quips and impromptu epigrams. Lord Roberts readily agreed, as did Augustine Birrell, so the success of the gathering was assured.

During his short visit to England, Mr. Clemens was received with an affectionate welcome which increased in intensity during his stay. At our own particular gathering there was, of course, the greatest possible

enthusiasm, but mingled with that, the feeling that each one of us was welcoming a very dear friend. As one of the papers had it, "Mark Twain is enjoying himself. No one who saw him yesterday at the lunch given in his honour by the Pilgrims at the Savoy can have any doubt as to that. His gleaming and beaming countenance, more picturesque than ever, radiated fun and happiness all round the room. What a wonderful old head it is, with its aquiline eye, and its leonine jaw and mane. The Pilgrims might almost adopt it as a symbol of that co-mingling of British Lion and American Eagle which they exist to promote."

Over the initials O.S., Owen Seaman of *Punch*, had written for us the following verses which we attached to the list of guests :

Pilot of many pilgrims since the shout
Mark Twain, that served you for a deathless sign,
On Mississippi's waterway rang out
Over the plummet line ;
Still where the countless ripples laugh above
The blue halcyon seas, long may you keep
Your course unbroken, buoyed upon a love
Ten thousand fathoms deep.

and at the end of the list were these lines :

He lit our life with shafts of sun
And vanquished pain.
Thus two great nations stand as one
In honouring Twain.

That little effort was anonymous.

The menu card was adorned with a scene on the Mississippi River with a steamboat forging along. In the foreground was the figure of Mark Twain, in Pilgrims' garb, with a huge quill for a staff, and a jumping frog in leash. The Undergraduates of Oxford, where

he was to receive a degree, sent him a telegram which read, "Even if the weather is in Clement our welcome will be warm," and the American Pilgrims cabled a wish to join in tribute to that champion dispenser of sunshine and good cheer, known to gods and mortals as Mark Twain.

Augustine Birrell in a delightful speech which dealt with authors generally, living and dead, suggested that it was far more difficult to be good to the living author than to patronize the dead, that was why we were all so rejoiced to be able to do honour to a great living author, whom we all affectionately loved and admired. "I know," said Birrell, "no wiser maxim of behaviour than this 'love me and tell me so.'

"We all love Mark Twain, and are here to tell him so. In America his 'Huckleberry Finn' and his 'Tom Sawyer' are what 'Robinson Crusoe' and 'Tom Brown's Schooldays' have been to us. They are racy of the soil. I remember in Liverpool in 1867 first buying the copy which I still preserve of the celebrated 'Jumping Frog,' and in the few words of the preface it reminded me that our guest in those days was called 'the wild humorist of the Pacific slopes,' and a few lines later down 'the moralist of the Main.' That was some forty years ago. Here he is, still the humorist, still the moralist. His humour enlivens and enlightens his morality, and his morality is all the better for his humour. That is one of the reasons why we love him."

Mark Twain, after thanking the undergraduates of Oxford and the Pilgrims of America for their kind messages, said, "Mr. Birrell says he does not know how he got here. He will be able to get away all right. He has not drunk anything since he arrived."

After saying that he hoped Mr. Birrell was going to tell The Pilgrims what effect their guest's books had

upon his growing manhood, but with the discretion born of Parliamentary experience, he had neatly dodged that point, Mark Twain went on to say, "My books have had effect—perhaps good effect here and there—and in other cases not so good. I remember one monumental instance years and years ago.

"Professor Norton of Harvard was once over in England and when he returned to Boston I went out with Mr. Howell to call on him. Norton, who was allied in some way by marriage with Darwin, was very gentle in what he had to say, and almost delicate.

" 'Mr. Clemens,' said he, 'I have been spending some time with Mr. Darwin in England, and I should like to tell you something connected with that visit. You were the object of it, and I myself would have been very proud, but you may not be so proud of it. At any rate, I am going to tell you what it was and leave it to you. Mr. Darwin took me up to his bedroom and pointed out certain things there, pitcher-plants that he was measuring and watching from day to day. Then he added, "The maid is permitted to do what she pleases in this room, but she must never touch those plants, and never touch those books on the table by the candle—with those books I read myself to sleep every night." Those were your own books.' "

Mark Twain continued, "There is no question in my mind as to whether I should regard that as a compliment—I do regard it as a great compliment and a high honour, that that great mind, labouring for the whole human race, rested itself on my books. I am proud that he should have read himself to sleep with them. Then," continued he, "as soon as I got home to Hartford I called up my oldest friend and dearest enemy, the Rev. Joseph Twitchell, my pastor, told him the story, and of course, he was full of interest and venom.

He went off, and did not issue any applause of any kind ; I did not hear of the subject for some time, but when Mr. Darwin passed away, and some time later Darwin's life and letters came out, the Rev. Mr. Twitchell secured an early copy of the work, and found something at once that he considered applied to me. He came over to my house—it was snowing, raining and sleeting, but that made no difference to Twitchell—produced the book, turned it over until he came to a place where he said, 'Here, look at this letter from Mr. Darwin to Sir Joseph Hooker.' What Mr. Darwin said was this :

> " 'I do not know whether I ought to have devoted my whole life to those drudgeries in natural history and the other sciences, for while I may have gained in one way I have lost in another. Once I had a fine perception and appreciation of high literature, but in me now that quality is atrophied.'
>
> " 'That,' said Mr. Twitchell, 'is from reading your books.' "

Mark Twain then told us how, when he arrived in England, the first thing he saw was a newspaper man going around with a great red highly displayed placard in front of him. He was selling newspapers, and there were two sentences on the placard which would have been all right if they had been punctuated, but they ran those two sentences together without even a comma, which of course created a wrong impression, because it said :

MARK TWAIN ARRIVES
ASCOT GOLD CUP STOLEN

I have never seen that cup, I have not got the cup, I did not have a chance to get it. And then, after a few words on the wickedness of stealing, he said, "I do

confess that when I was here several years ago I stole a hat, but it did not amount to anything, it was not a good hat, and was only a clergyman's hat, anyway. I was at a luncheon party and Archdeacon Wilberforce was there also. He is Archdeacon now—he was just a Canon then and was serving in the Westminster battery, if that is the proper term. He left the luncheon table before I did. He began this thing. I did steal his hat, but he began by taking mine. I make that confession because I will not accuse Archdeacon Wilberforce of stealing my hat—I should not think of it. I confine that phrase to myself. He merely took my hat, and with good judgment too—it was a better hat than his."

And then from gay Mark Twain turned to grave, and in serious vein gripped his audience in touching upon some of the sorrows which he and so many another had borne in life. "So," he added, "I must sometimes lay the cap and bells aside. Since I have been over here I have received hundreds of letters from all conditions of people in England, men, women and children, with compliment and praise in them all, but above all, there is a note of affection. Praise is well, compliment is well, but affection, that is the last and final and most precious reward any man can desire whether in character or achievement. These letters make me feel, in England, as in America, that when I stand under the English flag I am not a stranger, not an alien, but at home."

I saw a great deal of Mark Twain during that last visit to England, and, like all who knew him, soon came to love him. He stayed at Brown's Hotel in Dover Street, and I well remember one morning, invited by him to breakfast at about 9.30 with three or four other men, I enjoyed his delightful companionship, and

AT THE AMERICAN OFFICERS' CLUB AWAITING THE KING AND QUEEN

(*Front*) Admiral Sims, U.S.N., Sir Harry Brittain, the Hon. Walter Hines Page. General Biddle, U.S. Army, is standing behind the Ambassador

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, K.G., PRESIDENT OF THE PILGRIMS, 1916–1942

listened to his wonderful reminiscences as he slowly drawled on from one yarn to another. He must have gripped us pretty closely, for it was not till a telephone call disturbed one of the party we discovered that breakfast had carried on until afternoon.

On that occasion Mark Twain was, I remember, a most picturesque figure in white flannels.

Many of our own personal friends forgathered at a dinner which my wife and I gave in honour of the great American writer at the Savoy, when once again he was in splendid form. The last time I saw him was at my own house shortly before he left, when he handed over to me an excellent photograph which I still treasure ; a little inscription under the portrait in white ink, a little line of thanks to us both for the happy hours and hospitality which he said he had enjoyed in our company, and across the top, also in white ink, a delicious little text, utterly "Twainesque"—"To be good is noble. To teach others how to be good is nobler still—and less trouble."

Following the visit of our friend Mark Twain, my wife and I made a lengthy tour of Canada as the guests of Lord Strathcona ; we also paid a brief visit to the United States. No further Pilgrims functions took place on this side of the Atlantic until the following spring, when we forgathered for a very pleasant little party in honour of Edwin A. Abbey, an American Royal Academician, who had completed a series of mural paintings for the Capitol of his native state of Pennsylvania, and was leaving London to arrange for their installation. As a change we invited the American Ambassador to preside, and Sir Lawrence Alma Tadema to propose the toast of our guest.

Edwin Abbey gave us a very interesting account of the thirty years of his life in England, and told us some-

thing of his early struggles. Thirty years ago he had himself been entertained by his people at home before he left for England, and thought afterwards how useful would have been the money that banquet cost for expenses here. He had gathered on the voyage that living in England was cheap, a superstition, he said, that obtained very generally. He spent his first few weeks in a hotel at Stratford-on-Avon executing some drawings. When the bill was presented he had to leave his trunk with the landlady and leave for London. The memory of that time was still fresh with him. Since those days he had experienced for many a long year the generous hospitality of London.

As may well be imagined at this particular gathering there was a large crop of Royal Academicians, and of Associates. After our welcome in honour of the artist, we forgathered the following month, June, 1908, in honour of the Ecclesiastics at a banquet to the Archbishops and Bishops of the Pan-Anglican Congress. Lord Curzon, a recent distinguished guest, accepted an invitation to take the chair, and incidentally to preside over a greater number of Bishops than any other gathering of The Pilgrims is ever likely to witness.

In proposing the Toast of the King and President, Lord Curzon broke the usual rule in making a little speech about these two respective rulers of the British Empire and the United States, but what he said was so excellent that it was willingly accepted. In referring to King Edward VII and Col. Roosevelt, he concluded by saying that each of these rulers had been truly national in his characteristics, and international in his influence.

Mr. Asquith proposed the toast of "Our Distinguished Guests," which was replied to by the Bishop of Missouri and the Archbishop of Rupertsland. Mr. Asquith,

after referring to the fact that this particular Congress formed quite a unique gathering, went on to say: "I must confess to you, and you will not be surprised to hear it, that it is with some delicacy and not a little diffidence that I rise to address such a gathering. Lord Curzon, laymen like you and me are accustomed to listen with greater or less edification, at any rate in compulsory silence and at least with spiritual docility, to the lessons which are week by week imparted to us from the pulpit. To-night, for the moment—and only for the moment—the normal positions are reversed, and I, a humble layman, have the opportunity, of which, let me assure you at once by saying that I am not going to take undue advantage, of providing our clerical guests with the strange experience of listening to a sermon. If I were in a vindictive mood, I should like to settle some old scores, but under the genial and mellowing influence of The Pilgrims' hospitality I will confine myself to two or three sentences on a single text."

And then Mr. Asquith referred to the very great opportunity afforded by such a Conference, emphasizing the work which had been accomplished by the Churches, and the mission which lay before it. Each of the genial ecclesiastics made a delightful reply, the Archbishop of Rupertsland assuring The Pilgrims that he represented the largest portion of unoccupied territory in Greater Britain, and therefore was in a position to accommodate more would-be Pilgrims than any man in the room. He and his colleagues would go away encouraged in their work of evangelization. They might have expected such a reception from fellow-churchmen, but as it came from representative laymen, it touched their hearts most deeply.

At the end of November, 1908, we gave a dinner in

honour of the American and British Delegates at the International Maritime Conference. This Conference, which came to London on the invitation of Sir Edward Grey, was the outcome of proposals made at the Hague Conference for the establishment of an International Prize Court, and it comprised altogether representatives from ten different countries. The American delegates were Rear-Admiral Stockton and Prof. G. G. Wilson of the U.S. War College, whilst our plenipotentiary was Lord Desart, assisted by various distinguished delegates. Lord Ellenborough presided. The Savoy went all out to give a real nautical touch to the banqueting hall, which had been transformed for the occasion to represent the main deck of H.M.S. *Welcome*. Off the port bow were to be seen the harbour lights of Portsmouth with a full moon sailing through the cloud-flecked sky, and a fort standing out grimly against the horizon. Beneath the quarter-deck an A.B. stood at the wheel with the binnacle light glimmering on the ship's bell above his head, the ship's bell being sounded at regular intervals by a series of distinguished Admirals, who appeared to revel in the task. As we entered the room an Admiral's salute boomed forth.

Admiral Stockton, the American delegate, was an old friend, for he had been Naval Attaché in London for three years, very shortly after the founding of The Pilgrims. He assured us that the one question before the Conference would be the practical extension of neutral rights as far as possible, so long as they were not contrary to belligerent rights. The time of peace would begin, he said, when, in scriptural terms, nations loved each other as they did themselves. That seemed rather remote. Until it came, and with it the millennium, belligerent rights had to be regarded. Some people, he added, preferred to substitute for International Law

common sense. Common sense, however, was one of the most uncommon things met with. If common sense could be crystallized in regard to dealings of nations, glorified common sense was very near to International Law, which meant Truth, Honour and Justice.

Lord Desart said he hoped all would bear in mind the complex character of the task with which they had to deal, and in considering the interests of mercantile commerce, would not forget the rights of every country to secure its honour and safety.

ANGLO-AMERICAN POLO

ON JULY 15TH, 1909, A DELIGHTFULLY INFORMAL GATHERing of Pilgrims was held at the Savoy to entertain and congratulate the American polo team, which had recently won the International Cup. Field-Marshal Lord Grenfell, who had presided at the very first meeting which had called The Pilgrims into being, took the chair, and gave us a most interesting speech. He told us he was probably the only man in the room who saw polo played before it was introduced in the British Army. In the early '60s, at which time the game was practically unknown at home, he used to go out to see the native cavalry regiments in India play polo, on very small ponies with very big sticks, and an enormous ball. Lord Grenfell's nephew, who was an old friend of mine, then came in for a little banter, for his distinguished uncle gave us a most humorous account of how he found on his return home the famous pony "Cinderella" and certain of her quick-footed colleagues quartered in his paddock by this self-same nephew, and how "Cinderella," after battening on his best pasture, to the detriment of his flocks and herds, had eaten a hole

in his hayrick in which she had made a bed at night, and wound up by devouring all his geraniums. He said he wanted to see all the players again—but not "Cinderella."

It was a great team, that Meadowbrook team, with Payne-Whitney as captain, Larry Waterbury, who was almost as famous a racquets player as he was a polo expert, Devereux Milburn, who was also an Oxford blue, having rowed in the 'Varsity eight. Payne-Whitney told us how the contest had been conducted without the slightest jealousy, and they were returning home with the best of feelings ; when an English team went across with the laudable intention of recapturing the Cup, a very earnest attempt would be made, he said, to repay the overwhelming hospitality the American team had received during their visit to the old country, a land still to the fore in maintaining the best traditions of sport.

In November, 1909, we lost a sterling friend when Mr. J. Ridgely-Carter, after fifteen years as the First Secretary of the American Embassy, was appointed American Minister to the Balkan States. The *Observer*, in referring to the farewell gathering in his honour, said : "It should be one of unusual interest, for the guest of the evening holds a remarkable position in the Diplomatic and Social life of London. Mr. Carter is one of the few Americans who have made Diplomacy their life work. During his fifteen years' service in London he has been as much in Society as in affairs, and in both fields has been a popular and successful personality. He has all the qualities which endear a man to Courts, the Bureaux and the Salons. He is a master of the technicalities of International relationships. He is the best waltzer in London. He is on terms of the closest intimacy with the 'right people,' and he is invested

with a handsome presence and a genial tact which cover all social difficulties rising in the path of the ambitious American Society lady sojourning for a while in this coldly exclusive London of ours. Successive Ambassadors have fully recognized the ability of their First Secretary. He works hard and plays hard. Once, when Mr. Choate was Ambassador, he took a vacation which stretched out to an unconscionable length. 'Dear me, Carter, how you grow,' said the Ambassador, when his First Secretary at last returned."

Apparently Ridgely-Carter was appointed Minister to Rumania and Servia, as well as Diplomatic Agent for Bulgaria, with headquarters in Bucharest.

One-time Vice-President of the United States, the Hon. Charles W. Fairbanks was the guest of The Pilgrims in March, 1910. With the idea of varying the presiding officers, the Earl of Halsbury was asked to take the chair. Charles Fairbanks, his official duties over, had come to England after a lengthy and leisurely tour round the world.

PEARY FINDS THE NORTH POLE

A VERY DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN ARRIVED IN ENGLAND early in June, 1910—Commander Peary, the first white man to stand on the North Pole. My wife had the pleasure of meeting him before I did, and as they drove round the park together, he gave her a vivid exposition of exactly what he thought of Dr. Cook. "Doc. Cook" in those days was a very notorious individual, but the young people of to-day have probably no recollection of the man who was the pseudo-discoverer of the Pole, and descending on Europe before the arrival of Peary, did what he could to steal the thunder.

On June 10th a distinguished company gathered at the Savoy under the chairmanship of Lord Alverstone. Among many other Pilgrims present, Captain Robert Scott, of Southern Polar fame, came over to London especially to meet our American guest. The Savoy had fixed up an effective scheme of decoration across the end of the dining hall, in a scenic representation of the polar sea, with the *Roosevelt* enclosed between the icebergs.

Lord Alverstone welcomed our guest as the man who had achieved the great ambition of the Anglo-Saxon race for three centuries, by years and years of his own strenuous efforts, and in the truest sense of the word we welcomed a most distinguished Pilgrim.

Peary, after a rousing reception, gave an interesting account of his historic voyage. The *Roosevelt*, he told us, was a complete reversal of the idea and theory of previous arctic ships. The latter were sailing vessels with auxiliary steam power. The *Roosevelt* was a steamship and an auxiliary sailing craft. Of their food, he said, nine-tenths could be used both for the members of the party and for the dogs. It consisted of pemmican, ships biscuits, tins of milk and tea, and all except the tea could be utilized by the dogs, who could then be utilized to feed each other, the remainder, maybe, falling victims to the members of the party. Eventually there would be only the men left. After describing Arctic clothing, and the all-importance of fur, particularly fur from animals living in that very region, Peary added that the reason for the success of the expedition was experience. Many problems had been solved, he added, but others remained, such as the insularity of Greenland, the determination of temperature, current, and so forth. There were great differences between the Northern and Southern Polar regions. At the North

Pole the sea was two miles in depth, at the South Pole the men would be two miles in the air. At the north there were wolf, deer, fox, lemur, and other animals; at the south there was not a single example of land life.

During the course of the evening I received a cable from Ernest Shackleton, asking for his quota to be added to the warmth of welcome The Pilgrims would give to Peary, which, added Shackleton, would be as warm as that which The Pilgrims of America had given to him.

On leaving England, Peary left a farewell message for Captain Scott and the members of his forthcoming Antarctic Expedition. "Captain Scott," he said, "has our very best wishes in every respect. We hope and believe that he is going to win out. He has as many friends in America as he has over here, and no one will be more delighted when he puts the Union Jack on the South Pole than we of the United States." Commander Peary then added that he was going home to rest, he had finished exploring. The object for which he had sought for twenty-four years was now achieved, and, as far as he could see, he would never explore again.

THE U.S. NAVY

NO GUESTS HAVE EVER BEEN MORE WELCOME AT A PILgrims' gathering than have officers of the U.S. Navy, and once again, in November, 1910, we forgathered in honour of Rear-Admiral J. B. Murdock and the officers of the United States Atlantic Fleet. On this occasion the chair was taken by a very appropriate Vice-President, Vice-Admiral Sir Hedworth Lambton.

After referring to the circumstances of the United States Fleet's voyage round the world, a voyage entirely friendly and unaggressive, the Admiral proceeded to

indulge in a sly dig at big ships ; in this country and most of European countries, he proceeded, they had an idea that if they had a certain number of Dreadnoughts, they were perfectly safe. Nonsense, he declared, we could not live by Dreadnoughts alone ; the very size of a Dreadnought in circumstances which may occur every twenty-four hours is her weakness. In the daytime, while the sun is up, they are as proud as Punch, and feel that they are absolutely invincible. Dreadnoughts fear nothing during the daylight, but fear everything during the night. His own experience in naval manœuvres taught him that during one unlucky night half a dozen battleships might be torpedoed. The more one looked back on history, the more certain he became that other qualities besides size exercised a great influence on battles. He then reminded The Pilgrims of the little Hebrew who went confidently forward to slay the Philistine because the latter was so large, and like our Dreadnoughts presented an excellent target to the foe.

Turning to his guests, the Chairman reminded them that naval officers were the most peace-loving people in the world, and the Anglo-Saxon race was the least aggressive that ever existed (this was greeted with cries of "Bravo" and laughter). Although they hated war, yet when an unjust war was forced upon them they were rather fond of fighting.

It was at this same gathering that I first had the pleasure of meeting William Sims, at that time a Commander, with whom I was to be closely associated a few years later when, in due course, he became Admiral in command of the American fleet, in European waters.

THE DOMINION PREMIERS AGAIN

THEN AGAIN, IN MAY, 1911, THE PRIME MINISTERS OF the Dominions assembled in London, and once again the Colonial Secretary sent for me to discuss another Pilgrims' gathering in honour of the distinguished visitors. For the second time our acceptance of this suggestion was immediate and enthusiastic. This particular function aroused at the time intense interest, and many members of The Pilgrims of America made the trip across especially to attend. The night before the function one of the evening papers, in referring to it, said it was expected to exceed in interest and splendour even the memorable banquet at Claridges during the last Imperial Conference, and on the following morning one of the Metropolitan papers, describing the occasion, said, "To The Pilgrims fell the honour of entertaining the Members of the Imperial Conference for the first time at a public function. This took the form of a banquet at the Savoy Hotel at which Lord Roberts presided. To this were bidden all the best-known names in Religion, Politics, Literature, Science, Art and the Law. Some 350 guests were present. They were seated at separate tables and the whole scene was a remarkable microcosm of the Empire."

Our chief guests were Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Prime Minister of Canada; Sir Andrew Fisher, Prime Minister of Australia; General Botha, Prime Minister of South Africa; Sir Joseph Ward, Prime Minister of New Zealand; and Sir Edward Morris, Prime Minister of Newfoundland. In addition to the Prime Ministers were many Premiers of the Canadian Provinces and the States of Australia.

Just before the banquet this telegram was sent to His Majesty, King George. "The Pilgrims, under the Presidency of Lord Roberts assembled at a banquet of welcome in honour of the Prime Ministers of your Majesty's Dominions overseas, desire to take this opportunity of offering their sincere and respectful congratulations to your Majesty on the eve of your Coronation, and rejoice that the first year of your Majesty's reign has witnessed the growth of even closer friendship between the two branches of our race, the cementing of which is the sole object of The Pilgrims on both sides of the Atlantic."

Lord Roberts opened the proceedings by a charming little speech of welcome, introducing each one of the Prime Ministers, his reference to South Africa's Prime Minister being greeted with great enthusiasm. "General Botha," said Lord Roberts, "is no stranger to many of us. This is a real pleasure to me to offer him the heartiest of welcomes. I had a good reason to appreciate General Botha's redoubtable qualities as a soldier in the field, and I have since learnt to respect his statesmanship and patriotism in peace no less than I respected his courage and constancy in war."

Lord Roberts was followed by Sir Edward Grey, who proposed the toast of Anglo-American arbitration. Sir Edward, in referring to this latest effort in our mutual relations, emphasized the fact that the initiative in launching this proposal was taken by the President of the United States, taken with courage and earnest desire to promote national, and in the best sense international welfare. Then he added, "Just as it takes two to make a quarrel, so it takes two to make a treaty, and as you know it was not long after the proposal was launched before it was taken up and accepted publicly in this country. That has brought the question within

the region of practical politics, never, I trust, to leave it again."

John L. Griffiths, at that time Consul-General, and one of the most eloquent Americans ever sent over by his country, either to the Embassy, or to the Consulate, responding to the toast, lauded the efforts of President Taft and Sir Edward Grey in an excellent and spirited speech. Following the Consul-General, I read out to The Pilgrims a message which had just been received from His Majesty King George : "The King heartily thanks The Pilgrims for their kind congratulations on his approaching coronation. It is His Majesty's earnest hope that the high ideals that the Society have in view may be amply secured," and then the grand old man of the Law, the Earl of Halsbury, proposed the toast of "Our Guests."

Canada's Prime Minister, in his reply, made a speech which excited considerable interest at the time, because of its unexpected and noteworthy plain speaking on the relationship between Canada and the United States. After referring to the fact that the relations between the two countries had never been so friendly, Sir Wilfrid then continued : "It is not, therefore, without some surprise that I have learnt from many evidences there are men in this country who lie awake at night for fear that Canada may be annexed by the United States. Canada has been blamed in many quarters because we have allowed half a million of United States citizens to cross the border line and settle among us. If it be a crime to allow peaceful citizens of the United States to settle among us, we have participated in that crime ; we have not only allowed them, we have invited them. We have said that if they would come over to Canada they would find land superior to that in their own land, and that they would find laws as good and institutions

as generous, and that they would find the Monarchy of George V. just as democratic and free as the Presidency of Mr. Taft." Continual cheering punctuated one sentence after another as Sir Wilfred continued : "We asked them to share our lands, our laws and our institutions on one condition : that they would become British subjects, swear allegiance to King George. Half of them have already taken that oath of allegiance, and His Majesty has no better citizens ; but many of my fellow citizens have come to me and asked me for my candid opinion as to whether the United States are not coveting Canada. My answer is that I should be very much surprised if they did not. They would be quite human if they did. An American always knows a good thing when he sees it. I have never heard anybody suggest that the people of the United States thought of obtaining Canada by war, but it may be, it will be said, that there is a possibility of their seducing us from our allegiance. I have no hesitation in saying that I am an admirer of the people of the States. I admire the great fight they made for freedom. I love the United States, but much as I love them, I love Britain still more, and if our friends on the other side of the line were to come to us and ask us to join them our answer would be the answer of Diogenes to Alexander : 'Move away out of our sunlight.'

"There was a time when the people of the United States thought that their destiny was to cover the whole Continent. They have since discovered that they have problems enough of their own to solve without taking on those of Canada. We are content to remain two nations sharing this great Continent. We trust the United States and the United States trusts us, and I look forward to the day when there will be a grand alliance between all sections of the English-speaking

race. If that day comes the peace of the world will be secured for ever."

Amidst rousing cheers the silver-tongued orator of Canada resumed his seat.

Following this gathering for the Prime Ministers, described on either side of the Atlantic as an "historic occasion," The Pilgrims' next function in March, 1912, was a very peaceful little family affair, and dealt with the morals of animals and not those of men. We forgathered to meet Ernest Thompson Seton, the well-known naturalist who had founded the theory that the ten commandments were fundamental laws for all creation, and gave us numerous instances of recognition of property rights. He was also very interesting with regard to his ideas on the evolution of monogamy, and suggested that if it came to a clash between a polygamous animal and a monogamous animal the latter always won ; the young of the monogamous had two adults to protect them, the polygamous only one, and that the weaker. The blue foxes in Alaska understood among themselves what their area was ; beyond that they would scarcely go. They also were absolutely monogamous. If one partner died, it was extremely hard to get the other to mate. So strict had the lines been on which these foxes lived that the hunter reported to the Senate "until we can break down the high moral standard of the foxes our profits will be greatly curtailed."

Patrick Francis Murphy, one of New York's most delightful speakers, in thanking Mr. Seton, suggested that his reference to monogamy reminded him of a small boy who, when asked for a definition of "monotony," said, "monotony is living with one wife."

Another family gathering which took place in the following month was one to Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell,

better known as "Grenfell of Labrador." It was an inspiration to listen to this splendid, quiet worker, as he told us something aboutthe sterling stuff in those simple fisher folk who get their meagre livelihood under the hardest and most adverse climatic conditions. No man ever carried out a finer job than did Grenfell in bettering the lot of his far-flung protectorate, with its 800 miles of rugged coastline.

TENTH BIRTHDAY IN LONDON

WITH THE EXCEPTION OF ONE OR TWO OCCASIONS IN THE days of our infancy, The Pilgrims had not gone in for annual dinners, but we considered that, having arrived at the end of our first decade, it was only right and proper to celebrate the occasion of the foundation of the Club ten years ago. I have every reason to remember that particularly happy party because of the fact that a very delightful surprise was sprung upon me. Our veteran President, Lord Roberts, hale and hearty in spite of his eighty years, presided, and over thirty Pilgrims came across from New York to emphasize the friendly relations existing between the two sections of The Pilgrims' Club. Canada also was represented, among others, by her eloquent Minister of Commerce. the Hon. George E. Foster, the American Ambassador, Mr. Whitelaw Reid, was present, and among the 350 Pilgrims, men of every sort of eminence crowded the room. I can well endorse what was stated by one of the Metropolitan papers in reporting the proceedings : "We doubt whether a better run of after-dinner speeches has been heard for years."

From His Majesty the King we had a gracious message, and a rousing cable from The Pilgrims of

BRITISH WAR MISSION

Mr. A. J. Balfour in New York with Mr. Joseph Choate, May, 1917

AMERICAN OFFICERS' GOLF TOURNAMENT AT WALTON HEATH

Bronze Lions (with untwistable tails !)

America. Excellent speeches were made by Dr. Manning (then Rector of Trinity, now Bishop of New York), as well as by the then Postmaster-General, Mr. Herbert Samuel. The former, in the course of his brief address, told us two entertaining stories ; the first was a little incident which befell him early in his career, when it was his privilege and pleasure to be working in one of the southern cities. "We received," he said, "a visit from the late Admiral Schley who, on a Sunday night, attended service in my Church ; the local paper on the following morning announced the fact in these words : 'Admiral and Mrs. Schley attended service last night in Christchurch and listened to a sermon, by the Rector, the Rev. W. T. Manning, after which they were driven to their hotel and took a much-needed rest.' "

Another story which much amused The Pilgrims was one he related of a man who happened to meet in the street a friend whom he had not seen for many years. Said he, "Why, how are you ? It is a long time since I have seen you. What have you been doing all this time ?" "Well," replied he, "I have had my ups and downs, but, thank God, I am pretty much where I was." "Why ?" said his friend, "what has happened to you ?" "Well, my uncle died and left me a lot of money, and I put it into a sheep ranch out in Colorado." "Oh," said his friend, "that was good." "Well," he replied, "it was not so very good, because it turned out that the ranch had no water on it and the sheep all died." "Oh," his friend said, "that was bad." "Well, it was not so very bad, because it was the means of my meeting a very handsome young lady, and getting married to her." "Oh," said the friend, "that was good." "Well, not so very good, because she proved to have the worst temper of anyone who has ever lived."

"Oh," said his friend, "that was bad." "Well, not so very bad, because she had lots of money and she built the handsomest house in that part of the country." "That was good," said his friend. "Well, not so very good because the house burnt down and the bonds were in it." "Oh," his friend said, "that was bad." "Well, not so bad as it might have been, because the woman burnt up with it."

The Postmaster-General told us at some length of the different links between the United States and the Empire, suggesting that unquestionably the link that bound the two countries together more than any other was the Postmaster-General, then, as an afterthought, he also added, and The Pilgrims' Club.

George Foster, one of Canada's greatest orators during the last quarter of a century, made a really moving and eloquent speech. One of the newspaper leaders the following morning stated: "Mr. G. E. Foster's speech was of remarkable earnestness and power, and as long as Canadian statesmanship is conducted in this spirit, it will do more than anything else to bind the republic and the British Empire together."

Following George Foster's speech, Lord Roberts called upon the silver-tongued Consul-General, the Hon. John L. Griffiths, who, apparently, with my dear old friends of the Executive Committee, had called together an informal meeting without my knowledge; as the individual who had prepared the toast list I wondered why he was butting in. However, he went on to say: "The important, and difficult, and delicate, and unexpected duty has been assigned to me to surprise our Hon. Secretary." He then suggested that the assembled guests would be impressed with the magnitude of his task, because "in this specific Hon. Secretary were combined Scottish thrift, German thoroughness, Irish

wit, French joyousness, Canadian optimism, American aggressiveness, and English shyness." Loud laughter followed the latest suggestion. "And yet," he said, "it is not difficult in a sense to surprise him because of his abnormal reticence and his disinclination to ask questions."

After pulling my leg a little longer, he then did succeed in filling me with a certain amount of bashfulness when he continued : "It usually happens that the success of any undertaking can be attributed to the imagination, the resourcefulness, the enthusiasm and courage of one man. While the co-operation of many minds has been necessary to give The Pilgrims the assured position the Society occupies, still I feel we all agree that we owe our prosperity more to Harry Brittain than to anyone else. He has a genius for organization. Whatever the occasion may be, the success of the event is assured if he can only overcome his temperamental timidity and be induced to take the initiative. An English poet, doubtless thinking of his multitudinous activities, of his many attachments, accomplishments and achievements, casually referred to him the other day as our 'Greater Britain.' While the Pilgrims feel that they never can make any adequate recognition of all that he has done for them, nevertheless they are anxious to show in some way an appreciation of his unselfish labours. He was recently presented by the British Newspaper Proprietors with a portrait of himself, before which, I am informed, he stands at least half an hour every day in silence, and in reverent admiration. You may find him any afternoon in the Royal Academy, and always in the same place." (I need hardly add that loud laughter followed this.)

"The Committee of The Pilgrims, when they were considering what form the surprise should take, felt that nothing could please him as much as a picture of the one

who had been the inspiration of all his labours, and whose approval means more to him than the praise of all the world beside. We much regret that the portrait of Mrs. Harry Brittain is not finished, but on this Anniversary night we want to assure our friend that something beautiful is coming to him, and that later the formal presentation will be made. We wish him every joy and happiness. He has so many good friends that he need never lack advice, and he is such a magnetic listener that they need never lack for a sympathetic audience. No one, I am sure, has done more than Mr. Harry Brittain to confirm that friendship between England and America which has continued, though seriously disturbed now and again, for nearly a hundred years, and which, we trust, may last for ever. I ask you, then, to lift your glasses to drink to the health of the Pilgrim whom we all delight to honour, the Pilgrim who, however travel-stained and weary, always abounds in good cheer, and in the warmth of whose geniality, pessimism and cynicism melt away, and life becomes a vivid and vital experience immensely worth the living."

I have had the temerity to quote a good deal of the speech of my dear old friend, John L. Griffiths, not only because of the fact that naturally I appreciated enormously what he said, as well as the touching reception it got from all my good brother Pilgrims, but because as an effort of speech-making it was so delightfully balanced that it has since been incorporated in one of the volumes of the "Book of Public Speaking," issued by the Caxton Publishing Company, as a model of what a speech should be on such an occasion. It is needless for me to add that I was not successful in achieving the same delightful balance in my very embarrassed, halting but utterly grateful reply.

At the end of that year, 1912, we said *au revoir* to the very popular First Secretary of the American Embassy, William Phillips. Phillips was a very old friend of the Pilgrims and of each and all of us, for he had come to England for the first time in 1903, in the days when Joseph Choate was Ambassador, and as Sir Gilbert Parker, who presided at our little send-off gathering, reminded us, he took a return ticket on leaving England. We hoped that "Billy" Phillips would again take a return ticket, and would return to a still more important position in the service of his country. William Phillips, one of the little band of Americans who has made a career of diplomacy, has been an outstanding success in every post he has filled in many parts of the world. He is the very best type of kindly, well-travelled, cultured American gentleman.

In December, 1912, to the deep regret of all who knew him, the American Ambassador died. Whitelaw Reid's career was certainly a most romantic and honourable one—a poor boy, born in an obscure town in Ohio, he rose to the highest position in American journalism, to posts of intimate confidence in the Councils of his country, and finally to the most coveted position in the American Diplomatic Service. King George personally notified the fact of Mr. Whitelaw Reid's death. The memorial service was held in Westminster Abbey and his body was carried home to his native land by the British cruiser *Natal*.

The Ambassador passed away on the eve of a great meeting which had been arranged to take place at the Mansion House to celebrate the Centenary of Peace between the British Empire and the United States. The Lord Mayor, who presided, read out a letter which he had received only a day or two before from Mr. Reid, who said that he particularly wished to be present

as he regarded this as an event of enormous importance, and thought that a failure to give it such a celebration as should challenge the attention of the whole world would be a crime. It was at that meeting that we decided to purchase the old home of the Washingtons, Sulgrave Manor, and an International Committee to keep the two countries in touch was duly formed. It is now, of course, past history that the great World War postponed, *sine die*, those celebrations which should have taken place in 1915.

TENTH BIRTHDAY IN NEW YORK

AS A RETURN VISIT TO THAT PAID BY MEMBERS OF THE Pilgrims of America on our tenth anniversary, I gladly accepted the invitation from New York to represent our President, Lord Roberts, and the British Pilgrims at the tenth anniversary gathering of our sister society. This date in February fitted in admirably, for it also gave me the opportunity, as Chairman of the Overseas Committee, of going ahead with arrangements for the forthcoming celebration of the 100 years of peace. On arrival in New York by the good ship *Carmania*, my first entertainment, and one which I much appreciated, was a luncheon given in my honour by Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, at the National Arts Club, to meet his colleagues on the Editorial Staff of the *Outlook*. It was always a joy to meet the great T. R., and on this particular occasion he was in tremendous form.

In New York at that time there were two old friends of mine, both distinguished Englishmen, the Bishop of Ripon and Sir Ernest Shackleton, and they willingly agreed to my suggestion that they combine with me as

a little deputation from the Pilgrims of Great Britain to the sister society's tenth anniversary.

In the New York *Tribune* of February 3rd, 1913, dealing with this function there is a lengthy article on the history of The Pilgrims, where the statement is made that The Pilgrims' Society of America exists not only for the purpose of fostering by social means friendly understanding between the people of the United States and those of Great Britain, but also to bring distinguished visitors from the Old Country into contact with the leading citizens of New York, and the most eminent men of America. "There is," said the *Tribune*, no public office or organization in New York which has the means, the power or the equipment for the suitable entertainment and welcome of the notable guests from the various parts of the British Empire. The Society of American Pilgrims undertake this pleasant and hospitable duty here, as the English Pilgrims do when eminent Americans visit London. Thus, when Field-Marshal Lord Kitchener spent several days here on his way home from India and Japan, he was, throughout his entire stay, the guest of the American Pilgrims' Society, which at the splendid banquet it gave in his honour enabled him to meet some 700 of the principal citizens of this great Metropolis, while it extended similar hospitality in the name of New York to Earl Grey when he came down from Ottawa to make the first official visit ever paid by a Governor-General of Canada to the Empire City of America. It is difficult to estimate the value of The Pilgrims' service, but it is no exaggeration to say that there is no connecting link between the two nations more influential for peace, goodwill and friendship than The Pilgrims' Society on both sides of the Atlantic."

Five hundred strong we gathered at the "Waldorf"

under the chairmanship of Mr. Joseph Choate, who was in excellent form. Mr. Choate referred to the late King Edward and Queen Alexandra as two of the most devoted friends of the United States we ever had, who never lost occasion to manifest their ardent goodwill, their never-failing interest in America. Loud cheers greeted his remarks, which were enthusiastically repeated when Mr. Choate read out a personal cable message from King George, as well as one from Queen Alexandra. Mr. Choate, in referring to the fact that we were entering upon the celebration of the Peace Centenary, said: "We have kept the peace for a hundred years because, in the main and in the long run, the peoples are one, united in sentiment and united in all the concerns and things that make for civilization. We might have fought a dozen times in those hundred years, but we have kept the peace always by the preservation on both sides of absolute good faith and fidelity to the promises that we have made to one another."

In due course I said my little piece, submitting the message of congratulations and goodwill from the British Pilgrims, and in their name presented Mr. Choate with a gold salver containing bread and salt, the traditional pilgrims' fare. Admirable speeches were made by my two good friends, Bishop Boyd Carpenter, and Sir Ernest Shackleton who, with myself, represented the British Pilgrims.

The gaiety of the evening was added to by the presentation, with the athletic assistance of R. A. C. Smith, of a huge silver trophy to George T. Wilson, and a loving-cup to William Curtis Demorest, Chairman and Treasurer of the Pilgrims respectively. It was altogether a grand evening, with enthusiasm running high.

Following this Pilgrims' banquet, I put in a very

strenuous month in the United States and Canada with Mr. Choate. I addressed various meetings on the Peace Centenary, and then at the request of the Canadians, went up to Ottawa to be present at the formation of the Executive Committee for Canada, for which Sir Edmund Walker, a leading banker, was appointed President. After addresses to the Canadian Clubs in Montreal and Toronto and the Women's Canadian Club, where I am reminded that I enjoyed the rare experience of having half my address published in the *Montreal Star* on Monday, February 17th, 1913, and the conclusion of that same address, another three columns, on the following day. This was followed by a little talk at the fiftieth-anniversary gathering of the Old Union League Club in New York, and then came a meeting or two at Washington, followed by an interview with President Taft at the White House.

Before sailing for home by the southern route, for I felt that a slight rest cure was due to me, I had a splendid send-off dinner from the New York Press Club, where I threw out the suggestion that at the right time and place, the right kind of conference between leading newspaper men of the British Empire and the United States, might be productive of sound practical results.

This function followed a luncheon presided over by Cornelius Vanderbilt and given by the members of the National Committee, at which I was asked to convey invitation to the British Committee to send over delegates as the guests of America, to organize further the International Committee and be responsible for subsequent arrangements. This delegation, under the chairmanship of Lord Weardale, duly left for New York at the end of April. It contained, among others, Sir Arthur Lawley, Sir George Reid, officially representing the Australian Commonwealth, Lord Stanhope, Arthur

Shirley Benn, Sir Herbert Maxwell, two very able young Members of Parliament, Neil Primrose and Charles Mills, as well as distinguished representatives of the City of Ghent, where the Treaty was signed. On their arrival they were most hospitably entertained by the Pilgrims of America, who did much to make both the visit and various subsequent meetings run on pleasant and successful lines.

WELCOME TO WALTER HINES PAGE

IN THE MEANTIME A NEW AMBASSADOR HAD BEEN appointed to the Court of St. James's—Walter Hines Page. It had been my good fortune to have known each American Ambassador since my undergraduate days, during which time, incidentally, the Embassy first came into being. Of all those whom I have had the honour to meet there was none who left memories of a more essentially human and lovable character than did Walter Page. I was in touch with him both before and immediately on his arrival, for the purpose of organizing The Pilgrims' welcome to him ; Mr. Page took the greatest interest in every detail, discussing each item most carefully. The gathering took place on Friday, June 6th, 1913, when in a speech of about three-quarters of an hour, the Ambassador entirely captured the brilliant and distinguished audience which had gathered under the chairmanship of that fine old veteran, Lord Roberts, our President.

In addition to messages from the American Pilgrims and one from the U.S. section of the Anglo-American Peace Centenary Committee, the following cable came from the New York Press Club :

"Page was once our brother craftsman in journalism, and his appointment as Ambassador confers honour upon our profession. We congratulate The Pilgrims and express confidence that excellency of appointment will knit still closer the bond of Anglo-American friendship."

No expression of confidence ever proved more entirely true than did this prophecy of newspaper men.

Before leaving the subject of messages in this connexion there is a brief story against myself which should perhaps be told.

Some time before this Pilgrims' function, Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, our Minister to Sweden, with whom I had spent many happy hours in that attractive land, was appointed British Ambassador to Washington, but had not yet left to take up his new post.

Thinking that I had hit upon a rather bright suggestion I send a note to Stockholm asking whether, as Ambassador elect, he would care to send me a short message which could be added to those we hoped to receive on that great occasion.

In due course came the reply which read as follows : "My dear Harry, I have often heard of a message from the tomb, but never one from the embryo."

I found this quite unanswerable.

The American Ambassador's health was proposed by the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Sir Edward Grey, who prefaced his speech with a graceful tribute to the memory of Mr. Page's immediate predecessor, Mr. Whitelaw Reid. Mr. Page said the time had long since passed when there was any need—if need there ever was—of make-shifts and make-believes in the intercourse between the United States and this country. After a reference to the fact that there was no anti-

American party in this realm and that therefore an American Ambassador might commit a reasonable number of indiscretions and it would be nobody's professional duty to draw and quarter him, Mr. Page paid tribute to Mr. Bryce's work in America.

There were many questions, he added, which interested an American citizen, such as Municipal Government and the problem of the countryside, and he asked to be allowed to study them during his stay in this country as a working member of the great English-speaking democracy.

The following day *The Times* had an interesting leader on the subject of the "Outstretched hand," under the title of the "New American Ambassador." "An unusually distinguished company met last night under the auspices of the Pilgrims Society to greet the new American Ambassador, Mr. Walter Hines Page. There have been many such gatherings on occasions in the past. They have become, indeed, a custom of which is to be found in its singularity—nothing like it exists anywhere else; no Ambassador to this or any other nation is similarly honoured. For the representative of a foreign power to be feted on his recall in the capital of a state to which he is accredited is common enough, but for the representative of a foreign power to be hailed with welcoming words almost from the moment of his arrival, when he has barely had time to present his credentials, before he has given any token either of his personality or of his diplomatic policy, this is an experience which alone among the diplomatists of the world is enjoyed by the American Ambassador to the Court of St. James's. It is intended to be, we need hardly say, precisely what it is—a unique compliment, a recognition on our part that Great Britain and the United States stand to one another in a special relation-

ship, and that between them some departure from the merely official attitude is of all things the most natural. The presence and speeches last night of such men as Lord Roberts and Sir Edward Grey were meant to convince Mr. Page that the welcome extended to him, however local in form, is national in the feeling behind it, and that it would be against the grain of British instincts if no distinction were to be drawn between the American and other Ambassadors."

The *Observer*, under the title "Ambassadors All"—"The after-dinner oratory of The Pilgrims is always unmatched. The reason is not far to seek. They gather at their banquet all that is best and noblest in the public life of two great nations, and the speakers, heart and soul in the cause of friendship, have no desires save to speak the truth from their hearts. Truth mixed with good will is at the root of all friendly relations between the United States and ourselves."

From being an honoured guest we turned the American Ambassador shortly afterwards into a host for the next great gathering of The Pilgrims on November 6th of the same year. Page, who was then firmly established in the affections of this country, agreed to preside over a very representative gathering in honour of James Bryce on his return after serving six and a-half years as British Ambassador at Washington. In welcoming Bryce the Ambassador very effectively outlined himself in saying that "if there were anything better than a first-class Ambassador he would say it was a first-class interpreter of a nation and of its interests, and if there were anything better than such a first-class interpreter, it was a first-class man. If these three high qualities were united in any person, that was the kind of person for The Pilgrims to honour and to welcome."

The Ambassador then added that he had been

commanded by the President of the United States to read to the company this message: "Few men have done more than Mr. Bryce in strengthening the ties of friendship and of brotherhood which unite England and the United States, and which have been the cause of a common inspiration, and a high example to the whole world."

Mr. Page caused some amusement when he went on to declare that they were simple folk in the United States. They thought more of a good writer, and especially of a good and friendly writer about themselves, than they thought of any ambassador, and Sir Edward Grey himself would not misunderstand him when he said that outside the small official circle Mr. Bryce was never thought of as an ambassador. On the very fence of the British Embassy at Washington there was a tablet with this inscription: "In this house lived from 1907 to 1913 James Bryce, the Author of the American Commonwealth." No wonder the feeling grew up that he knew Americans better than they knew themselves.

Dr. Page, in a little interlude, then informed The Pilgrims that the gift to myself to mark the celebration of our tenth anniversary was now in hand, that the portrait of my wife was being painted by the great Anglo-American artist, James J. Shannon, R.A., and that in due course The Pilgrims would be summoned together for the presentation.

Among the many distinguished Americans who gathered to honour Mr. Bryce was Myron Herrick, the well-beloved American Ambassador to France, who, in supporting the Chairman, said that such had been American confidence in Mr. Bryce's impersonal quality of mind that it had made them examine even his critical judgments without resentment. Mr. Bryce in his reply

dealt with the various vexed questions which he had to endeavour to settle on his arrival at Washington, questions which had accumulated for many years, and which caused a strong divergence of opinion between the two countries ; some were concerned with Canada's relations to the United States, others to questions of the Panama tolls, and so on. All the difficulties he apprehended dissolved like the morning mist in sunshine. He did not believe that there were any people in the world who were more desirous to set a high standard of honour and of good feeling in the conduct of international affairs than were the people of the United States as a whole, and he would like to bear tribute to the spirit in which these questions had been discussed by nine-tenths of the Press in the United States. With regard to Canada, he had received the most valuable help from the Governor-General, Lord Grey, as well as from Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Sir Robert Borden, the two brilliant and successive Prime Ministers.

Impressive was the contrast of the sentiments of the people of the United States now with those in 1870. He did not think so great a change had ever come over the sentiments of a nation, and he dated it from the settlement of the Alabama question, which was one of the greatest international acts ever achieved by statesmen. He had recently come across with thirty or forty schoolmistresses who were visiting this country, and he thought they would carry back to their pupils a very different impression of King George V and his Government from that which the schoolbooks used to give of George III and his Government.

Following this gathering for Mr. Bryce, my associations with America during the next three months were concentrated on the southern half of that great continent, for I left in December on a mission to the Brazilian

Government, and found the temperature of the beautiful city of Rio at the wrong time of the year rather like that of the tropical house at Kew. What did more than anything else to keep me fit was a fast bout of tennis most evenings at sundown with the very popular American Chargé d'Affaires, Butler Wright.

During the early part of 1914 the American Pilgrims held informal gatherings on four occasions to welcome four well-known men from this side of the water, the recipients of their hospitality being Lord Kintore, Sir Francis Younghusband, Sir William Willcocks, and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Sir William Willcocks, at that time engaged in the work of regulating the great rivers Tigris and Euphrates, was the noted English engineer largely responsible for the great Assuan Dam, and, incidentally, discovered in Egypt a strip of land which many scientific investigators believe to have been the Garden of Eden. In the *New York Times* of May 16th, I am reminded that I sent across a cable to our sister society : "Willcocks may dam Assuan, but he cannot dam Pilgrim hospitality."

Mr. Joseph Choate presided at this luncheon, and speaking of Sir William's work in Egypt, he said that his efforts to enable the Egyptian peasants to cultivate their own lands for their own use was good democracy in the highest sense. Willcocks amused his host by suggesting that some of the Orientals among whom he had worked would make the best politicians on earth. "The Oriental is not greatly alarmed at stories of the acceptance of graft and bribes," he said. "In fact," he said, "he thinks the man who would refuse either is quite foolish."

In the meanwhile, on this side on April 23rd we gave a dinner to Sir Ernest Shackleton, to give him an opportunity to outline the plan of his South Pole

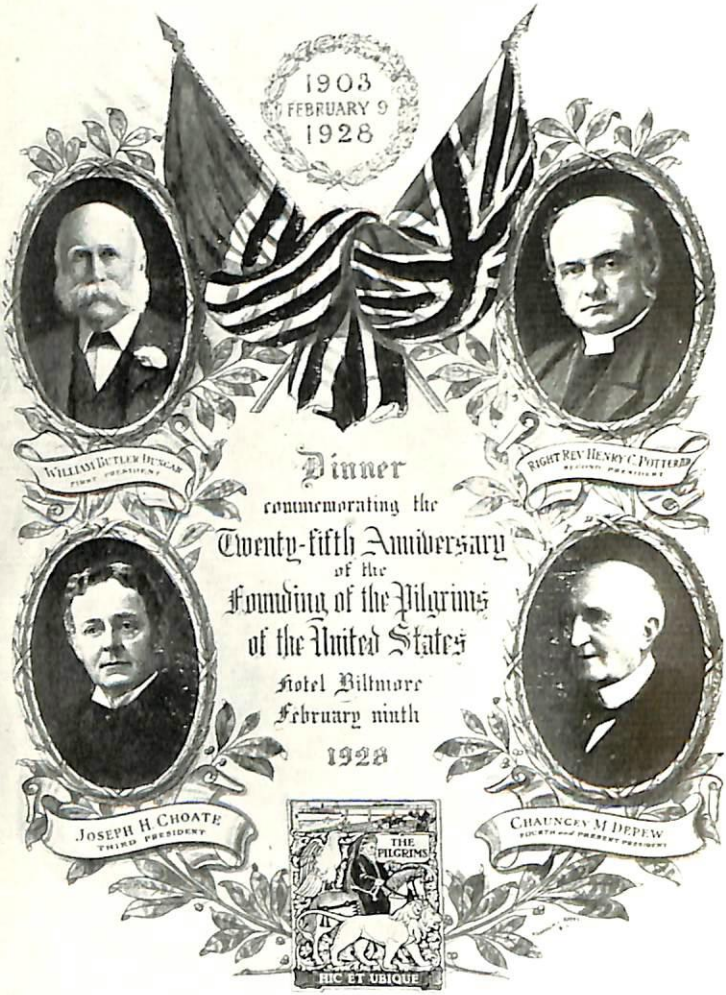
When on a visit to America after the last war, Sir Harry Brittain took with him an old English Loving Cup, which was formally accepted by the Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Navy on behalf of American Officers.

General Pershing informed Sir Harry that the trophy would be competed for between the great Naval and Military Colleges, Annapolis and West Point, and awarded to whichever of these two great athletic rivals obtained the supremacy in the three major sports of the year, football, basketball and baseball.

The Loving Cup bears the following inscription :

"Presented by Sir Harry Brittain, K.B.E., M.P., Founder & Chairman of the American Officers' Club in London 1917–1919, as a souvenir of many happy memories which will be for ever retained by himself and his colleagues who were privileged to act as hosts to Officers of the United States Army and Navy during the Great War.

"This old English Loving Cup was made in the year 1772 by Parker and Wakelin, Goldsmiths to the Prince of Wales."


1903
FEBRUARY 9
1928
WILLIAM BUTLER DUNCAN
FIRST PRESIDENT
RIGHT REV HENRY C POTTER
SECOND PRESIDENT
Dinner
commemorating the
Twenty-fifth Anniversary
of the
Founding of the Pilgrims
of the United States
Hotel Biltmore
February ninth
1928
JOSEPH H CHOATE
THIRD PRESIDENT
CHAUNCEY M DEPEW
FOURTH and PRESENT PRESIDENT
THE PILGRIMS
HIC ET UBIQUE

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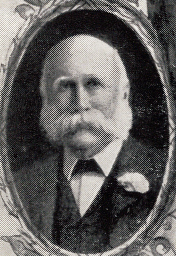
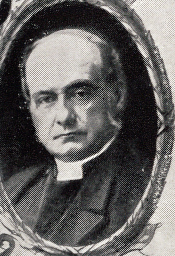
1928



WILLIAM BUTLER DUNCAN
FIRST PRESIDENT



RIGHT REV. HENRY C. POTTER
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THIRD PRESIDENT

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FOURTH and PRESENT PRESIDENT

Expedition. The Chairman was Arthur Shirley Benn (afterwards Lord Glenravel), a very popular and stalwart member of the Committee. Shackleton, after telling us something of the fascination in marching along into an unknown country and the impelling force which drew himself and his friends away from civilization into arduous toil, said the question had often been asked him—what was the good of it all? He had had to reply that there was no immediate economic good, but was able to add that the cost of the last expedition would, within three or four years, be saved by the magnetic work accomplished. The observations made in the neighbourhood of the South Magnetic Pole had shown that the variation lines on the charts used by all ships travelling south of the Equator were a little bit out. The lines had now been altered, and each ship saved perhaps one or two hours on the voyage. The saving thus effected amounted in a few years to much more than the £45,000 which the last polar expedition had cost. On this occasion their intention was to pay particular attention to meteorology. His trans-continental party of six men hoped to do the journey in four and a-half months. With the help of the Royal Army Medical College a perfect daily ration had been evolved weighing far less than had ever been the case before. They were also taking sledges which weighed only 38 lb. as against 60 lb. on the last journey. Similarly with their tents, a reduction from 60 lb. to 34 lb. Nothing had pleased him more than the fact that all the old comrades who were with him throughout the hardships and troubles of the last expedition had volunteered and were going with him again. Shackleton, who was an old friend of mine, possessed personal magnetism, and was a born leader. A few days after this Pilgrim function he left for the snow-covered mountains near Finse in Norway,

and I had the interesting experience of being one of his party; our purpose was to test out all the appliances for the expedition and particularly the motor sledges under conditions as near as possible to the Antarctic. However, that little story is told elsewhere.

In June of 1914 an English team journeyed to Meadowbrook in an attempt to win the International Polo Cup. Before the series of matches started Captain Leslie Cheape was the victim of an accident, and the American Polo Association, with true sportsmanship, postponed the series of games until his recovery. This action was immensely appreciated in England. The games were followed with the greatest enthusiasm on either side of the Atlantic, and there was naturally considerable gratification on this side when England won. On their return we gave a luncheon in honour of the victorious team on July 1st, with Field-Marshal Lord Roberts in the chair. Lord Roberts said that we had never had a more welcome surprise than when we received the cable that Captain Barrett and his comrades had defeated the formidable American team in the first match, and their anxiety was relieved when that news was followed by the announcement that the British team had been successful in the tremendous struggle of the second game.

Recalling the origin of polo, Lord Roberts said that chagen, the ancient polo of the East, was different from the exciting game of to-day. He first saw it on the borders of Tibet in 1854. It was played in a cramped valley about 50 yards long and very narrow. The teams were mounted on small, thick-set ponies which could not go faster than a slow amble. The sticks were heavy, clumsy-looking things, with a ball much larger than those now used. Speaking of the evolution of the game in England and America, Lord Roberts declared

that our defeat in 1909 was a blessing in disguise. Our domestic polo had become stagnant and stereotyped, and the shock administered to our methods by Mr. Whitney's team was salutary. The skipper, Captain Barrett, who was received with great enthusiasm, said that when it came to oratory he must plead his miserably low handicap for anything he might leave unsaid, but nothing too much could be said to that audience with regard to the sportsmanship and generosity shown by their friends on the other side of the Atlantic.

Another function during that month of June in which The Pilgrims, or many of them, were good enough to give me a helping hand, was the great Peace Centenary Ball and Pageant at the Albert Hall. It was the first function arranged by the British committee for the celebration of the hundredth anniversary of peace among English-speaking peoples, and both our people and well-known Americans then in London collaborated heartily to make it a success. A series of wonderful processions was arranged, beginning with the aborigines in tribal dresses and running down to the procession in which contained the beautiful representatives of the forty-eight states.

I was asked to arrange a procession of the Pilgrim Fathers, which I readily agreed to do, and for this purpose many brother Pilgrims came forward, and not only joined my little band, but brought with them the requisite number of Pilgrim Mothers, as well as a few Pilgrim Children. Among the Pilgrim Fathers I can recollect were John L. Garvin, Gordon Selfridge, Hamar Greenwood (now Viscount Greenwood), and Sir Frank Newnes. The processions were reviewed, quite properly, by Columbus, and after representatives of those who had had their part in the history of America, came a second set symbolizing the English-speaking peoples following

Britannia and Columbia. The American group representing the forty-eight states was composed entirely of American ladies, and I am reminded by *The Times* that all who took part either in that particular group or in the Canadian, Australian, South African, Indian or New Zealand group, came from the countries they represented. "This fact combined with the symbolical interest of the costumes worn gave the stately and beautiful ceremonial with its special and appropriate music a profound significance and interest. The money raised at this great gathering was to be devoted towards the purchase of Sulgrave Manor, the foundation of a permanent Chair of Anglo-American history," . . . and so forth.

It certainly was a memorable evening, and I quite agree with the description in one of the London papers which said : "The cosmopolitan grouping of nations, of colony and of colour was without exception the most beautiful and striking spectacle seen in London since the Diamond Jubilee."

SULGRAVE MANOR PURCHASED

BEFORE THE GREAT WAR PUT A STOP, OR AT LEAST enforced a long postponement to the celebration of the centenary of peace between Britain and America, the British Committee was able to carry out one most interesting task, namely, the purchase of Sulgrave Manor ; this old home of the Washingtons we hoped to restore as closely as possible to what we believed was its original condition. On purchase we found it a somewhat dilapidated shrine, for the house had been neglected, and vandals had, alas, been busy. The ten acres surrounding the Manor, which were also purchased,

were in a very rough and unkempt condition ; our hope, in due course, was to lay it out as an old English garden of the sixteenth century.

On July 27th a few of us, headed by the Duke of Teck, comprising, among others, Lord Shaw, Arthur Shirley Benn, my lady and myself, together with Dr. Page, the American Ambassador, as our distinguished guest, made our way to Sulgrave, where the inhabitants of the peaceful little village had prepared a most enthusiastic welcome. We went through the formality of handing over the key to the American Ambassador, who then opened the principal door of the house, a fine old door which has above it the Washington coat of arms, the Stars and Stripes. Before returning to London we were entertained by the Mayor at luncheon in Northampton, and later by Lord Spencer at his beautiful place, Althorp Park, where we were shown several most interesting Washington records and relics.

That visit to Sulgrave was a delightful little gathering in the heart of England, and Dr. Page was in his very happiest vein. Unfortunately, the pictorial representation of the visit was lost, for a series of films which were taken of the different points in the ceremony, through some accident after development, were unfortunately burnt ; but that little gathering constituted the opening of this historic English home which has since become a Mecca for American visitors, growing more and more in popularity each succeeding year.

The last big function held in London before the Great War I am never likely to forget, for it was a most wonderful and generous tribute to my humble services from a large gathering of my distinguished brother Pilgrims, both British and American, who forgathered in my honour for the presentation of Sir James Shannon's portrait of my wife in commemoration of the tenth

anniversary of the Club. Lord Roberts had told me that he wished to take the chair and personally make the presentation, but at the last moment he was called off to advise at the War Office, and the American Ambassador, supported by Lord Bryce, very kindly took his place.

At the twenty-five or thirty tables scattered round the banqueting hall at the Savoy were all my old Pilgrim friends. In addition to the Ambassador and Lord Bryce our own little round table also comprised Earl Grey, Lord Burnham, the Canadian High Commissioner, Lord Rothermere, Sir Ray Lankester and Lord Kinnaird. It was altogether for me a most delightful function, though naturally an embarrassing one. After the American Ambassador had said the very kindest things, and referred to the fact that the portrait was that of a lady whom they all admired, Lord Bryce continued in the same more than kindly strain.

One sentence, perhaps, I may quote: "We are friends with European countries, and we earnestly hope and pray that the scourge of war may yet be avoided. We have with America more than friendship. It is a mutual understanding. We have with the United States a mutual understanding and personal affection which cannot exist equally well between ourselves and any other country. It is for that affection that Harry Brittain has laboured, and laboured with a success which we all appreciate, and for which we heartily thank him. It is that affection which we hope will go on increasing so long as the two countries exist."

I found it very difficult to reply to all these kindly eulogies, and was glad there were no more speeches, but in their stead a happy procession of loyal old friends who came up to shake me by the hand and offer me their sincere good wishes and congratulations.

WAR

THIS, THEN, AS I HAVE ALREADY STATED, PROVED TO BE the last big social function of its kind to take place in London in what we now look back upon as happy, care-free pre-war days ; a few hours later the clash of arms echoed through Europe, and within that week Great Britain had taken her stand behind the Allies. The outbreak of war naturally put a stop to the normal activities of The Pilgrims on this side of the Atlantic, but useful work was consistently carried on in very many directions.

One of the first efforts of our American friends in London was to make all possible arrangements for the thousands of American visitors caught in the maelstrom and scattered all over the continent of Europe ; for this purpose an American Citizens Emergency Committee was formed to evolve means of transport, finance and information. One of the most active members of this Committee was Mr. Herbert C. Hoover, afterwards President of the United States.

Doubtless because I was Chairman of The Pilgrims, I was invited as the one Englishman to serve on this committee for the purpose of acting as the link between that committee and our authorities. Like most other people, I had, of course, volunteered as soon as the war broke out, but informed the committee that until wanted for any particular purpose for my own country, I should be very proud to serve with my American friends. The Savoy Hotel generously gave us ample headquarters, and for the next couple of weeks we lived somewhat strenuous lives working night and day in doing what we could to assist back to their native land many thousands of stranded citizens.

In November of that year The Pilgrims suffered a great loss on the sudden death of our beloved President, Lord Roberts. To me it was indeed a particularly heavy blow, for since the foundation of the Club he had always been my guide, philosopher and friend, and I had for this grand old simple soldier a very deep affection. From Mr. Joseph Choate, President of The Pilgrims of America, I received this cablegram :

> "The Pilgrims of the United States, mindful of the primary object of their existence, the preservation and promotion under all circumstances of Anglo-American friendship, and deeply moved by the heroic sacrifices of the English people, desire to express their sympathy in this time of Great Britain's stress and trial, and their great grief at the sudden death of that grand old soldier and hero, Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, who had been President of your Society since its foundation."

Following this cablegram, a few weeks later I received from the American Pilgrims a beautifully engrossed message to convey to Lady Roberts. After expressing eloquently the sympathy of the members of our sister society, the memorial states : "The Pilgrims of this Country will ever think of their friend, the first President of the British Pilgrims, as one whose high character, unaffected simplicity and knightly spirit illustrated the truest ideals of our race, and in this year which completes the Centenary of Peace between the United States and Great Britain the name of Lord Roberts stands to them as a symbol of those qualities upon which is built the lasting friendship of the English-speaking peoples."

This beautiful memorial was signed by Joseph Choate, as President, by the four Vice-Presidents,

Chauncey M. Depew, Nicholas Murray Butler, S. Cunliffe Owen, and George T. Wilson, followed by the signatures of the Executive Committee. Lady Roberts, to whom I handed over this memorial at her home in Ascot, assured me that she and her family would ever value this American tribute.

Following his activities on the American Committee at the outbreak of war, Mr. H. C. Hoover was later appointed Chairman of the Commission for the relief of Belgium, and during the month of February, 1915, gave an account to the members of the British Pilgrims, at a meeting presided over by one of our Vice-Presidents, Field-Marshal Lord Grenfell. It was, indeed, an inspiring story of effort which he was able to give us.

MISSION TO AMERICA

ABOUT THIS TIME I WAS ASKED WHETHER I WOULD UNDERtake a mission to the United States, not unconnected with the war, and particularly connected with the activities of the enemy. I would, of course, sooner have paid a visit to the United States at any other time, but as my humble services had been offered to the powers that be in any kind of capacity, I was naturally only too ready to try and do whatever was required.

For some three or four weeks before leaving I was in close touch with two old friends, Sir Gilbert Parker and Mr. Charles Masterman, who were engaged in clarifying the Allied Cause throughout the various neutral countries. The ostensible reason for which I was to go across the Atlantic was as a Member of the Council of the Royal Colonial Institute (The Royal Empire Society of to-day), to get in touch with the branches in the United States and Canada, to give addresses at

respective centres, and do what was possible to enlarge the membership ; secondly, as Chairman of The Pilgrims' Club, I accepted an invitation from the sister society to pay them a visit as their guest and inform them of European conditions up-to-date.

Before sailing I attended one more meeting of The Pilgrims on April 15th, which date coincided with the 50th Anniversary of the death of Abraham Lincoln. The Hon. W. Cameron Forbes, an ex-Governor of the Philippines, was in the chair, and a most interesting and eloquent address was given by Sir Gilbert Parker. During the evening I received eloquent messages from both Mr. Joseph Choate and also from Lord Bryce, our late Ambassador to Washington, on the subject of Lincoln and Democracy. In winding up the proceedings, Cameron Forbes, after thanking Gilbert Parker for his able and enlightening address, added : "I also feel that we all ought to wish Harry Brittain God-speed, and a safe clearance of England by the *Lusitania* on Saturday, when she bears him to America, and I express to him, on behalf of the people of America, a welcome with open arms." That wondrous welcome during my nine or ten months' tour I certainly received throughout the land of Uncle Sam.

What was fated to be the last trip West of that splendid ship, the *Lusitania*, was a very happy one. I had as companion my old friend, that great genius William Marconi. There were not more than a couple of hundred first-class passengers on board, most of them, of course, crossing for some reason or another in connection with the war. Marconi and I had wonderful staterooms allotted to us, the Regal Suite, or something equally magnificent, and many a happy hour did I spend with him in listening to his discourse on wireless, with results up-to-date, and future aspirations.

Tom Royden, a Director of the Cunard, as able as he was popular, saw us off on board, and introduced us to the various ships' officers. With the Purser, McCubbin, one of the many good fellows drowned a few days later, I had previously crossed on the *Carmania*, and doubtless other ships. He was responsible for persuading me to preside at what proved to be the last concert held on board this famous Cunarder. According to McCubbin, we succeeded in getting a record collection for the number of passengers carried. A message giving me the Freedom of the Port took me rapidly through the Customs shed, and I turned for a last look at the grand old ship, familiarly known as the "Lucy," as with hull and funnels all painted a dusky matt surface, she lay alongside the quay.

DR. NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER

A DAY OR TWO AFTER MY ARRIVAL THE EXECUTIVE OF The Pilgrims of America forgathered in my honour at a dinner at the Union League Club. There was a full attendance, with the exception of Mr. Joseph Choate who, alas, was ill. Chauncey Depew presided, and on my other side was Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler. It was a pleasure, indeed, to meet so many of my good American friends again. Roses and lilac decorated the beautiful table, and between the few short speeches a well-chosen little orchestra entertained us.

Following a delightful message from Pilgrim President Choate, Chauncey Depew's short welcome was followed by a wonderful address from Nicholas Murray Butler. With first-hand knowledge of pre-war Germany, he gave us an insight into those lectures by Treitsche, which he used to attend at the University

of Berlin, and to which officers and members of the Imperial family crowded. In those days, he admitted, he hardly took Treitsche's lectures seriously. His analytical exposition of Prussian character and aims was absolutely brilliant.

Before that date and since I have listened many a time, and always with appreciation, to Nicholas Murray Butler, but that masterly address was the most striking political review I can recall.

After the more formal part of the evening was over we adjourned to another room, and then settled down for a long, long talk on the one burning question of the hour. Those first few days of my American mission were intensely crowded ones. Correspondence galore, delicate interviews, innumerable invitations, rapid journeys to Washington and back, and all with no regular secretarial assistance, made life particularly hectic.

One brief visit I paid to Oyster Bay as the guest of Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, whom I first met when he was President of the United States some years before.

In New York, in Washington, in London, and, above all, at his delightful home on Long Island, I was privileged to spend many a happy hour with this great American.

He was a grand host, full of enthusiasm, with the capacity for provoking a similar spirit in those around him ; possessing a fully fledged sense of humour, he loved a good story, and had a hearty laugh which was as effective as any tonic.

Before leaving New York for my many months' mission in the Middle West, I attended another Pilgrims' gathering—a luncheon on May 6th at the Whitehall Club, in honour of Sir Walter Raleigh of Oxford, and Alfred Noyes, the English poet—the latter at that time attached to Princeton University. Butler

presided, and Walter Raleigh provided a most excellent speech. I did not succeed in getting off scot-free, for Butler gave the toast of "The English Pilgrims," and up I had to get to reply. At home The Pilgrims forgathered in the month of June under the chairmanship of Field-Marshal Lord Grenfell, to listen to Hilaire Belloc on the current phase of the war, and later in the month to an address on Sea Power by A. H. Pollen, a well-known authority at that time on this branch of the Services.

My wanderings throughout America, interesting as they were to me, were not officially connected with The Pilgrims, though I was specifically invited, as Chairman of the Pilgrims, to take part in a picturesque ceremony in the West concerning the opening, or the "Christening," of the Great Pacific Highway. After this lapse of time I candidly forget the specific object of the meeting, but have described the picturesque ceremony elsewhere.

At the request of the Chairman of the American Pilgrims I returned to New York at the end of September in order to give him a hand in preparation for the welcome of Lord Reading, and the Anglo-French Loan Commission, and for several days put in many hours per day with my newspaper friends wherever I thought certain information might be useful. A day or two before the gathering I had a long talk with dear old Joseph Choate, who told me that he was determined to preside at The Pilgrims dinner even if he were never able to go out again. He also assured me that he meant to let himself go, giving me the outline of one or two of his statements in advance. There was, assuredly, no half-and-half about them !

The dinner took place at Sherry's on October 1st, beneath the intertwined flags of Britain, France and America, and in the presence of 400 representative men

who were prominent in the banking, commercial and political life of the United States. In a voice that had lost none of its old power, Joseph Choate, in most eloquent terms, pleaded the cause of the Allies. Lord Reading received such a thunderous ovation when he rose to speak that for the moment he was quite overcome. He spoke with great eloquence and made a most favourable impression.

At this gathering I sat next to General du Pont—of powder fame, who was, I was told, the largest subscriber to the loan. Other neighbours were Dr. Manning, Admiral Peary and Sir Edmund Walker, of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, who came down from Toronto especially for the gathering. The following morning I had a long talk with Lord Reading, who was delighted with the wonderful reception he had experienced, as well as with the excellent Press he had commanded.

The end of November saw me back in England again.

At the Annual General Meeting of The Pilgrims, held on December 12th, I was re-elected as Chairman, and was able to announce to my fellow-members that Viscount Bryce had consented to become our President and fill the vacancy caused by the death of our beloved first leader, Lord Roberts. Previously I had sent a cable over to Mr. Choate informing him of Lord Bryce's acceptance, and read his enthusiastic cabled reply to the meeting of the Club.

In the early part of 1916 Lord Bryce presided at two Pilgrim meetings; at the first he listened to an address by Maître Gaston de Leval, a well-known barrister and adviser to the United States Legation in Brussels, who gave us a talk on the subject of "Life in Belgium to-day." Among other things, M. de Leval told us that "to compulsory Military Service there had

been strong opposition in Belgium, particularly in certain large cities like Antwerp." But he "doubted whether to-day there was a single man in Belgium who did not regret that the Belgian Army was not strengthened ten years ago." In future he believed "the individual would think more of his duties and less of his rights."

Our second gathering was to listen to Australia's Prime Minister, The Right Hon. W. M. Hughes, on the subject of Australia and the War. Mr. Hughes, in a most moving address, emphasized the way in which the war had made us a united people. The War came upon an Empire menaced with turmoil, but at the first rattling of the sabres turmoil died down, dissensions ceased, and we were united. There is not, from Dan to Beer-Sheba, from one end of this mighty Empire to the other, a spot where the people do not stand four-square against their common enemy. This war has welded, as if by magic, that loose Federation known as the British Empire into one homogeneous Nation.

In the meantime, another distinguished representative of the Empire, the Right Hon. Sir Robert Borden, Canada's Prime Minister, paid a visit to New York as the guest of The Pilgrims of America.

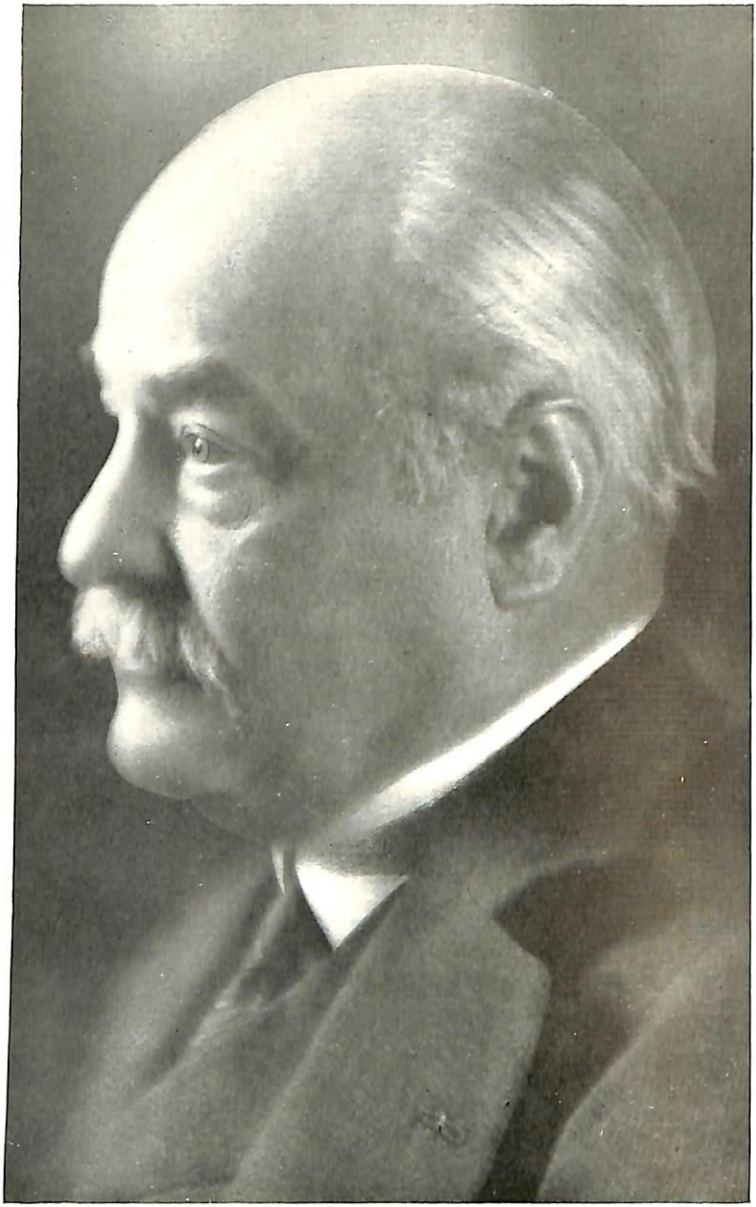
During the autumn of 1914 an article appeared in the *New York Times*, by the Hon. James M. Beck, one time Assistant Attorney-General of the United States. The article in question made an intense impression on either side of the Atlantic, and was translated into a number of European languages. Based upon that article James Beck some time later published a book entitled *The Evidence in the Case*, with an Introduction by the Hon. Joseph Choate. This book in its turn aroused intense interest, and was followed up by a series of addresses by James Beck, who was a speaker of the very first rank.

There was a general desire throughout Great Britain that Mr. Beck might be persuaded to cross the Atlantic, see something of the fighting line at first hand, and give one or two addresses in London and the great industrial centres. As the United States was then neutral it was not too easy for the powers that be to invite him over. It was, however, a simple matter for myself, on behalf of The Pilgrims' Committee, to ask a distinguished American Pilgrim to cross the Atlantic and join us for two or three weeks as The Pilgrims' guest ; this accordingly I did in the early part of April, 1916. In reply James Beck assured he how delighted he would be to accept The Pilgrims' invitation, but added that he must first carry out a promise to speak in Toronto before the Canadian Bar Association on June 15th, and at the same time address the Canada Club and other organizations. He therefore agreed to sail for England at the end of June, The Pilgrims forgathering in his honour at a luncheon on July 5th. This was, incidentally, the first function of this kind we had during the war, and the chair was taken by our President, Lord Bryce.

All who met on this occasion, and the gathering included many of the leading men of our land, were thrilled by the eloquence, sincerity and force of this great ally from New York.

After a few days as our guest in England I took Mr. James Beck over to France where we went along the battle-line, through the Somme where the war was then raging and down to Verdun, then closely besieged by the Germans. Incidentally I wrote a little book of this visit to France under the title of *To Verdun from the Somme* to which my friend Beck contributed an eloquent foreword. Entirely owing to that foreword this unpretentious book had a somewhat astonishing sale, running through five editions in eight or nine days.

LORD DESBOROUGH RECEIVES FROM THE EARL OF DERBY, HIS SUCCESSOR AS CHAIRMAN, THE PILGRIMS' GIFT OF A SILVER SHIP



DR. NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER, PRESIDENT OF THE PILGRIMS OF AMERICA

On our return to England, and accompanied by my old friend Wilson Taylor, The Pilgrims' Treasurer, I took Mr. Beck up North; we were entertained at Glasgow by the Lord Provost, and after luncheon enjoyed the privilege of speaking to an interested body of Scots. Then on to Manchester, where we were the guests of the Lord Mayor, and addressed a crowded meeting at the Town Hall. James Beck's visit at this critical period of the war was a very effective one, and I believe he appreciated his crowded tour on this side, just as much as we appreciated looking after him. On his return at the beginning of September, 1916, I received a note from him thanking me for all the many kindnesses received, stating that the voyage home was the roughest he had ever encountered on the Atlantic, and that his English Pilgrimage had been followed by his American friends far more closely than he had ever supposed.

A few weeks later, at a gathering of Pilgrims in New York, presided over by Chauncey M. Depew, James Beck once more and very energetically took up the cudgels on behalf of the Allies and condemned certain statements made by President Wilson on the ideal of peace without victory.

THE U.S. JOIN THE ALLIES

AT LENGTH, IN APRIL, 1917, DAWNED A WONDROUS DAY in Anglo-American history—the U.S.A. had joined the Allies. The Pilgrims' dream of fifteen years at length had come to pass, for I recollected a striking prophecy made to me by General Joseph Wheeler when The Pilgrims' Club was being formed. The General's words were, "I am afraid I shall never see the day, but you may, when our two countries will stand side by side

against a common foe. Let us, then, do all we can for a real firm understanding, to be ready if the day should come."

On the morning following this historic declaration, I happened to be looking out through the windows of my dressing-room, which on one side faces the Towers of Westminster Abbey and on the other the great Victoria Tower of the Houses of Parliament. Each morning at an early hour there is run up and broken at the top of the mighty flagstaff, 300 feet above the ground, a huge Union Jack. In all the many years I have lived in Westminster I had never before noticed it being run up, but on that particular morning I happened to be gazing upwards at that very moment, and discerned not one, but two dark forms rising slowly beside the pole. I watched their ascent with interest, and saw break out together the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes ; for the first time in history London witnessed "Old Glory" floating over the Mother of Parliaments.

I was at that time associated with Mr. Neville Chamberlain, who had invited me to act as Director of Intelligence of the Ministry of National Service of which he was the Chief ; my headquarters had, therefore, been London for some little time. We had naturally suspended social functions since the war began, but The Pilgrims felt that it was their duty on this very exceptional occasion to come together and express heartfelt appreciation of the historic announcement by the President of the United States.

The dinner, held on Thursday, April 12th, was certainly—as described in the Press—"A historic gathering —a unique assembly of statesmen, soldiers, sailors and well-known public men." At least a dozen members of the Cabinet were present, as well as all the overseas Ministers in the country at the time, with, of course, the

American Ambassador as guest of honour. The greatest enthusiasm prevailed, and Mr. Walter Hines Page was accorded a magnificent reception.

Lord Bryce, who presided, emphasized the fact that the occasion which brought us together opened a new chapter in the history of the world. Dr. Page replied in a wonderfully moving speech. "Patiently, solemnly and resolutely," he said, "the people and the Government of the United States have, for the first time in our history, come into a European war. European, at least, in its beginnings, though now almost universal in its scope, and we have come in because we could do no other."

It was at that gathering we received the last message that we were ever fated to receive from that grand old Ambassador, Joseph Choate, a wonderfully moving greeting from American Pilgrims to their beloved Ally; from France, through the courtesy of the French Embassy, we also received from Franklin Bouillon a message of hearty wishes and fraternal greetings from the English, Italian and French Delegations of the inter-Allied Parliament then in session in Paris. A few days later a solemn service was held at St. Paul's Cathedral to mark the entry of the United States into the war, and the members of The Pilgrims' Club were allotted a place of honour under the dome, behind the King and Queen.

Early the following month a great welcome was given in New York to the British and Foreign Missions. They were acclaimed by Mr. Choate, who said, "No man was ever prouder than I am as a citizen of this country, that the opportunity has at last been seized, with the result that we are here, side by side with Mr. Balfour, M. Viviani, and Marshal Joffre, and all those great men whom we have been seeking to honour."

With his close personal friend, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Choate attended service at the Cathedral. The next day he was taken ill and a few hours later passed away. In the name of the British Pilgrims I cabled the following message to America :

> "A great American gentleman, an outstanding personality, a patriot full of years and honour has crossed the bar. Those of us who knew and loved Joseph Choate have lost an ever genial and kindly friend, the like of whom we shall never see again. To The Pilgrims on either side of the Atlantic the loss is overwhelming. We welcomed him as American Ambassador to England and always had his sure and staunch support. On his return he took the lead among The Pilgrims of America, who mourn to-day the passing of a fearless and able Chief. A lifelong friend of England, a never-failing champion of liberty, he lived—thank God—to see the day on which his mighty Nation drew the sword for the cause of Democracy and Freedom, and The Pilgrims crowded to the service in his memory, anxious to pay a last tribute to one of England's warmest friends."

THE AMERICAN OFFICERS' CLUB

AS CHAIRMAN OF THE PILGRIMS I THEN UNDERTOOK another task, which was very close to my heart, and which was made possible through the generosity of Lord Leconfield, who lent his magnificent town house in Chesterfield Gardens for the purpose of an American Officers' Club in London. The need for such a club was obvious, and I gladly undertook the responsibility of putting it into being. In an interview to the Press

I said that though one realized that American officers would be entertained by many individuals in London, we felt that they should have a place of their own, run as far as possible on American lines, with every attention paid to their wishes and to American ideas. Of course, I added, I knew that such a club would be established, for there were plenty of rich and hospitable Americans to see to that, but we felt that not Americans, but Englishmen, should undertake this very pleasant task. A club established by Americans would not have struck exactly the same note—what we wanted it to be was a gift from Britons, who, through that gift, might show their friendship and appreciation. Americans, I added, can do much for their countrymen in the Army and Navy, and we all know that they will, they never fail, but in points touching hospitality we felt that Britons ought to have the privilege ; so the Club was founded.

And here let me emphasize how splendidly my old colleagues and friends of The Pilgrims' Committee took up the idea as soon as I placed it before them. How, in every way they helped me from start to finish in assuring the success of the effort, an effort which left the happiest of memories and which throughout its course meant, I believe, many happy hours for those who were our guests ; I am equally sure just as many happy hours were enjoyed by myself and my hard-working colleagues, who had the privilege of doing what we could to look after the officers of the great expeditionary Force of Uncle Sam.

Among the first whose assistance I sought was John Wilson Taylor, now Sir John, for so long the efficient Secretary of the Bath Club, who agreed to act as Chairman of the House Committee ; as Hon. Secretary I asked Mr. Herbert Windeler, a first-rate fellow whom I had met in Boston and who had passed a good part

of his life in the United States, and who had recently lost a son in the war. Wilson Taylor and Windeler proved a splendid team, as hard-working as they were popular, and Mrs. Welsh-Lee who had been for some years Secretary of The Pilgrims, was asked to take the post of Business Secretary of the Club.

Another old colleague, Joseph Temperley, readily undertook to give me a hand on a finance committee to assist in raising necessary guarantees. I also approached members of the Government, who were kind and helpful in every way possible ; likewise the Town Clerk of Westminster, who arranged that as long as the building was used for the purpose proposed, no payment of rates was necessary. For our President I went to see the Duke of Connaught, whom we had invited some time before to become President of The Pilgrims ; H.R.H. willingly agreed to act in the same capacity for the American Officers' Club, and throughout its career showed the greatest possible interest in our progress.

One of the first difficulties which presented itself to me in establishing the club was the question of furniture, together, of course, with linen, cutlery and so on.

When I went to one or two of the big concerns, such as Maples and Warings, to find out how much it would cost to buy, or perhaps to hire, I found that prices ruled amazingly high. The little guarantee fund which we were putting together would have had to multiply itself many times before we could have paid for all these things, to say nothing of running expenses ; so I sat down and cogitated, and in due course the necessary inspiration occurred to me.

Ships : Great big de-luxe liners, now very largely turned into some type of war or hospital ships—where was all the luxury furniture ? It must be stored somewhere.

So once again I turned to the C.P.R. from whose President I had received such wondrous help on more than one occasion, and once again the message came as quickly as electricity could carry it in an enthusiastic affirmative. The C.P.R. *had* the de-luxe furniture stored, as well as cutlery and linen galore, and as a little reward for the bright thought a message came from that great concern that it would not only supply the needs of the club from top to bottom, but that all would be delivered free to our door.

During this period Wilson Taylor and Windeler were hard at work, getting together the best and most willing of staffs, so that upstairs and downstairs, as soon as we were duly furnished, the whole affair began to run on oiled wheels ; throughout our existence we did our very best to see that our guests enjoyed first-rate cuisine at the lowest possible club prices.

To the officers of the two services across the Atlantic a message was sent out : "Your club is ready for you ; although you may not know it, you are already a Member—an Honorary Member, without dues, fees or obligations, and your club boasts the most luxurious house in London. The latch is out, come in."

The Office of Works, which had been most helpful in every way, presented the club with a fine Union Jack, and Captain Barclay Warburton gave us the Stars and Stripes to hang alongside it. We made an appeal for English newspapers and also gifts of books for the library. I asked the American correspondents whether they would send the same request over to American newspapers to put us on their free mailing list, and a general information bureau was established. The *Daily Express*, in writing of this enterprise, said : "It is the most sumptuous club in the world, and American officers who put up there will find to their astonishment

that the British Pilgrims who are running it for them are providing meals and refreshments at a price which would put an ordinary caterer in the bankruptcy court in a week. Harry Brittain, the Chairman of the British Pilgrims, has secured more concessions in a month in favour of this club than was ever dreamed of. One of the features will be that visiting officers will have a large choice of week-end parties in country houses, which will enable them to take home to America a splendid memory of one of England's greatest attractions."

At a distinguished gathering over which I was privileged to preside, the club was formally opened by the Duke of Connaught, whose charming little speech was replied to by Dr. Page, the American Ambassador ; we also had leading members of the British Government, representatives of the fighting services, of America as well as of Great Britain, and the High Commissioners of the Dominions.

VISIT OF THE KING AND QUEEN

THE OPENING WAS VERY SHORTLY FOLLOWED BY A VISIT from the King and Queen, when, on their Majesties entering the house, one had the rare sight of the British Royal Standard run up side by side with Old Glory.

The King expressed himself as delighted with every feature of the club, and, among other things, tried several of the easy-chairs. After sitting down in a particularly comfortable one, he turned round to me and said : "Where did you get hold of these chairs, Brittain ? I can't manage to get chairs like these." When I told His Majesty the source of supply he was doubly interested.

At Queen Mary's request I gave an explanation of

the idea behind the club, how it had come into being and how we were running it ; then both the King and Queen made a most minute inspection of every part of the building, expressing themselves particularly pleased with the bedrooms, which they said looked so bright and thoroughly home-like.

Following the visit of the King and Queen was one paid by the Prince of Wales, who with his equerry, Sidney Greville, made a complete tour of the house ; His Royal Highness was so interested in what he saw that on more than one occasion after that he was good enough to come along as my guest and take a meal with some of the younger American officers, with whom he was soon on excellent terms.

The club rapidly became a happy rendezvous—the cooking was, I think, thoroughly appreciated, and "full house" for lunch and dinner were no rare events. At the American bar all sorts of wondrous drinks were concocted, one local speciality being the "Artillery Cocktail." Whether that was the invention of the Chairman of the House Committee or the Hon. Secretary I never quite discovered, but it was exceedingly good and moderately potent.

One day when I was in the club we were visited by no fewer than nine American Generals ; after I had suggested to them that they should try the club's speciality, they did, and liked it so much that one very cheery soldier slapped me on the back and said : "This is grand. Oh, Hell ! Why do we have to go to France ?"

Among the odd and happy days spent in the country from time to time was one at Walton Heath, where Sir George Riddell—as he then was—entertained on a Sunday all American officers who played the game of golf, and I presented as prizes for competition a brace

of bronze lions (rather fine lions I thought they were), which I had purchased a year or two before. The Press, of course, seized upon the nature of the beast, and in the accounts of the match they were referred to as ". . . big bronze British Lions with untwistable tails."

From pictures in the illustrated papers I am reminded that the two prizes were won by Lieut. R. Fawcett and Captain W. C. Crampton, both of the U.S. Army. I wonder where those lions are now?

We had a cottage at Walton Heath in those days known as the White House, which was opposite the church and the village green. After the golf match a good many of the American officers made their way to the White House and had lots of fun with Bobby and Alida, my two small children, and also with their great pet Jacko, a grey parrot. Jacko, whose original name was Jacquot, was bought many years before by my father-in-law for my wife when she was a little girl, on their return from a visit to the South of France. The bird, which was then very French, sang French songs, but in time he became anglicised, changed his name from Jacquot to Jacko, and in his old age, under the tuition of my children, learned how to play cricket—at least a sort of cricket.

They rolled up a whole lot of paper into a big ball with elastic bands round it, bowled at Jacko, who with his beak defended the makeshift wicket to the best of his ability, flicking the ball away for considerable distances, and chortling with joy whenever he had succeeded in doing so. He was a dear old bird, and an ever interesting companion.

Among the functions of the American Officers' Club which will doubtless be remembered by some of our guests, were our "Thursday nights." On these occa-

sions we always had a full house at dinner. As our principal guest I used to invite a member of the Cabinet or some leading Admiral or General, who, when dinner was over, gave the American Officers a little informal talk on the progress of the war, or on any other subject which seemed good to him and them. Among the many who came and addressed the members—and I believe most of them appreciated the evening just as much as did the members themselves—were Mr. Balfour, Lord Reading, Sir Eric Geddes, Lord Derby, Admiral Sir Rosslyn Wemyss, Sir Robert Borden of Canada, Mr. Walter Long, Lord Birkenhead, General Smuts, Mr. Hughes of Australia, Lord Finlay and General Sir William Robertson.

On these occasions the chef used to go all out to see that he produced a dinner worthy of the evening, and thinking back, I cannot remember any single occasion when he failed. That, again, was the good work of my friends, Wilson Taylor and Windeler, for my job was merely to shake hands with the lads, take the chair, and say a few words in introducing our principal guest.

On the night of Thanksgiving Day in November, 1918, I presided over a great gathering at the club on genuine American lines. We had with us the First Lord of the Admiralty and the Secretary of State for War, as well as the Lord Mayor of London, and the band of the 1st Life Guards supplied just the right sort of music. On this particular day we also gave thanks where thanks were well deserved, drinking with the greatest possible enthusiasm the health of Lord Leconfield, our benefactor.

One of the most popular functions which took place was a children's Christmas Party, given to enable American officers to meet "Young England." It arose like this.

One day, Admiral Sims and I were lunching together when he began to thank me for the little I had done in bringing the club into being, making it possible for American officers to learn so much of English life, and meet so many distinguished Englishmen, and I said, "Well, Admiral, after all, that's what the club was started for, or among its main reasons, but an additional idea has just occurred to me. You have not yet met the most attractive product of this country." "Oh," said Sims, "what's that?" "The English child," I replied. "Now, this is the end of November ; I will do my best to get up a real English Christmas Party so that American officers can meet our boys and girls and incidentally let our boys and girls realize what good fellows American officers are."

Sims, who was immensely taken with the idea, said : "My friend, let me offer my little donation right away. I think I can fix up for you three bands—a Navy band, a string band, and a jazz band."

Well, I accepted these at once and then got busy on the party. I went after entertainers ; dear old George Robey, who was the first I asked, promised without any hesitation to turn up, and to turn up as a little girl if I liked. He did, and a good one he made. Peter Pan and Wendy, with the whole of the caste, also came, and were, of course, received with wild enthusiasm. Every entertainer whom I asked promptly accepted.

From the Home Office I obtained permission to have for that evening real ice cream, which doubtless several of the younger children had never tasted.

One day I drifted into the Carlton Club to lunch and ran into Rudyard Kipling, who joined me. He had seen the announcement of the party and added that he thought it was a cracking good idea. "My dear fellow," he said, "instead of having a solemn programme

printed, why don't you write a little letter to each of your young guests and have that letter presented to each and all as they come in, telling them exactly what they are going to see, what they are going to have to eat, and what they ought to do." Well, of course, I thought that was a bright idea, and after lunch suggested to Kipling that as he had put it forward, the least he could do was to collaborate on the letter. He did, and a delightful effort we turned out, nine-tenths Kipling and one-tenth me. I am sorry to say I never kept a copy of that letter, nor did Kipling.

The last time I saw him, when again we were lunching together, I told him that I had run into one of the officers—a matter of some fifteen or sixteen years later—who said that he still had a copy of the letter, which he prized very much, and added that they were now looked upon almost as collectors' pieces. Kipling said to me : "Well, old chap, I suppose you didn't keep one ?" "No—I'm afraid I didn't, did you ?" "No," he said, "we wouldn't."

We kept this club going until every American officer had turned his face again for home, and then wound up with two or three functions over which I, as Chairman, presided—functions in honour of those who had helped us, and a final official gathering on the last night of our existence. I also gave a luncheon to the American newspaper correspondents to thank tham for the assistance they had given me whenever I had asked for it, and on all occasions. This luncheon took place towards the end of February, 1919, and I think every available correspondent was present.

In the course of a short speech I made one suggestion, which was put into being that day. After pointing out that although every single man present was a friend of mine, even with that knowledge my secretary had

considerable difficulty in finding each individual address.

"Now," I added, "I have got you together, why not remain together instead of working in a series of units as you have done up to now. Surely it would be an advantage to you yourselves to co-operate, and it would certainly make it far easier for those who wish to get in touch with any single American correspondent or with all of you."

Many ideas germinated at the American Officers' Club, but this was brought to immediate fruition ; my suggestion met with instant approval, and then and there all present agreed to form themselves into an association.

It was decided that Edward Price Bell, at that time doyen of American correspondents and the very able representative of the Chicago *Daily News*, should be elected first President. It was also unanimously agreed that I should become an Honorary Member. That point, however, has just come to my mind when dictating these notes many years later, but as I have heard nothing more about it since that date it occurs to me that that election must have been overlooked ; this is really rather sad when I think of the many interesting and happy gatherings which must have taken place during those years, in some of which I might have taken part.

That reminds me of another lost opportunity which, although nothing to do with the American Officers' Club, did occur during the World War. I was put in charge of the American Delegation (which had come over as the guests of the British Government) on a visit to France, where we were entertained by many distinguished individuals and groups among the peoples of our ally.

The Labour Section of my Delegation enjoyed one

brief entertainment given by the French Railway Trade Unionists, and one and all, including myself, were subsequently made Honorary Members and presented with a little golden engine as a sign of our membership. One of my Americans who had lost his engine as we were wandering through the War zone was terribly cut up about it, so as their guide, philosopher and friend I thought the least I could possibly do would be to let him have mine, especially as one of our French hosts who was accompanying us told me that it would be a very simple matter to get another for myself. Well, I am afraid I shall never get it now.

The American Officers' Club closed its doors on May 14th, 1919, but on May 12th I had the pleasure of presiding over a dinner to Lord Leconfield, not only the kindly donor of the house, but one whose kindness included agreement with almost every request we made of him ; with Lord Leconfield I also had as guests some of my many old friends who had put their backs into the task of making the Club the success we all hoped for upon our opening day.

On the occasion of our farewell dinner those same stalwarts gathered around me. The dinner started with a gracious message from His Majesty the King, in reply to one that I had sent to him earlier in the evening. I had the privilege of proposing the toast of the American Army and the Navy, which was replied to by the Senior Officer of each service in this country, and then, to the best of my memory, each one of my distinguished guests proposed the health of another one before he sat down ; for example, General Biddle of the United States Army toasted Lord Bryce, who in turn brought up General Sir Henry Rawlinson, who was followed by Lord Reading, and as a finale Mr. Lancing, the American Secretary of State.

These speeches, all interesting, and of all varieties, were then followed by an informal dance, to which we had asked as many of our young friends as we could accommodate ; it was almost with a feeling of sadness that we formed a huge ring at the end of the evening, and for the last time "Auld Lang Syne" was sung.

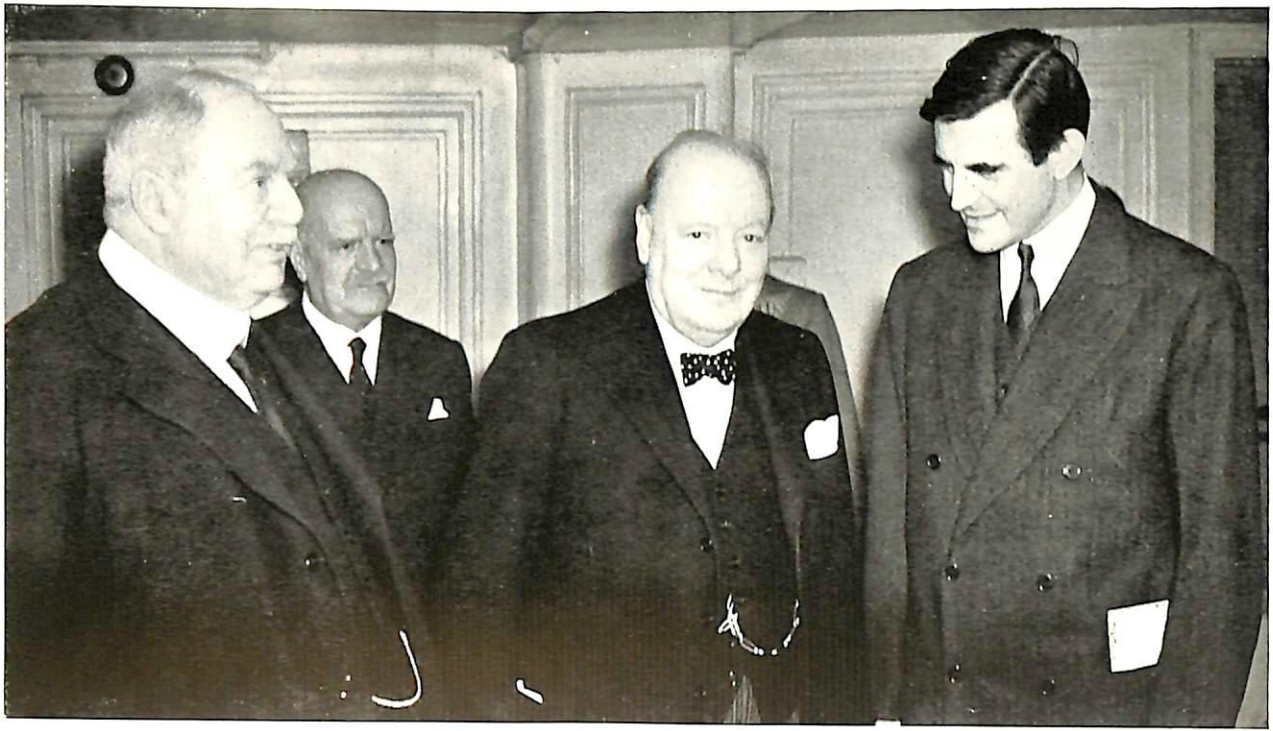
The American Officers' Club had served its purpose. It had, I know, been a real Home from Home for an enormous number of the soldiers and sailors of Uncle Sam, and in it had been formed friendships between Americans and Englishmen which will endure as long as they do.

As far as I am concerned, in the years that have followed, I have constantly met, and been so delighted to meet, Americans—officers during the war, and now in civilian life—who have come up and greeted me, either in London, on the Continent, or in the United States, and who have referred to the "wonderful time" we gave them in old London Town. It was rather hard work, and at a time when one was, of course, pulled about in so many directions, but it was work which gave one the keenest possible satisfaction, and work which was well worth while.

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT THE PILGRIMS' PRESIDENT

AND NOW TO RETURN TO THE PILGRIMS. FOLLOWING our annual dinner in June, 1918, H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, who had most graciously accepted the office of President of The Pilgrims, presided at an informal dinner at Princes Restaurant, when we had with us Mr. Hughes, Prime Minister of Australia, and several

LORD LOTHIAN (*centre*) WITH MR. LLOYD GEORGE AND LORD DERBY, BEFORE LEAVING AS BRITISH AMBASSADOR TO WASHINGTON



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THE PILGRIMS WELCOME MR. WINANT

The Earl of Derby Sir John Wilson Taylor Mr. Winston Churchill Mr. Winant

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THE PILGRIMS WELCOME MR. WINANT

The Earl of Derby Sir John Wilson Taylor Mr. Winston Churchill Mr. Winant

representatives from the Overseas Dominions. H.R.H. effected a very pleasant surprise upon me by taking the Toast List into his own hands, as, of course, he had a perfect right to do, then proposed my health as one of the original members of The Pilgrims, to whom, he was good enough to say, the club owed a deep debt of gratitude, adding that he was never more pleased than when he learned that His Majesty the King was graciously recognizing some of this work.

Once more I was able to emphasize in my short reply that whatever I had been able to do for The Pilgrims had been made possible by the whole-hearted sympathy and support I had always received from my colleagues, and the wonderfully free hand they had ever accorded me in carrying out whatever arrangements I believed would be for the benefit of the club.

On the other side of the Atlantic informal hospitality was being offered to many British visitors. In December, 1917, a welcome to our great actor, Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, followed by a second to Brigadier-General W. A. White, head of the British and Canadian Recruiting Mission, and his staff.

In the following March the American Pilgrims forgathered in honour of Cosmo Gordon Lang, Archbishop of York, with other functions, all informal, in honour of the Prime Minister of Australia, in September in honour of the well-known Canadian banker, Sir Edmund Walker, and in October in honour of Sir Eric Geddes, at that time First Lord of the Admiralty. We on this side rejoiced in another visit from our old friend, Mr. James M. Beck, and the Executive Committee of The Pilgrims entertained him at luncheon at the American Officers' Club, at which gathering, as Chairman of The Pilgrims, I had the honour of presiding. It goes without saying that Mr. Beck made an

admirable speech, and incidentally paid a wonderful compliment to the land of his hosts. He told us how he had been privileged to see something of the stupendous world drama at three different stages—first the curtain-rise in France and Britain in the summer of 1914; secondly, the middle act in 1916, when he and I together went along the lines in France, and now, for the third time, at the falling of the curtain.

After extolling the courage of France in those first days of August, 1914, which he described as one of the heroic pieces of history, he then went on to say that the second thing that impressed him was the impassive stoicism of the British character. "I have been here a week," said Mr. Beck. "This is a supreme moment in British history. You have crushed under your heel a tremendously powerful antagonist, you have saved your Empire and added undying prestige to your record, but I have yet to hear an expression of exultation, or merely vindictive hatred, or anything of that excessive enthusiasm which exults in victory. It is amazing to a stranger. Two days ago in New York at the given hour every church bell rang, and every whistle was blown, and there was virtually pandemonium, yet you who have gone through the darkest hours your Empire has ever known, infinitely darker than when Pitt said after Austerlitz, 'Now let us roll up the map of Europe, it is all over.' You, who have come out of the depths, show not a single sign of boastfulness or undue self-glorification. England was nobly great in the hour of blackest disaster. She is supremely great in the hour of victory."

In the swirl of Parliamentary electioneering I took off an hour or two on American Thanksgiving Day to support my President, the Duke of Connaught, at a Pilgrims' Luncheon at the Savoy, for it was not only

American Thanksgiving Day, but a thanksgiving for victory and for the peace we had so long looked forward to.

Referring to his continued presence in this country, Lord Reading said, "As you know, I came here to consult with our own Government, and ever since there have been events happening which have necessitated my remaining. Five times I have been almost within twenty-four hours of leaving, and five times I have been stopped. I remain here now because it is my duty, for according to the tradition of the Diplomatic Service I, being accredited as Ambassador to the United States, should be here when the President comes to this country. When he comes, as we fondly hope he will, he will receive a welcome which will not only be a personal tribute, but will be the tribute of the British people to the United States of America, which will enable us to show what we think of them, and how splendidly they have thrown themselves into the conflict from the moment they joined the War."

On January 18th, 1919, as Chairman of the British Pilgrims, I had the privilege of being entertained by a representative gathering of Liverpool men at luncheon at the Exchange Club of Liverpool. A Liverpool Committee had been duly formed to serve as a link between the sister societies in London and New York, and this body of genial Lancashire members of The Pilgrims were my hosts at this very pleasant function.

JOHN W. DAVIS, U.S. AMBASSADOR

CONTINUING THE HAPPY CUSTOM WHICH HAD BY NOW become a tradition, the British Pilgrims had the great privilege of giving the first welcome to London to the

new American Ambassador, the Hon. John W. Davis, on January 10th, 1919, the chair being taken by our President, the Duke of Connaught. Yet once again a brilliant company assembled to do honour to a distinguished American. One member we had hoped to have with us, the British Ambassador to the United States, Lord Reading, was unfortunately unable to be present, but sent me a line expressing his regret that he could not join us in welcoming one for whom alike as a diplomatic colleague, a member of the legal profession, and a personal friend, he had the highest regard.

From Chauncey Depew I received the following message: "British Pilgrims. The Mission of American Ministers and Ambassadors to Great Britain has been from the beginning to make peace, avert war, and settle difficulties and irritating differences with amity and justice. Our present Ambassador opens a new era. The Missionary of the past has proved a prophet, and the dreamer a statesman. The Yankee and the Tommy have fought side by side, sung the same songs, shouted the same battle cries in the same language. They have sacrificed, died and won daily victories. The same ideals, the pact of Peace, the progress of English-speaking peoples belting the Globe are the model of a League of Nations. Chauncey Depew."

My memory thoroughly endorses the description given by the *Daily Express* on January 11th, describing the new Ambassador's first address. "His speech in response to the toast of his health, created a remarkable impression even among men accustomed to eloquence from Ambassadors of the United States. Mr. Davis spoke without notes but there was no trace of hesitation in his delivery. His voice was as clear and strong as his diction was dignified and scholarly."

Lord Curzon, in proposing the health of Mr. Davis,

prophesied, alas ! only too well. "It may be thought," he said, "that the task before the new Ambassador is an easier one than that which confronted his predecessor. That is a short-sighted view. The War has been won but the peace has not been won. The winning of peace is the greatest constructive task that has ever been imposed on the shoulders of peoples or combinations of peoples."

Mr. Davis paid an eloquent tribute to his predecessor when he said, "History will not fail to record his unsurpassed contribution in the cause of Anglo-American friendship and understanding, and to write the name of Walter Hines Page high on the roll of those who have deserved well of their country and of mankind," and referring to Great Britain's part in the war, he added : "Without taking so much as a single leaf of the well-earned laurels of heroic France or Italy, Belgium, Serbia, or others of the allies, it is not too much to paraphrase the words of the dying Pitt and say that England has saved herself by her exertions, and may well have saved the world by her example. "

The same enthusiastic tribute to England was paid a week or two later by James M. Beck before four hundred members of the American Pilgrims at their Sixteenth Annual Meeting at the Waldorf Astoria.

GOD SPEED TO ADMIRAL SIMS

OF ALL THE FIGHTING MEN WHO CAME OVER FROM America during the War, none endeared himself more closely to the hearts of the British people than did Admiral William Sims, Commander-in-Chief of the American Naval Forces in European waters. This big-hearted, loose-limbed American sailor, simple and

unaffected, endeared himself to all who met him, and it was a universal feeling of sorrow that affected each circle in which he had moved when the time came to say "good-bye."

From the founding of the American Officers' Club until the last day he was here I had seen him constantly, and we had forgathered together once or twice almost every week. He was a most perfect companion, with a delicious sense of humour, and a never-failing stock of anecdotes and reminiscences. When, in the early part of 1919, it was learned that he would shortly be returning to his native land all sorts of farewells were arranged for him. More than one was given by his fellow-countrymen in London, but it was The Pilgrims' great privilege to forgather to bid him God-speed a day or two before he sailed, and I felt that on this occasion, however more appropriate it might be to ask someone else to accept the honour, as Chairman of The Pilgrims I would for once enjoy the rights of the Chairman, and preside myself.

From his fellow-countrymen Admiral Sims had received a valuable service of plate in token of their appreciation by Americans in England, and for the services he had rendered in the Great War. I was anxious that we also should hand over to William Sims some souvenir which he would appreciate, and eventually the idea of a simple gift occurred to me which he was good enough afterwards to assure me would be the most highly prized gift he had ever received. My thought was made possible through the kindness of my good friend and colleague, Walter Long, then First Lord, and consisted of a piece of English oak in the rough, taken from the deck of H.M.S. *Victory*, wrapped in one of *Victory's* flags. Upon it were two plates, on the first of which was engraved the following :

"On the eve of leaving Europe to take up once more his duties in his native land, this little souvenir of English Oak from Nelson's immortal Flagship *Victory* is presented by the British Pilgrims to William Sims, Admiral of the U.S. Navy, who has so brilliantly assisted in the victory won for humanity and who has, in addition, gained the affection, esteem and regard of every citizen in these islands."

The second, in facsimile of the writing of the First Lord of the Admiralty, read :

"A piece of the *Victory*. A Token of our admiration for the sailor, and our regard for the man, our friend, Admiral Sims. Signed Walter Long, First Lord of the Admiralty, 21.3.19."

That precious souvenir, Sims assured us, would rest in a place of honour in the War College at Newport, Rhode Island, whither he was returning.

My few words to Admiral Sims were eloquently supported by those of the Speaker, and Sir Rosslyn Wemyss, the First Sea Lord, in wishing him God-speed.

Admiral Sims, who was naturally accorded a great reception, gave us a very touching little speech, and dwelt upon the wonderfully cordial co-operation between the British Admiralty and Naval Officers with himself and the Officers of the United States Navy. Their work in every way, he assured us, had been most harmonious throughout the whole War. In addition to Admirals and Generals, a very large number of his old friends, members of The Pilgrims' Club, forgathered at Waterloo, to say "Good-bye" to William Sims.

When we had all assembled round the carriage there was, of course, a host of photographers, and according to the *Evening News*, "It was like a machine-

gun barrage to hear the shutters click. The light was not good enough at the carriage window, so with the pleasant courtesy that cements Empires together, Admiral Sims consented to walk up to the engine where the light was good. For this purpose he wore a big horse-shoe on his handsome chest. This talisman was wreathed in the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack. Sir Harry Brittain, the godfather of all American functions in England, had just presented it to him. 'I found it 12 years ago when I was on my honeymoon in Italy,' said Sir Harry. In fact I found two, and they have brought me such good luck that I thought I would spare one for Admiral Sims to-day.' "

The short paragraph in the *Star* stated no more than the truth when it said: "In wishing God-speed to Admiral Sims, who left London this afternoon to board the *Mauretania* at Southampton this evening, the crowd at Waterloo realized that it was saying 'good-bye' to as fine-hearted and wise an Ambassador as any country has ever sent to our shores."

HANDING OVER THE REINS

NOW I WAS BEGINNING TO APPROACH THE END OF MY active work on behalf of The Pilgrims. The War over, I was back once more in business affairs, in the daily round of a bread-winner to which I had added the responsibilities of a Member of Parliament. The task of the American Officers' Club was almost over, and very shortly the last of the American officers would be making his way back to his native land.

Not only were my spare moments becoming exceedingly few, but I also had the somewhat natural feeling that having been responsible for so many years for The

Pilgrims' welfare, I might now perhaps be allowed to hand over the responsibility to others. Accordingly, I threw out the suggestion in the first place to my old colleagues, with an idea of discussing a successor. That they were one and all kindness itself goes without saying, and I treasure many letters, expressing the hope that I could see my way to remain and saying far too kind things about the work I had done.

On May 14th, 1919, the American Officers' Club, after several farewell gatherings, finally closed its doors. In the following month the headquarters of The Pilgrims were removed to Northumberland Avenue, and after all necessary details had been arranged, it seemed to me that the right and proper time had arrived to hand over the duties of Chairman to a good and worthy Pilgrims successor. I did my best to sum up the reasons for this action, and to express my heartfelt thanks to my old friends for the support I received for many a year in a letter which I addressed to each of our members. The letter, which I venture to quote, was dated May 28th, and read as follows :

> "Now that the American Officers' Club has run its appointed course, and its doors are closed, I wish to take this opportunity, as Chairman, of sincerely thanking all the Members of The Pilgrims for the splendid and generous support they gave me to this war effort of The Pilgrims' Club since the first moment of its inception. To those most closely associated with the venture I have already had the opportunity of offering the very warmest thanks. What measure of success we achieved it is not for us to say, but to the best of our ability we did what we could to hold out the right hand of welcome to gallant officers of the United States Army and Navy

during their sojourn in London, and we hope that the memory will long remain as one of the many happy recollections of days spent in England. And now to my fellow Pilgrims, there is a little personal note which, with reluctance, I have to add.

"As I informed my fellow-members in January last, an ever-growing pressure of work made it necessary for me to ask you to consider the appointment, in the immediate future, of a successor to my humble self, to carry on the active leadership of The Pilgrims. To a somewhat strenuous life I have added responsibilities of other and no less absorbing types until existence has ceased to be a thing of joy, and I am forced to lighten the load. From a certain date in June, 1902, when a very small group forgathered to found the British Pilgrims, it has been my great privilege, first as Hon. Secretary, and then as Chairman, to steer the fortunes of our Club, collaborating with the best and most kindly of Committees, the most willing and loyal of Secretaries, and it is no small measure of satisfaction to me to remember that during our existence of seventeen years there has not only never been the very smallest difference of opinion, but I doubt if ever a club existed where the relations have been so entirely harmonious and happy. That I shall hand over the ribbons with sincere regret needs no emphasizing, but I shall draw some satisfaction from the reflection that I do so at a time when our membership is the longest and strongest in the history o. the Club, and our bank balance the largest. To the future of the Pilgrims on either side of the Atlantic I look forward with every confidence, and am convinced that the same generous and kindly support will be given to my successor by those to whom I

have always owed so much, and among whom I count so many of my best and oldest friends."

The following week the Executive Committee of The Pilgrims did me the honour of dining with me at the House of Commons at a "Nunc Dimittis" dinner. From them, from the Members of the Club, and from the Press I received many delightful little tributes, more than ample compensation for anything I might have been able to do.

Since those days, which seem so fresh in my memory, many years have now passed, and it needs no statement of mine to emphasize the fact as to how The Pilgrims on either side of the Atlantic have continued to flourish. My old friend and associate, John Wilson Taylor, one of the earliest Pilgrims, and for many years its Hon. Treasurer, undertook the joint task of Honorary Secretary. How splendidly he has carried out that work every member of The Pilgrims knows, and no one rejoiced more than I did when some years ago he received the well-merited honour of a Knighthood. For many years he has been assisted at his work by Mrs. Ada Doyle, an invaluable Secretary, who carries on in the most efficient and loyal way the work undertaken by Mrs. Welsh Lee and her predecessors throughout our earlier years.

It is needless for me to attempt to sing the praises of the two distinguished Englishmen who have succeeded my humble self as Chairman. The first was Lord Desborough, one of the best all-round men in this or any other country, and a keen advocate for the promotion of Anglo-American friendship. He in turn, after a most successful reign, handed over the ribbons to one equally well known, and who has made an ideal Chairman. In Lord Derby we have that rare combination

of statesman, sportsman, and great Englishman, whose speeches are always a model of what a speech should be, and whose delightful sense of humour brightens up every gathering over which he presides.

As our President throughout the whole of this period we have enjoyed the privilege and prestige of His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught as our Chief. It is, alas, many a year since he has been able to occupy the Chair as he did in former days, but he has always taken the keenest interest in The Pilgrims' progress.

I have taken an active part in only two functions since my days of Chairman were over—the first at the end of 1919 when I went across the Atlantic to keep a promise to the British Press, and to arrange the details for the second Imperial Press Conference at Ottawa. There, in accordance with his kindly suggestion, I met H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and was with him subsequently on a visit to Washington and New York. In New York The Pilgrims gave a great banquet in his honour, for the purpose of which I was annexed by some of my friends on the Committee to help in making certain of the arrangements, and at which H.R.H. received a magnificent welcome, and was unanimously and vociferously elected by acclaim as a life member of The Pilgrims' Club.

During that visit some of my particular friends welcomed me as "Member of Parliament for the United States," and many of my Pilgrim brethren were present when I handed over to representatives of the American Army and Navy an old English Loving Cup as a little souvenir of my happy association with Uncle Sam's soldiers and sailors at the American Officers' Club.

The other occasion was in February, 1928, when I represented the British Pilgrims at the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Pilgrims of America. My successor,

Lord Desborough, being unable to go, the pleasant task was wished on to me. I could not at that time leave the House of Commons for very long, so I agreed to go over and put in three days on the other side while the ship turned round.

In mid-Atlantic I received a message from Mr. Frank Kellogg, then Secretary of State, inviting me to visit Washington as his guest, and to pay my respects to the President (Mr. Calvin Coolidge) before joining the American Pilgrims the following day.

I was, of course, more than happy to do this, and after a welcome at New York's City Hall was hustled to the Capital, where I made at once for the State Department.

My friendship with Mr. Kellogg dated from the time when he came over to London as American Ambassador, and particularly from a gathering of the English Speaking Union to celebrate Washington's birthday, a function which took place shortly after his arrival.

I had commissioned the Scottish artist, Mr. Stephen Reid, to do a painting of Sulgrave Manor, which I had promised to present to the E.S.U.'s London clubrooms on that occasion.

It was a pleasant evening at the Savoy, my picture being duly unveiled by Mr. Winston Churchill, who presided, and most graciously acknowledged the gift.

After dinner Mrs. Kellogg told me that the Ambassador, who was very taken with the painting, had kept insisting that they must go and see this old Washington home as soon as they possibly could.

Rapidly arranged, that self-same week-end we drove down by car, picnic basket aboard, and never was a happier, nor a more convivial luncheon served under the old roof of Sulgrave.

Mr. Kellogg's stay in London was short, too short, and it was good to meet him again.

Together we made our way to The White House, where we were joined by Sir Esmé Howard, the British Ambassador, and taken at once into the President's sanctum.

Mr. Coolidge greeted me with the query: "Now, Sir Harry, I know that you've crossed the Atlantic very many times, but how much of our country have you managed to cover?" "Well, Mr. President," I replied, "I've had the privilege of visiting every one of your forty-eight states; and you, sir?"

Mr. Coolidge looked me over with an enigmatic smile. "My," he said, "I'll have to go very slow with the next question I put to you; I'm shy of at least six."

The President had the reputation of being a rather chary conversationalist with a pronounced economy of words, but that was most certainly not my experience; nothing could have been more enjoyable, from my point of view, than the very interesting talk we had, and which Mr. Coolidge was good enough to suggest we should continue that same evening.

The day wound up with a most enthusiastic function at the National Press Club, after which I was whirled back to New York at an early hour in the morning.

That evening took place The Pilgrims' twenty-fifth anniversary at the Hotel Biltmore, under the chairmanship of Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler. It was altogether a brilliant evening with the great hall filled, and a galaxy of fair ladies lining the galleries. Seated between our Ambassador and Dr. Manning, I saw surrounding me the faces of very many old friends and a right royal welcome they gave me when, somewhat nervously following two of America's most eloquent

orators, I got up to offer the congratulations of, and to give my message from the British Pilgrims.

And now as a Vice-President, and ex-officio member of the Executive Committee, I attend the meetings when called, sometimes I even preside, and religiously, because I thoroughly enjoy them, attend every gathering to which I am able to go. Again and again on both sides of the Atlantic The Pilgrims forgather, and again and again I am delighted to read in the columns of the Press that no more brilliant function has ever been held by The Pilgrims than that which is being reported the self-same morning. May that ever continue to be the case, and may the good work of keeping warm Anglo-American friendship be carried on with ever-increasing success by The Pilgrims' Club, on both sides of the Atlantic, for many a year to come.

POSTSCRIPT

WHEN I WROTE MY PILGRIM'S STORY, THE WORLD, OR AT least the major part of it, basked in the sunshine of peace.

Now once again we are in the turmoil of war, a second world war, even more ferocious, more devastating, and more widely spread than was the gigantic struggle of a quarter of a century ago.

Once again the British Empire is fighting for freedom, and all that freedom means, and once again we have the whole-hearted sympathy and the mighty aid of the great Republic of the West.

Shortly before war broke out, the British Pilgrims, under the Chairmanship of Lord Derby, forgathered to wish God-speed to one who, during his far too brief term of office, endeared himself to the people of America.

Lord Lothian, an old friend of mine since Oxford days, proved himself the ideal Ambassador, a statesman among statesmen, a democrat amidst democrats.

Major Elihu Church and the Executive of the American Pilgrims prepared for him a resounding welcome in New York, over which Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler brilliantly presided. My friends across the Atlantic would, I think, confirm my belief that in this, his first speech in America, Lord Lothian got very close to the American heart.

For sixteen months he gave of his best, sparing himself no single effort in the fulfilment of his great office ; his letters home were enthusiastic, and his whole soul was in his work, but a frame none too strong was unequal to the task.

He died in harness, long before his time ; his indeed was an example of unselfish sacrifice, and he has left a golden memory to those who knew and loved him.

The appointment of the Marquess of Lothian as British Ambassador to Washington was the work of Lord Halifax, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and a better appointment was never made.

Who was to be his successor was debated freely in London and Washington, until Mr. Winston Churchill decided to send the Foreign Secretary himself. No higher compliment could we have paid the United States than by so filling this important post.

At almost the same time, owing to the retirement of Mr. Kennedy, President Roosevelt had to consider the nomination of a new Ambassador to Great Britain.

Those were fateful days in Anglo-American history, and no one who took part, in London or New York, in any of those Pilgrim functions in honour of the respective Ambassadors, is likely to forget it.

Over both functions in London—our farewell to

Lord Halifax and our welcome to Mr. Winant—Lord Derby, our Chairman, presided.

At each gathering the toast of our guest was proposed by Mr. Winston Churchill, the Prime Minister, and on each occasion the luncheon was attended by practically every member of the Cabinet, and all that was representative in the life of our Empire.

The speeches of the Prime Minister (there is a great temptation to quote much of each) were as stirring as they were sincere. In bidding farewell to Lord Halifax, he employed this phrase almost as a text: "It is no exaggeration to say that the future of the whole world, and a civilization founded on Christian ethics, depend on the relations between the British Empire and the United States."

Lord Halifax's reply was resolute, modest and effective. A few days later he left these shores in a British battleship, and on arrival was welcomed personally by Mr. Franklin Roosevelt, a signal honour, paid for the first time, by a President of the United States to an incoming Ambassador.

A magnificent welcome awaited Lord Halifax in New York. In the great Ballroom of the Waldorf Astoria the Pilgrims of America had invited to meet their chief guest, Ambassadors and Ministers, sailors, soldiers, and officials representing every part of the British Empire and all the countries now fighting by Britain's side.

Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler presided over this fine representative gathering, and summarised with characteristic precision the purpose of the crusade; "English-speaking peoples, in defending civil, economic, political, and religious liberty, are fighting to keep open the path of progress for all the peoples of the world."

Lord Halifax's reply, perhaps the most important

speech in a life spent in the midst of world affairs, was indeed worthy of the occasion, and received wide acclaim. Broadcast to the ends of the earth, every word came over crystal clear ; one of the army of listeners, I found myself, more than once, unconsciously joining in the cheers, and almost felt as though I were once again at the Waldorf in the midst of good American friends.

Lord Halifax underlined three principles of our cause. "First, the religious principle of the absolute value of every human soul ; second, the moral principle of respect for personality and conscience ; third, the social principle of individual liberty."

This masterly address on "Great Britain and the post-war world" has since been issued as a "White Paper" for all to read, and is well worth the reading.

Our welcome to Mr. Winant took place on March 18th, 1941.

For a luncheon of simple war-time fare every available seat in the Banqueting Hall of the Savoy was filled by Pilgrims and their guests to greet Mr. John Winant, who, on his arrival in this country, had been met and welcomed by His Majesty the King.

As Lord Derby, followed by the Prime Minister, led in the Pilgrims' guest, Mr. Winant was received with a thunderous welcome, which was repeated when he rose to speak.

His was no light task, to follow Mr. Churchill at his very best, before a crowd which, although utterly friendly, was certainly formidable. But Winant did not fail ; he was himself, he was deeply sincere, and assuredly captured the heart of every Pilgrim present.

His tribute to the people of this country was a moving one : "You have said so little ; you have done so much. It is all part of a soldier's faith—to have known great

things and to be content with silence." Then came the quiet determination with which he added : "America will mobilise with ever-growing speed its tremendous resources to make available to you the sinews of war."

England soon learnt to appreciate the endearing personality and fine straightforward character of this great Ambassador. As the months run on we feel that the links which bind us together in this year of grace are very close ; the ever-deepening sympathy of the American people has stirred us all profoundly, especially those who have striven, in however humble a fashion, to work for the closest possible Anglo-American co-operation, as a life's ideal.

May that co-operation, in days of peace as well as in days of war, grow closer yet.

. . . . .

December 7th, 1941 ; once again, brothers in arms, and by the grace of God, brothers in victory, and throughout years of peace.

THE PILGRIMS OF GREAT BRITAIN

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