

portico have a sombre look in the splendid Pall Mall region where it stands at the Park entrance of Waterloo Place, just opposite the far sunnier looking home of the United Service Club. It occupies part of the courtyard of old Carlton House. The architecture is of the Grecian order, and of severe Grecian order at that. The frieze is copied from the Parthenon. Over the Doric portico is a colossal figure of Minerva. The only cheerful things in the whole place are two huge fireplaces in the main hall or exchange. Over these are the "Diana Robing" and "Venus Victrix," in marble. The entire atmosphere of the place suggests marble and ice. It is a resort of venerable professors, philosophers, scientists, antiquarians and authors out of whom the life cheer is already well filtered. The club has the finest library of any club in the metropolis, and a story which Hatton tells illustrates its value to habitués. A member desiring reference to the Fathers on some theological point inquired of a club official if "Justin Martyr" was in the library. "I don't think he is a member, sir," the latter politely replied; "but I will at once refer to the list, sir."

There is a large number of thoroughly enjoyable clubs in London, some of them really famous, which have brought socially together strictly professional people, or men of means who are liberal patrons of the arts. In the main their frequenters are persons who have really accomplished something, men who as authors, journalists, actors, artists, singers, and even in law and physic, are progressive, ambitious, independent; in fact, the genuinely cultivated gentlemen of London. These clubs do not always possess palatial establishments; entrance fees and annual subscriptions are not equal to ordinary incomes; and their exclusiveness does not comprise questions of blood, title, political opinion or wealth. In these, I believe, exist, in a greater degree than true and laudable principles which are the life and preservation of genuine club association than in all other great clubs of London combined.

I refer to such clubs as the Garrick, Green Room, Savage, Arundel, Lyric and Beefsteak. The latter unique little club, which has its home over Toole's Theatre, sprang out of the Honorable Society of Beefsteaks, in the old Beefsteak room of the Lyceum Theatre, which still exists, and is used by Irving for his exquisite private dinner parties. The Beefsteak over Toole's is distinctive in being a "one room" club, and admitting no guests whatever.

The Arundel has 350 to 400 members. It was once exclusively literary and artistic. Ambitious solicitors and amateurs of all sorts are now admitted, and while its promiscuousness is a bar to especial influence, it serves as a sort of necessary training school to higher club honors, while affording many a deserving fellow a foothold and beginning at professional recognition which would be difficult in conservative London to otherwise secure.

The Lyric has a magnificent clubhouse in Piccadilly, and with its entire appointments, including a large theatre and concert hall, is among the finest buildings for this purpose in the world. It also has an annex called the Lyric Club at Barnes-on-Thames, from which boat-racing and other river fetes can be

witnessed. The Lyric is a dramatic and musical club with nearly 3,000 members. Perhaps ten per cent. of these are actors. Lord Londesborough, Fred Cowen and Sir Arthur Sullivan are members.

The well-known Savage Club, literary and artistic, which interchanges privileges with the Lotos Club of New York, has about 700 members, about 500 of whom are leading London actors who are also members of the Green Room Club. It had its origin twenty-four years ago in a public house near Drury Lane Theatre. Since then it has wandered to Haxell's Hotel, thence to the Savoy, and finally to the Adelphi Terrace, overlooking the Thames.

The Garrick, in Garrick Street, Covent Garden, venerable, rich, stately, mellow and grand, has no membership limitations as to profession. Perhaps no more than twenty-five actors are at present among its members, although all London managers of any prominence are upon its rolls. It undoubtedly possesses the most valuable collection of souvenirs and paintings relating to the stage and its most famous representatives of any association or institution in the world.

Indeed the Garrick is a perfect museum of art treasures. You can read upon its walls the entire history of the English stage. Harlow, Hayman, Zoffney, De Wilde, Cotes and Dance are all represented in priceless examples. There are several Hogarths. Though not the largest, it is the most exquisitely beautiful club-house in London; and its club life, genial, dignified, almost dreamful, is positively ideal.

The Green Room Club, in Bedford street, which had its origin about fourteen years ago from disagreements in the Junior Garrick and the Arundel Clubs, is the real actors' club of London. It is already one of the wealthiest of its small clubs and owes its great success to the administration of its honorary secretary, George Denacher, a gentleman of ample means, a genuine art lover with boundless sympathies for actors and their profession. Persons in all the liberal arts are admitted to membership; but no active manager can become a member unless he was formerly an actor of good standing. Pinero and Lord Carton, dramatists, Farjeon, the author, and Charles Dickens, editor and author, and son of the great novelist, are among its members.

"Saturday Nights" and "Saturday House Dinners," the latter splendidly served at but three shillings and sixpence, are the kindest, brightest, mellowest and most genial occasions of our time among men of heart and brains. Gathered here will be found such men as Pinero, Sant Matthews, Irving, John Hare, Royce Carleton, Kendall, Paul Merritt, Wyndham, Charles Hartbury, Bancroft, Fernandez, Beerbohm Tree, Ted Gardiner and Henry Howe, the oldest actor on the English stage.

Besides these are hosts more clubs upon each of which an entertaining article could be written. Americans are principally found at the St. George The Travelers, near the Reform, tells its purpose in its name. Diplomats toast their heels at the St. James. Military folk are housed at the Senior United Service, the Junior United Service, the Army and Navy, the Guard Club and the Military and Navy; while the East India United Service Club is the home

of the nabobs of the East India service, and is fitted up in Oriental luxury.

London clubs are substantial and splendid in the main rather than "smart" and dazzling. Truly their distinguishing feature is comfort. I think their hospitality to well-accredited persons from other lands is less effusive than that common in American clubs; but once extended it is genuine and worth something to the recipient. The English club is more the home of its member. He is more particular whom he entertains. But all else aside, London clubman or stranger never finds more true enjoyment and snug, genial, all-enveloping comfort than within the almost cathedral quiet and the home-like warmth of the average London club.

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A VOLCANO IN ACTION.

The great eruption at Bandaisan hot springs, Japan, eight years ago, which was almost unprecedented in volcanic outbursts, has just been paralleled by a similar disaster in the same district of Japan, though fortunately this time the pleasure resorts near the volcanic mountain were deserted, because the season had not begun. Had the eruption taken place later in the summer the loss of life would probably have run into hundreds, as it did at Bandaisan, when the disaster brought mourning to so many households.

On the morning of March 6th the residents of Fukushima prefecture, Japan, were startled by a rumbling noise. The sullen roar continued for thirteen hours and the earth was shaken violently. Flames issued from five visible cracks in the mountain sides and dense smoke obscured the sky for miles around. The water of the River Sugawa and its tributaries became turbid and the people were panic-stricken.

The eruption occurred about midway between the high peaks of Higashi-Azumama and Azuma-fuji. The rumbling noises commenced at 11:40 a. m. and did not cease until ten minutes after midnight. On the 20th a second eruption took place in the immediate neighborhood of the first and the sky above the mountain was covered with dense smoke at the time.

The first eruption was accompanied by a landslide extending 180 feet in length, 7 or 8 feet in width, and 140 or 150 feet in depth. Happily no lives were lost, not because the phenomenon did not develop injurious power, but because the district in the vicinity of Azuma-fuji is entirely uninhabited.

One building, a native house, was submerged to the eaves. The injury to crops, was very great, and the River Abukuma, upon which many farmers depend, became impregnated with the mineral emission from the mountain. Thousands of acres of fertile land are covered with mud. At a distance of two ri from the foot of the volcano, two hot-spring bath houses are situated, and these were uninjured.

The inspectors who visited the scene as soon as possible after the eruption state that one large crater and several small ones were visible, and noises as of loud thunder were constantly being emitted, along with dense black sulphurous fumes which obscured the sky. Lava and lumps of earth were showered on the neighboring districts and the scene was an awful one and seemed to