

Extract from

Manchester Guardian

Date .....

## BROCCOLI FOR "L.G.'s" SUPPER!

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**£2,400 for a Barrie MS.**

At the annual dinner in London last night of the Newspaper Press Fund the MS. of Sir James Barrie's "The Twelve Pound Look" was sold by auction to an American collector for 2,300 guineas, and a blank canvas given by Mr. Philip de Laszlo was bought by the High Commissioner for Canada for 1,100 guineas. Lord Rothermere made a gift of £10,000, and, apart from donations by guests at the dinner, the appeal realised the record total of £27,000.

The Prime Minister and Sir James Barrie were the principal guests. Major J. J. Astor, M.P., presided, and among those present were Lady Violet Astor, Mrs. Baldwin, Lord Derby, Sir J. Gomer Berry, Mr. Geoffrey Dawson, Sir Charles and Lady Wakefield, Lord Desborough, Lord Riddell, Sir Herbert Morgan, Sir Roderick and Lady Jones, Sir Edward and Lady Stern, Sir Edward Iliffe, M.P., and Major General Sir John Hanbury Williams.

Mr. Baldwin, proposing the toast of "Journalism," said until he was fifty years of age he did not know a journalist at all except his cousin Kipling, who left journalism early, being assured by the proprietor of his paper that under no circumstances could he hope to earn more than £400 a year. How he wished there was a Ministers' Pension Fund on the lines of this fund.

He had always admired and envied the loyalty of the press to one another. The simplest contributions to the press from outside contributors were held as brilliant with such a frequent use of that word as to rob it of its finer meaning and leave it as an epithet for brilliantine. They would remember, years ago, reading in a public journal week after week: "Next week, a powerful article by Bottomley." (Laughter.) He could not imagine many of his friends in politics ever saying, "Next week, a powerful speech by Mr. Baldwin." (Laughter.)

### What is a Journalist?

He asked himself what was a journalist who was going to benefit from this fund, and he learned that under their charter that comprised the whole body and class of contributors to the newspaper press.

sure I come here. If I am able to draw on my overdraft to help your fund, I may be helping Mr. Lloyd George, and if I should make it possible for him to have a little broccoli with his supper—(laughter)—I should feel that I have not lived in vain.”

“It is a question whether there will be any privacy left in this country by and by, except the privacy of those who are fortunate enough to belong to the press. I will give you an instance. There is a young couple who have just run away from home. That they have done so indicates a desire for privacy. Yet I read in my paper, ‘I have succeeded in tracing them.’ I say ‘God help them.’”

“A politician’s work is never done. We often wish we were out of the House of Commons, but we know if we were we should regret it. Many a journalist feels the same. It behoves all of us to be careful in what we say and what we write about foreign countries. At home it does not matter; abroad it does. With journalists as with politicians it is a good thing that we should see more of each other belonging to different countries, that we should make personal friends and create that kind of atmosphere in our two great professions that the bacillus of ill-nature can never hope to live.”

### Sir James Barrie Looks Back.

Sir James Barrie chaffed Mr. Baldwin, and looked back over many years to his own early journalistic days, in the course of a whimsical speech in reply to Mr. Baldwin. Sir James said:—

“My one desire to-night is to be nice to Mr. Baldwin. It is not his fault that he is a Worcestershire man. After all, Shakespeare was very near being a Worcestershire man, but his mother nipped across into Warwickshire to give the boy a chance. If Shakespeare had come to London nowadays I suppose he would have become a journalist. I don’t think he would have written plays; he would have turned them into novels, thrillers, for which Mr. Baldwin, and perhaps most of us, admits a dark partiality. “Hamlet,” if written in these days, would probably be called “The Strange Affair at Elsinore.” How hard on me to have to make a speech when I know that the Prime Minister would far rather I told him a detective story.

“Some pressmen have discovered that I am an old-timer, and asked me to speak a little about my own journalistic days. For a year only was I a real journalist, that is to say on the staff, and then on a provincial daily, when I wrote, oh, so many leaders. Curiously, I can remember only one of them, and that the first one, and only the first sentence of that one. It was ‘Is Sir Thomas Somebody, we wonder, a Conservative?’ Who Sir Thomas was I have no idea, and even less can I understand why I wondered whether he was a Conservative. But I find myself wondering still whether I began all my leaders with those words, whether, indeed, there is any other way of beginning a leader, and I have sometimes thought of looking at leader columns to see.

### Entering the Minds of Others.

“Of course London was in my eye. I had sent a few articles to the most glorious editor I have ever known Frederick Greenwood—if it had not been for him and for another later, Robertson Nicoll, I suppose I would have had to go back and become a clerk. I indited to Greenwood a prose sonnet, saying that if he thought I could make £1 a week in London I knew I could live on it, but that whatever his advice was I should follow it. He replied promptly ‘For Heaven’s sake, stay where you are, so I came up next week.

“Gradually I made my only noteworthy discovery, that I myself had no mind, but that I could enter for the space of a column into the minds of other people. This continues. For instance, I could not for the life of me tell you what I am thinking just now, but I could tell you what our chairman