

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE
AND
GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC
ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1901.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

After Season Sale.

E. J. COUZENS,

Victoria House, 381, High Street,
Cheltenham,

Will offer the whole of his Large and Well-
Assorted Stock at Greatly Reduced Prices to
effect a Clearance.

..SALE COMMENCING..

THURSDAY, JAN. 10, 1901.

Blankets, Sheets, Quilts, Household Linens,
Down Quilts, Damask Tablecloths, Damask
Napkins, Teacloths, Glasscloths, Huckaback
and other Towelling, Flannels, Flannelettes,
Moletons, Lace Curtains,

SILK DRESSES,
MANTLES, CAPES, etc.

"Time Tests All Things."

WAITE & SON'S
ELECTRO-PLATED

Spoons and Forks

WILL STAND
THE TEST OF **30 YEARS' WEAR.**

Send for a Price List
and give them a Trial.

WAITE & SON,

... Silversmiths,

349, High Street, Cheltenham
(Three Doors Below Town Clock).

ESTABLISHED OVER HALF A CENTURY.

For many years agent of the valuable
London estates of the Duke of Westminster,
Mr. H. T. Boodle has just died at the age of
sixty-seven. He was a strong Conservative.

The Rev. W. W. Poole Hughes, late Scholar
of Balliol College, Oxford, and Assistant
Master at Sherborne School, has been ap-
pointed Headmaster of Llandovery College,
South Wales.

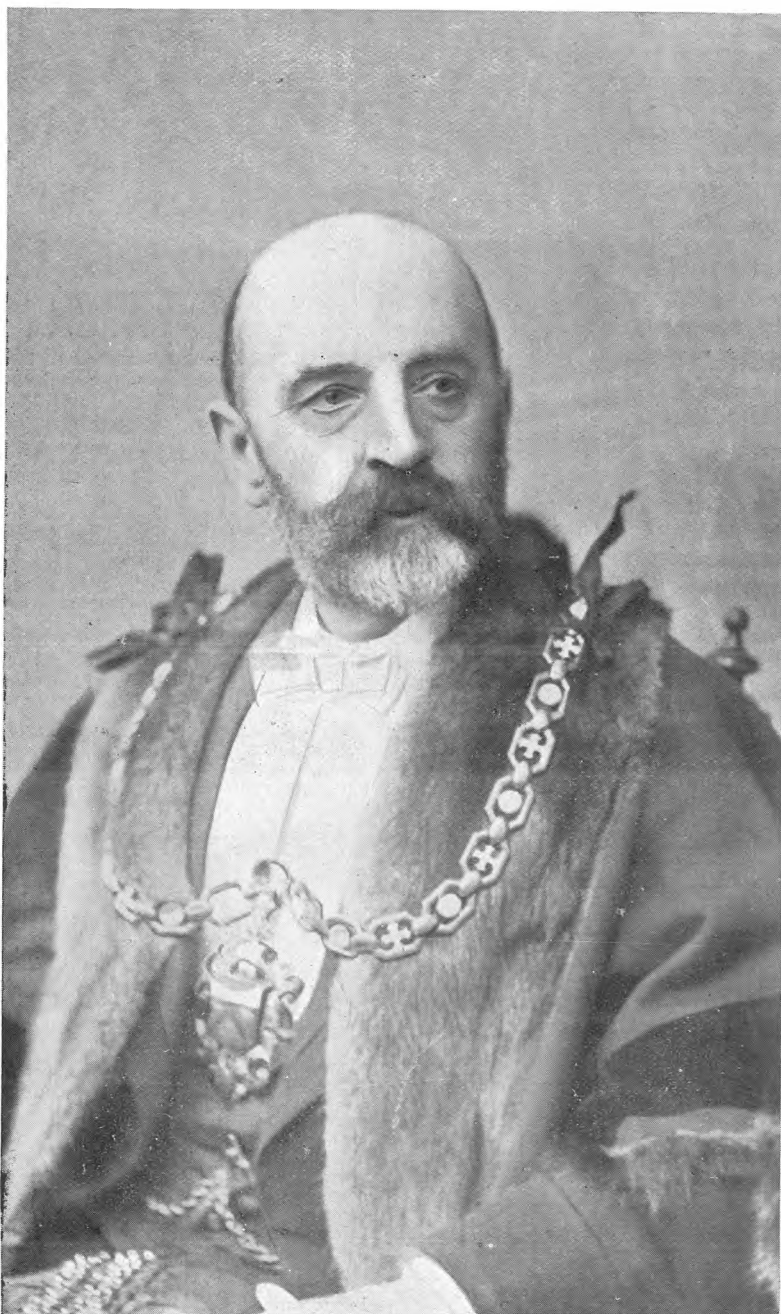


Photo Norman May & Co., Ltd.]

THE MAYOR OF CHELTENHAM (Ald. Geo. Norman).

[Cheltenham.

Poet's Corner.

A HOMELY COUNSEL ON CARE.

Do not trouble trouble
Till trouble troubles you.
Do not look for trouble;
Let trouble look for you.
Do not borrow sorrow;
You'll surely have your share.
He who dreams of sorrow
Will find that sorrow's there
Do not hurry worry
By worrying, lest it come.
To flurry is to worry,
'Twill miss you if you're mum.
If care you've got to carry,
Wait till it's at your door,
For he who runs to meet it
Takes up the load before.
If minding will not mend it,
Then better not to mind;
The best thing is to end it—
Just leave it all behind.
Who feareth have forsaken
The Heavenly Father's side;
What He hath undertaken
He surely will provide.
The very birds reprove thee
With all their happy song;
The very flowers teach thee
That fretting is a wrong.
"Cheer up," the sparrow chirpeth,
"Thy Father feedeth me;
Think how much more He careth,
Oh, lonely child, for thee."
"Fear not," the flowers whisper,
"Since thus He hath arrayed
The buttercup and daisy—
How canst thou be afraid?"
Then do not trouble trouble
Till trouble troubles you;
You'll only double trouble,
And trouble others too.
—From "The Quiver."

Prize Photography.

The Proprietors of the "CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC" offer a WEEKLY PRIZE of HALF-A-GUINEA for the BEST PHOTOGRAPH the work of an Amateur.

Any subject may be chosen, but Photographs of local current events, persons, and places are preferred.

Competitors may send in any number of Photographs, all of which, however, will become the property of the Proprietors of the "Chronicle and Graphic," who reserve the right to reproduce the same in the newspaper, but an honorarium of 5s. will be paid in

respect of each Photograph so used, with the exception of those of prize-winners.

The Competition is open to the county, and the names of the successful competitors will be announced weekly in the Art Supplement.

Photographs must not be smaller than quarter-plate size, must be mounted, and must either be on printing-out paper (P.O.P.) or on ordinary silver paper.

The prize-winner in the first competition is Miss Barnett, 3 Dagmar Villas, Tivoli, Cheltenham.

Entries for the second competition close on Monday next, January 7th, 1901.

THE PRIZE PICTURE.



Some lovely dresses are worn in "Henry V.," just produced at the Lyceum. The queen's brocade is in a design of water lilies, and has a deep border of ermine. So has the train, also in rich brocade in tones of faint green and blue, with trimmings of gold. The very high headdress, in cloth of gold and jewels, was surmounted by a crown. Miss Sarah Brooke, as Isabel, Princess of France, wears blue, embroidered with gold, fleur-de-lis being scattered over the pale blue satin coat. The long wing sleeves are silver tissue, lined with blue, the Vandyke points tasselled with silver.

WHERE NATURE FAILS,
ART STEPS IN.

CONSULT—

W. W. Burrows

On all matters relating to...

DENTISTRY

.. AT ..

Marlborough House, Winchcombe St.
(PITTVILLE GATES).

Consultations Free.

All Charges Strictly Moderate.

THE MISCELLANY.

To be obviously and anxiously careful regarding the correct thing is not the correct thing.

Who does not know what it is to struggle with an overcoat? Well, if you would avoid this inconvenience, get your tailor to line the overcoat across the shoulders with a piece of silk. Then the coat will slip on quite easily.

A cynical person was discussing a recent performance with one of our prominent actresses, and sarcastically complimenting her on the talent she had displayed in a particular role. "Oh, but to do that part properly one must be both young and beautiful," modestly protested the lady, who was, in sober fact, neither. "Not at all, my dear lady," replied the critic, "you have most successfully proved the contrary."—"To-Day."

Particulars of a curious sect of old believers styling themselves "slaves of Christ" are reported from Siberia. To the question "Whose are you?" they answer "A slave of Christ." They teach that the earth is flat and stands on three whales, and that in the middle of the ocean there is a gigantic chanticleer which crows at sunrise. Railways, telegraphs, and telephones are attributed to anti-Christ.

The shortest, and certainly one of the most humorous and quaint sermons ever preached was the following, delivered by the late Dr. Whewell, Bishop of Oxford, from Job v. 7: "Man is born unto trouble as the sparks fly upward." The sermon occupied barely a

minute in delivery, the following being a verbatim report of the same. Said the doctor: "I shall divide the discourse into three heads: I., Man's ingress into the world; II., His progress through the world; III., His egress out of the world.

"Firstly, His ingress into the world is naked and bare.

"Secondly, his progress through the world is trouble and care.

"Thirdly, his egress out of the world is nobody knows where."

To conclude:
"If we believe well here, we shall live well there.

I can tell you no more if I preach a year."

This from a local paper published at the beginning of the century:—"The approaching season at Cheltenham is to produce, in succession, theatrical talents of the first order. That inimitable comedian Quick opens the campaign, which we understand is fixed for the last week in May. Richer's known excellence and complete knowledge of the stage business must be of infinite aid to his father-in-law (Mr. Watson's) management, which promises to be unusually spirited and active this summer. The playhouse is undergoing a thorough new painting by an eminent artist of Gloucester, who will, of course, exert his best taste and skill upon the occasion. By general desire of the nobility, it is to be lighted with wax."

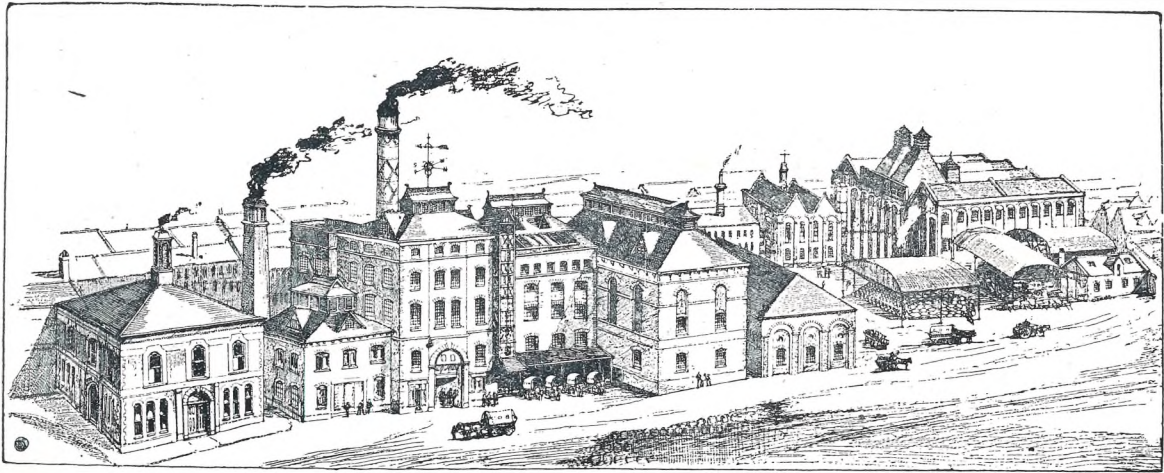
The accouchement of the Empress of Russia is expected to take place early in April, so there will be no State balls at the Winter Palace this season, which will be a great disappointment to the Court society of St. Petersburg.

Boxing-Day Meet of the Cotswold Hounds



AT "THE QUEEN'S"

CHELTENHAM ORIGINAL BREWERY Co., LTD.,
Brewers of Pale, Mild, and Light Ales, and Nourishing Stout.



BREWERY REBUILT IN 1898 and Fitted with Finest Modern Plant
and Appliances.

Price List of Ales, etc., on Application.

Christmas at the Hospital.

THE ACCIDENT WARD.



Gloucestershire in Travel ... and Fiction.

BY FREDERICK SESSIONS.

[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

"To anyone who might be thinking of becoming for the time being 'a tourist,' and in that capacity visiting the Cotswolds, my advice is 'Don't.' There is really nothing to see. There is nothing, that is to say, which may not be seen much nearer London."—"A Cotswold Village."

A delightful book is Mr. Gibbs's "A Cotswold Village." If he does, in his desire to save Coln St. Denis from a rush of tourists, seem to belittle our favoured hills, we will be generous, and, using a word or two from the Cotswold vernacular, assure the reader that if he buys and reads it, as he ought to, he will not "chawn" over it, but will find his mind "plim" out with the pleasure. Whether a man will, or will not, find on the Cotswolds nothing more than he would nearer London depends very largely on what he comes in search of, and what his eye has been trained to notice. As "A Cotswold Village" is, however, neither a record of travel nor a work of fiction, we can only introduce, and then dismiss, it, and must turn to other authors for their impressions of the county in each of its divisions—the Cotswold range, the Severn valley, and the royal forest bounded by "the sylvan Wye."

Mere itineraries are not very superior to gazetteers, and are usually far inferior to modern guide-books. They tell us little of what there is really worth seeing in the towns

and villages they name. Leland (1506-1552), of course, must be mentioned first. A few extracts will show the nature of his book.

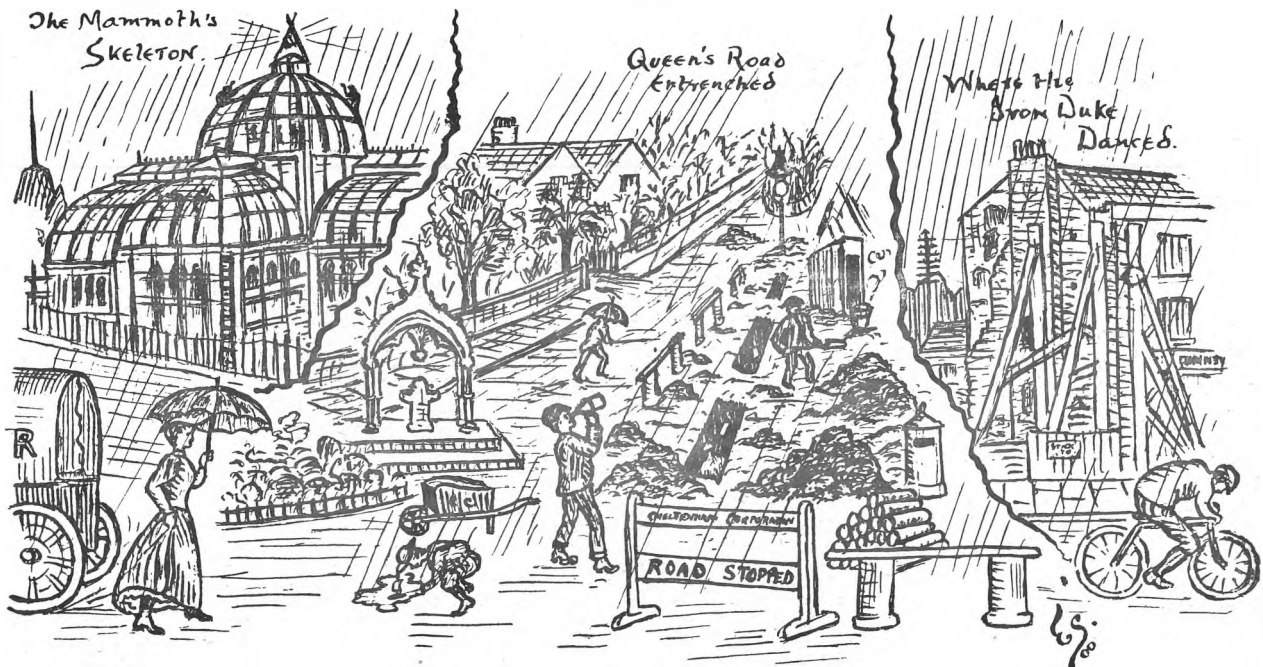


CIRENCESTER MARKET PLACE.

"Cirecester, corruptely for Churnecestre, peradventure of Ptoleme cawled Corimum, stondeth in a Botom upon the Ryver of Churne. The Cumpage of the old Waul, *cujus panca adhuc extant vestigia* was nere hand ii Myles," and much more of a similar kind about the old Roman "Cite" as "the Soyle in the Stoney Feeldes abowt Cirecestre is more apt for Barle than Whete." "Therabowt as in Coteswold is small Plenty of Wood, except in few Places kept of necessity." "There is now but one Pariche Church in all Cirecestre, but that is very fair." "There is also a little Chapel as an Almse House." This was usefully written down, and is invaluable to antiquaries, but can hardly be called popular—it was certainly not intended to be. "Northlech is a praty uplandische Towne viii miles from S. John's Bridg by North." "Lechelade is a praty olde Village, and hath a pratie *pyramis* of Stone, at the West Ende of the Chirch." "Fairford is a praty uplandische Towne, and much of it longith, with the Personage to *Tewkesbyri-Abbay*." "Tetbyri is vii miles from Malmesbyri, and is a praty market Towne." "There were Nunnes at Minchin Hampton in Glocestershire toward Tetbyri." "The hed of Isis in Coteswolde riseth about a mile this side Tetbyri." "First I roode about a mile on hosse, then I turned on the lifte Hand, and cam all by Champagne Ground, fruteful of Corne and Grasse but very litle Wood." "One thinge is to be noted of this Castle (Sudeley) that part of the windowes of it were glased with Berall." "I passed over 2 or 3 small Lakes betwixt Chilttenham and Gloucester, and they resort to Severne" etc.

Thomas Baskerville (1630-1720), a topographer born near Abingdon, wrote another itinerary. It was never published, but the

THE "SEASON" IN CHELTENHAM



A BAD IMPRESSION.
I came to "charming" Cheltenham in the rain,
And found the "royal" road an open drain;
The glass-house built for concerts, shows, and balls
Was nought but iron web on tottering walls.
I sought the once historic dancing floor,
But found the Assembly Rooms were no more.
O'er ill-kept, muddy roads fair cyclists jolted,
Motors whizzed, and startled horses bolted.

And all I met were shaking heads in sorrow,
About the sums the Council want to borrow;
While some men talked—I know not what they
meant—
About one member's dealings in cement;
And then denounced in language hearty,
The sins of the so-called "Progressive" Party.
The end? I sought in haste a train
That guaranteed to take me home again.

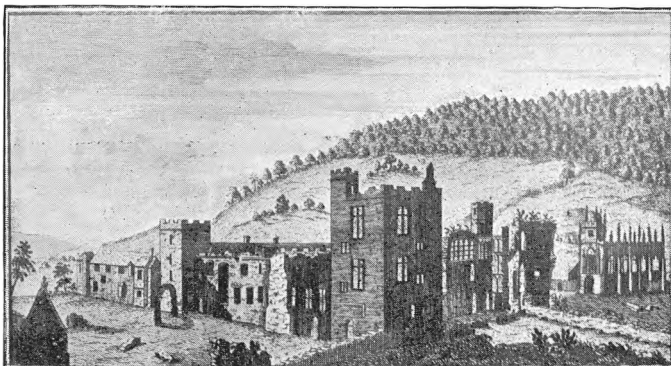
ROAMER.

MSS. is in the Harleian Collection. It relates to a journey through Wilts, Oxon, and Gloucester in 1867 and '78, and consists merely of short notes respecting the places he passed through, interspersed with copies of epitaphs, for which he had a fondness, perhaps because they often were composed of doggerel verses, which he himself was given to writing. Occasionally he pens a more graphic paragraph, of which we may quote the one relating to North Gloucestershire:—"At Lower Guyting you find an Ale-house, but at Bourton on the Waters there was none; here also breaks a delicate spring much esteemed by the townspeople, and leaving this town you now begin to go up and mount the highest summits of the Cotswold Hills, it being about two miles gang before we get thither, having on the right hand great woods. Here at the first glimpse of casting our eyes into the bottoms under, and large extent of the vales beyond it, begat in us a kind of pleasant horror to see what burly

mountains did strut up here and there, which by the intermedium of the dusky air did make them look more strange and terrible. Before us the great Malvern Hills did stretch themselves like a mighty bank; upon the right hand of these you may see the top of the famous Wrekin eight miles from Shrewsbury, and to the left the Black Mountains under which is the Golden Valley not far from Hereford, and many more mountains in Wales, Shropshire, and places unknown to me. And so having tired the eyes with staring about, you see under you the ruins of a fine house Shudley (Sudeley) Castle, and the now famed town of Winchcombe because of their planting tobacco and the Soldiers coming hither yearly to destroy it, but now here is little or none planted." Arrived at Winchcombe, passing "a fountain or well whose springs do bubble or boil up like the waters of a furnace with a strong fire under it," he notices at four o'clock in the morning "many women of the older sort smoking their pipes

of tobacco, and yet lose no time, for their fingers were all the time busy at knitting, and women carrying their puddings and bread to the bakehouse lose no time, but knit by the way." Cheltenham meets with short shrift from him, getting little more than that *it possesses one Church with a spire, and that he entered it on a fair day.* "As to any other buildings of the town little can be said of it save that there is a very fine Inn that was formerly a Gentleman's house, but the Inn-keeper being lately hanged for coining money it is now shut up." The clothiers of Stroud scatter, according to him, along the bourns, "for they delight to live like the merry rooks and daws, chattering and prating together," in little clusters of houses. Stroudwater is a "bright stream," uncoloured apparently by dyes as it is at the present moment.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



SUDELEY CASTLE.

High-Class Domestic Agency.

GOVERNESSES, COMPANIONS,
HOUSEKEEPERS, . . .

AND ALL KINDS OF

DOMESTIC SERVANTS
SUPPLIED AND SUITED.

Secretary—

MRS. LOVELL,
11, Promenade, Cheltenham.

The Viceroy telegraphs on the subject of the famine that the total number of persons in receipt of relief is 225,000, of whom 187,000 are in Bombay.

A Tour of our Churches

I.—ALL SAINTS', CHELTENHAM.

I selected for my visit to the Church of All Saints' the last Sunday evening of the century, an evening long to be remembered for the deluge of rain, which seemed to pour down like the tears of the waning year, while the sighing moan of the coming gale added to the melancholy surroundings.

But from the open doors and through the painted windows of the church streamed a flood of light and colour, and the scrunch of carriage wheels on the gravel outside and the many dark forms silhouetted against the light in the doorways as I approached showed that it would take more than a violent gale to prevent the worshippers at All Saints' from attending evensong.

Inside the church one could hardly fail to notice the skilful manner in which every artifice which would add to the solemnity of the worship had been pressed into service: the gorgeous colouring, the pictures on the walls, the twinkling sanctuary lamp, the Lady Chapel, the towering rood screen (still decorated with the holly and flowers of Christmas), and, high up against the vast shadows of the chancel arch, a life-sized figure of the Crucified One, strangely lit up by the beams of a lamp somewhere in the roof. The sacristan lights the seven great candles before the altar, now almost hidden in white flowers, the organist takes his place, and with the last stroke of the hour the choir and clergy enter the stalls. I note the presence of a small band of violins, a very agreeable addition to the musical service.

The opening exercises are given by the curate, who has a good voice, and uses it to the best advantage both in intoning and in the anthems. The whole of the service is musical, and, generally speaking, the effect is very fine, the congregation joining heartily in the responses.

The Eastward position is adopted during the Creed; here and there specially devout worshippers may be noticed who bow in profound reverence at every mention of the name or attributes of the Deity.

As a mere layman I make an earnest endeavour to follow the choir in the Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis, but, after several essays, I am constrained to give up. My musical ability does not extend to such intricacies of voice manipulation.

Instead of an anthem we were treated to four carols during the evening, all of them particularly quaint and suggestive of the simplicity and pastoral nature of the Nativity. In one of these carols was a solo for "Father Christmas,"

"God with us, the Virgin's Boy
Comes to save His people."

and another is sung without accompaniment, a very beautiful effect. Of course, the choir were severely left alone by the congregation during these efforts, in fact most of them remained seated.

The sermon occupies a very small space in the service at All Saints', hardly exceeding fifteen minutes; but the vicar managed to condense a good deal of thought into that time.

He took as his text "The Holy City, New Jerusalem, coming down from God out of Heaven," and proceeded to compare the state of the Church at the beginning of the century with its present position. During the last twenty years of George III.'s reign the bishops were merely amiable scholars, the cathedrals neglected, churches mouldy and unfit for worship, and the Holy Communion almost entirely neglected. A great revival, of which the Oxford Movement was a side wave, had greatly amended this, and produced a reverent and attractive form of worship. But he was bound to confess that there was a vast amount of irreligion and careless indifference in all classes of society, which was not susceptible to the religious influences of Low Church or Ritualism, Roman Catholicism or Nonconformity. The world could only be attracted by the good

works and charity of the Church. He claimed that the great sign of the times was the advance of corporate as against individualistic Christianity, and he instanced the reunion of the Presbyterian Churches in Scotland, the recent Catechism for the Free Churches, and the change of name from Independents to Congregationalists as being evidence of the "epidemic of cohesion." These were all hopeful signs, and we must hope bravely on, in spite of the materialism and love of ease of to-day, for the time "when the complete Church in one fold should be like the Holy City, New Jerusalem." An excellent discourse, but short withal (for the vicar did not allow himself time to follow out his arguments to their logical conclusion), but a sermonette overflowing with "Goodwill to all men," as befitted the season.

After the sermon, "Hark the Herald Angels Sing" was sung as a processional, and the scene as the white-robed choir, preceded by a glittering crucifix, and carrying two banners, marched down and up the aisles amid the thunder of the organ and the roll of drums was impressive, if not convincing. The Benediction is uttered from the steps of the altar, the choir files out after the strains of the closing "Amen," and I am soon wending my way homewards, with a dim recollection of a lady worshipper bowing to the altar and the Lady Chapel as I passed her in the church. Musing by the fireside far into the night I see again in a dream the figure of the Sorrowful One above the screen, and, on the right hand and the left, not the grief-stricken Mother and beloved Disciple, but the figures of Art and Music supporting the great Crucifix, which without them would seem to almost totter and fall from its lofty position. But as long as the bowed and agonised head of the Christ towers high above the supporters, so long will their service be an acceptable and holy one.

LAYMAN.

By the Way.

I want to open an enquiry as to the phenomenal politeness of postmen, scavengers, errand-boys, and other wire-pullers (I refer to a wire with a bell at the end) at this time of the year. My postman shows quite a paternal anxiety as to whether I have had a good time during Christmas, even the dustman ceases from swearing, and the errand boy is at rest—so far as his capacities for worrying my best dog and writing ribald remarks on my front door go. Is there something in the air at this time of the year? The charwoman talks to me about the "Epipony"; can it be anything to do with a complaint of that name? If it is a disease of the palms, I fancy the best cure is a little silver oil well rubbed in!

I am hoping to see a new prize competition started before next Christmas—"How to extinguish the carol-singing nuisance?" I had quite a number of calls from young gentlemen during (and after) Christmastide, who, in a very melancholy voice, and at a galloping pace, endeavoured to persuade me that they longed to be in "Hayven, sweet Hayven." I have often fervently joined in their petition, but—they remain! The only time in which I took strong measures against the imps, and fixed up an avalanche of cold water to fall on them, they did not visit me, and my uncle, from whom I expected something, received the whole battery on his devoted head as soon as he mounted the doorstep! Explanations were futile. Did I say I expected something?—Well, I got it! Net result—Loss of a substantial legacy, one bath damaged, claim from next door neighbour for flooding their kitchen, cost of medical attendance on my uncle (three guineas).

There seems to be no falling off in the ranks of the midnight inebriate through the arsenic scare, except the falling off the pavement, which seems necessary to that form of amusement. "There is death in the pot" has

acquired a new meaning recently; but "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise" suits the average toper better, methinks. So many brewers have staggered humanity by offering fabulous sums for the detection of arsenic in their beers that I have seriously thought of going into the arsenic detective business myself (in which case, Mr. Editor, I shall resign my appointment on the "Gloucestershire Graphic" as a matter of principle). Sherlock Holmes will require a back seat when I unfold my exciting experiences, and "Arsenic detected at £500 a grain" or "From Beer to Bier" will be the hit of the New Century.

According to Josiah Oldfield, Esq., M.A., the New Century is to be the opening up of a Golden (Vegetarian) Age, for in his letter to the "Echo" he writes:—"Let the old barbarian cry of roast beef no longer be heard in our homes," and he refers to "the descendants of those Holy Oxen who stood around the Manger" as requiring our special brotherly love and affection. Quite so, Josiah. I have a great affection for an ox in the shape of a round of beef, well cooked and served hot, but in a live form an ox had never struck me as being a particularly "holy" creature. But I will look into the matter, for there are many "tails" where oxen abound, and, who knows, I may be induced to extend my love and good feeling to oxtail soup. I agree with Josiah that Christmas is a bad time for oxen, geese, ducks, fowls, turkeys, and other eatables, but we show our affection for them in a practical way by laying them next our hearts—and how heavily they press only a dyspeptic can say!

The Fall of Vanity.—St. Mary de Crypt Church, Gloucester, vain of its vane, lost it during the gale of last Friday. All attempts to find it have been in vain. Just so!

The barb—I beg pardon, hairdressers—of Cheltenham are combining not to cut hair for less than 3d.—that is to say they will not cut hair any longer for 2d.—or, to cut it shorter, patrons are requested to grow threepenny-worth of hair before taking a short cut to the barb—I mean hairdresser!

A New Year's motto for the Cheltenham Board of Guardians:—"Blessed are the Meek, for they shall inherit the earth."
TOUCHSTONE.

ESTABLISHED 1848.

C. G. CHANDLER,
The People's Furnisher,
37, WINCHCOMBE STREET,
CHELTENHAM,
Has always on hand a Large Stock of New
and Second-Hand Furniture.

BEDSTEADS, CARPETS,
BEDDING, FLOORCLOTHS,
LINOLEUMS,

Furniture Repaired.....
.....Bedding Re-made.

Set your mind and heart at rest—
CHANDLER'S Furniture is Best!

Medical Massage & Electricity.

Face Massage, Hairs and other Facial
Disfigurements removed by Electrolysis
without pain.

Certificated Lady Operator. Manicure.

WETTON & CO.,
11, Promenade, Cheltenham.

The Bounteous Baron.

At the public opening of the De Ferrieres Gallery the idea that there should be some memorial of the donor within the Gallery itself struck several influential townsmen as being in accordance with "the fitness of things." As the Baron de Ferrieres was averse to anything in the nature of public appeal for a testimonial in the ordinary sense, the Mayor communicated by private circular with a number of townsmen, who gladly subscribed to a fund for placing their venerable fellow citizen's portrait in the ornamental overdoor that had already been presented by Messrs. Billings

Bros. The commission for the portrait was given to Mr. Hanson Walker, and it will be seen from our reproduction of it that the artist has produced one of the best counterfeit presentations of the Baron's features that the public have ever seen. It was fitted into the centre of the overdoor by Mr. A. Whitcombe, and there we trust it will remain so long as the pretty gallery itself survives the ravages of time to smile from its height on those valuable works of art which its living and generous original presented to the town of Cheltenham.



BERKELEY.

"Here lies the Earl of Suffolk's fool,
Men called him Dicky Pearce;
His folly served to make folks laugh,
When wit and mirth were scarce.
Poor Dick, alas! is dead and gone—
What signifies to cry?
Dickys enough are still behind
To laugh at by-and-by."

"Here Lyeth Thomas Peirce, whom no man taught,
Yet he in Iron, Brasse, and silver wrought;
He Jacks, and Clocks, and watches (with art) made,
And mended, too, when other worke did fade.
Of Berkeley five tymes Mayor this artist was,
And yet this Mayor, this Artist, was but Grasse.
When his own Watch was Downe on the last Daye,
He that made watches had not made a Key
To wind it Vp, but Vseless it must lie
Until he Rise AGaine no more to die!

Deceased the 25th of February, 1665, Ætatis 77."

Famous Footballer.

The first of the great International Rugby football matches of the present season is taking place to-day (Saturday) at Cardiff, when the representatives of "Gallant Little Wales" meet the pick of the clubs of "Old England." Great interest is centred in the contest in football circles generally, and locally that interest is enhanced by the fact that on the English side will appear Charles Smith, of the Gloucester City club. He is playing right-wing three-quarter, and has a difficult task set him to stop the Welsh backs from scoring. Defence is his chief forte, however, and "Whacker," as he is familiarly called, is expected to shine in that department more than on the attack. At the same time, he is a most resolute player under whatever conditions face him, and Gloucester football enthusiasts are naturally proud of their man. "Whacker" is fairly fast, kicks well, and tackles magnificently, and when near the line is difficult to stop. Though only of average height—about 5ft. 7in.—he is sturdily built and it is safe to say that there will be no more closely-criticised player in to-day's great match than this "auburn-haired" son of "good old Gloucester." That "Whacker" may help to "whack" Wales is the hearty wish of his admirers. It is interesting to note that Smith is the third 'Cestrian to gain International honours, his predecessors having been the brothers Frank and Percy Stout. Our photograph is by Mr. Fred Pickford, of Gloucester, himself a keen enthusiast at the winter pastime.



Extraordinary Epitaphs.

Graveyards exercise a strange fascination upon many living persons, not merely by reason of the fact that some of them contain their relatives or friends, but, as we believe, through the knowledge of the certainty that they themselves must one day be committed to a place of sepulchre. Not a few persons, too, derive entertainment from perusing quaint and in some cases extraordinary epitaphs that appear on tombstones, chiefly in ancient churchyards. We append the following extraordinary inscriptions gleaned from Gloucestershire burial places:—

GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL.

On a youth named Calf:—

"Oh, cruel death, more subtle than the fox,
To kill this Calf before he came an ox."

ST. ALDATE'S, GLOUCESTER.

In this churchyard is a headstone to John Lea and his four wives. It has been refaced, and the part covered over had, it is stated, this inscription:—

"These things in life would raise some jealousy,
Here all five lie together lovingly;
To their embraces here no pleasure flows;
Alike are here as well as joys and woes.
Poor Mary's chidings John no longer hears,
And old John's grumbles Mary no more fears;
An end has come to all their tiresome lives,
Old John's at rest—so are his four good wives."

BARNWOOD CHURCHYARD.

In this parish churchyard, near Gloucester, are two remarkable epitaphs of somewhat recent dates. Upon a monument erected to the wife of an ex-master of Gloucester Workhouse it states that "she was skilled in needlework and a pattern of industry," and there is a significant blank space following. A tale attaches to this. The original inscription added "but she had lingua," and the late

vicar of Barnwood, the Rev. W. J. Kennedy, explained to the writer of this article, on seeing him looking at the tomb, that the words referring to the deceased lady's tongue were put there without his sanction, and during the "interregnum" between the death of the former vicar and his own appointment, and that he had called upon the husband to remove the objectionable words, which was afterwards done by cutting them out and inserting a fresh piece of stone over the space. Near to this tomb is a headstone "Sacred to the memory 'of the two' beloved wives" of the man whose name follows on it, and there is this remarkable text between their names and his—"We loved him because he first loved us."

CHELTENHAM.

"Here lies the body of Mollie Dickie, the wife of Hall Dickie, tailor:—

Two great physicians first my loving husband tried
To cure my pain in vain;
At last he got a third, and then I died."

On a Pig Butcher:—

"Here lies John Higgs,
The famous man for killing pigs;
For killing pigs was his delight,
Both morning, afternoon, and night."

CHIPPING SODBURY.

On Samuel Turner, blacksmith:—

"His sledge and hammer lie reclined,
His bellows, too, has lost its wind,
His coal is spent, his iron gone,
His nails are drove, his work is done.
His body's here clutched in the dust,
'Tis hoped his soul is with the just."

HEWELSFIELD, FOREST OF DEAN.

"Farewell, vain world, I know enough of thee,
I value not what thou can'st say of me;
Thy smile I court not, nor thy frowns I fear;
All's one to me, my head lies quiet here;
What thou see'st amiss in me take care to shun;
Look well at home, there's something to be done."

On Henry Browne, who died Sept. 10th, 1794, aged 48 years:—

"It was an Imposthume in my Breast
That brought me to eternal rest."

THE HERO OF THE HOUR.



Personal Pars.

Colonel Sir J. Willcocks and Major Willans have sailed from Accra for England, on the Bornu.

Lady Lagden, from Basutoland, South Africa, gave birth to a daughter on Monday at Clifton Lodge, Winchester.

The Pope has accepted the office of arbitrator between the Republics of Dominica and Hayti, and has received the Representative of the first-named State.

Dr. John Baptiste Potter, M.D., F.R.C.P., son of the late Cipriani Potter, who for many years was principal of the Royal Academy of Music, died on the 30th ult.

An important change, says "Truth," has taken place in the Queen's "personal" household. Herr Maurice Muther, who has been for many years German secretary to her Majesty, has retired on a pension, and his successor is Herr von Pfyffer Heydegg.

Mr. Edmund New, the well-known black and white artist, who is an inhabitant of Evesham, is busily engaged illustrating a forthcoming addition to Macmillan's "Highways and Byways" series, the subject being Stratford-on-Avon and the surrounding district.

Up-to-Date Tailoring

.. FOR ..

CUT, STYLE, PRICE.

Cheltenham Excelsior Suit	50/-
Cheltenham Business Suit	45/-
Cheltenham Lounge Suit	40/-

WORKMANSHIP GUARANTEED

..AT..

Lenthall's Tailoring Emporium,
156, HIGH STREET,
CHELTENHAM.

Mrs. Lenthall's Servants' Agency.
NO ENTRANCE FEES.

All Classes of Servants
In Great Demand.

FOR EVENING PARTIES.

Cinematograph
nograph
Gramophone
Optical Lantern

Exhibitions

SLIDE LISTS
FREE. . .

UP-TO-DATE.

MOODY BELL & SON, 15, Colonnade, Cheltenham.

Stead & Simpson, Ltd.

THE
LARGEST
BOOT & SHOE
MAKERS
IN
THE WORLD.

123 & 134,
HIGH STREET,
CHELTENHAM.



THE FINEST
ASSORTMENT
OF BOOTS
AND SHOES
IN
CHELTENHAM.

PERFECT
SATISFACTION
GUARANTEED

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1901.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

Norman May & Co.,
LIMITED,

ARTISTS AND
PHOTOGRAPHERS,

PROMENADE STUDIO,
CHELTENHAM,

Also at Malvern and Torquay.

*Distinguished by the patronage of H. R. H. The Prince of
Wales and H. M. The Queen Regent of Spain.*

Artistic Portraiture . .
. . at Popular Prices.

Ivory Miniatures. A Faithful Likeness
of Unsurpassing Beauty. Guaranteed....

Photography by Artificial Light.

Appointments made by Telegram, Letter, or Personally
at the Studio.

NORMAN MAY'S NEW GUIDE TO CHELTENHAM.
NORMAN MAY'S VIEW BOOK.

THE FOUR-IN-HAND TIE.

We do not get very many changes in the styles of ties, and so most men make the most of them when they get the chance, says "The Major" in "To-Day." Within the last few months the four-in-hand tie has undergone a slight change. First, the new ties are very much narrower than the fashionable ties of last season. The reason of this is that the opening at the neck of all coats is very small this season, and so if you are going to show a small margin of white shirt on each side of your tie (as you ought to) the tie must be very narrow. Secondly, there is a slight change in the manner of tying the four-in-hand tie. (Perhaps I ought to mention that the four-in-hand tie is the "sailor's knot" of one's youth, with one broad part of the tie longer than the other. In the old days we pulled our "sailor's knot" very tight, so that the actual "knot" was not visible. Nowadays, the knot must not be pulled so tightly, and the top part—the part of the tie that you put through to make the knot—should be raised slightly so that it covers the collar stud. The idea is that anyone shall be able to see that the knot is a "sailor's knot." The tie with the broad "aprons" is still tied tightly. Of course, there are always men who like to exaggerate the fashions. I met a man the other day who had got his four-in-hand tie put together in such a manner that the upper part reached nearly to the top of his collar.

Chemist: Pills, eh? (Emphasising question)
Anti-bilious? Child (readily): No, sir; uncle is!



Photo H. W. Watson,

[Cheltenham & Gloucester.

MR. R. V. VASSAR-SMITH.

The occupant of our portrait gallery this week is Mr. Vassar-Smith, of Charlton Park. His is so commanding a figure in the public life of Cheltenham, Gloucester, and the greater county that he needs no introduction. To enumerate the multifarious public and semi-public offices that he fills—and most worthily and efficiently, too—requires more space than is necessary to give here. In

addition to directing an extensive railway carriers' business, which was founded by his father, the late Mr. R. Tew Smith, and the headquarters of which are at Gloucester, he revels in other work. We would only say that whether as a public man, a prominent Conservative, or private gentleman, his standard is of the highest character, and that he lives up to it.

Gloucestershire in Travel and Fiction.

BY FREDERICK SESSIONS.

[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

John Evelyn passed through Gloucester soon after the siege, and was affected by thinking of the important part its inhabitants had played in bringing about the King's ruin. He speaks of the Castle being nearly dismantled, and admires the truly handsome "Minster," is especially struck with the whispering gallery therein, makes a mistake as to whom Robert of Normandy's effigy represents, and is gratified that the Severn is to be seen "gliding so sweetly by" the city. Gloucester is "a handsome city," in a "most goodly vale of country." As citizens of so "considerable" a place, as he represents our ancient capital to have been, we like John Evelyn and esteem his merits. He was a gentleman, and wrote politely of our fore-runners in citizenship.

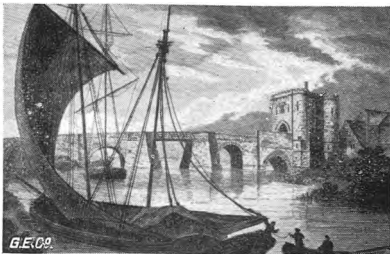
"Gloucestershire Notes and Queries" (vol. 3, 365-372) contains a copy of a MS. in the British Museum narrating a tour made 260 years ago by three military officers from Norwich. The first paragraph bearing on Gloucestershire is as follows:—"In that After-noon we traul'd (from Hereford) through



OLD HOUSE AT TEWKESBURY.

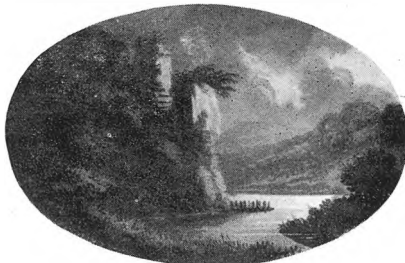
part of the famous, and best wooded forest in All England (the Forest of Dean), which lately hath bene much cropt, lying betweene those two sweet Streames (the Severn and the Wye); and in that dayes journey we had not the will to goe out of o'r way, to be bit by the Nose at Tewkesbury, but left it on o'r left."

They entered Gloucester "ouer a very faire Arch Bridge," and they lodged at the "New Inne, a fayre house, and much frequented



OLD WESTGATE BRIDGE, GLOUCESTER.

by gallants, the Hostesse there being as handsome and gallant as any other. She was the Sole Commandresse at that time, both of her Selfe and House, for her husband was travelling, at the Charge of other Travellers, and there we payd soundly for his Absence." From Gloucester they proceeded to Berkeley and "Thornbery," and so to Bristol. Arriving at Thornbury, the day being market day, "There wee saw a ruinated, stately, large old Castle, where over the Gate House, had the chiefe habitable place thereof engraven, in freestone. Letters thus: The Castle Gate at Thornbury was begun 5o'H7 by Edward D. of Buckingham, E of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton."



ROCKS AT NEW WEIR.

Under date 1769 was published an itinerary with this interesting title:—"Circuits or Journies, interspersed with useful observations, originally begun by the celebrated Daniel Defoe, and continued by the late Mr. Richardson, author of 'Clarissa,' and brought down to the present time by a gentleman of eminence in the literary world." How much is Defoe's, or Richardson's, or the other gentleman's is not self-evident. His, or their, description of the tidal wave on the Severn is all we can quote. After losing sight of the Avon, journeying from Bristol, the traveller comes in view of the Severn Sea, which appears to him like a "plain" river, or an "Estuarium," "and is indeed a most raging and furious kind of Sea. This is occasioned by the violent tides called the Bore, which flow here sometimes 6 or 7 feet at once, rolling forward like a mighty wave, so that the stern of a vessel shall on a sudden be lifted up 6 or 7 feet upon the water, when the head of it is fast aground." Further on he writes:—"From Frampton the flowing tide runs up in a straight line for about four miles in length westward with such rapidity, that on its reaching the foot of an hill, on the left side of the ancient Forest of Dean, and turning round to the northward, it gathers to an head that looks like an high weir across the river's breadth, bearing everything be-



PAINSWICK COURT HOUSE (MANY GABLED HOUSE).

fore it, till it comes to Newnham's Nob, a natural bulwark, which turns the torrent eastward, that when it reaches the north of Frampton the land between the two parts of the river is but about a mile in breadth." He is alluding to what is locally known as the Horseshoe Bend.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Duke of Westminster's marriage to Miss Shelagh West is fixed for February 14 in London.

The St. Etienne municipality has voted a sum of money to buy new toys for the children of the creche, but on the distinct instructions that neither drums nor trumpets are purchased, "in order that the children may run no risk of acquiring the military spirit."

The Miscellany.

"Elephant grey" is a new shade which is becoming popular for winter materials.

"Why is Kruger not inconsolable for the wife he left behind in South Africa?" "Because he found a brother in Stead."

Why should the Queen be Commander-in-Chief? Because she's a Sovereign, and a Sovereign is worth twenty "Bobs."

In winter time never go near the fire if you have got your feet wet. Nothing, it is claimed, is more likely to cause chilblains.

"There isn't anything romantic in the statement, but," says a physician, "you can never be beautiful or keep good looks unless you eat well."

The heiress: "The man I marry must be very handsome, afraid of nothing, and clever. Money's no object to me. Mr. Broke: "Doesn't it seem like fate that we should have met?"

If a boy of five years old breaks a neighbour's window, the boy's father cannot be made to pay for it, as the law does not hold parents responsible for the wrong-doings of their children.

Miss Fisher: "I really don't think I shall take part again in the theatricals; I always feel as though I were making a fool of myself." Pilkins (who always says the wrong thing): "Oh, everybody thinks that."

In order to preserve chrysanthemum blooms it is stated that the Japanese light a piece of wood (not a match, because of the sulphur in it), and with it burn the stalks. Flowers thus treated will last fresh for several weeks.

Mr. Lurker: "Excuse me, Miss Snapper, but I have long sought this opportunity to—" Miss Snapper: "Never mind the preamble, Mr. Lurker. Run along in and ask pa. He's been expecting this would come for the last two years."

"Well, that's enough to try the patience of Job," exclaimed the village minister, as he threw aside the local paper. "Why, what's the matter, dear?" asked the wife. "Last Sunday I preached from the text 'Be ye therefore steadfast,'" answered the good man, "but the printer makes it read 'Be ye there for breakfast.'"

Mr. Labouchere, who has a pretty wit, scored heavily at an hotel at a German spa some years ago. When he went to sign the visitors' book he observed an array of Grand Dukes and Grand Duchesses figuring there, so, not to be behind the times, he signed his name thus, and quite truly, too, "Henry Labouchere, Elector of Middlesex."

English customer (to manager of restaurant) "I see, Signor Maraschino, that the American gentleman and his wife who have just left drank nothing but water with their dinner. Does that make much difference in their bill?" Signor Maraschino: "Nothing, sir. They pay same as yourself and lady, who 'ave champagne. Oderwise, 'ow should we live"

"George," said Mrs. Ferguson, as they went in to dinner, "I wish you would tell Benny, in some way so as it will not offend him, that he takes too much sugar in his coffee. It isn't good for him, and I know his mother wouldn't allow it." "Benny," said Mr. Ferguson a few minutes later, turning to the young nephew who was visiting him, "you don't mix quite enough coffee with your sugar."

Billheads, Memorandum Forms, Correspondence, Cards (with headings), Handbills, Pamphlets, and all kinds of Printing executed neatly and promptly at the "Echo" Printing Works.

A Tour of our Churches

II.—SALEM (BAPTIST) CHURCH, CHELTENHAM.

The first Sunday evening of the New Year. It is a frosty evening; the church bells have not yet commenced to clang out the summons to evensong, but through the old churchyard and around the corners of the echoing streets the sound of hurrying footsteps testifies to the popularity of preacher and service at Salem Chapel, whither I also am bound.

Around a street lamp a body of Salvationists, despite the cold, are bravely endeavouring to attract an audience, but the majority of the passers hurry forward to the place where the great window of the chapel sends a path of light across the roadway. Passing inside with others, I am quickly accommodated with a pew, and, while the voluntary is being played, have a few moments for observation before the service commences.

The source of Nonconformist architecture—the upper room—is apparent in the rectangular building, with its flat roof, and sloping galleries, but there is none of the "dim mysterious gloom" of church architecture; everything is bathed in a blaze of light from electric lamps innumerable, and the impression is mostly that of an enlarged drawing-room or hall.

The galleries at the side and back are crowded with young men and women, most of them probably in "business," and even in the body of the chapel quite 50 per cent. of the worshippers come under this description. Altogether it is a very significant and gratifying testimony to the "drawing" power of the pastor of Salem amongst young people. But the service is about to commence—the preacher briskly climbs the steps to the great stone pulpit, the organist ceases his voluntary, and, after a brief interval of silence, the pastor rises to announce the opening hymn. He possesses a clear and musical voice, and, during the evening, it was interesting to notice with how much skill he modulated his expression—at one moment the quiver of pathos, and the next with the bold declamation and ringing tones of the orator. Both in oratorical style and in features he is at times not unlike Dr. Parker, and the advance of years may bring a yet closer resemblance.

A passage of Old Testament Scripture followed the opening hymn, then more singing, and a short prayer fervently uttered by the preacher in beautiful extempore phrases. An anthem from the hymn book was now announced, and the congregation invited to join with the choir in rendering it. The task was quite beyond them, for the anthem proved to be one which the choir themselves were very doubtful about, and the congregation at an early stage in the performance decided not to interfere for fear of mishap! After a passage from the Epistle to the Romans had been read, however, the old favourite "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds" put matters right, for everyone was at home there, and Nonconformists do appreciate these time-honoured melodies.

Another prayer was offered, the notices for the week announced, "The sands of time are sinking" sung, and then the general settling down for the sermon, an eloquent discourse well delivered, and based on Genesis xxv, 27: "I have learnt by experience." The text was connected with Tennyson's lines "Men may rise on stepping-stones of their dead selves to higher things," and the preacher referred to experience as the universal school of mankind. Even Our Lord learnt by experience the temptations and frailties of humanity. Experience is the school we must enter before we can really know; the girl who reads in a nineteenth century novel all the philosophy of love, thinks she has nothing to learn, but by-and-by, there comes one into her life who teaches her more in five minutes than all the novels ever written. What have we as believers learned in the school of experience? The efficacy of prayer, that enormous, immeasurable power, for one thing. It is no good to say to the unbeliever that the Bible promises prayer shall be answered! We must

tell him we know this by our own experience, or he has no right to accept our testimony.

The impotence of the world to satisfy, and the deceitfulness of our own hearts, had to be learnt in the bitter school of experience. The preacher enlarged eloquently on these two points, and concluded with a striking appeal to young men and women to start that night with the step on the first rung of the ladder to the higher life, and to begin the New Year in a new class of the old school of experience, the experience of Christ's sufficiency.

The sermon over, we all joined with much energy in the Nonconformist Te Deum, "Crown Him Lord of all," which went with a splendid swing and vigour. Before the Benediction the pastor, pointing to the Communion emblems on the table below the pulpit, invited all who "loved the Lord" to remain for the Communion service, and then pronounced the Benediction, to which the worshippers, still kneeling, made a musical response with a beautiful and solemn effect. As the congregation passed out there was a hearty hand-grasp and kindly word from a deacon posted at the exit, leaving a sentiment of cordiality and brotherliness as the final impression of my visit to Salem Baptist Chapel.

LAYMAN.

0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0

Gloucestershire Gossip.

* * *

It is, I think, quite in the fitness of things that I should follow in the alliterative path of the "Cheltenham Chronicle and Gloucestershire Graphic" and write under this heading, as I was always an admirer of "apt alliteration's artful aid."

* * *

There has been gossip galore about the "Graphic" since its advent, and many persons are sorry that they did not bespeak one, as it cannot be had for love or money. The only adverse criticism I have heard is that it is not large enough. But that, like one's youth, time will soon remedy.

* * *

Year 1901 and the Twentieth Century have had a gay beginning. Hunting by day and dancing by night have kept the *beau monde* and others on the fringe of it lively. The Rotunda has served in good stead for the Assembly Rooms at Cheltenham. I hear that two young gents at a recent ball there found themselves under orders next day to skip off for ball practice at the School of Musketry. County Balls at Tewkesbury and Gloucester and a Charity Ball at the latter place filled up three nights. The interregnum of last year through the war was to the advantage of the Gloucester functions, for at the County the attendance was so large that the supply of ball programmes was insufficient. A sign of the times was the presence of a few clergymen. The hunt meets for this ball were well patronised, and the Ledbury Hounds furnished the best run—a clinking one of an hour and ten minutes, forty without a check and a kill at the finish. The "Echo" well says that it was "Another good 'Canning Day.'"

* * *

I never subscribed to the dictum that our battles were won on the play-grounds of Eton, as I think all our public schools, and Cheltenham College especially, have done a very good share that way. Therefore I am pleased to note a recent success from the Proprietary in the fact that Mr. C. M. Vassar-Smith (son of Mr. Vassar-Smith, of Charlton Park) has passed direct from there into the King's Shropshire Light Infantry as sub-lieutenant. No doubt Mr. C. Vassar-Smith will always honour the old Shropshire toast, "Here's to friends all round the Wrekin," with an addition, "Not forgetting those at Cheltenham."

* * *

The worthy Baronet of Fretherne, Sir Lionel Darell, as popular in Cheltenham as he is elsewhere, has destined his third and last son for the Army, as Guy Marsland Darell, bearing his mother's patronymic, has just successfully passed the competition for

entrance to the Royal Military College. The two elder brothers—Lionel Edward Hamilton Marmaduke is an officer of the 1st Life Guards, and is frequently one of the Queen's escort; and William Harry Verelst, who is one of the tallest officers in the Army, is a lieutenant of the 2nd Coldstream Guards, and has been in the thick of the fighting all through the Boer War, and happily came out unscathed.

* * *

The vicarage of Churchdown, with £250 a year and a very good residence, is a living evidently not every clergyman's money, for at least two of the cloth to whom it has been offered by the Dean and Chapter of Bristol have, after inspection and enquiries, declined it with thanks. It is always difficult for an incoming minister to follow a man of means in a large and growing parish. No doubt a great deal will be expected of the new vicar. The church on the hill, picturesque though it is, is regarded as inconvenient and also insufficient to meet the spiritual needs of about 1,100 souls. It is said that Dr. Smithe's successor will have to face the question of a new church down in the village and perhaps one on the Cheltenham-road. Hence the fighting shy of it. It appears to me that parishioners are the persons chiefly interested. Perhaps if the Chosen people show as much energy and material interest in this as some of the residents recently did in forming a golf club, with a liability of some £200, on the hill slope, the clergyman and the church will not be long forthcoming. The Churchdown Land Company would surely find it answer their purpose to give the movement a substantial start.

* * *

After flood, frost and skating frequently eventuate in the county town at winter time. That is one advantage Gloucesterians have over Cheltonians and others away from Severn side, but as there is a free field and no favour on the hams and meadows, *patineurs* from all parts repair the short distance by rail or on wheels to disport themselves on the frozen waters. The scene is animated and the pastime exhilarating. It is true that time, tide, trains, and ice wait for no man, therefore those who seized the opportunity at Gloucester, despite the snow that fell, were wise. Two of the most adept skaters of their generation, the Lord Bishop of Gloucester and Captain De Winton, though happily still in the flesh, no longer charm spectators by their graceful gyrations or give gratuitous wrinkles to outside or inside edgemen anxious to reach the acme of perfection. By-the-bye, it does not seem twenty-one years ago this month that skating was indulged in on Pittville Lake at night by the adventitious aid of the electric light, I believe Popoff's installation, generated by a portable engine. But then, *tempus fugit*.

* * *

I see an advertiser in a Church paper recommends an organist "for town or country," combined with "work as a gardener." I have always understood that barrel organists can turn their hand to anything, and perhaps this one wanting a place would be an acquisition to the "Garden Town."

GLENER.

0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0

The Lord Mayor has received the following additional sums, amongst others, in response to the Princess of Wales's appeal on behalf of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families' Association:—Mr. William Waldorf Astor, £5,000; Sir Ernest Cassel, £2,500; Messrs. Glyn, Mills, Currie, and Co., £1,000; Mr. T. Fenwick Harrison, £500.

The Marquis of Bute is now living in London. It is said to be his intention to proceed to Oxford for a short term in order to fulfil the desire frequently expressed by the late marquis, his father, that he should have some experience of the English University at which his father was a student. After completing a short stay, the marquis is to travel on the Continent for six months or thereabouts.

SHIRER & HADDON.

Annual Winter Sale



NOW PROCEEDING.

FURTHER REDUCTIONS
In all Departments.

5 per cent Discount for Cash.

IMPERIAL CIRCUS. CHELTENHAM.

Prize Photography.

The Proprietors of the "CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC" offer a WEEKLY PRIZE of HALF-A-GUINEA for the BEST PHOTOGRAPH the work of an Amateur.

Any subject may be chosen, but Photographs of local current events, persons, and places are preferred.

Competitors may send in any number of Photographs, all of which, however, will become the property of the Proprietors of the "Chronicle and Graphic," who reserve the right to reproduce the same in the newspaper, but an honorarium of 5s. will be paid in respect of each Photograph so used, with

the exception of those of prize-winners.

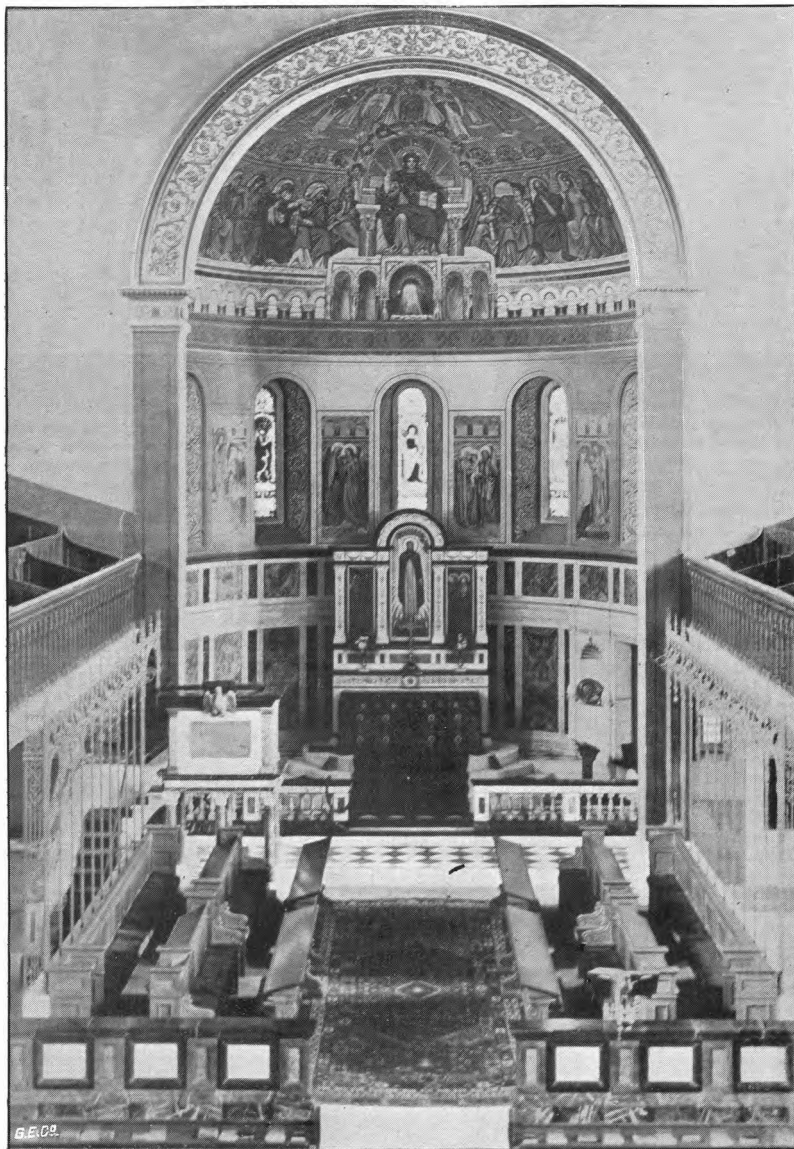
The Competition is open to the county, and the names of the successful competitors will be announced weekly in the Art Supplement.

Photographs must not be smaller than quarter-plate size, must be mounted, and must either be on printing-out paper (P.O.P.) or on ordinary silver paper.

The prize-winner in the second competition is Mr. J. W. A. Roylance, Roy Villa, Alexandra-street, Cheltenham, whose photograph of the interior of Christ Church is reproduced below.

Entries for the second competition close on Monday next, January 14th, 1901.

THE PRIZE PICTURE.



EXHIBITION OF SIR W. B. RICHMOND'S WORKS.

Sir W. B. Richmond's works, to the number of about 500, comprising oil paintings, cartoons, water colours, drawings, etc., are on exhibition at the New Gallery in Regent-street, London. We were invited to a private view at the beginning of the week, and embraced the opportunity thus afforded of inspecting the productions. Perhaps no artist who has the high honour to be one of the forty who has exhibited the whole or most of his works would lay himself open to so much adverse criticism as the R.A. in question. He seems to have been sensitive on the point, for in a recent interview he was bold enough to assert that the Royal Academy is a great hindrance to the promotion of art. Therefore it would appear that matters between himself and his brethren have not been altogether harmonious. He said, "We English are deficient in the critical faculty. We have not a single art critic." The great Ruskin, he asserts, was not a critic; but to his mind the critics of the present day are working classes. He informs us that he has lectured a good deal to audiences mainly composed of working people, and their intelligence and correct taste have frequently surprised him. The present exhibition is practically an invitation to criticism. Sir William has all along courted criticism, and he has obtained his heart's desire. It is a one man show, and as such it was made the occasion of a new experiment, favourably inaugurated enough, but in wretched weather. It is apparent that the artist excels in portraiture, especially in the female line, and the paintings of Miss Muriel Wilson and Mrs. Ernest Moon are splendid specimens. We don't care so much for his men, and of the lot prefer the picture of Dr. Westcott, Bishop of Durham. His Gladstone is not good by any means. In the classical section he displays considerable ambition, and "The Bath of Venus" appeals to us as one of his most popular pictures. From the dramatic conception of "Ariadne in Naxos" to "Melchizedek Blessing Abraham" the gulf is almost infinite, and yet by a series of efforts the artist, with his endless resources and undoubted gifts, bridges it without much difficulty. However, to sum up the exhibition, we may say that Richmond is an unequal artist. Some of his works deserve commendation and others condemnation, and it was with these reflections that we left the gallery.

• • •

Lieut. H. J. B. Whitehead, of the 3rd Battalion (Militia) Gloucestershire Regiment, has been posted to a second-lieutenancy in the 7th Hussars.

*

The Queen has been graciously pleased to appoint Sir Arthur Henry Hardinge, K.C.M.G., C.B., to be Her Majesty's Consul-General within the Dominions of his Imperial Majesty the Shah of Persia, to reside at Teheran.

*

GLOUCESTERSHIRE REGIMENT.—The following appointments were gazetted on Friday night:—Captain J. C. D. Birtwhistle, from 4th Battalion the Prince of Wales's Own West Yorkshire Regiment; and Second-Lieutenant L. Inglis, from 4th Battalion, to be second-lieutenants.

CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC.
SUNRISE ON TROUBLED WATERS.



I.
Sunrise across the bar,
And greatness yet to be!
So may no burgess murmur from afar
As we put out to sea!

II.
"Twixt rocks and shoals our course we boldly
steer,
Our leaks are stopped, you see.
The anchor drags, 'tis true; our barque, we
fear,
Must lightened be.

III.
Breakers and rocks ahead
We know that we may find;
But we are weary of the land-locked bay
We leave behind.

IV.
And, though to further debts and rates much
higher
This flood may bear us far,
We trust we shall attain our heart's desire
When we have crossed the bar.

OUR MINOR POET.

A SLIGHT CHANGE.

One of the Kaffir servants of an English gentleman living near Wynberg, in Cape Colony, had just got married. "How do you like matrimony, Jim?" asked his master one morning. The man shook his head doubtfully. "What's the matter?" enquired the white man. "Yer see, boss, before we were married when I knocked at de dore she used ter say, 'Am dat you, honey-suckle?' Now when I comes home she bawls out, 'Clean off dem hoofs befo' you comes in dat door, you black moke!'"

It is reported that Count Tornielli will be the new Italian Ambassador to the Court of St. James's. Count Tornielli was ambassador here for five years before he went to the Italian Embassy in Paris, and was a great favourite. His Excellency entertained the present King of Italy in London on the occasion of his special visit to the Queen as the Prince of Naples.

MORE GLOUCESTERSHIRE EPITAPHS.

OLDBURY-ON-SEVERN.

"Pain was my portion,
Physic was my food,
Groans my devotion,
Drugs did me no good."

PAINSWICK.

"My wife is dead, and here she lies,
Nobody laughs and nobody cries;
Where she is gone to or how she fares,
Nobody knows, and nobody cares."

WAPLEY.

"A time of death there is, you know full well,
But when or how 'twill come no man can tell:
At midnight, morn, or noon, remember then,
Death is most certain, though uncertain when."

YATE.

"Here lies two whom death again has wed,
And made this grave their second marriage bed:
Death did at first raise some disconsolation,
But would not make an utter separation."

THE BARBER'S HINT.

A suspicious-looking individual entered a barber's shop, and while being shaved casually remarked: "I suppose a good many of your customers forget to pay?" "No, sir," the barber replied. "There was a time when I used to give credit, but I never do now. In fact, nobody asks for it any more." "How's that?" "Well, you see," said the barber, trying the edge of his razor on his thumb nail, "whenever I shaved a gentleman who asked me to mark it up I put a nick in his nose with my razor and kept tally that way. They very soon didn't want to run up bills." There was a tremor in the customer's voice as he asked beneath the lather, "Do you object to being paid in advance?"

If you like the "Chronicle and Graphic," and would do the publishers a good turn, show it to your friends and neighbours, and induce them to become subscribers.



When such well-known local celebrities as "Tyke," "Satisfied," "Old Father Time," "Auspex," "Anti-crank," "Solicitor," and "Dotty over Dates" agree to enter the arena and fling all sorts of vulgar fractions and decimal points at each other, it is well to stand on one side and wait till the vulgarities have settled down a little, so to speak. Even the educated hen with the foot-rule must feel as mad as a Hatter at being mixed up with such an unseemly melee, and I expect she little thought that her morning walk would become such a matter of public interest.

After carefully reading the letters in the "Echo" through, first the right way on, then backwards, and lastly reading every other line, I have come to the conclusion that there is something wrong somewhere; but whether the little mistake is on the debit or the credit side, whether we are a year older than we ought to be, or whether the weather has affected the supply of dates to the almanac makers, I have really quite failed to discover. I must consult with my grocer, who sells a really fine brand of dates, with stones divided into millimetres by special arrangement with the French Government.

I am really very concerned about our failing to catch the century on the hop, though; for this haziness about the real number of our present year must be very bad for those in the prophetic line of business, because, you see, all the events prognosticated (!) for this year really took place in 1900, and even the Baxterian end of the world may have slipped by without our noticing it. Most awkward, isn't it?

At this juncture I should like to explain to the reader that this column is supposed to be a humorous one! If you want to know a good recipe for developing a humorous vein, read the reports of the Town Council meetings. Even the names of the members present are likely to bring on the worst symptoms of the disease. A "Parsonage" which an "Alderman Drew" in the "Norman" style, containing on the ground floor a "Hall" (not a "Lent-hall"), and a "Garrett" above, decorated in "Brown," and at the front door the "Baker's" cart;—this sort of nonsense rambles through the brain, and I really think town councillors should not have names which lend themselves to such follies!

What is this I see? Surely there has been a mixture of the theatrical notice and police-court column in this report of last Monday's Council meeting:—

THE TOWN COUNCIL.

Monday:—Before Ald. G. Norman (in the chair), Ald. J. B. Winterbotham, J. Drew, and a well-selected company of gifted amateurs. The house was well filled in every part, especially the gallery, which repeatedly had to be called to order. The curtain-raiser, entitled "Business," was well rendered by the whole of the company, in a crisp and well-thought-out dialogue, and ended in the orthodox happy manner, the minutes being adopted by all concerned, and the case was dismissed, with costs. The hit of the performance was, however, the report of the General Purposes Committee, which was very loud and prolonged, and echoed through the "Hall" in a distressing manner. The prisoner, a well-

groomed man of aristocratic bearing, was charged with ———, and made an eloquent appeal to the jury, which brought down the house by its studied and well-rehearsed delivery. Amongst the applause were to be heard cries of "Author, author." The meeting then adjourned for tea.

I see my friend "Layman" (long may he lay) is writing about Salem and its popular pastor. Well, on Sunday morning last, in an address to children, the reverend gentleman said that if children obeyed their parents they would get a nice, warm-hearted feeling, as if they had swallowed three peppermint drops! That opens up a new method of measuring good aspirations. Here is a sum in proportion:—If "obedience to parents" equals the warmth of 3 peppermints, what sort of a heat wave would "loving your enemies" set up? At a guess I should make the answer to be a few chewed capsicums!

A WORD TO THE WISE—ON THE COUNCIL.
Be good, sweet men, and let who will be clever.
*Do noble deeds, not dream them all day long.
(*As long as they do not cost anything).

TOUCHSTONE.

LEGENDS OF CHELTENHAM AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

With his usual kindness, our old friend Mr. S. H. Brookes, who holds the copyright, has placed at our disposal a volume of "Legends of Cheltenham and Gloucestershire, being Sketches in Verse of the Tragic and Comic Tales of this Locality, together with Humorous and other Poems, Sonnets, etc.," by William Byrne. Of this right of reproduction we have pleasure in availing ourselves, and herewith give the introduction:—

Have you read the mystic Legends
Of our Town of Sulphur Water?—
Read about the magic Elm tree
That from Maiden's body shoot'd?—
Read about the great Sea Serpent,
That came crawling down the Severn,
From its hunting ground, the Ocean,
Eating up the people's cattle,
Eating up their farming produce,
Eating up their fields and orchards,
Eating up their wives and babbies;
Until Smith went down to Coombe-hill,
And with wond'rous throw of hatchet,
Struck, and hack'd, and smash'd, and slew
it?—

Read the Legend most romantic
Of the Female Monk of Badgworth?—
Or the various other Legends,
Quite as strange and true as wond'rous,
Of our Town of Sulphur Water?
Should you ask me whence these Legends—
Whence these stories and traditions,
With their smell of caves and grottoes,
With the odours of the valley?—
Whether they are truths or fictions,
Whether tales that have been handed
Down from grandsire unto grandson,
Or if merely strange inventions
Of the brain of ballad-monger?

I should answer, I should tell you,
"I repeat them as I heard them,
From the lips of our historian,
From the oldest man among us!"
Should you ask me where the old man
Found these Legends most romantic?—
Whether in deserted rooks' nests,
Or in musty holes and corners
Of the vaults beneath the old church
Or on top of Devil's Chimney?
I should answer you in this wise,
Put it to you thus, and ask you,
"What is that to thee, thou skeptic—
Would'st thou doubt our fair historian—
Doubt the oldest man among us?"
Ye, who love the strange and wond'rous
Truths more strange by far than fiction;
Love the Legends old of our town,
With their wild and dreamy cadence,
With their rhyme and rhythm tuneful,
"Though thou may'st be mean and stingy,
Pull thy shilling out and buy them,
Buy, and read them, and be thankful!

[Next week we shall give the legend of Maud's Elm.]

Poet's Corner.

THREE QUATRAINS.

WHAT NOT TO DO.

To know thy bent and then pursue,
Why, that is genius, nothing less;
But he who knows what not to do
Holds half the secret of success.

THE TRUE ARISTOCRACY.

The wise I liken unto coins of gold
Valued in all the earth;
But fools highborn as token coins I hold,
Of merely local worth.

THE MEANING OF LIFE.

When you were born, a helpless child,
You only cried while others smiled;
So live that when you come to die
You then may smile and others cry.

W.A.C.

WHY MANY WOMEN FAIL.

In an article on "Why Women Fail" in "The Young Woman" for January, Miss Friederichs, of the "Westminster Gazette," describes the difficulties which meet those who try to help women to make a living. She says:—"A youngish woman came to me once with a pitiful tale of her own and her old mother's sufferings in a garret. They had been rich, and now they were on the brink of starvation. She would do any work, but she would like best to be a daily governess. The story haunted me, and when, no stone having been left unturned, a situation had been found which seemed to be exactly the right thing for her, all my rejoicings and all my enthusiasm were nipped in the bud, as she came back from an interview with the lady who had wished to engage her. 'I am afraid I could not go there,' said this able-bodied young woman, whose old mother was starving in a garret. 'I should have to walk up three flights of stairs to their flat every morning, and I really could not undertake that.' I said no more. What can you say when this sort of thing confronts you? But it makes your heart sink whenever you think of it. Another member of this class wanted type-writing. She had not a soul to whom she could turn, she said, and not a penny of her own when the £20 were gone on which she was now living. Presently some work was found for her. At first only her evenings were to be employed, later on, it was hoped, her whole time. She thought about it for a day or two, and then she came and announced that she had never been accustomed to be about the streets in London after dark, and she did not think she could accept the position. Yet another declared that she preferred a clerk's place. That place was found, would-be employer and employee seemed to be mutually pleased, and the performance began. But it did not last long. 'I am sorry I have to give it up,' she said. 'I am accustomed to go into the country in July and August, and it seems that I shall only get a holiday in September.'"

The Cotswold Hounds.

A Snap-Shot.



Man about Town.

*** LONDON, FRIDAY.

The Rural Dean of Greenwich has recently attacked the youth of to-day. He is against their love of pleasure, and affirms that it is supplanting the sense of duty. He declares that football records and entertainments largely occupy the thoughts of our young men; that early closing is the idea everywhere; and that the dogged intention to make one's way in the world and rise by sheer hard work is dying out. I do not feel inclined to fall in with this clergyman's views on the question generally. I admit that our young men are the product of volunteering, gymnastics, rowing, footballing, cricketing, and nasties, magazines, externally generally a fine set of fellows. "You see, my friend," said a wicked, crooked old Marquis, twinkling with his eyes at the fine footman who attended the ladies, straight-limbed and broad-backed, "how fine we make *ces gens la*." Our forefathers of families may recall this expression as they look on the young men of the day at Eton, Rugby, and hosts of our colleges, at one of which I have a young friend who wins prizes at high jumps, but does not seem to acquire much Greek. Young men of to-day don't believe in poetry, nor in anything except a fortune and position. Forty years ago a set of people were all intent on teaching the working classes to sing songs of liberty, equality, and fraternity. Our young men don't admire those principles—except when gilded. So that unless we have plenty of money on a thing, young men refuse it. Success is the great object; the first question is: Does it pay?

The worthy cleric doubtless in mentioning "entertainments" more especially referred to music-halls, and if he means to infer that this class of entertainment is far from enlightening, he is right to a very great extent. In almost all our variety halls one invariably is surrounded by a crowd of young men and girls, and one hears a lot of clotted nonsense, with a sting in the tail of the verses. These songs are always inartistic, ungrammatical, and imperfect in rhythm. What wonder, then, if our young men don't love poetry! On the other hand, one is constantly meeting the Exeter Hall young men and those hailing from some institutions in the Regent-street direction who rather go to the other extreme. They stump in Hyde Park on Sunday evenings, and tell their auditors that they alone are saved, and just because one happens to be listening to them one is sweepingly classed among the unsaved, with a remote chance of reaching the same haven as themselves in the end. Would they but even follow (say) such a man as Wesley, who trod in the footsteps as Thomas-a-Kempis! The golden rules he set himself to observe included these: "Believe evil in no one," "Speak evil of no one," "Be diligent, never unemployed," "Be ashamed of nothing but sin." After all, the youth of the multitude forms the nation.

If our young men are to be debarred from patronising "entertainments," where are they to spend their evenings and their spare time? Surely the reverend gentleman would not have them shut up at home and made to pore over dry volumes till bed-time? If so, one is afraid that the coming generation would turn out like the youths of Goethe's day, "short-sighted, narrow-chested, pallid young men." He perhaps hardly means to go so far as this. But I have an idea that he includes theatres in his "entertainments," and I can't help referring to this point, so please excuse me. Time was when our theatres were not as good as they ought to have been; but I believe no clear-headed person is able to say a word against the plays which are now staged. Of course this is speaking generally. Some say that occasionally we get vulgarities in opera-bouffe and inverted morality in a few of our dramas. Surely it cannot be logically argued that because a drama shows the social misery that ensues from breaches of the seventh commandment, it is not to be heard and seen. Is that

subject less fit for the motive principle of a play than murder, forgery, and lying? Is society so pure that such a vice does not need to be held up to public reprobation? Why may not the stage deal with social vices which, cancer-like, devour the very heart-life of the community? Clergymen don't preach half enough against the class of books one finds in circulating libraries and railway book-stalls. These places are choked with questionable romances. The theatre ought to be, and I believe is becoming, the highest intellectual recreation we possess. If this is not so, perhaps our goody-goody friends will set about conceiving some counter-attraction to the form of "entertainment" which has become so firmly rooted in the English mind. The Church must be up and doing.

I am now going to write a line or two for the ladies. You all know that the fashion papers are now in a reminiscent vein—full of recollections and suggestions as they contrast the modes which flourished at the beginning of the nineteenth century with those that prevail at the dawn of the twentieth. During every month I must get quite a cart-load of these journals; but as a rule I can't find time to look through them. Apart from fashion books, even "a mere man" can observe with a certain degree of accuracy that it seems but yesterday that the dress of our fashionable ladies was an unmitigated copy of Parisian models; to-day, from beginning with boots and hats, English fashions have advanced from the extremities, and coats, shawls, skirts—the whole attire indeed—have become Anglicised. Whatever be the cause, looking backward and comparing (say) Regent-street then with to-day, I must say that I do like the later fashions, and somehow or other ladies look prettier, healthier, and stronger now. The growing girls are taller, fuller, rosier in complexion than of yore. Perhaps ladies don't fade so quickly now. The Americans have, or had, an implicit dogma that old people have really no particular business to live, and that if they are allowed to do so it is only by a species of semi-contemptuous toleration. Somehow or other one doesn't see so many elderly people now in London, on foot at any rate, but of course there is a beauty, too, in old age.

I intended to write about fashions. Would you believe it—fashions in gowns at the beginning of the new century resemble very much those in vogue at the birth of the last. Of course the French capital was the Mecca of fashion then, just as it became half a century later. The passion for classic form in art which dominated the chiefs of the great Revolution, as well as their successor, the great Napoleon, made its mark on feminine attire. I think it was that dreadful Josephine, the Empress of the First Napoleon, who set the fashion of the terrible crinoline. Is history going to repeat itself, I wonder? I hope we shan't have the "hoop" again, for although it was not born until years after the fifties, I have heard my mother say dreadful things about the dress. If there is the veriest indication of this thing coming in again, I shall suggest more tubes underneath for the sole benefit of ladies wishing to travel. Nor have I any desire to see the old "bustle" again. There is hardly anything to be feared, I am told, in this direction. The tendency is to adopt clinging folds of soft materials, a reduction in the number of clothes, and their substitution by the knickerbockers of the new woman.

The features of our own day are too familiar to need comment, says "The Gentlewoman." The tailor costume, the tea-gown and special fashions for children are its absolutely new features. We were never at the same moment so luxurious and so practical, and Dame Fashion would indeed have to be versatile to keep pace with the woman of 1901—a creature who can lounge as effectually as she can take a fence, who is at once luxurious, practical, feminine, and athletic—perhaps the most remarkable type of womanhood a remarkable century has produced.—From "The Queen" we are told that hats are creeping back to a shape very similar to those

worn by the gay goddesses of fashion in the days of the Directory. The brim is uplifted from the face, not turned back, but raised high off the forehead, the space being filled in with flowers or mousseline choux. Soft chips and crins will gain in favour as spring advances, for they lend themselves to the draped effects of the turban-like toques which are so twisted and twined about that they require little trimming beyond one enormous satin chou or velvet and chiffon rose. "Hearth and Home" says ribbon hats are quite the latest thing in the millinery world. According to "The Lady" tinsel gauze is very new, and employed in many ways, both for day and evening wear. The fashion papers generally have notices of a revival of the old fashion of wearing bead necklaces, and ladies set themselves the task of making their own.

The century which has just ended has been called the "woman's century," though the term will probably be more fittingly applied to the century upon which we have entered. In it woman must work her own salvation. I know the ladies will forgive me when I say that in many ways the gentler sex want reforming. I don't mean in themselves by any means, but in some of their garments. For instance, there is the trailing skirt, which is, to my mind, a relic of barbarism. Look at it in the rainy weather—how pitiable its wearer looks, too—and again in dry times it kicks up a lot of dust. Doctors tell us that men who walk behind these skirts pick up no end of contamination; while in the bus or railway carriage what a vast amount of inconvenience it gives. The mention of "rational costume" will, I know, not be tolerated for one moment; but the picturesque healthfulness and perfect modesty of the Zouave costumes worn by French women when cycling have not altogether escaped, if not recognition, at any rate imitation, in Great Britain. Although we don't want the rationals brought into vogue for every-day wear, we men ask that during the next century ladies will fail to patronise the trailing skirt, and not use such big hats in the front rows at our theatres and concert-rooms. Thanks!

ARTHUR J. SMYTHE.

WHO'LL WAVE THE FLAG?

Sir Robert Ball in his Royal Institution lecture was very pessimistic as to the possibility of communicating with Mars. The ruddy planet, he observed, was never nearer to us than 35 million miles, or about 150 times the distance of the moon. An erection of 150 times the size of St. Paul's would just be discernible as a tiny point on the planet. They might suppose the Martians trying to call attention by flags, and in that case they would need at the very least a flag 300 miles long and 200 broad—about the size of Ireland, for instance—with a flagstaff nearly 500 miles high. A further difficulty would arise in the matter of waving this bit of martial bunting. And if the whole thing were managed, and the flag set a-flying, what should we discern from our own little planet?

A TALE ABOUT IAN MACLAREN.

Principal Henderson, of Bristol College, addressing a mass meeting of men at Coventry told a story about Ian Maclaren. There was recently a gathering of ministers at Manchester, which was attended both by Dr. Watson and his assistant at Sefton Park, Liverpool, and it was decided that each person present should tell a short story. When it came to the turn of the assistant, he said he would not tell his tale because it concerned the doctor. Dr. Watson insisted upon the story being given to the company, and the young man then proceeded, "I had a dream, and was told that if I wished to go to Heaven I must go up a certain flight of stairs, and chalk my sins on each step I went up. I did so, and as I went up I saw someone coming down and discovered at last that it was the doctor himself. So I said, 'Doctor, man, you are going the wrong way. For what are you going down?' And the doctor answered in a most lugubrious manner, 'More chalk.'"



THE GLOUCESTER FLOODS.

This view was taken from Over Bridge, and shows the river in the foreground, on the right the Maisemore road under water, and all the flooded meadows extending to the Sandhurst Road.

SOMEONE MUCH IN OUR MIND.

* * *

No man's name has recently been more "familiar in our mouths" and no man's doings more keenly discussed than those of Councillor George Bence, whose photograph we here give. Whatever view be taken of his part in the recent public controversy, it is generally acknowledged that he defended himself with success at the last Council meeting; and the picture shows him much as he looked when replying to his "impeachment," the attitude being characteristic of an active and determined temperament. In public life Mr. Bence has many opponents, and not a few sympathisers; and in private and social life he is generally popular on account of his hearty and genial manner. Under the circumstances no apology is needed for bringing before our readers the familiar features of the local "man of the hour," especially as he figures elsewhere in our issue as the "Jonah" of the eccentric-looking crew who are ploughing their way through troubled waters to the haven of County Borough "beyond the rising sun." Only we do not really think that Mr. Bence will tamely submit to play the role of "Jonah"—that is only our cartoonist's fun.



THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1901.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

GEORGE'S
BOOT SALE.

NOW ON.

* * *

Great Reductions!

* * *

SPLENDID * STOCK.

Call and Inspect same....

94, Winchcombe Street,

Cheltenham.

A marriage has been arranged between Lieut. Walter H. Cowan, D.S.O., R.N., eldest son of Capt. W. F. Cowan, late 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers, of Alveston, Stratford-on-Avon, and Catherine Elinor Millicent, fifth daughter of Mr. Digby Cayley, of Norton Grove, Malton, Yorkshire.

Probably the oldest ex-Civil Servant—so far, at any rate, as the date of his entrance into the Civil Service is concerned—has just passed away in Mr. H. W. Chisholm, who died, in his 92nd year, at 11, St. Mark's-square, N.W., on Wednesday. Mr. Chisholm, late Warden of the Standards, and formerly the last Chief Clerk of the old Exchequer, was born on July 29, 1809.

The death occurred at Leamington on Wednesday, at the age of 43, of Lieutenant-Colonel John Blandford Rattlecliffe Butler, 6th Bombay Cavalry, who had seen about twenty-five years' service, having formerly been in the Royal Marine Artillery. He went through the Afghan war of 1850, and received a medal. He was on sick leave at Leamington at the time of his death. Colonel Butler leaves a widow and family.

It is stated that the late Mr. Samuel Lewis has left estate to the value of about £4,000,000. He leaves all his fortune to his widow, with the exception of about £200,000 divided among relatives and friends. It is his wish that Mrs. Lewis shall give in her own name £400,000 to provide dwellings for the poor of all creeds, £250,000 to the Prince of Wales's Hospital Fund, £100,000 to the Jewish Board of Guardians, and £200,000 to various hospitals.

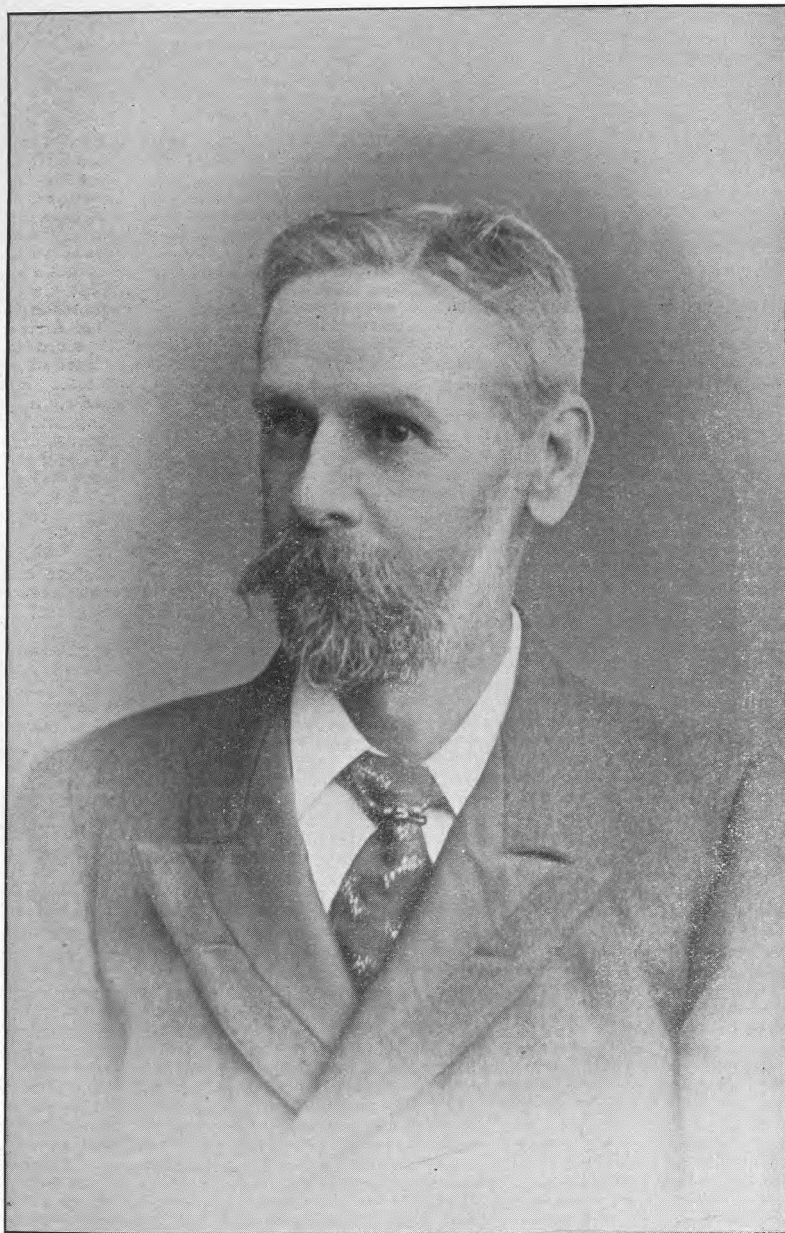
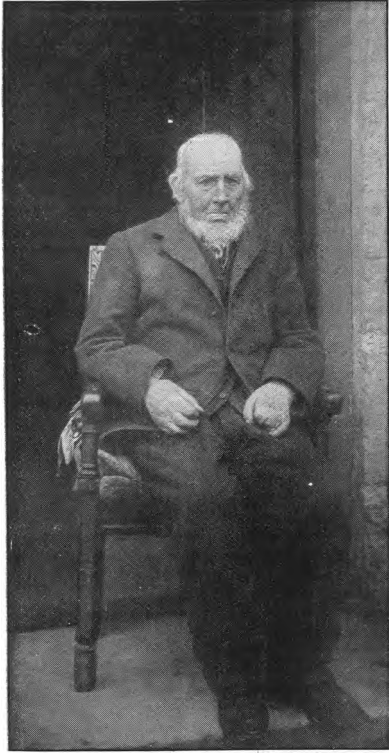


Photo F. W. Pickford,]

MR. RUSSELL REA,
Elected M.P. for Gloucester on October 2nd, 1900.

[Gloucester.

A Stroud Centenarian.



By the courtesy of Mr. J. H. Elliott, of the Russell-street Studio, Stroud, we are able to give our readers a portrait of Stroud's centenarian, Mr. Charles Paish, of Rock Mill, Painswick-road, who celebrated his 101st birthday on Sunday, the 6th inst. For a man who has lived in three centuries Mr. Paish is wonderfully well-preserved. Save a little deafness and a slightly failing memory, he is in full possession of his faculties, and as cheerful and chatty as possible. He married his present—and third—wife some nineteen years ago, and he is her third husband. He never went to school, and is, therefore, unable to read or write, but he has seen more history made than many people have read of. He commenced work when he was six years of age, and some twenty years ago he ceased work. It will be seen from the picture that some of the fingers of the left hand are missing. The hand was mutilated in a chaff-cutting machine many years ago.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

Particulars of the recent unfortunate shooting accident to Mr. Somers Somerset at Badminton, by which he has been deprived of the sight of an eye, are very scanty. A writer in the "World," however, makes this oracular statement in regard to it:—"Little boys should not be allowed to use guns unless they have someone to look after them." It certainly seems strange to me that Mr. Somers Somerset, who was for years heir presumptive to the Dukedom of Beaufort until the Marquis of Worcester was born last spring, should have met with this affliction to his sight while on a visit to his Grace, than whom, I am sure, no one more laments the mishap. By-the-bye, I see the health of the infant Marquis was heartily toasted at the Tethbury Market Dinner, and the proposer, Colonel Sotheron Estcourt, expressed the hope that he would follow in the footsteps of his father and grandfather. If that should be so, we have in embryo the future commander of the Yeomanry, I hope, at Cheltenham.

Death frequently enters other than single-handed into families, and there was an instance of this coincidence in two Gloucestershire families last week. While Lady Elcho and Mrs. Vincent Yorke lost their uncle and father respectively by the death of Lord Leonfield, Lord Elcho's brother, the Hon. Alan Dudley Charteris, was lying dead, too.

By chance I came across the other day the list of the gentlemen whom Lord Herschell, Lord Chancellor in 1893, appointed as magistrates for Gloucestershire without the recommendation of the Lord Lieutenant, and I was much struck by the very large proportion of them who have gone over to the great majority. In one petty sessional division alone three out of the four who did not possess Lord Ducie's "hall mark" have passed away, while the other is non-resident there and does not sit. Lord Ducie is now the senior Lord Lieutenant in England, having been appointed as far back as 1857, and he has practically constituted the county benches over and over again. On the whole he has exercised his patronage fairly well, having regard to the statutory qualifications and social essentials for a county justice of the peace, which have narrowed his choice. Winchcombe will shortly require more J.P.'s, and it will be interesting to see whom his lordship designates for the honour. Berkeley, too, could do with a few more of the great unpaid.

The appeal of the Princess of Wales on behalf of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association is, I am glad to see, being well responded to throughout the country. If her Royal Highness could only act as personal canvasser, money would, I trow, flow in like water, for who could resist so charming a suppliant? There is evidently some special effort being made on the Cotswolds, for the bulk of the sums announced from Gloucestershire come from that district, to wit., Mr. Albert Brassey's £500, Lord Eldon's £250, the Lord Lieutenant's (Earl of Ducie) £200, Captain Piers Thursby's £100, Mr. and Mrs. D. G. Bingham's 50 guineas, and Lord Sherborne's £10. Remembering that Gloucestershire, including Bristol, last year raised over £11,000 for the same object, and that the necessities are still urgent for "the little things that Tommy's left behind him," I hope everybody who can will continue to "Pay, pay, pay."

It does not seem nearly a year ago that our local Yeomanry and Volunteers were being sworn in and equipped and given hearty send-offs on their departure for the depots before proceeding to the front, yet time does not lie. Some, alas! will never return, as they have found soldiers' graves on the Dark Continent, two of the best known of the Yeomanry being Mr. Cavendish Browne and Sergeant Jas. Reeve. I have seen a private letter, dated Harrismith, December 17th, from one of the Yeomen there, from which it appears that the Gloucester company has become reduced by disease and some deaths to a third of its original strength, but those who remain are still determined, it need scarcely be said, to do their duty. The gallant Major Wyndham-Quin is one of the latest invalids homeward bound. From time to time one hears of the Rifles and Engineers, and is glad to know that they are bearing themselves bravely. One interesting peaceable item of news from Thabanchu is that a stray pet lamb has attached itself to the Rifles, and follows them about like a dog. The latest news about our Rifles is most important, for on Tuesday Col. Curtin, of the depot at Bristol, wired Col. Griffith asking if he could replace the officers and men of this active service company, and the gallant Cheltonian promptly replied that he would at once see what he could do at headquarters. Now is the opportunity for Volunteers for the front to relieve their comrades who have borne the heat and burden of the day.

Among the recent demonstrations on the home-coming of a regular officer is that of a few days ago, at Newent, when Captain James Knowles, of the 15th Hussars, was

dragged in a carriage in triumph from the railway station to his father's residence. The gallant captain, as an extra aide-de-camp to Earl Roberts, had accompanied his lordship back from the Cape. Unlike the officers of the famous "Tenth who never danced," he was at the Ledbury Hunt Ball the night after his arrival home. While officers, including Sir Frederick Carrington, are coming home, officers are going back, and in the latter category is Major Percival Marling, V.C., whose case has a decided touch of romance, for he had to cut short his honeymoon to join his regiment in Africa and got there just in time to be in the entanglement at Ladysmith, where he nearly fell a victim to the dreadful enteric. Now, after several months' recuperation in this country, he returns to his regiment, and I sincerely hope better luck awaits him. It is not generally known that the gallant Major christened his best hunter, which he has now sold, "Ladysmith."

The Cotswold Hunt Ball will be the great fixture of the season, taking place under unique circumstances, and just as the "Graphic" is in the press. Therefore any remarks of mine must be anticipatory. That "necessity is the mother of invention" most of us know, and the Hunt Committee, as I understand, being determined to have a ball this year even if they had to go as far afield as the Gloucester Guildhall, cast about in necessity for a suitable large room. The Princess Hall at the Ladies' College seemed the very place, but their application for its use was outvoted. They were more fortunate in getting accommodation, after certain pardonable scruples had been allayed, at the Proprietary. The "Modern," which has been covered with a special floor for dancing, will be the ball-room, and in the "Big Classical" supper for 250 guests at a sitting in at least two relays will be served. Truly the ball will be the classical one of modern times. I trust the "Graphic" proprietors will succeed in their efforts to secure that so picturesque and unique a function shall be recorded pictorially.

Since my last gossip I am glad to find that a vicar for Churchdown has been secured in the Rev. J. J. Dunne Cooke, M.A. He possesses excellent credentials from Westbury-on-Trym, of which he has been curate since 1896, and where he has thoroughly and most beneficially identified himself with the religious and social life of the parishioners. I hope that in a very short time the Chosen people will be truly joyful under him, and that they may be able to cry with one voice, "Well done, Mr. Cooke."

GLEANER.

Some experiments in wireless telegraphy recently described by MM. Guarini and Poncelet before the Paris Academy of Sciences show that the human body acts perfectly as a screen for electric waves.

The absence of snakes from Ireland is a fact of common knowledge, but it is not so well known that the island has no vole, no polecat, no weasel, no roe-deer, no mole, and but one of the three shrews found in England.

At Bradford the city refuse is burnt in destructors, and the clinker produced in the furnaces is made into concrete paving blocks, bricks, and encaustic tiles. The power to work the machinery required for these purposes, and the lighting of the works, is obtained from the steam generated by the surplus heat of the destructors.

China has some remarkably rich coal-fields. It is estimated that there are more than thirty-three thousand square miles of coal-fields in the province of Shansi, and that the present output of Great Britain, which is more than two hundred million tons a year, could be maintained from the anthracite coal-fields of Eastern Shansi alone for a period of three thousand years.

Poet's Corner.

THE YEAR'S DAY.

After the winter's night
From the world is withdrawn,
Out of the darkness gleams the light—
Spring, and the year's fresh dawn.

Blossom and leaf and bud
And all the birds in tune;
Then, in a fragrant, golden hood,
Summer, the year's glad noon.

Crimson the roses blow,
And the grove's breath is musk;
Then to the year the sunset glow—
Autumn, and hints of dusk.

Glimmer the stars of frost,
And the wind at the door
Mourningly sings of something lost—
Winter, and night once more.

—W. A. C.

LEGENDS OF CHELTENHAM
AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE.



MAUD'S ELM.

A LEGEND OF CHELTENHAM AND SWINDON.

Loud the angry winds were blowing, as a fair
maid named Maud Bowing
Down the Swindon Road was going, which was
then a lonely way;
And the pace that she was doing, 'cause she knew
a storm was brewing,
Made her seem like gladsome fairy or light-
footed Woodland Fey!

Oh, she was a lovely maiden, her sweet lips all
honey-laden
Would have made a saint from Aaden long to
"die upon her kiss";
Raven hair to charm beholders fell in wreaths
upon her shoulders,
Which were white as alabaster—just to see her
was a bliss!—
Yes, I really can assure you, 'twas a sight I
wouldn't miss.

Now, the Lord of Swindon Manor—if this tale be
not "a crammer"—
Cast sheep's eyes upon the maiden, and had
often vainly tried
Every base and mean endeavour to obtain her
love, but never
Had the least remote intention that she should
become his bride!
But Maud Bowing was too knowing, and she
long'd to "tan his hide."

But, however, I must mention, that this night
'twas his intention
To convey her to his mansion—taking her by
force, you know—
So he hid behind a thicket that was growing near
the wicket
Gate through which the lovely maiden, as he
knew, would have to go;
But there was a rod in pickle for him, as I'll
shortly show.

She approached; he rushed to hold her—caught
her rudely by the shoulder,
But alas, by her fear made bolder, hurled him
from her with a scream;
And, I much regret to say it, as she fled she lost
her way, it
Having grown quite dark, and stumbling, lo!
she fell into the stream—
Fell into the swollen waters of the curst and cruel
stream.

Now, it seems Maud had a lover, who was watch-
ing under cover,
Wond'ring what the rich old buffer meant by
lying there in wait;
When he heard his sweetheart crying, and beheld
the old cove flying,
From his belt he took an arrow—he'd been
practising of late—
Took a deadly aim and shot him, and there left
him to his fate.

Well, to make a long tale shorter, when they
found her in the water,
You may believe a Crowner's Inquest sat to find
out why she died;
And as the facts appeared suspicious, the jury,
who were superstitious,
Said "As sure as Hags bewitch us, she's com-
mitted suicide!"
Kill'd the lord of this here Manor—then com-
mitted suicide!"

Now, in those days it was the custom, when folks
killed themselves to thrust 'em
In their graves without a coffin, without shroud
or winding-sheet;
And, when midnight winds were blowing, thus
they buried fair Maud Bowing
In the grave which they had digged where the
four Cross Roads did meet.
Oh, sad death for Village Beauty—Oh, vile grave
for one so sweet!

And they took an Elm-stake skewer, and, most
ruthless, thrust it through her,
Driving it with stroke of hammer firmly down
into the clay,
Lest, when travellers belated pass the spot, re-
suscitated
She should rise an awful vampire, and pursue
them till the day!—
Till the noisy Cochon China crowing scared the
ghosts away!

Now, it seems the Elm-stake shooted, in the
maiden's body rooted,
And with leaves and tender branches raised its
head above the ground;
And so wondrous was its growing that its noble
head was showing
Very shortly as the highest object in the
country round—
To the wonder and amazement of the Rustics,
I'll be bound!

And the Elm tree, to my knowing, still is growing,
still is growing,
And they say the maiden's body still is lying at
its root;
But as I cannot perceive it, I must say I don't
believe it,
For an elm tree from a woman is a very curious
fruit,
Curious offspring of a fair 'un; and although the
rod of Aaron
Budded, why should this stake shoot?

MORAL.

Young girls with blue and laughing eyes and
wreaths of raven hair,
Don't take long walks alone at night, and of
Old Men beware!
Men, in the sere and yellow leaf, ne'er after
maidens roam,
But, in your cosy elbow chair, your evenings
spend at home!
And you, young men, in gay life's prime, who
love some Village Beauty,
"There's many a slip"—the rest you know—
When through lone lanes your sweethearts go,
Go with them—'tis your duty!

HOOPER'S LAST NIGHT IN GLO'STER.

At the conclusion of the biographical notice
of Bishop Hooper in "The Later Writings of
Bishop Hooper," published by the Parker
Society, appears the following:—To this
may be added the following lines, which form
part of a volume containing "The Complaynt
of Veritie," made by John Bradford, and
other pieces, and printed A.D. 1559. These are
the words that Maister John Hooper wrote
on the wal with a cole in the New Inn in
Gloucester the night before he suffered:

Content thyself with patience,
With Christ to bear the Cross of Pain,
Who can or will recompense
A thousand-fold with joys again.
Let nothing cause thy heart to fail;
Launch out thy boat, hoist up thy sail,
Put from the shore;
And be sure thou shalt attain
Unto the port that shall remain
For evermore.
Fear not death, pass not for lands,
Only in God put thy whole trust,
For He will require thy blood at their hands.
And thou dost know that once die thou must;
Only for that thy life if thou give,
Death is no death, but amens for to live;
Do not despair.
Of no worldly tyrant see thou dread;
Thy compass, which is God's word, shall thee
lead.
And the wind is fair.

Persons who read this exclaim "Nonsense;
Hooper was not lodged at the New Inn, but
at the house of one Robert Ingram, which
stood nearly opposite St. Nicholas' Church,
Westgate-street. The house still stands. It
would appear that that house in the time of
the sanguinary Queen Mary was an inn.
There is an entry in the Corporation Records
of payment for wine to Agnes Ingram. That
item is charged during the period of poor
Hooper's confinement. It would appear from
the old registry and the wills of the Ingrams
that the "Ingram house" had been an inn.
My old and still dear and respected friend,

the late George Armstrong Howitt, told me
many years ago, and before I had seen the two
volumes of the Parker Society, that the
house was anciently called the New Inn, in
contra-distinction, I suppose, to an Old Inn
upon its site or in its vicinity, and which it
may have superseded. Mr. Howitt, from a
prolonged study of the family and from his
researches into its history, had authority for
his assertion. These allusions to tradition and
data may give validity to the lines; and if
they do not absolutely convince us, may in-
duce us to believe in their authenticity and
of the truthfulness of the statement pub-
lished by John Bradford. "The Complaynt
of Veritie" was printed A.D. 1559, about
four years after the burning of Hooper,
which occurred February 9, 1555. Strype
says "About the year 1535 or 1536 I met with
one John Hower, a Black Friar, of Glou-
cester. Whether our John Hoper or no I
cannot affirm, who with six monks more of
the same house desired licence from Crom-
well, then Lord Privy Councillor of the King,
Vicar Spiritual, to change their habits."—
Eccles. Mem., Vol. II., Part I., page 282.
Oxford, 1822. He belonged to the Cistercian
Order. William Higgs, in his life of Hooper,
page 19 said: "In a catalogue of the names
of monks occupying the monastery of the
Black Friars, in the city of Gloucester, at the
time of its dissolution, stands that of John
Hooper. How long he had resided there, or
what for some time afterwards became of
him, we cannot tell. His residence there,
however, may have had something to do with
his subsequent connection with the diocese."
We frequently hear of the irony of fate.
The Mayor, Sheriffs, and the chief officials
who attended the burning of Hooper after-
wards retired to Bell's, at the Black Friars,
to partake of a banquet which had been
sumptuously prepared for that melancholy
occasion. Fosbroke said, upon the heading
of Black Friars, page 295: "Immediately on
the dissolution a part of the building was
converted into a mansion-house, and was de-
nominated Bell's-place from the grantee.
The grantee was Sir Thomas Bell, who im-
mediately converted the house into a manufac-
tory, and employed there three hundred
hands." Fosbroke, in his description of the
incumbents of St. Michael's, Gloucester,
states—"Patron Abbott of Gloucester, 1526,
Stephen Gardiner, LL.D." Presumed to
have been the infamous Bishop of Winchester.
H. Y. J. T.

MILK PRESERVED FRESH BY
PRESSURE.

Heat, cold, and chemicals have all been used
as means of preserving fresh milk for a long
period, and the effect of pressure has now been
tried, the experiments being described in the
United States Experiment Station Record.
Several hundreds of samples of milk were sub-
jected for various lengths of time to pressures
from a few hundred pounds to 100 tons. In
each experiment a duplicate sample received
the same treatment in every respect except
pressure, and the results in the two cases were
compared. At ordinary temperatures, pres-
sures less than ten tons to the square inch
were found not to delay the souring of milk
as compared with the check samples. Pres-
sures of thirty tons for one hour delayed the
souring for twenty-four hours, and pressures
from seventy-nine to ninety-five tons for
five minutes to an hour delayed souring two
to seven days. The best results from a practical
point of view were obtained with pressures of
ten to fifteen tons for about the same number
of days. In none of the experiments, however,
were the bacteria in the milk found to be com-
pletely destroyed by pressure. Germs of ty-
phoid fever, tuberculosis, anthrax, and other
diseases, which had been previously added to
the milk, were not killed when subjected to
pressures of ten to fifteen tons for eight days.



The Earl of Coventry, late Master of her
Majesty's Staghounds, is to be entertained by
the landowners and farmers in the Queen's
country and the followers of the Royal Hunt
at dinner, which is to be given on February
7, at the White Hart Hotel, Windsor.

Prize Photography.

The Proprietors of the "CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC" offer a WEEKLY PRIZE OF HALF-A-GUINEA for the BEST PHOTOGRAPH the work of an Amateur.

Any subject may be chosen, but Photographs of local current events, persons, and places are preferred.

Competitors may send in any number of Photographs, all of which, however, will become the property of the Proprietors of the "Chronicle and Graphic," who reserve the right to reproduce the same in the newspaper, but an honorarium of 5s. will be paid in respect of each Photograph so used, with the exception of those of prize-winners.

The Competition is open to the county, and the names of the successful competitors will

be announced weekly in the Art Supplement.

Photographs must not be smaller than quarter-plate size, must be mounted, and must either be on printing-out paper (P.O.P.) or on ordinary silver paper.

The prize-winner in the third competition is Mr. J. W. Roylance, of Roy Villa, Alexandra-street, Cheltenham, whose photograph of the Lansdown Drinking Fountain is reproduced herewith. Mr. Roylance also won the prize last week.

Entries for the fourth competition close on Saturday next, Jan. 26, 1901, and in subsequent competitions entries will close on the Saturday morning preceding the award, so as to allow time for adjudication and reproduction.

THE PRIZE PICTURE.



A Tour of our Churches

III.—HOLY TRINITY, CHELTENHAM.

The vestibule or ante-chapel of Trinity Church is not an inspiring preparation for the sanctuary. As I enter from the asphalted area, dotted with flat gravestones, which surrounds the church, there is a curious suggestion of the approach to the lift of an hotel, for before me are glass doors, apparently opening into the well of a lift, but all is obscure except on the right-hand, where, inside a similar glass frame, is dimly seen a piece of elaborate machinery, which looks like the apparatus of the lift. This eventually proves to be the mechanism of the organ, but it is not very obvious why it should be exposed to the view of the incoming worshippers.

Once inside the sacred building, however, there is a feeling of warmth, a comfortable atmosphere, which goes far to dispel the chilly impression of the entrance.

The glance instinctively travels to the chancel end; but there is none of the concentration of interest there so noticeable in our High Churches, for Trinity Church is of the aggressively Protestant type, and takes a leading place in the Low Church movement of Cheltenham. I see merely a narrow railed off space, with a small altar table and a white stone reredos of the simplest pattern; but not a light, not a cross, nothing of Formalism or Symbolism. Almost blocking out the view of the Communion rail and

table from the congregation is an enormous pulpit, flanked by a lectern, and a reading desk and seat, while in front of the pulpit is a diminutive font. Massive galleries, with finely carved fronts, run round three sides of the building, and, most noticeable of all, on every wall space, at the back of and under the galleries, up the side walls, and even high up inside the Communion rail, are crowded memorial slabs innumerable, gruesome but suggestive reminders of the "Reaper whose name is Death." The organ is in the end gallery with the choir, which, like this and most of the congregations I have visited, is composed mostly of ladies.

As the clergy entered I unwittingly rose from my seat, but I soon discovered by my isolation that this deference to "our spiritual pastors and governors" is not asked for at Trinity. The vicar took his place inside the Communion rail, the curate climbed into the contracted space allotted him in the reading desk, and a hymn was announced, contrary to the usual plan of proceeding directly to the form of evening prayer. In this and every hymn during the evening both choir and congregation joined heartily, although the position of the organ and choir at the back of the church, singing over the heads of the people, is not an ideal arrangement either for clergy or worshippers. After the hymn the actual service commenced, the curate leading in a musical voice, but not intoning. Part of the responses were musical, and the Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis were chanted; the settings were simple, but well within the power of both choir and congregation, and there was none of that brilliant display which is the delight of a choir but

the despair of the worshipper. During the recital of the Creed there was a little bowing here and there, but otherwise the service was quite free of the elaborate obeisances and ritual of our High Churches. The announcements by the vicar included, I noticed, that horror of the Ritualist, an evening Communion.

The sermon, which the vicar preached from Isaiah liii., 4-5-6, was in reality an expository discourse on the nature of sin, and its remedy in the atonement—intensely theological and evangelistic, securely orthodox, but with no trace of oratorical display, nothing "smart" or "catchy" in the ordinary application of these adjectives to sermons. As sermons go nowadays it was dull, very; but no doubt it would have looked well in print. The whole of it was read somewhat closely by the preacher, too quickly, and with too little voice inflection to rivet the attention of the listener. There was nothing to attract either thinker or thoughtless, merely a rehearsal of phrase after phrase, which seemed to recall the sentences one could find in the innumerable Bible commentaries of the last century. But the congregation of Trinity may prefer this style of discourse, and in that case the vicar is well advised in giving them what they require. It was impossible to keep my thoughts from wandering, however, to the days of Gordon Calthrop, when, tradition says, a premium was often paid to obtain sittings—when £130 was obtained in a day for a special offertory.—Gordon Calthrop, the too generous nature, who literally gave the very coat from his back to the needy! Then John Brown, John Hall Shaw,—What memories these names evoke of the triumphs of Trinity Church; times when the building was crowded with the society of Cheltenham. But the sermon is over, another hymn is sung, the offertory taken, and soon I am wending my way homewards, wondering what may be yet in store "in the lap of Fate" for the church I have just left, when, perchance, the pendulum of public taste swings back to a simple Protestant worship once more.

LAYMAN.

The election of the Rev. Herbert Edward Ryle, D.D., as Bishop of Exeter was confirmed on Wednesday in the church of St. Mary-le-Bow, Cheapside.

In the opinion of Professor S. Newcomb, it is not likely that the sun will continue to give heat sufficient to support the present conditions upon the earth for much more than ten million years, if so long.

When gunpowder is exploded in a closed vessel the explosion is noiseless, or nearly so. Gun-cotton or lyddite detonated in the same vessel gives rise to an exceedingly sharp metallic ring, as if the vessel were struck a sharp blow with a steel hammer.

The greatest depth at which mining operations are carried on in Great Britain is 3,500 feet—at the Pendleton Colliery, near Manchester. In the Lake Superior district this depth has been greatly exceeded, the Calumet and Hecla copper-mine having a depth of 4,900 feet. At Mons, in Belgium, a colliery is being worked at a depth of nearly 4,000 feet.

Rats are known to be connected with the spread of plague, but the exact relation between the two is not well understood. Dr. F. Tidswell has recently brought forward evidence that the infection is carried by fleas natural to rats. This explains the fact that rats which have been killed by plague can be handled with impunity a few hours after death, when the fleas have left them.

If a one-pound weight is held in the hand and is gradually increased by adding weights an ounce at a time, no increase is felt until one-third of a pound has been added. In every case of this kind, whatever the weight to begin with, no difference is perceptible until it has been increased by one-third the amount. Sensation is thus not a very exact means of weighing.



FUMIGATING THE PARISH.

I.
A parish priest laid down his cross and censer,
Of rural rulers to become the censor.
He was incensed because they'd not the
sense or
Feeling kind to heed this "Fidei Defensor."

II.
When he avowed that (by the sense of smell
Possessed in common by the folk who dwell
Within a certain dank, diphtherial dell
Of sinister report) he knew full well

III.
That sewage farms and irrigation work
Give rise to noxious fumes, with germs that
lurk,
And, whilst those rulers their plain duty
shirk,
Load many a hearse that issues from the
murk.

IV.
"If this goes on," the priest was heard to say,
As through the church he came one mild,
damp day,
"And nought is done the pestilence to stay,
The census man won't have much work this
way."

V.
The church was filled with fragrance from
the censer.
Said one long-headed man, "These fumes are
denser
Than yonder deadly reek; their scent's
intenser.
Incense is a good spiritual cleanser;

VI.
But if yon foetid air you'll fumigate
You'll more ameliorate our dismal state."
The hint was taken by the priest sedate,
And (blest result!) the ill did swift abate.

ROAMER.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE EPITAPHS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC."
Dear Sir,—I enclose a copy of an inscription on a tablet in Tetbury Church, which I copied, should you care for it.
Yours faithfully,

H. G. THOROLD.
Belgrave Lodge, Montpellier-terrace,
17th January, 1901.

TABLET IN TETBURY CHURCH.
"In a vault underneath the several
Saunders, late of this parish. Particulars
the last day will disclose.—Amen."

Exhaustive experiments on the preservation of eggs have been made at the Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa. The best results were obtained by placing eggs in a saturated solution of lime-water. Eggs which had been kept in lime-water for a period of fourteen months were found perfectly fresh at the end of the interval.

The deepest bore-hole in the world, at Paruschowitz, in Upper Silesia, has a depth of 6,566 feet, and was bored with a diamond drill at an average rate of 16½ feet a day. The average rate of progress of a diamond drill per week is 150 to 200 feet in limestone, 100 to 150 feet in slate, 73 feet in granite, and 60 feet in chert or flint.

The total rainfall over a large part of the United Kingdom during the past ten years was from five to ten per cent. below the average for a decade. Little more than eight and a half years' rain fell over a large area across Central England in the ten years 1890—1899.

Mr. C. T. Whitmell calculates that the sun can never be totally eclipsed for a longer period than seven and a half minutes. At Greenwich the greatest duration of total eclipse is five minutes forty-two seconds. A total eclipse of the sun will be observed on May 17, 1901, and will last for six and a half minutes in some parts of Sumatra and Borneo.



Thomas H. Salisbury

(Late H. SALISBURY & SON),

GENTLEMEN'S SHIRTMAKER,
HOSIER AND HATTER. . .

81, HIGH STREET, CHELTENHAM.

Dress Shirts. Socks. Ties. Gloves.
Shirts made to order, Refitted and Repaired.
Raincoats. Dent's Gloves.

The energy of the vibrating air acting upon the drum of the ear in the case of the faintest audible sound is about the same as that falling upon the retina of the eye from the faintest visible star. The energy of the loudest sound which can be distinguished (at the point when the ear cannot decide which of two tones is the louder) is about as much as that involved in the growth of a single blade of grass in June.

*

The best steam engines can only use as mechanical work about one-twelfth of the energy produced by the burning of the fuel; the remaining eleven-twelfths are lost by friction and radiation of heat. The human body is superior to an engine as a working machine, for one-fifth of the energy in the food supplied can be returned in mechanical work, the remainder being used to maintain life.

*

Professor C. E. Bessey has counted the rings in the stump of one of the renowned big trees of California, and found them to number one thousand one hundred and forty-seven. The tree was twenty-four feet in diameter, and more than three hundred feet high, and judging by the rings, it acquired these dimensions in one thousand one hundred and forty-seven years. None of the existing trees are believed to be more than two thousand years old.

*

The highest kite ascent yet recorded was made at the Blue Hill Meteorological Observatory on July 19, 1900, when a perpendicular height of three miles and sixty feet above the sea was reached. Six box kites of the kind which have been popular at English seaside places this year were connected in tandem fashion, and nearly five miles of steel piano-wire were used as a flying line. The instruments attached to the kites recorded freezing temperature, and a wind velocity of twenty-six miles an hour.

THE PORTRAIT OF A TRUE GENTLEMAN.

The following sketch, called "The Portrait of a True Gentleman," was found in an old manor-house in Gloucestershire, written and framed, and hung over the mantelpiece of a tapestried sitting-room: "The true gentleman is God's servant, the world's master, and his own man; virtue is his business, study his recreation, contentment his rest, and happiness his reward; God is his father, Jesus Christ his Saviour, the saints his brethren, and all that need him his friends; devotion is his chaplain, chastity his chamberlain, sobriety his butler, temperance his cook, hospitality his house-keeper, providence his steward, charity his treasurer, piety his mistress of the house, and discretion his porter, to let in or out, as most fit. Thus is his whole family made up of virtues, and he is the true master of the house. He is necessitated to take the world on his way to heaven; but he walks through it as fast as he can, and all his business by the way is to make himself and others happy. Take him in two words, a Man and a Christian."

* * *

If a spirit lamp is covered with a cylinder of iron so that no light is seen, and the heated iron is placed in a dark room near a statuette or other suitable object which has been covered with sulphide of lime, after a couple of minutes the statuette becomes luminous, and appears to emerge from the darkness. The effect is due to phosphorescence produced by the heat of the iron. The statuette should be kept in darkness a few days before the experiment, so as not to be phosphorescent from daylight.

• • •

Take your printing orders to the "Echo" Electric Press, Clarence-parade, where you will get the best work done on the shortest notice at moderate charges. The most up-to-date machinery, including a splendid installation of the wonderful Linotype.

NEW YORK MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT.

New York during 1901 will be the scene of a great struggle, which from its nature must attract interest throughout the English-speaking world. For the second time within a period of ten years there is to be a movement to rescue the municipal government from the clutches of Tammany Hall. The last great movement to this end was in 1894. It was an extraordinary popular uprising, and was successful. Tammany Hall was defeated; and from 1895 to the end of 1897 New York had the best and purest municipal administration it ever enjoyed. During these three years its streets were cleaner than at any time in its history. The police force was less demoralised and corrupt than for thirty years previously; and the public school system was honestly and efficiently administered, and freed from the contaminating influences of Tammany Hall. There were no scandals at the City Hall; and for once in the lifetime of the present generation, New York people had no need to make apologies for the corrupt character of their city government.

At the beginning of 1898 the term of the administration which had wrought all these changes for the better came to an end. The men who had carried the movement for reform in 1894 were hopeful that they could succeed again in 1897, and they nominated Mr. Seth Low, the President of Columbia University, for Mayor. But an administration like that of 1895-98 suited the notorious boss of the Republican party of New York as little as it suited the much more notorious boss of Tammany Hall. These two bosses came to an understanding. The Republican boss nominated a candidate so as to divide the forces in opposition to Tammany, and the result was that Tammany easily carried the election, and was put in control of the government of the city from 1898 to the end of 1901. The boss of Tammany Hall at once reassumed his old position as dictator, and since 1898 he has been more absolutely dictator than at any previous period when Tammany was in control. He holds no municipal office, yet the whole municipal system of Greater New York centres about him, and his word is law in every department of City affairs. When the new administration began its term of office in 1898, this Irish-American boss determined the appointment to every important or well-paid office; and during these later years of Tammany rule his power has become so great that practically he appoints the judges to all the courts in New York City. The judges are elected by popular vote; but no lawyer can be a candidate for judge on the Democratic ticket who has not the favour and cannot command the active goodwill of the boss of Tammany Hall.

In former periods of Tammany rule the boss kept in the background. Since 1898 the present boss has continuously obtruded his personality and his aims and methods in politics on the people of New York; and recently, when before a committee of inquiry, he unblushingly declared that his purpose in politics was to work for his own pocket. In most respects New York's municipal conditions are as bad as they were prior to the uprising in 1894; but especially is this true of the police force, which is more corrupt and demoralised than at any time in its unsavoury history. All upholders of representative institutions are keenly interested in the outcome of the great struggle in New York in November 1901. — "Leisure Hour."

* * *

That fear will promote disease has been abundantly proved during outbreaks of cholera, small-pox, the plague, and other epidemics. There are many people of both sexes who never hear of a disease without fancying they have it. The illness of a royal or distinguished sufferer, the progress of which is recorded day by day in the newspapers, always leads to an increase in the number of persons treated for the same complaint.

• • •

Billheads, Memorandum Forms, Correspondence, Cards (with headings), Handbills, Pamphlets, and all kinds of Printing executed neatly and promptly at the "Echo" Printing Works.

Aquatic Sports in Alstone Baths.

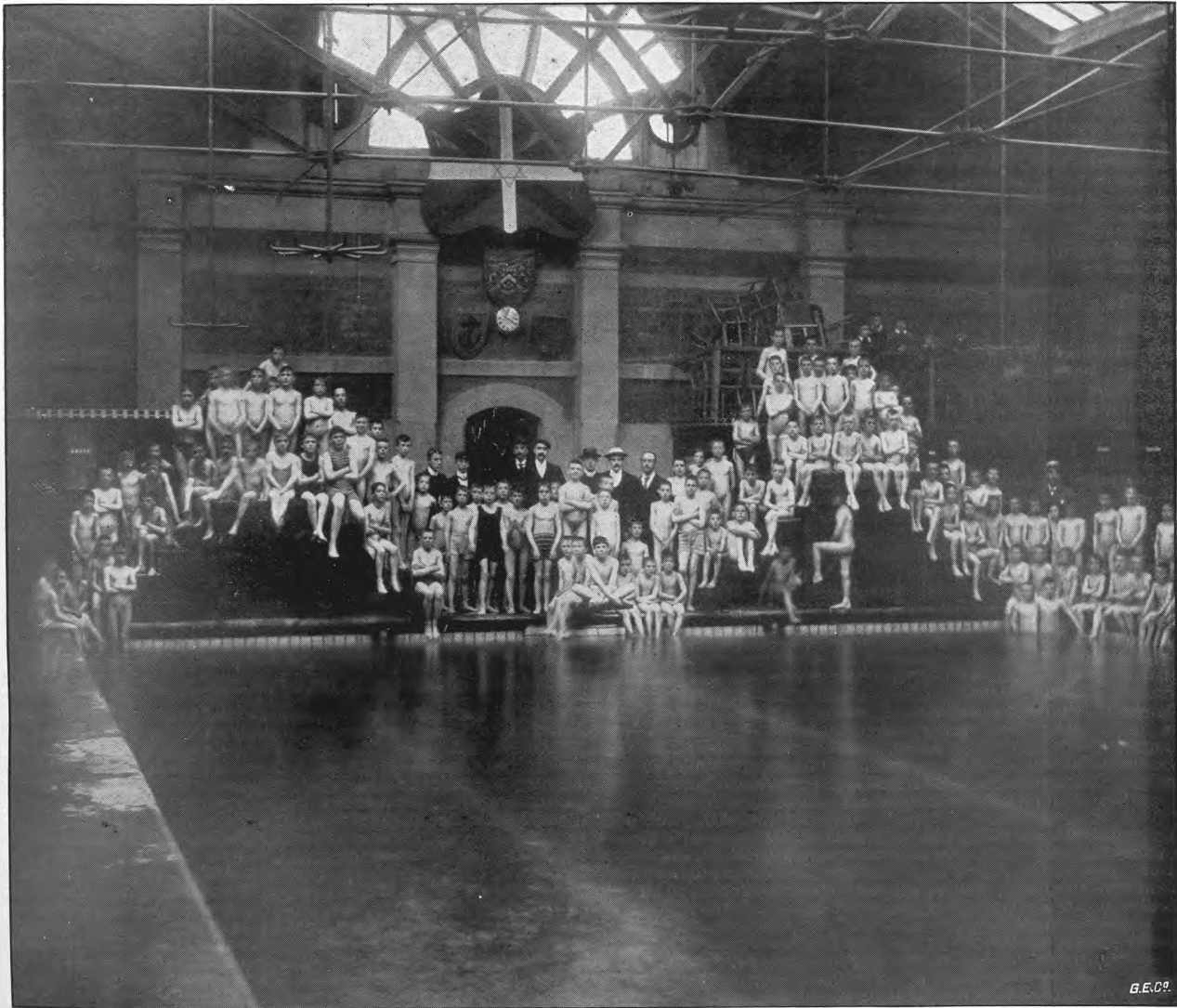


Photo E. M. Bailey,]

PARISH CHURCH BOYS' SCHOOL SPORTS, SEPT. 18th, 1900.

[Central Studio, Cheltenham.

Shire in Travel and Fiction.

BY FREDERICK SESSIONS.

[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

The Rev. C. Cruttwell published in 1801 "A Tour through the whole Island of Great Britain," from which he does not omit our county. It may have been a useful hand-book for travellers in post-chaise or on horse-back in pre-railway days, but is as dry as dust today to all but those who are literary explorers in abandoned mines, and who ransack nooks and corners of libraries in the faith that one forgotten fact about an out-of-the-world hamlet restored to light, to be again forgotten as soon as seen, will reward them sufficiently for hours of research.

Who does not know and enjoy that racy book, Cobbett's "Rural Rides"? Nay, we are wrong! Rather should we have asked of the present nothing-but-novel-reading younger generation, who is there among them to whom Wm. Cobbett is even a name? Yet

in his day he was an influence, and on the whole for good. His travels are far from being mere itineraries. In his rural rides, some on a staunch cob and sometimes in a chaise, he passed twice through Gloucestershire, and makes his notes upon all he sees and hears in his own quaint, gossippy, frankly prejudiced, heartily hating, keenly observant, pitying, practical fashion. Jogging along the roads from "that villainous hole Cricklade," "a more rascally looking place I never set eyes on" (Cricklade is *not* in Gloucestershire!), towards Cirencester, he notices every little detail, and describes the soil and building stone of the Cotswold country, and notes the abject, half-starved condition of the peasantry; meets the droves, numbering say a couple of thousand at a time, of black Welsh cattle, such as half a century ago filled Gloucester streets from the Cross to the Westgate Bridge for hours together; discusses the poor quality of the farming; raves at Pitt, paper money, and the political economists; and then, for the edification and comfort of the lowlanders, he writes—"With the exception of a little dell about eight miles from Cititer, this miserable country continued to the distance of ten miles, when, all of a sudden, I looked down from the top of a hill into the *Vale of Gloucester!* Never

was there, surely, such a contrast in this world! This hill is called *Burlip Hill*; it is much about a mile down it, and the descent so steep as to require the wheels of the chaise to be locked, and, even with that precaution, I did not think it over and above safe to sit in the chaise, so, upon Sir Robert Wilson's principle of taking care of *Number One*, I got out and walked down. From this hill you see the Morvan Hills in Wales (Cobbett's geography was cloudy if Malvern was clear). You look down into a sort of *dish* with a flat bottom; the hills are the sides of the dish, and the City of Gloucester, which you plainly see at seven miles distance from Burlip Hill, appeared to be not far from the centre of the dish. All here is fine; fine farms; fine pastures; all enclosed fields; all divided by hedges; orchary a-plenty; and I had scarcely seen one apple since I left Berkshire.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Lord Dunsany will leave London shortly for the Riviera.

Captain C. V. Schneider (O.C.), Indian Staff Corps, who served in the Dongola and Tirah campaigns, has been appointed Military Attache and Oriental Secretary at Teheran.

CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC.
THE CHEDWORTH RAILWAY SMASH.



The railways crossing the Cotswolds are renowned for their deep cuttings and high embankments; but they are fortunate in escaping those accidents from landslips which sometimes imperil the safety of passengers on lines through hilly districts during stormy weather. An alarming incident, however, occurred at the end of last week in a cutting near Chedworth, on the Midland and South-Western Junction Railway. A large boulder, weighing about two tons, fell directly in front of a

train, overturning the engine, as represented in our picture, and smashing a milk-van. Fortunately no one was injured. Men were at work doubling the line near the spot, and it is stated by the bystanders that the engine fell against a rock, in an indentation of which a man was working, without injuring him. He crept out from between the embankment and engine after the driver and his mate, who were also uninjured.

by the light of his countenance or by a species of "revival service," I know not. At present the only beverage of that description the public are allowed to poison themselves with is handed out at Pittville Spa once or twice a week. The demand is not great, but the flavour is decidedly so, and the aroma is even more so. I hope to patronise the establishment in a few days, and will register my records for the "Graphic," if I live through the flavour! One of our Councillors would like to stir up Mother Earth a little more by boring deep down into the interior to get brine baths, but recent events have upset all this. Truly, what a bore!

Speaking of Trinity Church (which I see is mentioned elsewhere in this number of the "Graphic,") have you heard that about 25 years ago an innocent curate startled the congregation by announcing that "Next Tuesday being Ash Wednesday, a service will be held in this Church!"

This is almost as bad as the celebrated bull uttered by one of our most eloquent local orators in a political meeting at the old Coliseum in Bath-road (for Cheltenham, like Rome, has the picturesque ruins of a Coliseum in her midst). Many of my readers will remember the incident when, after a magnificent speech which aroused the whole meeting to enthusiasm, the speaker mentioned closed with the extraordinary remark: "Gentlemen, as we have done in the future, so we will go bravely forward and do in the past!" TOUCHSTONE.

M. Verestchagin, the celebrated painter, has left St. Petersburg for China to paint pictures illustrative of the recent operations.

Earl Roberts and Sir Redvers Buller have signified their intention of visiting their old school at Eton together, probably in March.

Alderman Walton, who died on Wednesday at Stockton-on-Tees, in his 80th year, was one of the veterans of the friendly society movement.

A banquet was given to Col. S. A. Sadler, M.P., in the Town Hall, Middlesbrough, on Wednesday night, in recognition of his victory for the Conservative party.

Lady Fairfax, widow of the late Vice-Admiral Sir Henry Fairfax, who was Commander-in-Chief at Devonport, and at one time Naval Lord of the Admiralty, is seriously ill at her house in Cranley Place.

A marriage has been arranged between John, younger son of Col. H. C. Norris, of Swalcliffe Park, Banbury, Oxfordshire, and Margaret Louise, elder daughter of Mr. Henry Courage, of Gravenhurst, Bolney, Sussex.

Insects form about four-fifths of the animal kingdom. There are about 250,000 species already named in museums, while the number of living fossil species in all is estimated to be between one and two millions.

Fruit-growers in California now prevent damage from frost by forcing hot water through a number of furrows among their groves. The air is heated by the rising of the water vapour, and is thus prevented from cooling to the degree of frost.

Brewers are often troubled with fouling of the beer-barrels, due to the growth of a fungus which penetrates the wood to a considerable depth, so that ordinary methods of cleansing fail to remove it. This growth is now successfully removed by means of ozone, the method being to alternately subject the casks to the action of steam and ozone gas.

It is commonly believed that adders protect their young by swallowing them when startled. Most naturalists consider the feat an impossibility, but Mr. G. Leighton has just proved that there is no structural objection to it. Naturalists will not be convinced, however, until an adder which has been observed to swallow its young has been caught and dissected.



On Thursday next and every week until further notice at the Cheltenham Workhouse a wrestling match between the Clerk to the Board and several prominent Guardians of the Poor. Backers for the Clerk, the Local Government Board; for the Guardians, the ratepayers of Cheltenham. Epithets of the first, second, and third class may be used; but we understand the Clerk has signified that, although "chastened in spirit," he will not be able to keep *Meek* under the circumstances, and we look forward to a very interesting and exciting contest. Odds, 50 to 1 on the Guardians.

The trial of wits announced above has now taken the floor, and Mr. Bence has stepped away from the amphitheatre after a drawn game with the Council. But we cannot forget him, for his name comes up so often in public life that, like the Bailey in "Les Cloches de Corneville," we feel tempted to "salute" wherever we see it. Everyone is anxious to know why Mr. Bence did this and why he did the other; but read the report of the Wesley Guild concert, and you will see that "Mr. A. Bence gave 'Because we love our Queen.'" These hidden motives are rather startling!

There is just a rumour in the air that the old style of things at the Grammar School is to be succeeded by a new style, in order to help the Governors of Pate's foundation—otherwise the foundation of the interior furniture of the boys' pates,—to clamber over a formidable stile which stands before them. Science, like Jonah and other local celebrities, is to go "by the board," and the Grammar School boy is to learn to write without extra charge!

After sitting, standing, breathing, and generally living in an atmosphere of dust and ashes, the patient scavenger, the man with the big family and little wage, gets his rise, thanks to Councillor Waghorne. My own dustman was quite radiant this week, and had already determined that he would be able to take his wife and little dustmen to Switzerland in the summer on the strength of his rise! But the Borough Surveyor, methinks, would be inclined to warble to Councillor Waghorne the words of Chevalier's song, "You can't—really you can't—take that rise out of Oi"!

I see the "Morning Post" says that the Master of the Cotswold Hounds is about to resign. I hope not, for no one would wish him to "Rush out" of his post in that particular way.

Congratulations to Mr. George Brydges, the Deputy Town Clerk of Cheltenham, on his almost securing the Town Clerkship of Windsor. It is quite a new thing to me to discover that Mr. Brydges is a "foreigner" (vide a Windsor meeting); but he must console himself by the reflection that they already have quite enough "Brydges" at Windsor to get along with. No doubt it would have been very comfortable to bask in the sunshine of royalty at £425 a year, far from the mathematical interference of General Babbage; but even at Windsor "Echo" says there are dissensions and petulant ratepayers.

I understand that the Cheltenham waters are to be revived by Mr. Lenthall, whether

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1901.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

OUR PHOTOGRAPHS.

As will be seen, the majority of our photographs this week are the work of the well-known Cheltenham firm, Messrs. Norman May and Co., of the Promenade Studios. The full-page photographs illustrating the Hunt Ball were taken at night, while the dance was in full swing, by means of the flash-light apparatus. Those who were present at the ball will agree that they give a very fair idea of the scenes at this notable gathering, especially considering the great difficulties which had to be overcome. The photographs of the Master and the secretaries of the ball "speak" for themselves. The one of Charles Travess is the production of Mr. Woodward, of Winchcombe-street, and is equally good.

* * *

WHEN MEN ARE BORES.

Many women are justly accused of talking nonsense, and talking too much of it. But men are more or less responsible for this.

Just watch the next couple you see together—at dinner or between the acts at the theatre—anywhere. It is always the same. The girl is doing the talking and making an effort to entertain the man, and she knows she is playing in the biggest sort of luck if he throws in a side remark every now and then to help her along. There are plenty of men in society with whom conversation is practically a monologue on the woman's part, and if the man thinks that his awful silence is fascinating or impressive he is making the mistake of his life.

The girl is doing drudgery, and she knows it, and she is wondering if any other kind of a bore is such a bore as the man who sits up like a knot on a log and says nothing.

* * *

There is no royal road to good manners; they are acquired like any other habit by the constant repetition of single acts. If they are merely the veneer of a coarse and selfish nature, they will give way under pressure, and show the texture of the deal underneath. If they are the polish of a mind trained in all gentle, kindly, unselfish ways, full of the clarity that thinketh no evil, they will reflect the very light of heaven. We must remember that they are the outward and visible expression of loving our neighbours as ourselves.

*

A ton weight dropped from a height of twenty feet will not break a good steel rail; but if the rail is nicked with a chisel to a depth of 1.64th of an inch it will break when a weight of six hundredweight falls upon it from a height of only twelve feet. The loss of strength due to these minute scratches is believed to account to some extent for the occasional fracture of rails on lines.

*

"By the Way" will be found on the main sheet of to-day's "Chronicle and Graphic." The continuation of the interesting article, "Gloucestershire in Travel and Fiction," is unavoidably delayed until next week.



Photo Norman May & Co.,

[Cheltenham.]

ALGERNON RUSHOUT, Esq.,
Master of the Cotswold Hounds.

COTSWOLD HUNT BALL.

BRILLIANT SUCCESS AT CHELTENHAM COLLEGE.

RECORD ATTENDANCE.

The Cotswold Hunt Ball in the Cheltenham College buildings on Friday evening was an occasion unique in the annals of Cheltenham society. It was the largest and most brilliant function of the kind that residents in the Garden Town can remember. That the great fashionable event of the year was so successfully carried out goes to prove the truth of the old adage that "every cloud has a silver lining." This winter was ushered in with the demolition of the historic Assembly Rooms, and as the season progressed without any corresponding progress in the renovation of the Winter Gardens the elite of Terpsichorean devotees in the district looked in vain for a place sufficiently large to accommodate them all in their midnight revels, and it was feared that the three great dances of the season would have to be dispensed with for one season at least. But those responsible for the premier ball, the committee of the Cotswold Hunt, showed a sportsmanlike disregard for obstacles, and hit upon the happy idea of seeking the aid of the College authorities. During the Christmas vacation, the Council of the Gentlemen's College have at their disposal a suite of rooms capable of accommodating the largest party that has ever assembled for dancing in Cheltenham. When the exigencies of the situation had been put before them they graciously consented to their seat of learning being transformed into a scene of gaiety "for one night only." Thus the Cotswold Hunt were saved the inconvenience of going to Gloucester, and Cheltenham retained its great biennial ball.

Having secured the most commodious building in the town, the next business was to fit it up in ball-room fashion. Here many difficulties presented themselves owing to the scholastic arrangement of the rooms, but after much money and ingenuity had been expended on them, the result was as comfortable accommodation as could be desired. The "big modern" was selected for the ball-room, and was fitted with a special dancing floor brought in sections from London by Messrs. Shirer and Haddon, who undertook the furnishing and decoration. Their tasteful decorator, Mr. W. F. James, and his skilful staff had been busy at the College for a fortnight. A square hand-stand was erected half way along the left wall, under the Victoria Cross tablet, on which are inscribed the names of four heroes who were trained for the battle of life within those walls. A narrow *dais* was also erected all round the room, on which seats were placed for sitting out. The Hunt colours—scarlet and green—prevailed in the decoration of the ball-room. The windows were draped and the walls hung with muslin of those tints alternately. The great window at the end was entirely hidden with scarlet cloth, which formed an effective background for rustic trellis-work and imitation balustrading, from which peeped arum lilies and fairy lights in enchanting fashion. Each end of the band-stand was ornamented by one of Mr. Cypher's remarkably fine Phoenix palms, on a pedestal ornamented with foxes' masks and brushes. The same furry features were conspicuous in the adornment of the canopy over the master's seat. Doors on the right and left of the ball-room led into what are usually termed form-rooms, but which were now fitted up as lounges. The walls were entirely hidden behind muslin valances. White and pale orange were the tints in Mr. Newton's and Mr. Baker's rooms, whilst white and pale lemon prevailed in the Latin and Mathematical rooms. The gas jets were fitted with ruby shades, so as to shed a soft and pretty red glow over the lounges. The largest of these rooms was fitted up as a refreshment buffet and effectively displayed dainty confections from George's. This firm, which was ably represented by Mr. W. H. Hudson, were responsible for the general

arrangements, and achieved a distinct success. He had brought a staff of nearly 100 helpers, including 52 waiters.

Supper was served in the "Big Classical," which is about as large as the ballroom, and allowed 240 guests to be seated at one time. Mr. Cypher had robbed his hothouses of some of their choicest exotic productions for the decorations of the tables. In the centre was a long table (accommodating 84 persons) which was circular in the centre and lozenge-shaped at the ends. The centre piece consisted of a life-size figure of a huntsman mounted and in the scarlet and green uniform, surrounded by a rustic group of plants and stuffed foxes in fighting attitude. On either side were arches of lilies, orchids, and other choice flowers, lit up by numerous candelabra. On the four buffets and on the side tables were groups of tropical plants, including some rare crotons from the South Sea Isles, and two remarkably fine Kentia palms. The rare plants included *Latania*, *Kentia*, and *Phoenix* palms, some of which were 16ft. high, and many coloured crotons, dracaenas, acacias, bamboos, etc. Amongst the choice flowers used in the decoration of the tables were orchids, lilies of the valley, narcissus, poinsettias, and hyacinths, with asparagus, smilax, etc. George's Limited had provided a *recherche* repast, the menu being as follows:—

- HORS D'ŒUVRES.
- Anchois en Salade Biscuits de Caviare à la Moscow.
- POISSONS.
- Darne de Saumon à la Cotswold.
- Filet de Turbot à la Pompadour.
- ENTRÉES.
- Cailles à la Parisienne. Ris de Veau en Coquilles.
- Casseroles des Perdreaux au Vin.
- Terrine de Foie Gras Truffé. Homard à l'Americaine.
- Crontes des Huîtres au Diable.
- GROSSES PIÈCES.
- Tête de Sanglier à la Tally-Ho.
- Galantine de Dinde à la Royale.
- Jambon d'Yor avec Gelée. Langue de Bœuf fleumée.
- Galantine de Gibier à l'Aubigné.
- Faisans Rotis aux Cressons. Chapons à l'Italienne.
- Galantine de Caneton Sauvage.
- Dindonneau aux Marrons.
- Langue de Reindeer en Tranches.
- ENTREMETS.
- Pièce Montée à la Chasseur.
- Croquenbouche des Fruits à la Diane.
- Gelée à la Rothschild. Crème aux Fraises.
- Gelée à la Victoire. Crème Celonté.
- Bavaroise des Pommes. Gâteau Stamboul.
- Charlotte des Abricots. Cerises en Caissees.
- Marrons aux Liqueurs. Trife à la Travess.
- GLACES.
- Crème des Fraises. Crème des Ananas. Eau de Citron.
- Consommé en Départ - Crème à la Reine.
- Tortue Claire.

Dancing commenced at 10 o'clock, and proceeded merrily till nearly 4 a.m. Between these hours the ballroom was a fascinating and memorable scene of motion, mirth, and beauty. The rooms were always well-filled, but never over-crowded. The guests altogether numbered nearly 500, the largest attendance at any ball in Cheltenham. Ample cloakroom accommodation for ladies and gentlemen was to be found in the masters' private rooms. The comfort of the numerous guests was well looked after by the following stewards:—

Mr. Algernon Rushout, M.F.H., Sir J. E. Dorington, Bart., M.P., Mr. W. F. Hicks Beach, Mr. Henry J. Elwes, Mr. J. S. Gibbons, Mr. Algernon Strickland, Mr. H. F. Gladwin, Mr. W. J. McLachlan, Mr. E. Meyricke, Mr. E. S. Fletcher, Mr. Rowland Ticehurst, Mr. R. V. Vassar-Smith, Messrs. George B. Witts and J. H. Selwyn-Payne (hon. secs.).

Several members of the Cheltenham Fire Brigade, under Superintendent Such, were in attendance.

Quality and not quantity was the conspicuous feature of the music, Herr Iff's Band being small but thoroughly efficient. The programme was as follows:—

- Valse Reine des Cœurs
- Valse Wein Weib und Gesang
- Polka En Chasse
- Valse Whisper and I shall hear
- Valse Ange d'Amour
- Lancers Getsha
- Valse Mandalay
- Valse Doctrinen
- Valse Sourire d'Avril
- Valse Santiago
- SUPPER DANCES.
- Valse Schatz
- Polka Rum Tum Tum
- Valse Toreador
- Galop Post Horn

- Lancers Messenger Boy
- Valse Etincelles
- Valse Eton Boat Song
- Polka A'Frangosa
- Valse Blue Danube
- Lancers Runaway Girl
- Valse Morganblatter
- Valse Meerleuchten
- Valse Joys of Life
- Valse Greek Slave
- Galop John Peel

The following is a list of the subscribers, by whom the guests received their tickets:— Mr. E. Adlard, Mr. J. T. Agg-Gardner, M.P., Mr. St. A. B. Aldworth, Mr. W. F. Hicks Beach, Mr. G. W. Blathwayt, Dr. Herbert Bramwell, Dr. J. W. Bramwell, Mr. F. Brandt, Mr. A. C. Bruce-Pryce, Mrs. Byng-Morris, Mr. James Chamberlin, Major Colledge, Miss Dewhurst, Mr. Ralph Dobell, Col. Ethelstone, Mr. E. S. Fletcher, Mr. T. Nelson Foster, Mr. H. Fane Gladwin, Mr. J. S. Gibbons, M.H., Major W. H. Gresson, Mr. A. D. Grey, Capt. Herbert, Mr. James Horlick, Miss Jobling, Mr. W. Johnson, Mr. H. S. Kennedy-Skipton, Mr. George Lawrence, Mr. T. J. Longworth, Mr. Herbert Lord, Miss Lousada, Mr. E. Meyricke, Mr. W. J. McLachlan, Mr. W. Morgan, Mr. O. E. Part, Mr. C. J. Plumer, Mrs. Ratcliff, Mr. Thos. Rome, Mr. Algernon Rushout, M.F.H., Mr. J. H. Selwyn-Payne, Mr. G. A. G. Shawe, Major Shewell, Mr. W. Nash Skillicorne, Mr. Algernon Strickland, Capt. G. R. Tallyour, Mr. John Talbot, Col. Thoys, Mr. R. Ticehurst, General Twigg, Mr. Herbert Unwin, Mr. R. V. Vassar-Smith, Col. C. B. Vickers, Capt. Walsh, R.N., Mr. Howard Warden, Miss Wilson, Mr. G. B. Witts, Capt. H. G. Willis.

LIST OF GUESTS.

Mr. Ackroyd, Mr. Francis Adams, Miss Georgie Adams, Miss Elsie Adams, Mr. Edward Adlard, Mrs. Adlard, Miss Adlard, Miss Eleanor Adlard, Col. Agg, Miss Edith Agg, Miss Beatrice Agg, Mr. F. J. G. Agg, Miss Aitchison, Mr. Aldworth, Mr. H. I. R. Allfrey, Mr. Amplett, Miss Anley, Miss Arbutnot, Miss M. Arbutnot, Major Ashby, Mr. Edmund S. Austin.

Mr. Cecil Baines, Mr. L. O. T. Baines (East Lancashire Fusiliers), Mr. Lloyd Baker, the Hon. Mrs. M. Lloyd Baker, Miss Baker, Mr. J. Bannerman, Mr. Barker, Miss Barton, Mr. C. R. Barton, Miss Battersby, Miss Baydon, Miss W. Baydon, Miss Daisy Hicks Beach, Miss Violet Hicks Beach, Miss Myrtle Hicks Beach, Mr. Charles Hicks Beach, Mr. Ellis Hicks Beach, Mr. F. Beasley, R.N., Capt. Becke, Mrs. Bentley, Miss Bentley, Mr. J. W. Beynon, Mr. S. W. Binns, Miss L. Birchall, Major Blagrove, Mr. G. W. Blathwayt, Capt. John Blunt (3rd Leicestershire Regiment), Major Bond, Mr. W. H. Bond, Miss Bott, Miss V. Bott, Mr. C. L. Bott, Mrs. Bramwell, Miss Bramwell, Miss E. M. Bramwell, Mr. C. G. Bramwell, Mr. H. Bramwell, Mr. Brandt, Mrs. Brandt, Miss A. Brandt, Miss E. Brandt, Mr. Cecil Brandt, Mrs. Brett, Miss Brewster, Mr. G. T. Brett, Mr. Bruce-Pryce, Mrs. Bruce-Pryce, Miss Violet Bruce, Capt. Bruce, Mr. J. S. Bruce, Mr. R. C. Burton, Mr. W. S. Bury, Miss Byrde-Grigg, Miss B. Byng-Morris, Mr. Frank Byng-Morris.

Mr. P. D. Campbell, R.N., Mr. H. Boyd Cardew, Mr. Cardwell, Mrs. Cardwell, Miss Cardwell, Miss Chalmers, Mr. J. Chamberlin, Mrs. Chamberlin, Miss Chamberlin, Mr. Trevor Chamberlin, R.N., Mr. Chetwood-Aiken, Admiral Christian, the Lady Edward Spencer Churchill, Miss Beryl Spencer Churchill, Mr. J. M. Clayhills, Miss Clowes, Mrs. Colledge, Miss Colledge, Mr. J. T. Colledge, Miss Collins, Mr. H. Collis, Mr. Herbert Cooke, Miss Corby, Mrs. James Cox, Miss Cox, Miss Mabel Cox, Mr. Lindsay Cox, Miss Craigie-Hamilton, Miss Violet Craigie-Hamilton, Mr. J. H. Crane, Mr. Leslie Crawshaw-Williams, Miss Gertrude Cresswell, Mr. W. Warneford Cresswell, Mr. J. D. Cresswell, Mr. Frederick Cripps, Mrs. Frederick Cripps, Mr. J. T. Cripps, Sir Charles Cuyler.

Mr. R. H. Dalton, Miss Daubeney, Miss Joan Daubeney, Mr. W. H. Davies, Miss Day, Mr. H. de Freville, Mr. R. S. de Havilland, Mr. F. de Sausmarez, Mr. H. P. de Winton, Miss M. Dewhurst, Mr. F. W. Dilke, Mr. Dixon, Mrs. Dixon, Mr. Lionel Dobell, Mr. Ralph Dobell, Mr. Dobie, Mr. Harry Donald, Mrs. Harry Donald, Miss Donald, Mr. H. M. Donald, Mr. W. S. Donald, Sir John Dorington, Bart., M.P., Lady Dorington, Mrs. Downer, Miss Duff, the Hon. Mrs. Charles Dutton, Miss Honor Dutton.

Mrs. Bowle Evans, Mr. St. Clair Bowle Evans, Mr. H. Farrant, Miss Olive Fawkes, Miss Violet Fawkes, Mr. T. Fenwick, Mrs. Ferguson, Mr. W. A. Ferguson, Mr. E. S. Fletcher, Miss A. Forbes-Robertson, Miss Helen Forbes-Robertson, Miss Innes Forbes-Robertson, Mr. Fordham, Dr. A. Foljambe Forster, Mr. T. Nelson Foster, Miss Evaline Foster, Miss D. Foster, Miss Rosie Foster, Mr. F. K. Foster.



LADY CHELTONA: "Servants still at loggerheads, and the work accumulating!—(To Rowland): Turn John out of your own room if you can't agree with him, but don't forget I'm mistress here. You must work together or go!—(Turning to bewildered housekeeper): If you cannot keep my servants in order I must find someone who can—next March!"

Mr. Ernest Gale, Mr. Ernest S. Gale, Dr. J. H. Garrett, Colonel Geddes, Miss Beatrice Geddes, Mr. J. S. Gibbons, M.H., Mrs. Gibbons, Miss Rosamond Gibbons, Mr. Leonard P. Gibbons, Mr. Fane Gladwin, Mrs. Fane Gladwin, Mr. Lance Fane Gladwin, Mr. Glynn, Mrs. Golding, Dr. Gooding, Mrs. Gooding, Mr. G. Gooding, Mr. Gray, Mr. Graham, Miss M. Graham, Major W. H. Gresson, Mrs. W. H. Gresson, Miss H. E. Gresson, Mr. A. D. Grey.

Miss Hamilton, Miss Emily Hamilton, Mr. F. Handley, Mrs. Handley, Mr. E. Harford, Mrs. E. Harford, Miss Harford, Mr. Hugh Harrington, R.A., Hon. A. Hastings, Capt. Healing, Mr. S. C. Healing, Mr. M. Grant Heelas, Mr. Frederick H. Healing, Capt. Henderson, Miss Henderson, the Hon. P. B. Henley, Capt. A. C. Herbert, Miss H. de Bohun Hogarth, Miss Hogg, Mr. J. Horlick, Mr. J. Horlick, Miss Evelyn Howarth, Capt. H. B. Hughes.

Mr. L. P. Jackson, Mrs. Jenkins, Miss R. E. A. Jenkins, Capt. Jenour, R.A., Miss Jenour, Mrs. Jobling, Miss Jobling, Mr. Jobling, Miss Johnson, Mrs. Josephine Johnson, Miss M. Johnson.

Mr. G. W. Keeling, Miss Ella Keeling, Mr. Russell Keeling, Miss B. Kelley, Miss Maud Kelley, Mrs. Kennedy-Skipton, Mrs. Kennedy-Skipton, Mr. Kenworthy, Mrs. Kenworthy, Mr. Graham Kidd.

Mr. Lambert, Miss Sybil Lambert, Mr. J. P. Lambert, Surgeon-General Landale, Miss Landale, Mr. W. Landale, Mrs. W. Landale, Mr. Archie L. Langman, Miss M. La Terriere, Mr. George Lawrence, Mrs. George Lawrence, Mr. Edward Lawrence, Mr. C. R. Leadley-Brown, Mr. F. P. Leaver, Mrs. F. P. Leaver, Mr. G. B. Lee, Miss Leighton, Miss Liddell, Sir Martine Lloyd, Mr. T. J. Longworth, Miss Longworth, Miss Alice Longworth, Mr. C. G. Lord, Mrs. Cecil Lord, Mr. Herbert Lord, Mrs. Herbert Lord, Miss Lousada, Miss M. Lousada, Miss W. Lousada, Miss Lowe, Mr. Arthur H. Luard, Miss MacKenzie, Miss F. MacKenzie, Miss Mar-

dall, Mr. Martin-Shaw, Lady Maxwell, Miss McLachlan, Mr. W. J. McLachlan, Mr. George McLachlan, Mr. C. McLachlan, Miss McMaster, Mr. W. L. Mellersh, Mr. T. G. Mellersh, Mr. Meyricke, Miss Meyricke, Miss Mabel Meyricke, Mr. E. G. Meyricke, Miss Miller, Mr. H. Milne, Mr. Bertram Mitford, Mr. D. J. Montagnon, Mr. William Morgan, Mrs. William Morgan, Miss Morin, Miss Helen Mugliston, Mr. F. U. Mugliston, Mr. Robert Mytton.

Major Nunn, Miss Nunn, Miss W. Nunn, Miss Oldham, Capt. Onslow, R.N., Miss Ormrod, Mrs. Herbert Osborne, Miss Osborne, Miss Violet Osborne, Mr. John Osborne.

Lieut. E. O. H. Orpen Palmer (R.M. & L.), Mr. F. H. Parker, Mr. Part, Lieut. W. F. H. Part, Mrs. Part, Mrs. Jardine Paterson, Miss Jardine Paterson, Capt. Peebles, Mr. L. Penrice Penny, Mr. E. Spencer Phillips, Miss Phillips, Mr. Plumer, Mrs. Plumer, Miss E. Plumer, Miss L. Plumer, Miss Podmore, Mrs. Proudfoot-Dick.

Major Quinton, Miss Esther Rainey, Mrs. Ratcliff, Miss Ratcliff, Miss Sylvia Ratcliff, Mr. C. J. Ratcliff, Mr. R. S. Pynsent Rawlins, Mr. W. Rayner, Mr. Arthur Reed, Miss Reynolds, Mr. Louis F. C. Rich, Mrs. Ripley, Mr. Henry Ripley, Miss C. Ripley, Mr. F. H. Ripley, Mr. F. E. Robeson, Mr. T. H. Robinson, Miss Rolph, Mrs. Rome, Miss Evelyn Rome, Miss Lorna Rome, Mr. Algernon Rushout, M.F.H., Major-Gen. F. S. Russell, C.M.G., Mr. G. H. Richard.

Mr. George Sandys (5th Dragoons), Lieutenant - Colonel Saville, Mr. Henry Scott, Mrs. Scott, Major J. H. Selwyn-Payne, Miss Selwyn-Payne, Mr. R. Farquharson Sharp, Mr. G. A. G. Shave, Mrs. G. A. G. Shave, Col. Maunsell Showell, Mrs. Maunsell Showell, Miss C. B. Showell, Major Percy Showell, Mrs. Percy Showell, Capt. E. W. Showell, Mrs. Showell, Mr. W. N. Skillicorne, Miss E. N. Skillicorne, Miss E. M. Skillicorne, Lieut. Burrard A. Smith, R.N., Miss Wood Smith, Mr. Southby, Mrs. Southby, Miss Southby, Mr. Spence, Mr. H. Stallard, Miss Staveley, Miss S. Staveley, Mr. Leicester St.

Clair-Ford, Mr. A. A. Stokes, Miss Steevens, Mr. W. W. Stenson, Mr. Claud Strickland, Mrs. Claud Strickland, Miss Lilian Strickland, Miss Gwendolen Strickland, Mr. Algernon Strickland, Miss Isabel Strutt, Major Swinney.

Capt. Tallyour, Mr. J. Talbot, Mr. G. R. Taylor, Miss Muriel Taylor, Mr. O. Theobald, Col. Thoys, Mrs. Thoys, Miss Thoys, Major H. Thoys (8th Hussars), Mr. F. Bexley Thornton, Mrs. F. Bexley Thornton, Mr. Ticehurst, Miss Ticehurst, Miss W. M. Ticehurst, Miss D. Ticehurst, Mr. G. F. Ticehurst, Mr. R. M. Tidmarsh, Mr. Neville Tidy, Miss Tod, Mr. A. Tod, Miss Travers, Dr. Edgar Trevithick, Mr. G. Oakeley Trower, Mrs. G. Oakeley Trower, Mr. Ernest Turner, Mrs. Ernest Turner, Mr. C. C. Turnbull, Miss Turnbull, Gen. Twigge.

Mr. Herbert Unwin, Miss Dorothy Unwin, Mr. F. H. Unwin, Mr. Geoffrey I. Unwin, Mr. Walter Unwin, Mr. Wilfrid Unwin.

Mr. Vassar-Smith, Mrs. Vassar-Smith, Miss Vassar-Smith, Miss M. Vassar-Smith, Mr. J. Vassar-Smith, Mr. C. M. Vassar-Smith, Miss Vanrenen, Miss Vavasour, Col. Vickers, Miss Vickers, Miss Eugenia Vickers.

Mr. A. J. Waller, Lieut. G. S. Walsh, R.N., Mrs. George Walsh, Mr. Howard Warden, Mr. W. R. Warren, R.F.A., Mr. F. Wells, Mr. S. D. G. White, Col. Wickham, Mrs. Wickham, Miss Wickham, Col. F. G. A. Wiehe, Miss Dagmar Wiehe, Mrs. Wilder, Miss Wilder, Capt. H. C. Willes, Mrs. H. C. Willes, Miss Willes, Miss Gladys Willes, Mr. Oliver J. Williams, Mrs. Oliver J. Williams, Capt. H. G. Willis, Miss Willis, Mr. F. D. Willis, Mr. Edwin C. Willoughby, Mr. R. W. D. Willoughby, Major Willoughby, Mrs. Willoughby, Mr. A. Brome Wilson, Mr. St. A. R. Wilson, Mrs. St. A. R. Wilson, Mrs. Frederick Wilson, Mrs. James Wilson, Miss J. F. Wilson, Miss Violet Winterbotham, Mr. Reginald Winterbotham, Mr. G. B. Witts, Mrs. G. B. Witts, Miss Sybil Witts, Miss Agnes Witts, Mrs. Worthington, Miss Esme Worthington, Miss Wyer, Mrs. D. Wynter, Mr. H. D. Wynter.

Mr. E. York.



B.E.C.P.



B.E.C.P.

JAMES CYPHER,

QUEEN'S * ROAD * NURSERY, * CHELTENHAM.

Floral Decorations

OF ALL KINDS.

WEDDING AND
OTHER BOUQUETS.

Choice Cut Flowers

IN GREAT VARIETY.

ORCHIDS A SPECIALITY.

ROSES, SHRUBS, ETC.

The Floral Decorations at
The Cotswold Hunt Ball
were executed by
Mr. James Cypher, who
makes this class of work
a Speciality.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

COTSWOLD HUNT BALL.

The ball, the whole ball, and nothing but the ball has been, is now, and I verily believe will be for some time to come the sole topic of conversation in Cheltenham and County. As this number is to be a Cotswold Hunt one, I am quite content to confine myself to the ball and its surroundings, and not set my thoughts rolling in other directions. The ball is certainly worthy of having exclusive place here. Last week my remarks were perforce anticipatory; now they will be reminiscent.

Out of evil sometimes comes good, we know. Well, the demolition of the Assembly Rooms, leaving Cheltenham minus a large ball-room, brought one compensating advantage at least, and that is that the big educational establishment in the Bath-road can add to its many laurels the fact that in an emergency it came to the rescue of the Cotswold Hunt, and enabled them to hold in the sacred groves of learning their hardy biennial ball, which has thereby established a record, never perhaps to be effaced. Maybe in time there will arise one of the Winston Churchill type to graphically describe, with illustrations, in the "Big Classical," the "Cotswold Hunt Ball as I saw it." But I think that even he would fail to adequately convey an idea of the picturesque beauty of the fashionable and gay scene. Certain it is that it was metamorphosed into a Shirer and Haddon Hall.

Fortunately the hope that I expressed last week, that the proprietors of the "Graphic" would succeed in their efforts to secure pictorial records of the ball, is realised, and therefore the function will be handed down to posterity in the pages of the first local illustrated paper of any pretension. The taking of the flashlight photo of the Modern (as it appeared hung with drapery of scarlet and green, the Hunt colours, and adorned with gigantic palms and trophies of the chase, and

its temporary floor crowded with dancers forming up for the Lancers, the ladies in triumphs of milliners' art, and the gentlemen for the most part in Hunt evening dress) was not unattended by excitement. The loud explosion of the magnesium light—almost like that of a cannon—somewhat startled some of the sitters-out in the "orange and lemon class-rooms," who were unacquainted with the *modus operandi* of flashlight photography. A few of the gallant Nimrods prepared to qualify for the Victoria Cross tablet, conspicuous under the clock, and above the platform upon which Herr Iff and his Glasgow band were keeping remarkably good time for the dancing; but then there is generally an "if" in cases, and no rescues were necessary in this one. The "Mandalay" valse quickly soothed startled ones.

Oh! the supper room. If Mr. Churchill could have seen the Big Classical as I saw it, by George he would have had a word of praise other than for "Boar's head a la Tally-ho" figuring on the menu. The table decorations were simply superb, and the delicacies in such profusion that I really thought the appendage "Limited" to Georges, the contractors, quite out of place. By-the-by, a decided hunting touch was given to the comestibles, for *Darne de Saumon a la Cotswold*, *Piece Montee a la Chasseur*, and *Trifle a la Travess* were also to be had for the asking. But it was only a Barmecide feast for the most conspicuous figure in the room, namely, the equestrian statue of a huntsman ensconced in foliage. What a vivid touch of reality would have been imparted if the statue had suddenly become animated and called out to the gay throng the "view holla" of the dummy foxes at his horse's feet! Who but a statue could have stolidly sat still and heard in the adjoining room the rollicking strains of the galop "D'ye ken John Peel," with which the Hunt brought the Ball at the Proprietary College to a triumphant conclusion. January 18th and 19th, 1901, will be "scarlet and green" letter days in Cheltenham.

GLEANER.

MR. STEPHEN DAY.

[19 Years Superintendent of the Cheltenham Police.]



Died January 21, 1901, Aged 78.

DEW-PONDS.

On the chalk hills in the south-east of England there are a number of ponds known as dew-ponds, which contain thousands of gallons of water even at the end of a dry season, when most of the ponds in the neighbouring valleys are empty. Why these ponds do not dry up, and whence they obtain their enormous supplies of water, are being investigated by several scientific men.

SHIRER & HADDON.

Temporary

.. For BALLS, DINNERS, ..

Decorations

.. FETES, ..

.. "AT HOMES," etc. ..

DECORATORS for the Committee of the Cotswold Hunt Ball, 1901,
and of all the Principal Balls in Cheltenham for the past
30 years. . .

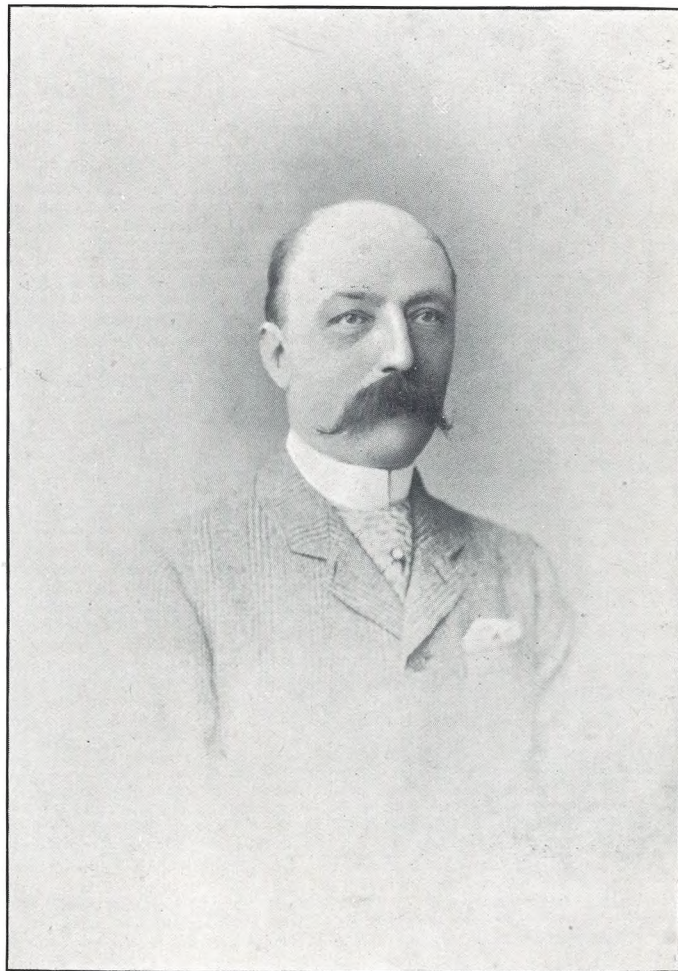
ESTIMATES FREE.

IMPERIAL CIRCUS, CHELTENHAM.

The Hon. Secretaries of the Cotswold Hunt Ball.



MR. G. B. WITTS.



MAJOR SELWYN-PAYNE.

[Photos by Norman May & Co.]

A Tour of our Churches

IV.—A LANTERN SERVICE AT ROYAL WELL CHAPEL.

From the studied and artistic symbolism of All Saints' to a popular lantern service in a "Free Methodist" chapel seems a far cry, but there is much in common in the two methods of attracting the indifferent. In each the senses are used as a channel to the heart, and "eye-gate" and "ear-gate," as they have been aptly styled, are given an important place, though with varying degrees of excellence.

Royal Well Chapel stands opposite the main entrance to the Ladies' College, just off the Promenade—a position which is not altogether a favourable one for popular services, far removed from the streets where, alas!—even in Cheltenham—vice and poverty abound. But, in spite of this, when I climb the stairs and enter the chapel, I find a goodly number of those for whom these services are chiefly intended—young girls, a fair sprinkling of young men, and, dotted throughout the building, pews in which one may easily trace the family likeness of father, mother, and two or three children.

The chapel itself seems to have seen better days, and, from a conversation I overhear between an officer of the church and the occupant of the pew behind me, I gather that the present minister has been specially selected as a capable and hardworking man to restore its shattered fortunes, and moreover, that he has met with much success.

It is now just striking seven, and the organist, after a struggle with an unruly note which will persist in sounding at all sorts of awkward times, ceases, the great circle of gas lights in the roof is extinguished, and on the square of white light which localizes the screen are seen the words of the hymn "Crown Him Lord of All." The organist gives us the tune and we sing the hymn through, although, by a defect in focussing, it is difficult to decipher all the words.

In this and all the other musical parts of the service an increased choir would be a great improvement, for a mixed congregation, such as the one at Royal Well, always requires a good lead in the singing of even the best known tunes.

There is an unconquerable tendency to sing the hymns too slowly, whereby much of the invigorating and stimulating effect is lost, and this was very noticeable in the bright tune of "Ring the Bells of Heaven," later on in the evening. No doubt, as time goes on, those who can help in such a practical way will do so, and thus add to the success of the monthly services. After the hymn the words "I will arise and go to my father," etc., were thrown on the screen and recited by the minister, who then offered up a fervent prayer for "all sorts and conditions of men," and a special appeal for the dying Sovereign, which seemed to send a thrill through every kneeling figure.

A picture hymn, "Sowing the Seed," now flits across the screen, and a female voice from the darkness somewhere in the galleries sings the solo part, "What shall the Harvest be?" the congregation joining in the chorus of each verse with telling effect.

The minister's voice is again heard—for he himself is invisible in the darkened room—reading the parable of the "Talents," but from a "Modern English" version—a version of the New Testament in which the symbolism and allegory of the East is translated into everyday English. For instance, the servants are given sums of money in English pounds instead of talents, and the unprofitable servant is censured for burying the money instead of putting it in a bank as a deposit account at interest. All this makes the lesson more practical to everyday folk.

The notices for the week followed, and a collection was taken (presumably for expenses), and then what I presume would be the sermon in an ordinary service, viz., an address based on two acrostics, "Sowing and Reaping." A grim picture was drawn of the terrible remorse and penalties of a life given up to bad sowing, a telling address, intensely



CHARLES TRAVESS,
Huntsman to the Cotswold Hounds.

practical, and hitting out from the shoulder at the prevailing vice of self-indulgence, but kindly withal, and never once resorting to the old expedient of terrorising the audience with the lurid flames of everlasting torments.

Some of the slides shown as illustrations of the address were very good, but others seemed to me, as a captious critic, rather too much like the humorous subjects of a children's entertainment. Even the poor know and appreciate good pictures, and it is unsafe to give anything else in these days of free education!

The story of the Prodigal Son was introduced to show the way to penitence and pardon, and the congregation asked to bow in silent prayer for all souls who were seeking salvation. This was a very impressive moment, but the stillness was broken by the strains of "Ring the Bells of Heaven, There is joy to-day," which formed a fitting epilogue to the previous address. A few more phrases from the preacher on the subject of Self-Denial, illustrated by pictures of the "Last sleep of Argyle" and the "Good Samaritan," with another hymn, terminated the service, which was followed by a prayer meeting.

It seemed to me that the idea of such a lantern service as I had attended was a good one, and the novelty of procedure likely to attract those to whom the Bible is generally a closed book. The minister of Royal Well has grasped the true aim of 20th century Christianity—the need of the masses, unrefined, uncared for, and for the most part unthought of by those who would fain enjoy the benefits of Christianity without sharing its responsibilities and obligations.

LAYMAN.

GRAVITY AND LEVITY.

If a sheet of iron is placed between a magnet and a compass needle, the action of the magnet is completely neutralised so far as the needle is concerned. In a similar way, if a compass needle is completely enclosed in a hollow box of soft iron, the earth's magnetism has no effect upon it, so it sets itself in any direction. Gravity is a force like magnetism, hence it is permissible to inquire whether any substance is capable of screening a body from the effect of gravitational attraction. If such a substance actually existed, then anything placed above a sheet of it would immediately lose its weight, for the attraction of the earth would be annulled. Experiments have been made by Messrs. Austin and Thwing to test whether it is possible to reduce the attraction of gravitation in the slightest degree by interposing screens of various kinds between neighbouring bodies. As the result of a long series of most delicate experiments, they were compelled to conclude that there was no evidence of a change of pull when the substance intervening between the attracting bodies was changed. It would have been surprising if any other conclusion had been reached, but even now it would be unwise to assert that no material will be found capable of partially screening a body from the downward pull of the earth.

• • •

"THE LEGENDS OF CHELTENHAM AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE."

Owing to pressure upon our space, the legend of "Smith and the Serpent" is held over until next week.