

# THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1901.

WILLIAM TYNDAL.

THE XXVII. YERE OF HENRY VIII.

This yere in the moneth of September Wyllyam Tyndale otherwyse called Hichyns was by the crueltie of the clergie of Louayn condempned and burned in a toune besyde Bruxelles in Brabant called Vyiford. This man translated the New testament into Englishe and fyrst put it in Prynt, and likewise he translated the v. bookes of Moses, Iosua, Indicum, Ruth, the bookes of the Kynges and the bookes of Paralipomenon, Nehemias or the fyrst of Esdras, the Prophet Ionas, & no more of ye holy scripture. He made also diuers treatises, which of many were well lyked and highly praysed, and of many vtterly dispised and abhorred, and especially of the moste part of the bishoppes of this realme, who often by their great labours caused Proclamacions to be made against his bookes, and gatte them condempned and Brent, as well the Newe testament as other woorkes of his doynge. Suche as best knewe him reported him to be a very sobre man, borne vpon the borders of Wales, and brought vp in the Vniuersitie of Oxforde and in life and conuersacion vnreprouable: and at the last beyng in Oxford Luther then setting forth certaine woorkes against the Byshop of Rome, Tyndale occasioned by theim to searche the scriptures whether Luther sayd the truth or no, did therby not onely himselfe attaine the knowlege of the vsurped aucthoritie of the bishop of Rome, and his superstitious and dampnable doctrynes that he had taught and published through all Christendome, but also lamentyng the ignoraunt state that his natiue cuntry of England was in, who altogether were wrapped in errors thought it his dutie, for that God had reueled the light of his Gospell to him, to bestowe his talent to the honour of God and proffite of his cuntry, and thought no waye so good to reduce the people from their errour as fyrst to make them acquainted with Goddes woorde, that they might knowe what Goddes will was that we should do, and what the bishoppe of Rome sayd that we must do: and therefore fyrst as is aforesayd he translated into Englishe the Newe testament, a woork no doubt very notable and to him verve paynefull, for that he was forced to flye his owne natiue cuntry, and to liue in a straunge lande among people that as well varied from his maners, as the persones to him were vnknown. Amongest whom after great paynes by him taken, and many and dyuers treatises by him published, he was at Andwarp this yere by one Philippes an Englishman and then a scholar at Louayn, betrayed and taken, and as many sayd, not without the helpe and procurement of some bishoppes of this realme: but true it is, that after he had been in prison more then a yere & almost forgotten, he was labored for by letters written by the lorde Cromwell, & then in all hast because he would recat no part of his doynge, was burned as you haue heard before. But yet this report did the Procurator generall there (whiche we call here the Liuentenant) make of him, that he was, *homo doctus, pius et bonus*, that is to say, learned, godly, and good.



Rev. George Mallett.

The Rev. George Mallett, who on June 28th was presented by the Gloucester Charity Trustees, from out of about 40 candidates, to the rectory of Kemerton, near Tewkesbury, is a Devonshire man. Born in 1839, he was trained at Lichfield Theological College and ordained in 1872. He held the curacies of Heanor and Christ Church, Burton-on-Trent, in succession, and was also chaplain of the Burton Infirmary. In 1881 he was appointed chaplain of the Mariners' Church at Gloucester, and in 1886 he also became chaplain of St. Bartholomew's Hospital in that city. The "Gospel Magazine" says of him:—"Mr. Mallett's own Protestantism is cast in an unmistakable Biblical mould, and his fearless maintenance of the truths of the Gospel as opposed to the false teaching of Romanism—both Italian and Anglican—has on several occasions been powerfully influential, especially at Gloucester. . . . Since he has been at Gloucester his work has been greatly owned and prospered of God. He has collected over £1,000 for a new mission hall and Scripture Reader's house, £100 for a new organ, and £650 have been added by legacies to the Mariners' Church. He has a grant of £60 per annum from the Church Pastoral Aid Society, but, with the exception of a small endowment of the fabric of the Mariners' Church, the rest of the funds for himself and fellow helpers are raised by voluntary subscriptions, which entails upon him much heavy work." We also gather that Mr. Mallett was instrumental in forming the Gloucester Church of England Working Men's Protestant Union, and that he has been a keen controversialist against the Ritualists, and that a succession of his that a Bishop Hooper van should be started bore fruit.

GREAT  
BOOT & SHOE SALE.

T. Steel AND Son

Beg to announce a . . .

*Sale,*

COMMENCING  
JULY 1st,

AND CONTINUING  
FOR A FEW WEEKS.

The WHOLE STOCK—30,000 PAIRS—  
REDUCED from 10 to 75 per cent.

GREAT BARGAINS.

CLEARING LINES.

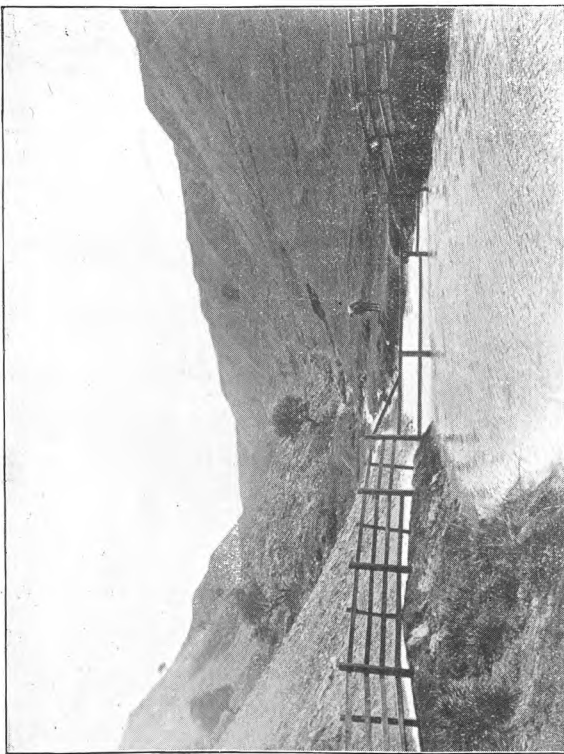
COLLEGE BOOT WAREHOUSE,

79 HIGH STREET,

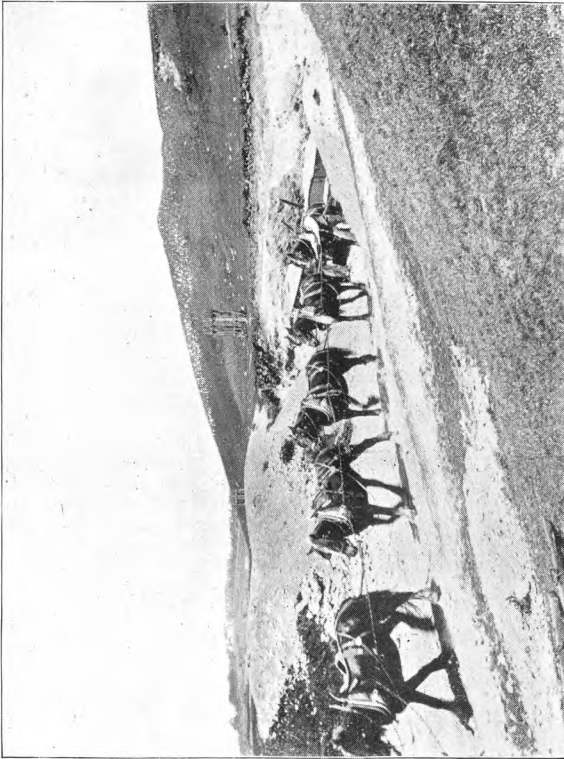
3 QUEEN'S CIRCUS,

Cheltenham.

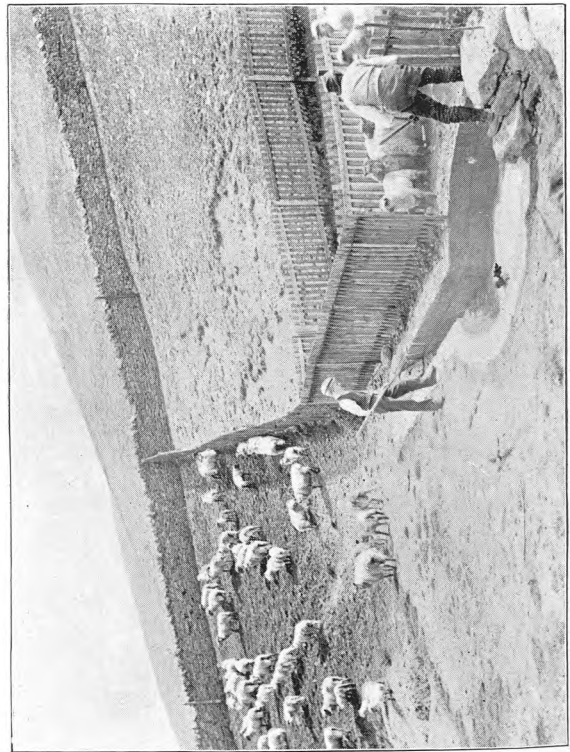
*Typical Cotswold Scenes.*



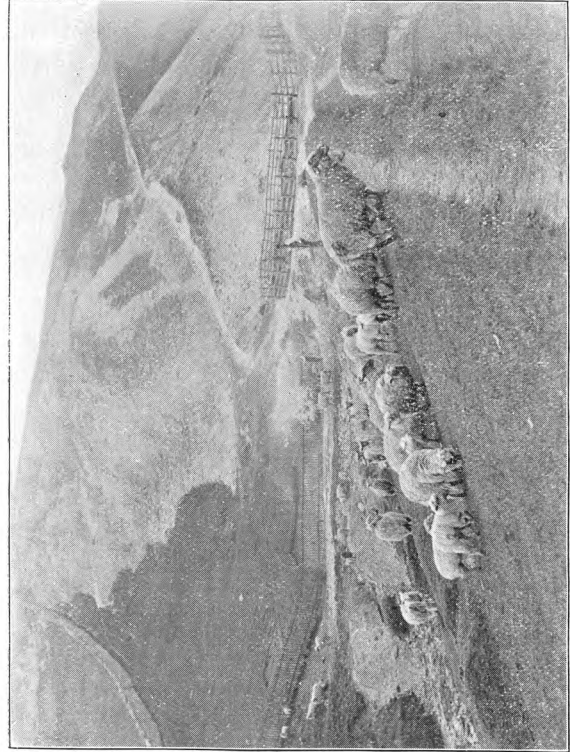
A Lonely Glen—Cleeve Hill Common.



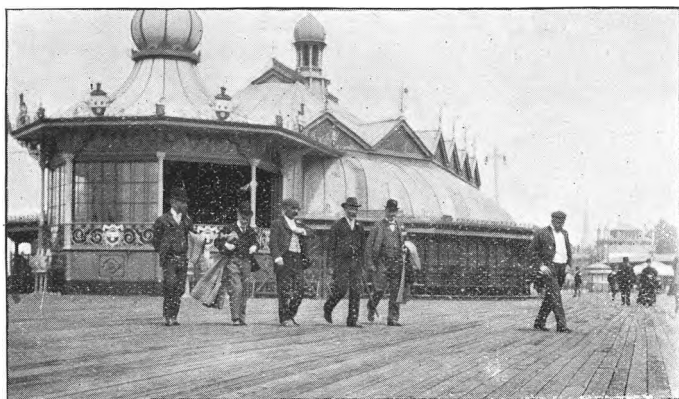
Hauling Gravel—Cleeve Hill Common.



Sheep Washing—Cleeve Hill Common.



Sheep Washing—Cleeve Hill Common.



“Snapped” at Southampton.

## A Tour of our Churches

### ST. JAMES'S CHURCH, SUFFOLK SQUARE.

The exterior of the Church of St. James, in Suffolk-square, Cheltenham, gives one the impression of a retiring, unobtrusive building, a church with no sign of aggressiveness about its outward form, and a building which is so plain that one might pass it unnoticed.

But the interior is in no way to be judged from this passing view, for there are few churches in Cheltenham with so pleasing and effective a design as far as interior decoration goes.

Being an Evangelical church, the choir and organ are in the gallery, which occupies the west end of the church, or that which answers to the west end of other churches. This leaves the chancel quite open to view, and the architectural designer has taken full advantage of this, and has added to the apparent height of the building by the perpendicular work of the stone screens on either side of the chancel. A noticeable feature in the decoration of St. James's, too, is the finely carved stone front to the galleries, which gives an air of lightness to the whole church.

The pulpit and reading-desk are not so excessively large as in some of the older Evangelical churches of Cheltenham, and the carving of the reredos over the altar representing the Last Supper is, as it should be, a beautiful work of art, standing at the point where is centred all the interest and solemnity of worship.

There is one novel feature in the arrangements of St. James's Church which at once attracted my attention, viz. that women vergers are employed. The sight of two elderly but active women, clad in black, showing the people into their seats, seemed strange at first, but it is an innovation which might reasonably be adopted in other churches.

The form of service at St. James's I found to be simple in the extreme, but by no means slovenly. A hymn was sung at the commencement of the service, and the choir in the gallery at the back acquitted themselves very well in this and the succeeding parts of the service. I noted that the choir was a mixed one, the treble parts being sustained by ladies. As for the organ and the organist, the blowing of the bellows was a little too much in evidence, but the instrument was well and feelingly played, without great display.

The sentences, responses, prayers, and even the “Amen’s” were said without intonation or musical accompaniment, and with the usual drawbacks incidental to this method, but the church being small, there was not so much difficulty in keeping together as in some of the other places of worship I have visited.

The Vicar, who conducted the service, is a comparatively young man, with a pleasing

voice and clear enunciation. He did not read the lessons, however; this was undertaken by a gentleman of military bearing sitting in the front pews, whom I afterwards found to have been a retired officer. Appropriately enough, the first lesson was the narrative of a martial exploit of King Saul from the Old Testament. It was impossible to follow every word, although, on the whole, the gallant officer's rendering of the lessons was to be commended.

The sermon, which was rather longer than is the wont of most Church of England sermons, was preached from the II. Epistle to the Corinthians, 12th chapter, and 2nd verse, and was a good discourse of its kind, not very striking, perhaps, but decidedly spiritual, and treating of one of the greatest of life's mysteries—the value of suffering and pain and their place in the Christian life. St. Paul has told us, said the preacher, that he reckoned the sufferings of this present time as “not worthy to be compared with the glory which is hereafter,” and he considered therefore that it would be well worth while to study those sufferings.

There are many opinions expressed now-a-days on various matters, not always by those who are best informed; but Paul knew all of the sufferings to which he referred when he said this, and therefore his testimony is worthy of note. He had also an experience which we cannot have—the experience of a foretaste of that glory beside which his sufferings were of no account—and we may take it that the subject of Paul's complaint, “the thorn in the flesh,” was a sequence to the revelation which had come before. We cannot tell precisely what this “thorn in the flesh” was; we know that in Paul's character, as shown by his writings, there were many signs of weakness and overbearance, but there is also a suggestion of a danger of his being exalted with spiritual pride. There have been various conjectures as to the nature of Paul's suffering; early writers speak of violent headaches, others to different forms of persecution, and a modern idea is that Paul was greatly concerned at the weakness and failure of his eyesight. Evidently it was something very painful, something interfering with his work, and probably something connected with his personal appearance, for he describes himself as “in bodily presence weak and contemptible.”

But this “thorn in the flesh” God gave to the Apostle, one might almost say as ballast, to strengthen his character and keep him humble. How often do we see to-day men eminently fitted by their attainments to take up God's work, and yet debarred because of some impediment, weakness, or sickness from doing what they would, and we say how strange!

But, as in Paul's case, it is all for good, and God's ways are justified. And we to-day can claim we have the same amount of spiritual blessing as Paul, if we only have faith enough to take it. Is not every life like Paul's? Everyone has much blessing, and,

side by side with it, much suffering. What soul is unable to find something to thank God for? But, on the other hand, is there one who does not know what unhappiness, pain, and sorrow mean? Someone has spoke of a “Divine Law of Compensation,” and the phrase is very appropriate. God does not shower all His blessings on some people and all His troubles on others! God's saints, the fruitful branches, are the first to be pruned. A clergyman narrates the story of a man among his parishioners who was losing his eyesight, and who thought God was dealing very hardly with him in thus afflicting him, “but,” said the clergyman, “I found on enquiry that he had never once thanked God for that eyesight while he had it!” “How often we grumble, how unstable our faith. The troubles of life, how they perplex us! Don't let us speak of our trials; they are only blessings in disguise. Take them as such, use them as such, and they will be to the perfecting of our spiritual life.”

At the conclusion of the sermon the Vicar made an appeal for offerings towards the Queen Victoria Clergy Fund, saying that “there were many clergy in this diocese whose incomes were little more than £100 a year,” and asking for funds to augment this meagre pittance, on the ground that “poverty must hamper a man's spirituality.” As a layman, this seemed to me questionable; but probably the phrase was not to be taken quite literally.

My impression of the worship at St. James's Church was that of a homely, simple, and, in fact, model service of the Evangelical form.

LAYMAN.

### LADY MISSIONERS AT WINCHCOMBE.

If any of our lady readers are wives of officers fighting for their country in South Africa, and don't know how to employ themselves during their husbands' absence, let them take the cue from a lady that has been visiting Winchcombe, and carry the Word of God to the sinful. She is the wife of a colonel (and a baronet, too) who is out amongst the Boers, and she is principally responsible for carrying on missions in Winchcombe and neighbourhood, in which she is assisted by two lady friends; but neither of these latter two have husbands at the front, because they are each spinsters. My lady plays the piano, one of her friends a harmonium, and the third sings solos, prays, and preaches. At least, that was the programme when I visited their service a few evenings since in the Town-hall at Winchcombe. They have been at “ye ancient cite” before, for this was their third visit—of a week or more duration—within a few months. They obtain capital congregations, on some occasions numbers being unable to obtain even standing room in the hall. Sankey's hymns are used, and the audience joins lustily in singing the best known of them. Several melodies were sung whilst the people were gathering together. Then came a prayer by the youngest of the ladies, in which she urged God to take the control of the meeting into His hands, and to grant that those who had come into that gathering unsaved might depart from it truly converted.

After that there was more singing, a chapter from the Bible was read, and one of the ladies sang a solo, “I could not do without Thee.” This lady took for her text St. Matthew xvi., 28, 29, and principally confined her attention to the plea of St. Peter, “Lord! bid me come to Thee.”

Afterwards various brothers and sisters in the congregation offered up prayer, and more singing concluded the meeting.

There was no urging of penitents to come to the enquiry room; neither were the saved one asked to stand up, as is done at some missions. The preacher hurried to the door on the departure of the large assembly, and shook hands with everyone as they went out.

CHURCHMAN.



The Mayoress of Ramsgate (Mrs. H. H. Green) has been presented with a handsome and massive silver cradle to commemorate the birth of a son during her husband's mayoralty.





Cheltenham Corporation Southampton Outing.  
Off to Alum Bay.

Photo by E. Mentor & Co.,

[Cheltenham.]

## Gloucestershire Gossip.

It seems a contradiction of terms to say that one of the highest churches in this county is the lowest, yet such is the fact in regard to the new iron church on Cleeve Hill from a doctrinal point of view. Standing nearly at the top of the Cloud and just above the Rising Sun, it is firmly based on the bed rock of Protestantism, according to the clear and definite principles of the Evangelical Alliance, and it will be run on undenominational lines. Sir John Dorington, who occupied (and most worthily too) the "pulpit" at the interesting ceremonial of opening, gave one of those straightforward addresses characteristic of the hon. baronet. He was able to convey the cheering message from the Bishop that his Lordship highly approved of what had been done in regard to the church. Might I hazard the suggestion that the little church on the hill should henceforth be known as the "Bishop's" Cleeve Church. At all events, I think that, like their brethren on Chosen Hill, the Cleeve Cloud people have good reason to be joyful.

The "Echo" set all the country agog by its early and exclusive information that

"Eric Leith," the showman whose death was accelerated by intemperance at a little village in a remote corner of North-East Gloucestershire, was none other than the Honourable Eric James Lascelles, half-brother of the present Earl of Harewood. This strange case caused such a stir that one great London daily paper thought it worth its while to send down a special reporter to make enquiries and report. It was evidently "eccentricity," and perhaps a craving to escape the tiresome conventionalities of his position, that induced the young aristocrat to embrace freedom and to peregrinate the rural country with his elegant van containing costly musical box and automatic pictures' apparatus. He had no need, however, of the pence charged for admission to the show, for it appears that he had an allowance of at least a thousand a year, and that he was free with his money. It is not only probable, but also, I think, charitable to assume that the dreadful news of the arrest of his brother Francis John, in British Columbia, on the charge of murdering his Chinese servant on a ranche when in a fit of temporary insanity drove him to drown his sorrows in the flowing bowl. Strange that his visit to Willersey "Wake" should have ended in an inquest. I cannot say that "Noblesse oblige" was a guiding principle of his latter life, but I

sincerely hope that the motto of his noble house, "In Solo Deo Salus," did not fail him in death.

Two of the principal personages expected at the Summer Assizes at Gloucester did not attend owing to illness—Mr. Justice Day and Mr. Clerk of Assize Mathews. The place of the former was taken by Mr. Justice Bigham, and this fact reminds me of Tom Hood's witty lines, "A big judge, a little judge, a judge of assize." It was again very bad business there for the gentlemen of the long robe, of whom the names of no less than 183 figure on the Bar List exhibited in the Shire-hall and chief hotels. There were only 13 prisoners for trial, in ten cases, and four of them pleaded guilty, while one case was not gone into, as the prisoner had been sent to a lunatic asylum. The briefs in the criminal cases appear to have been divided among half-a-dozen learned counsel, and four others were briefed in the one law cause. The Judge was able to go to London from the Saturday to the Monday, when his Lordship returned to take the solitary civil action. Although this Assize was nothing like so bad (for the lawyers) as the one in July, 1886, which took Lord Chief Justice Coleridge only three hours to polish off, it must make the gentlemen learned in the law sigh for the





Cheltenham Corporation Southampton Outing.  
Off to Alum Bay.

Photo by E. Mentor & Co..]

[Cheltenham-

good old times—some 25 years ago—when Gloucester was what was known as the “wash pot of the Oxford Circuit,” and I have known the Assizes to last for a fortnight, with two Courts sitting. And there were some briefs knocking about then. The falling off in business is, I believe, owing to the satisfactory fact that the population is becoming less criminal; and, as regards the civil side, to a growing disinclination among people to litigate and to the facilities available for the trial of actions in London and Birmingham.

The waters of the Severn have from time to time yielded some very fine and large fish, from a whale down to a tiny eel. The jaw of a captured leviathan of the deep is a trophy at Berkeley Castle. Within the past fortnight the salmon nets in the estuary have not only caught a good number of the silvered scalers, but a couple of very fine sturgeon, and even a grey seal weighing a hundredweight has been enmeshed. The latter is indigenous to the coast of Newfoundland, but in its new found sea near Sharpness it met its fate.

GLEENER.

A gold medal for the battle of Talavera, July 27, 1809, granted to Brigadier-General Richard Stewart, realised £215 at Sotheby's.

## 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 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 be printed on silver paper with a glossy finish.

The winner in the 26th competition is Mr. A Bamber, of Leckhampton, with his Cleeve Common series, as given elsewhere in this number.

Entries for the 27th competition closed this (Saturday) morning, July 6th, 1901, and in subsequent competitions entries will close on the Saturday morning preceding the award, so as to allow time for adjudication and reproduction.

Sir Joseph D. Hooker, C.B., G.C.S.I., attained his 84th year on Sunday, having been born at Halesworth, Suffolk, on June 30, 1817. On the completion of his education at Glasgow High School and University, Sir Joseph Hooker accompanied Sir James Ross as surgeon and naturalist on his Antarctic expedition in 1839-43. Thereafter he visited the Himalaya Mountains, 1847-51; Syria and Palestine, 1860; Morocco and the Greater Atlas, 1871; and the Rocky Mountains and California, 1877. Sir Joseph Hooker's connection with Kew Gardens extended from 1855 till 1885. The veteran naturalist was one of the few original champions among eminent men of science of the Darwinian theory.

The gold medal presented to Lord Nelson by Alexander Davison, in commemoration of the victory of the Nile, was sold by auction on Friday for £180.



## Hot Weather.

BY MRS. JACK JOHNSON.

It requires a daring person to sit down to pen an article on hot weather possibilities on even the most blazing day in England, with the knowledge that by the time the printer has done with it the reader thereof may be sitting with feet in fender and wishing that the national climate did not consist of "samples" never "kept in stock." But the true philosopher turns from the disagreeables of to-day to the pleasant promises of to-morrow, and there is no doubt, whatever may be the climatic influence under which this statement may make its appearance, there are "Golden Days" of English summer, on which we like to enjoy life to its fullest extent.

The word picnic may spell cramp to the middle-aged, but to the more youthful it surely means a day of most complete enjoyment. "To some the landmark of a new domain. To some the gravestone of a dead delight." So that with the cramp is mingled, perchance, a tender reminiscence of days when to sit cross-legged meant comfort, for wasn't the sky blue above the pine-trees? Weren't we sure of a moon to drift home by on the river? And wasn't the one person beside us whose presence compensated for every untoward accident and forgotten details? Older people must not be allowed to forget such things; they must come out of their chimney corners and comfortable garden chairs and play their part in the enjoyment of the younger folk, or else life is not going to be half as harmonious as it might be. We may not all be going to Henley; even if we are, some of the following information may be of use; and if we are not, there are other minor regattas; and supposing there is no river at all there is no reason why there should not be a picnic. I was talking in this strain the other evening, when someone raised the discussion as to whether the term was of French or German origin. *Picknicken* is the latter, and the French seem to have derived their word *pique-niques* from *piquer*, to peck, and *niques*, odds and ends—which seems so admirably descriptive that nothing could be more desirable.

In fact, the great principle of a picnic is that it should consist of odds and ends. Elaborate carving, made dishes, and tiresome formality of service are entirely out of place. With folding tables, camp-stools, and menservants an admirable meal may be served out-of-doors, but it is not a picnic. Pies are great *pieces de resistance*, and travel remarkably well. With the ordinary type of pie most cooks are sufficiently well acquainted, but I call to mind a certain savoury pie of the raised type, which was always wonderfully appreciated. One proceeded to make it in the following way:—Cut about a pound of ox-liver into small pieces, peel and cut in thin slices 1½ lb of potatoes, and peel and slice an onion. Put a layer of the potatoes in a pie-dish, then a layer of the pieces of liver, and over that a few slices of the onion; proceed like this till all are used, seasoning with salt and pepper between each layer, then pour in rather more than a pint of water. Rub 4oz. of lard into 1lb. of flour until quite smooth, then add one teaspoonful of baking powder and half a teaspoonful of salt. Mix in sufficient water to make a stiff paste, roll it out on a floured table, cover the pie with it, ornament the top with little flowers or other shapes, moisten and trim the edges, and bake in a moderate oven. In two hours take it out, and brush the top over with white of egg. It is now ready, and should be first folded round with a clean cloth, and then packed with plenty of twists of newspaper to keep it from breaking. It is not only exceedingly tasty, but one of the most economical of dishes.

Of course, one instinctively thinks of chicken and tongue at picnics, but these are very expensive. In their place I would sug-

gest a mould made of veal passed through a sieve, delicately flavoured. If this is put into a soufflé dish it will be best to keep it there until eaten; a few truffles improve its flavour immensely. For other meat a Paysandu tongue, a joint—say the fore-quarter of Canterbury lamb—and about five or six pounds of the brisket of beef pressed at home, and costing only 6d. a pound, will be quite sufficient for from fifteen to twenty people. A variety of salads helps out picnic fare very greatly: meat goes so much further if it is not eaten with only bread. Lettuces should be well washed—not left to soak—at home, and then rolled up closely in a glass-cloth and put in a small hamper by themselves, where they will not be pressed upon in any way. On arriving at your destination, swing them about in another cloth to dry them, break up the leaves, and they are ready for their dressing. Vegetables for salads should be cooked the night before, so as to be quite cold and firm. Peas, tiny carrots, broad beans, a cucumber, and cold potatoes sliced make a most excellent mixture, greatly improved by a little mayonnaise sauce.

The "sweets" section of the meal should be selected with consideration of their travelling capacities. Fresh fruit, with "fingers" of different kinds of cake, is a very good substitute for fruit tarts, which are rather given to overflowing and spoiling the table linen. Spongecake, covered with chocolate icing, is a very general favourite, and as it is far cheaper to make this at home, I give an easy recipe. Grate three ounces of good chocolate, and put it on a tin in a cool oven to darken it, taking care it doesn't burn. Run half a pound of icing sugar through a hair sieve, so as to remove all lumps. When the chocolate is dark enough put it in a saucepan with half a gill of water. Let this get hot, then add the icing sugar, and stir with a wooden spoon until the sugar is melted. If too stiff add a little more water; but remember it must be sufficiently thick to well coat the back of the spoon, or it will run off the cakes. When it is properly thick and smooth, pour it in spoonfuls on the cakes. What is over will run on to the dish, and can be poured back and used over again. Icing must never boil, or it will crack on the backs of the cakes when it gets cold. Tea will probably be required as well as luncheon; for this purpose cakes must be packed in biscuit tins, and sandwiches, made of, say, hard-boiled eggs mixed with finely chopped cress, cucumber sandwiches, and some of shrimp paste. All picnickers should be well provided with the charming paper plates, procurable from any stores, and the dainty little Japanese paper serviettes, which do away with much breakage and trouble generally.

There is nothing so tantalising in the summer as to possess a large amount of the most delicious fruit and not know how to preserve it in its best possible form for winter use. I am not speaking of jam—that is, more or less, manufactured in most households—but when we come to anything more dainty we are given to pay large sums of money for the contents of glass bottles "made in France," rather than attempt the undertaking ourselves. Or we make a rough and ready experiment, and are disappointed, at not obtaining a result which our neighbours attain by an infinity of pains. The great difficulty in preserving any whole fruit lies in being sure that the sugar syrup in which they are placed has been boiled to the exact degree of heat required. Any confectioner knows how much of his success depends upon his thermometer, and is most careful in his manipulation of it, and he will tell you that though at 220deg. the smooth stage, suitable for gum goods and liqueurs, is reached, something like 315deg. is required for the crack stage necessary for dross, rocks, and clear goods. Now is the time to bottle strawberries. They should be ripe and freshly gathered; put them into wide-mouthed glass bottles, and fill with syrup from sugar boiled to 226deg. Put the bottles, without cooking, into a large saucepan, pour in cold water to half their height, and stand the saucepan over the fire. When boiling move it off the fire, to cool them a little.

Strain the syrup off, put it in a pan with a quarter of its amount of strained red currant juice; boil it up and skim it, fill up the bottles with it, cork them, tie them down and place in a dry cupboard.

Said one American girl to another: "Say, what's the difference between a water-melon and a rotten head of cabbage?" and the other, whose thoughts were drawn conundrumwards, replied: "I'm sure I don't know." "Well," the first girl remarked, "I don't suppose you'd be a pretty bright person to send to market." Without quite reaching this lack of discrimination, there are a good many things not always remembered when marketing in hot weather. And one is that cabbages, lettuces, and lobsters should always be lifted in the hand before chosen; the heaviest are the best. Open one or two of the pods of peas that you are going to buy unshelled; some pods have a wa- of being very sparsely tenanted. Potato skins should rub off easily, else you are justified in feeling that they have been lying about some days. And remember, the egg that looks clear when you hold it up to the light is the one you want; the other kind can be left along with the mottled and spotty ones for the woman who is not so particular in her marketing.

## THE SYMPATHY OF THE QUEEN.

### CARRYING ON A NOBLE WORK.

Members of the Institute of Queen Victoria's Jubilee Nurses commenced to assemble at the London Scottish Drill Hall on Wednesday long before noon in anticipation of their reception by Queen Alexandra at Marlborough House at 3 o'clock. By 1 o'clock there were in attendance a very large proportion of the total number expected, viz., 770, of whom 119 English, 28 Scottish, 14 Irish, and 15 Welsh nurses are to receive badges of membership. Luncheon was served for the nurses in the sergeants' mess, and then the Hon. Sidney Holland and other officials proceeded to marshal them in the great hall as a preliminary to marching them off to the gardens at Marlborough House. They presented a very striking appearance in their uniforms, and a large number wore the membership badges, while a few had but recently returned from South Africa. The nurses set out shortly after two to march in procession to Marlborough House, which was reached at 2.30. Her Majesty, who was accompanied by the King, Princess Louise, the Duchess of Argyll, Princess Victoria, and the children of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall, arrived on the lawn of Marlborough House at 3 o'clock, and an address having been presented to Queen Alexandra on behalf of the nurses, her Majesty said a few gracious words in reply. The distribution commenced immediately afterwards. Queen Alexandra spoke as follows:—"It gives me great pleasure to receive you all here to-day, and it is most gratifying to me to be able to carry on the noble work founded by our deeply beloved and never to be forgotten Queen Victoria. I have always taken the most sincere interest in nurses and nursing, and it affords me heartfelt satisfaction to be associated with you in your labour of love and charity. I can, indeed, imagine no better or holier calling than that in which you are engaged of tending the poor and sick in their own homes in the hour of their greatest need. I shall follow with interest the reports of the institute, and shall anxiously note the progress which you are making from year to year. I pray that God's blessing may rest upon your devoted and unselfish work, and that He will have you in His holy keeping."

A copy of the foregoing, with the Queen's autograph signature attached, was handed to the president of the Institute, and the work of presenting badges was then proceeded with.

The Dover Corporation have decided to confer the freedom of the borough on Sir Harry Poland, K.C., the retiring Recorder, in recognition of his 27 years' service, and to entertain him at a farewell banquet.



A PAINSWICK POEM.

THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF TONSORUS.

(MUCH CUR-TAILED BY "WATCH-DOG" OF "BOW-WOW-LAND.")

TONSORUS was a barber bold—  
A credit to the *Crown*—  
Who didn't care a "bald" man's "hair"  
If he ne'er earned a "brown."  
His cult was "contemplation"  
By the silent river side,  
Where, threading worms "with tenderness,"  
He'd angle till he died.  
His was no lustful greed of gold—  
He "Banked" just where he sat,  
And joyed to feel he'd roofed his house  
When he'd put on his hat.  
Like Eastern Yogi mute he'd perch  
On Good, above all Evil,—  
His sole going forth unto the trout  
And "carp-us" to the De-vil.  
His "line of life" portrayed "suspense"—  
His *pole* a sleepless nod;  
And when his "kids" became "queer fish"  
He never "spared the rod."  
He'd sit beside the darkling pool,  
And—morning, noon, and night—  
Would, somehow, get "a bellyful"  
Without one blessed "bite."  
He stole by stealthy streams to 'prey,'  
Yet often "dammed" the brook;  
And when a bull "bullrush-ed" him once,  
Tho' "cowed," he spoke "*Horne Tooke*,"  
Like dog-fish with their noses up,  
Men called his "bent" depraved;  
But "noses up" was custom-*ury*  
With "cussed-stomas" he shaved.  
Some hung and wagged their *weir-y* heads,  
Like willows in despair,  
And wept "air wash," "eau" *naturel*,  
From "locks" of wavy hair.  
There were, besides, a vulgar few  
Whose epithets were crude—  
A thing TONSORUS often found  
'Mongst "pay-shunts" he "*sham-poo*-ed."  
But still one faithful friend remained  
Who pity took on him,  
And ate the only fish he haled  
Above the river's brim.  
Then soon the siren hour of Fate  
App-*roach*-ed and brought Nirvana—  
He hooked a stubborn stickleback,  
Was drowned and sang "*Ooze-Hannah?*"

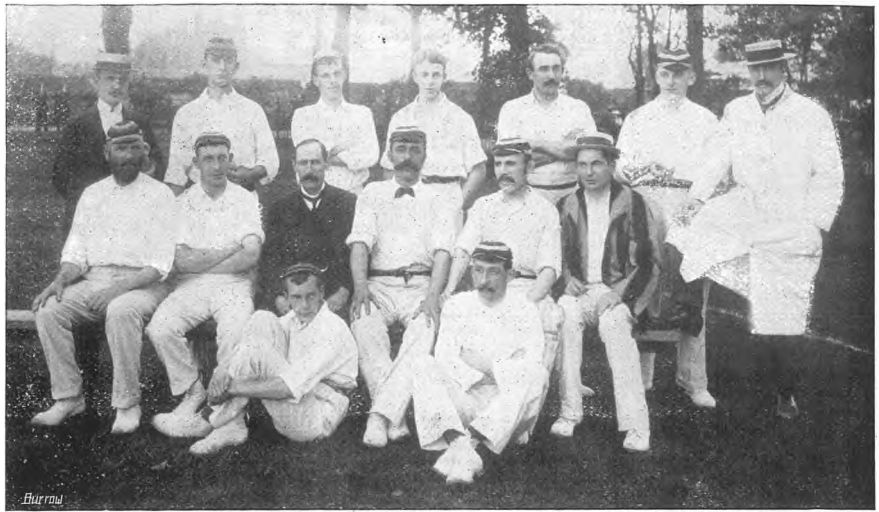
NOTE.—We ars asked to believe that the above verses had a Spiritualistic origin. No doubt they did come from the other side of the "Paradise" which lies between Cheltenham and Painswick, and we do not dispute their being delivered through the "Mediumship" of the "Watch-Dog" of "Bow-Wow-Land," but the idea that they are a product of the combined "spirit control" of "Izaak Walton, William Cowper, and Thomas Hood" is a bit too "fishy." We have been to "Paradise," and know the "Adam and Eve" hostelry as a seat of divine inspiration, but these are not the "spirits" that we have found answer to their names up there when called. Besides, the combination conjures from the "vasty deep" a trinity of intellect "very like a whale"—the "wail," it may be, of a mountain in labour which should herald the birth of something less akin to a "mouse" and more like a "water-rat"—the very one, perhaps, that the great Sir "Boil Roach" *smelt*.

\*\*\*

The Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch have given £500 to the Lord Mayor of London's fund for the national memorial to Queen Victoria.

\*

The death occurred at Newport, Monmouthshire, on Wednesday, after a brief illness, of Colonel Charles Lyne, J.P., D.L. He entered the navy in 1856, and was present at the taking of Sidon and St. Jean d'Acre, for which he received the medal and clasp, and the Turkish decorations. He retired as fleet paymaster in 1850.



Gloucester Cricket Team.

Photo by E. Debenham, 12 Clarence St. Gloucester.

The death is announced of Mr. C. P. McKeand, probably the best-known barrister in Manchester, where he was a highly successful pleader. He was only 47 years old. Cancer was the cause of death.

Grumbkow Pasha, who has been serving as commander of the Turkish Artillery, and who left Turkey on Sunday, died suddenly of apoplexy in the Orient express near Orsova when on his way home.

It is announced in Tuesday's night's "Gazette" that the King has been pleased to grant to Sergt. Harry Charters, A.S.C., the royal license and authority to accept and wear the Insignia of the Third Class of the Order of the Lion and the Sun, conferred upon him by his Imperial Majesty the Shah of Persia in recognition of services rendered by him in connection with the supply of grain for food at Teheran during the famine in 1899.

Mrs. Walter Palmer has presented to Herr Kubelik a violin costing a sum that exactly balances itself between one and two thousand pounds. Fortunate Herr Kubelik! A similar gift was made to Herr Joachim years ago by Lady Lindsay of Balcarres. In her case, however, she did not wholly say good-bye to her beloved Strad. For she had its portrait painted, along with her own, by Mr. Watts, R.A., ere the parting note was played.

Sir E. Clarke, K.C., and Mr. Moyses have been retained for the plaintiff in the action for breach of promise of marriage brought by Miss Portia Knight against the Duke of Manchester; and Mr. Marshall Hall, K.C., and Mr. Boxall will represent the defendant. The action stands about 80 down the list, and will probably be reached this month. In well-informed quarters there is a rumour that it will be settled.

There was an exceptionally large and brilliant assemblage of guests on Wednesday night at the "At Home" given by Lady Campbell-Bannerman in Grosvenor-place. Among those present were the Speaker, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Lord Brassey, the Earl and Countess of Chesterfield, the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen, Countess Spencer, Sir W. and Lady Harcourt, Mr. Asquith, Sir E. Grey, Mr. Haldane, K.C., M.P., Mr. Munro Ferguson, M.P., Mr. Lawson Walton, K.C., M.P., the Earl of Cork, Mr. Gladstone, M.P., Lord Coleridge, Mr. H. J. Wilson, M.P., the Master of Elibank, Sir John Leng, M.P., Sir F. Evans, M.P., Mr. Caine, M.P., the Sergeant-at-Arms, Mr. Swift MacNeill, Mr. Robson, K.C., M.P., Mr. Warner, M.P., the Lord Advocate, Sir Joseph Pease, M.P., and Sir A. Hayter, M.P.

AN AGE OF LUXURY.

Either we tolerate customs and institutions that are wholly and needlessly behind the times, or we rush in the opposite direction to uncomfortably up-to-date and extravagantly novel ideas. In this fashion do we take our luxuriousness nowadays. A while since moderation was our watchword as a nation. Our dress, our amusements, our dinners, our houses were all strictly within certain limits. But now these boundaries are not only passed, but are left so far behind that one fears where we may eventually find ourselves.—"Lady's Pictorial."

THE SOLDIERS' DAUGHTERS' HOME.

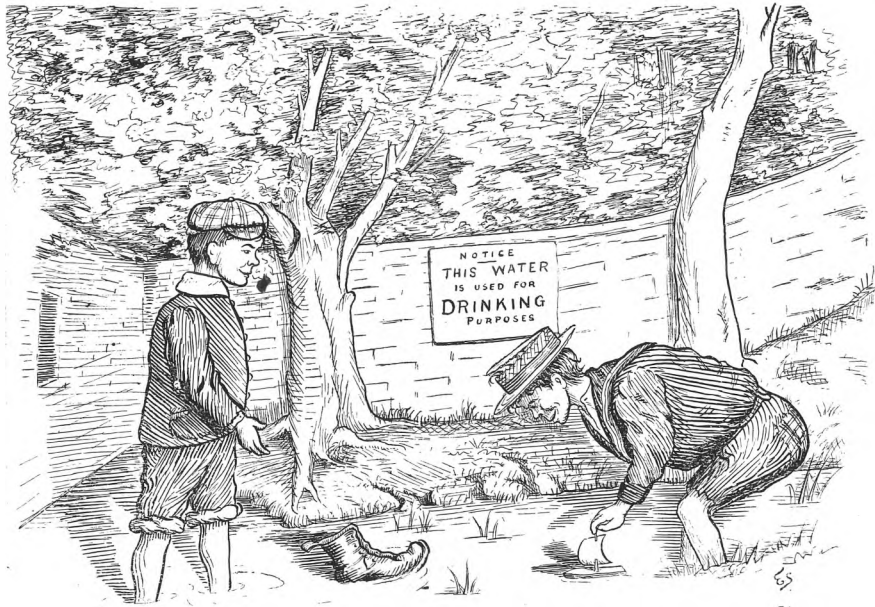
Lord Roberts, speaking on Tuesday afternoon at the annual meeting of the Soldiers' Daughters' Home at Hampstead, said he was highly pleased to find the institution in the same satisfactory condition as it was 20 years ago, when he first made its acquaintance. He had noticed, with much pleasure, that the appeal made by the Duke of Cambridge last year for increased accommodation at the Home had resulted in £849 being added to the funds of the Home, which had enabled the committee to receive 18 additional girls. They were also deeply indebted to the Lord Mayor of London, who had most generously given £26,000 to the institution for the purpose of maintaining 14 girls at the Home. Lord Roberts only wished that the number could be doubled and trebled. He noticed with great gratification how well and healthy and happy the children all looked, and, in conclusion, commended the Home to all who were interested in the army.

DEATH OF GEN. F. M. BIRCH.

The death occurred on Monday of Major-General Frederick Macdonald Birch, I.S.C., eldest son of the late Lieutenant-General Sir Richard I. H. Birch. Major-General Birch joined the army in 1854 and served in the Indian Mutiny campaign of 1857. He was present at the action of Chinhu and at the defence of the Residency of Lucknow, acting as aide-de-camp to Brigadier Inglis from the beginning of July till the end of September in 1857. Incidentally he was engaged in three sorties and commanded a party of the 84th Foot to repulse a grand attack, which was made on August 18, subsequently regaining possession of the breach. For these services, in which he was twice wounded, he was mentioned in the despatches and thanked by the Governor-General. Major-General Birch was present at the Battle of Cawnpore and at the capture of Hunah, receiving promotion and decoration for his services. He served in the campaign on the North-West Frontier of India in 1863-4. In 1866 he was gazetted captain and in 1875 he attained the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and was gazetted colonel in 1884. He retired in 1894 with the rank of major-general. Major-Gen. Birch married Miss Emily Mellis in 1858. He was in his 65th year and died after a short illness.

\*\*\*

Damage to the amount of several thousand pounds was done on Monday by a fire at the Waterloo Oil Mills, Hull.



A SKETCH FROM LIFE AT SEVEN SPRINGS.

### By the Way.

\*  
More postponements! The Rev. Baxter has postponed the end of the world, Dr. Elijah Dowie has postponed his flight to regions unknown, Christian De Wet has postponed himself entirely out of sight for the time being, the end of the Boer war is postponed until the Coronation Day so as to keep up the two celebrations on the one holiday, the Corporation massage establishment is postponed, the revival of the Cheltenham waters in a wholesale businesslike manner is postponed till after the visit of the Medical Association, a School Board for Cheltenham is postponed, and—the official inspection of the Nevins tramline is postponed!

\*  
Those tramcars seem as uncertain a quantity up to now as a Sims Reeves concert, or a pro-Boer meeting! No doubt they exist somewhere in the precincts of one of the stations, and we have actually seen a picture in the "Chronicle and Graphic" showing what they will be like when postponements are postponed and the cars are running. But I have been patiently waiting, life insured and with fourpence in coppers ready, for the last five weeks, while all the fine weather has been placidly slipping away and never a car in sight.

\*  
On Cleeve Hill the Rising Sun has swelled to double its original size in anticipation of crowds of visitors, and every little shed and shanty has invested in a pennyworth of cardboard, on which the classic legends "Tea and Hot Water," "Aerated Waters," "Furnished Apartments," and so forth are inscribed in fearful and wonderful characters to entice the simple trammist. Enormous tradesmen's mansions erect their ponderous walls on the hill slope, bungalows spring up in every corner like mustard-and-cress, the most improbable sites are staked out and divided into streets and alleys by the prospective builder, the land goes up in price 500 per cent; but "Oh! Nevins, sweet Nevins! where are those trams?"

\*  
Cleeve Hill is certainly looking up on the strength of those trams, whether they come sooner or later. Who would have thought that the advent of an electric tramline would have precipitated a combination Baptist-Congregational-Wesleyan-Evangelical-Established-Presbyterian Church there? And yet it is so; and may success attend the efforts

of those who have worked hard to bring about this much-needed addition to Cleeve Hill; it is good to see brethren dwelling in unity and working for a common cause occasionally, just by way of an innocent relaxation from the usual occupation of quarrelling amongst themselves as to minute and microscopic differences of theological opinion.

\*  
The report in the "Echo" gives one to understand, however, that the church, while being erected "near the top of the Cloud," is a temporary iron building "founded upon an undenominational Protestant basis." Well, you know, I have never taken an active interest in the bricklaying and building line of business, but it seemed to me that an "undenominational Protestant basis" must be quite a new form of foundation, and probably would be a good solid arrangement to prevent side-slipping, which, I hear, is very frequent on Cleeve Hill. So I went up to have a look at this "U.P. basis," and found it a remarkably fine piece of stonework, rather one-sided, it is true, but with a good heating apparatus inside—a good warm-hearted sort of foundation indeed, and one likely to hold the little iron church together for many a long year. While looking about the building I came across the model of a tower and spire, which had apparently been left outside by mistake. People should be more careful! One of these days we shall hear of someone removing that tower and using it as a rhubarb cover, or something. They are not very particular on Cleeve Hill!

Speaking of churches and chapels and that necessary evil the organ, I heard a curious tale the other day of a somewhat diminutive organist, who was once giving an organ recital in a church, and at a very critical and impressive place in the music found—O dire calamity—that it was impossible for him to make up the whole chord with his fingers. A sudden inspiration flashed through his brain, and bending over the keys he added the one note required to complete the chord with his—nose! Thus he was playing with both feet, both hands, and nose.

\*  
I am always interested, as my readers well know, in the sayings, and, when there are any, in the doings of the Cheltenham Town Council; but it is only occasionally that one gets such a stream of oratorical genius as that which flowed from Mr. Parsonage on Monday last, concluding with the champion obscurity that "speech is sometimes silence and silver golden." Where are we? This mangled proverb sounds like the proportion sum with which it is usual to puzzle the new

boy at school: "If 240 men would build a Roman Catholic Church in five years eating three slices of bread and butter for breakfast, how many horses would it take to plough a farm the owner of which has six sons and three daughters?" (fractions of a man are reckoned as boys, fractions of a horse are to be sent to the veterinary surgeon to be worked out).

\*  
I see that, after Mrs. Jenkins's remarks ament the Cheltenham waters in last week's "Graphic," Dr. Davies has no option but to abandon the Mineral Water Committee's scheme.

\*  
So now we shall have to explain to the medicos: "Very sorry; we have some splendid waters here, but they are not in at present, so you must take them on faith, and perhaps next time you come," etc., etc.

TOUCHSTONE.



A COTSWOLD SPORTSMAN.

General Sir Archibald Hunter has been presented with an illuminated address from the Lancaster Caledonian Association, expressing admiration for the splendid services rendered to the country and for his ability as a commander.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie has intimated, through Provost Keith, of Hamilton, his intention of presenting a free library to the town of Hamilton, conditional on the Burgh adopting the Free Libraries Act, and providing a site.

Mr. Gordon Pirie, whose death has occurred at his residence, Chateau de Varennes, Maine et Loire, at the age of 76, was a partner of the well-known firm of Pirie and Sons, paper-makers, Aberdeen, and is the father of Mr. Pirie, M.P. for the North Division of Aberdeen. For many years he has lived chiefly in France.



# THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART  
AND  
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1901.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

## THE ARISTOCRATIC SHOWMAN.

\*

### ERIC LASCELLES AT SCHOOL.

When I picked up the paper (writes a journalist in the "Society" pages of this week's "M.A.P.") and saw in it an account of the tragic death of one who, born the son of an earl, breathed his last as a travelling showman, I experienced something of a shock. For Eric James Lascelles, half-brother of the present Earl of Harewood and brother of the Countess of Desart, was at school with me 15 years ago, and I was one of the very few who ever heard anything of him in his after life. The school was the notable one of Trinity College, Glenalmond, far away in the Perthshire highlands. So far as I remember, Lascelles joined in the summer term of 1886, about a year later than I did. As a boy he was somewhat reserved, and not given to making confidants. I recollect to this day how, early in our acquaintance, he expounded to me his firm conviction that "a fellow's best friend was himself." Nevertheless, Eric Lascelles and I were great friends. We had the same tastes in common, we were in the same form, and our desks were next to one another. In the summer term at Glenalmond the custom was to have a whole holiday on Saturdays, instead of the more usual two weekly half-holidays. Every Saturday for weeks together through the 1886 term Lascelles and I would plan to spend our "exeat" together. Sometimes we would walk to Crieff—eleven miles away over the Perthshire hills—and return by train, and at other times we would be off birdsnesting or fishing along the banks of the lovely Almond. The district in which the school is situated, by the way, is the same as that celebrated by the pen of "Ian Maclaren," and many a time Eric Lascelles and I paid a visit to Mr. Watson's "manse." It was on these occasions that my poor friend used to confide in me his plans for his after life. His ambition, he told me, was to be the captain of a P. and O. boat. It was not to be, however. For some reason or other which I could never fathom, Lascelles, on leaving school, drifted aimlessly about the world, unable to settle down to any of the careers to which his birth and brains entitled him. Occasionally I heard of him from my contemporaries at school. One of them had come across him acting as a steward on a P. and O. boat bound for Bombay; another heard of him as ranching in Texas. His family did all that was possible for him; he was kept in funds, and when the end came a letter from his sister, Lady Desart, begging him to give up his Bedouin life, was found among his property.

\* \* \*

A Chester widow who died the other day left this curious instruction:—"When they measure me for my coffin be sure to impress upon them to make it large enough to be loose and roomy. There is nothing so dreadful as to cram a body into a tight-fitting coffin. I have seen it done, and it has haunted me ever since."



Mr. J. L. Robertson,

President-Elect Central Counties Branch of British Dental Association,  
Annual Meeting in Cheltenham, July 12th and 13th, 1901.

## 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 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 be printed on silver paper with a glossy finish.

The winner in the 27th competition is Mr. E. C. White, of 3 Hatherley Villas, Cheltenham, and the prize picture is that of Twynning Fleet.

Entries for the 28th competition closed this (Saturday) morning, July 13th, 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.



AT TWYNNING FLEET, NEAR TEWKESBURY.

A general railway strike has been declared in Western Australia owing to the wages question. All traffic has ceased.

\*

General Baden-Powell is suffering from the effects of malaria which he contracted during service on the West Coast of Africa.

\*

There are at present no fewer than forty English doctors at Hamburg, who are on a visit of inspection to the baths and wells.

\*

The King's herd of wild boars have now been all disposed of, the last three being shot and sent to the Natural History Museum.

\*

The King will present South African medals to 3,000 of the Imperial Yeomanry on the Horse Guards' Parade on the 26th inst.

\*

A Liverpool sack manufacturer named Barrow was burned to death in attempting the rescue from fire of his son, who escaped.

\*

The Oxford House Council have appointed the Rev. H. St. John Stirling Woollcombe to be head of the Oxford House, Bethnal Green.

An Irish constable, named Kerr, stationed at Monivea, on the borders of Galway, blew his brains out on Friday.

\*

A boy named Sanders, aged eight years, was drowned at Dover on Monday in sight of his mother.

\*

Dr. Geo. Hanbury died on Sunday morning at Buckingham. He was the district coroner and medical officer of health, and had an extensive practice.

\*

Mr. J. Keir Hardie, M.P., was suddenly taken ill on Thursday, and had to be conveyed to his rooms in Chelsea, where he has since been confined to bed. Mr. Hardie is suffering from nervous prostration, due to overwork and the great heat, but is progressing favourably.

## Printing . .

Of every description at the . . .

"Chronicle" and "Graphic" Offices

## THE CONCENTRATION CAMPS.

MEETING IN CHELTENHAM.

### MISS HOBHOUSE GETS A HEARING.

Although Miss Emily Hobhouse did not find an altogether sympathetic audience at the Friends' Meeting House, Cheltenham, on Wednesday evening, she may congratulate herself and the town on the orderliness of the meeting, and the fair hearing she received. This has been a rare experience to her since she returned from her visit to the concentration camps in South Africa, and began to make her protest against the alleged insanitary condition of the camps, and to appeal for funds to help the Boer women and children who have been rendered homeless by the exigencies of war. At Bristol on Tuesday evening she met with vigorous opposition, and was unable to get a hearing until a large section of the audience had been thrown out. The promoters of the Cheltenham meeting did not take the precaution of organising a band of muscular "stewards," and they had no reason to regret it. This was partly because Cheltenham people appreciate fair play, and have a certain amount of respect for a lady, partly because the meeting was held in a place of worship, and partly because Miss Hobhouse had learned from experience to so moderate her language as to keep on good terms with her audience. Those in the room who did not sympathise with the cause she advocated could not help admiring the clear and forcible way in which she stated her case, the witty way in which she answered interrupters, and the skill with which she avoided controversial points. The audience nearly filled the Meeting House, and apparently there was a majority on the side of the speaker. Mr. E. Ernest Boorne, the leader of the local Friends, was in the chair. His opening remarks were of a distinctly peaceful character, explaining that Miss Hobhouse had merely come to tell them what she had herself seen in the concentration camps, and to appeal for support for the South African Women and Children's Distress Fund. He read a letter from the Rev. J. Foster, in which the Pastor of North-place Chapel said that although not a pro-Boer (an appellation which the Chairman also disclaimed for himself and his friends), he was a follower of Christ, and therefore regarded war as a relic of barbarism.

Miss Hobhouse began her address by stating that she was moved to go out to South Africa by the accounts that had leaked out of the sufferings of the non-combatants in South Africa, and she went to find out for herself what were the actual conditions under which the women and children were kept in the concentration camps. She got permission from Lord Milner and Lord Kitchener to go wherever she liked, and she spent several months in the camps. In the first place, she found that although there were a few voluntary refugees, the great majority of the women and children had been brought to the camps against their will and were anxious to get away. She was glad to be able to say that in consequence of her representations to Mr. Brodrick the War Office had now given instructions that those women who had money or friends might leave the camps and find shelter in Cape Colony. Unfortunately most of the women had to leave their homes so hurriedly when the farm-burning began that they had been unable to save the property which would now be useful to them (cries of "Shame.") Many of them did not even take food enough for the journey. They were crowded in wagons, and many children died from exhaustion before they reached the railway. The British soldiers were very kind to them, and often shared their rations with the children (applause). Everyone was doing his best, but there was necessarily much suffering. Sometimes the women and children had to wait by the side of the railway for two or three days before a train came along to take them to the camp, and then they were provided with a piece of sail cloth to shelter them during the night. Let them imagine the children dying of pneumonia, and the sufferings of the mothers (a voice: "At Lady-



smith.") In the camps the conditions were a bit better, and women and children were well cared for in a rough and hurried way. But they must remember that there were altogether about 100,000 women and children in the camps, some of which were as big as towns, but without the sanitary arrangements of a town. The majority of them had no beds, and the heat in the bell tents was almost unbearable. They were not supplied with soap, which was almost a necessity of life (a voice: "Not to the Boers.") She could assure them that most of the Boer women went to great pains to make soap for themselves, but the sheep had got so thin with the recent drought that they could no longer find fat enough to boil down with soda to make soap (laughter). The food would be sufficient if it was good, but she had had some of the sugar and coffee analysed, and it had been found unfit for food by an independent authority. She thought the contractors should be more strictly looked after. The death rate of 116 per thousand per annum was higher than the effects of any plague in Europe. It meant that every woman and child in some of the camps was more or less ill, and that corpses were being carried out daily. The difference in the condition of different camps showed that it was all a question of organisation (cries of dissent). Of course they knew better in Cheltenham (laughter); she was only telling them what she had learned from personal experience (applause). She had seen a Boer woman refuse to leave her children to go into hospital, although she had enteric fever (a voice: "That was wrong of her.") Yes, but it was a noble sort of wrong, and it showed that she thought more of her children than of herself (cheers).—Coming to the question of medical treatment, Miss Hobhouse lapsed into sarcasm at the expense of the young Army doctors who were sent to treat women and children for the first time, and gave them the same medicine for three or four different diseases. When reminded of the Boer treatment of the British refugees from Johannesburg she said the Boers might have done foolish things, but that was no reason why we should do such things.

At this point Miss Hobhouse was interrupted by a heated argument between members of the audience at the back of the room, but a few words from the Chairman restored peace and order, which was maintained to the end of the address. Then questions were invited, and several were asked and answered. One gentleman wanted to know whether the English refugees and the Boer women were in the same camps, and Miss Hobhouse replied that they were, but the voluntary refugees had preferential treatment (cries of "Quite right, too"). Sergt.-Major Brill asked leave to read a cutting from the "Daily Telegraph," in which it was stated, on the authority of Mr. Schreiner, that the Boer women were the greatest enemies of peace in South Africa, but the Chairman ruled him out of order. Mr. Brill continued his remarks, amidst a babel of conflicting cries, whilst the Chairman was proposing a vote of thanks to Miss Hobhouse. This was informally carried, and then a collection was taken. A large proportion of the audience contributed, and the rest passed out of the door, singing patriotic songs.

**BARROW WORKMAN'S WINDFALL.**

A journeyman painter, named William King, working at Barrow, has received intimation from a firm of London solicitors that owing to the death of an uncle in Australia he has become heir to £125,000, and requesting him to proceed to London at once. King came to Barrow a couple of months ago on account of his wife expecting to come into property at Dalton-in-Furness, and was living in apartments. On receipt of the telegram he simply finished the work he was engaged upon at the Welcome Hotel, Barrow, and left Barrow for London by the mid-day train. He left behind him no address by which he could be traced, but his solicitors are supposed to be Messrs. Dale and Company, of London. In an interview with fellow-workmen, it was ascertained that King was expecting to benefit by his Australian uncle's will, but the message informing him of his fortune evidently came to him as a surprise.

The Bishop of Oxford has gone abroad for three weeks' rest before entering on his work.



**SCENE—LADIES' COLLEGE CONCERT.**

TALKATIVE WOMAN (to town official): Strange you can't get a better class of men to come on to the Town Council.

TOWN OFFICIAL (hesitatingly): Ye-e-s: and yet the place is full of old Indian Civil Service men and so on.

TALKATIVE WOMAN (aggressively): It's strange! they seem to get a better lot on the County Council.

TOWN OFFICIAL (still doubtful and uncomfortable): Ye-e-s.

TALKATIVE WOMAN (persistently): I wonder how it is, I should have thought you might find a better lot for the Town Council.

TOWN OFFICIAL (pointing to Town Councillor in seat immediately in front): Sh-sh! This is one of them.

Town Councillor departs in disgust, and leaves "resident gentry" to continue conversation uncontaminated by his plebeian presence.

**THE VACANT PLACE.**

Thomas Young, aged fifty-two, of Knowl Hill, a little village between Maidenhead and Twyford, who was found hanging by a rope from his bedroom ceiling, lost his second wife a year ago, since when he had been much depressed. He left behind some verses, one of which read:—

The dainty pillow next my own  
Is never rumbled by her dear head;  
My darling love from her nest is flown,  
The dear face I used to kiss is dead.  
He slept on one side of the bed on a folded blanket, and on the other side the sheets and pillow remained just as his wife left them when last she made them up. At the end of the verse, as if he had attempted a different metre, was written, "Never has been rumbled since my dear Kate died."

**A £20,000 NECKLACE.**

The remarkable collection of jewels—"the property of a French lady of rank, sold for the purpose of family division"—which was dispersed at Messrs. Christie's on Tuesday, including a magnificent necklace, composed of 424 finely-matched and graduated pearls, strung in six festoons. The necklace is believed to have been made up about the period of the First Empire, when pearls were far less valuable than they are to-day. On Tuesday the necklace was knocked down for £20,000. The total sum realised by the collection was £38,500.

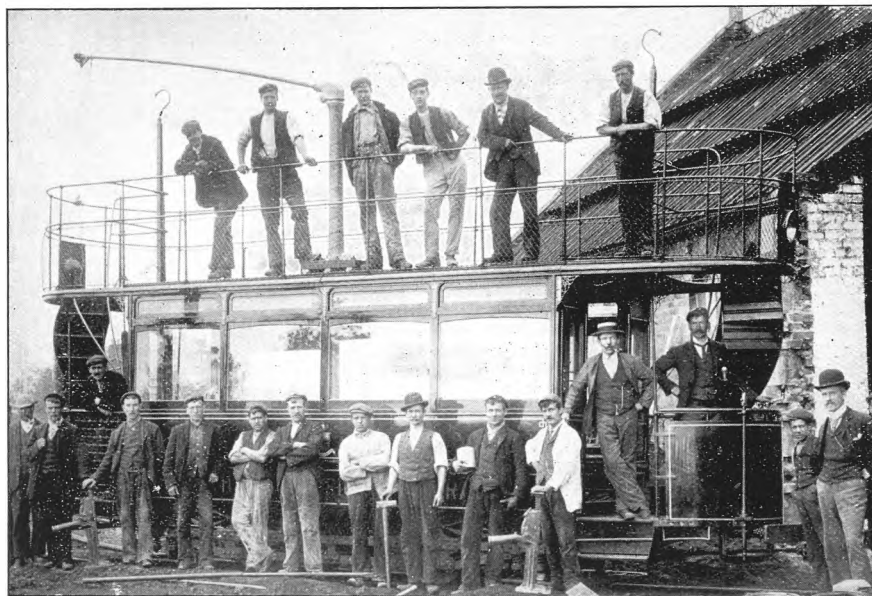
The earliest-known miniature portrait of her late Majesty Queen Victoria, painted from life by Anthony Stewart, was sold for 260 guineas.

# Cheltenham Light Railway.

TALKING THROUGH THE EARTH.



ONE OF THE CARS.



A FEW OF THE WORKMEN.

Prince Eitel Fritz attained his nineteenth year on Friday, and after the birthday festivities at Potsdam the Kaiser will formally introduce his son to the officers of the First Foot Guards, in which regiment the young Prince is to serve for a year before entering the Bonn University.

The "Gazette" announces that Major B. R. Crozier, Paymaster of the Army Pay Department, is removed from the Army, his Majesty having no further occasion for his services.

At a court-martial at Chatham, George John Seymour, a private in the Royal Marines, was sentenced to twelve months' hard labour and dismissed from the service for deserting his post and stealing a purse.

It is announced that Mr. Andrew Carnegie has offered to the city of San Francisco a sum of nine hundred and fifty thousand dollars, for the purpose of building a free library. The offer is made subject to the same conditions that governed his recent gift to New York.

The unexpected arrival of the Khedive in Constantinople is the subject of much comment. Nothing is known in the Turkish capital of the object of the visit, which was to have been made on his Highness's return to Egypt after his annual "cure" in Switzerland.

A fitting memorial to the late Field-Marshal Sir Donald Stewart has been under consideration at a meeting of distinguished military officers.

A new invention, which rivals Marconi's wireless telegraphy, created by Mr. A. F. Collins, of Philadelphia, is described graphically in the July number of "Pearson's Magazine." "Mr. Collins has invented a means of telephoning—that is, of sending spoken words—from any one place in the world to any other place without the use of intermediate wires, not through the air, but through the earth. Of course, Mr. Collins can also, like Marconi, send dots and dashes by the same apparatus; but, while in the Italian's system there must be a 100-foot pole at the despatching point and a 100-foot pole at the point of receiving, each supplied with a 100-foot wire running from the top of the pole into the ground, the apparatus required for Mr. Collins's system is so extremely small that you can fold up the whole thing in five minutes, and carry it off in any ordinary dress-suit case. Nor are the extreme simplicity and compactness of the new telephone system its only wonders. A telephone message sent by wireless telephone can be heard more plainly than one sent by the regular 'wire' telephone now in commercial use. And with the Collins invention you can telephone to places that 'wire' telephones cannot reach. What now requires miles and miles of costly wires, thousands of costly poles, millions of pounds for land purchases, franchises, and rights of way, Mr. Collins has succeeded in coaxing the earth to do, not merely as well, but better and for nothing. So extremely cheap are both the installing and operating of Mr. Collins's plan, that it seems destined to place the use of a telephone within the easy reach of the poorest householder anywhere—in the country as well as in the town. Mr. Collins cannot lay claim to the discovery of any new scientific principle. What he has done is simply to take a well-known scientific fact—that the earth itself is abounding with electricity—and conceive the idea of using these natural currents to convey from one point to another the sound of the human voice. Like nearly all other young inventors, he had little money of his own. But he had plenty of determination, and within two weeks of the conception of the idea he had induced twelve capitalists to form a company and put up all the money required to make a practical test of his theoretical principle. Fortunately his theory proved right. In a few months Mr. Collins had finished a wireless telephoning outfit which enabled him to speak—without using any visible connection between—from one end of a big office building in Philadelphia to the other. Within a single year of first beginning his experiments he telephoned without wires across the Delaware River at Philadelphia—a distance of over a mile. The words sounded as clear and sharp as if they were being uttered by a person but a few yards away."

While bathing in the river at Gainsborough a young fellow espied a good-sized fox at the edge of the water. He gave chase, and the animal promptly took to the water, the youth following. While chasing it several people came to the river with dogs, but the latter could not be induced to tackle the fox. Gaining steadily upon Reynard, so runs the story, the young man at length overtook it, and holding it by the neck repeatedly ducked it until its strength had been partially exhausted. Then he swam with his capture to the bank, and took it to his home, No. 33, Stamp End, where he is keeping it.

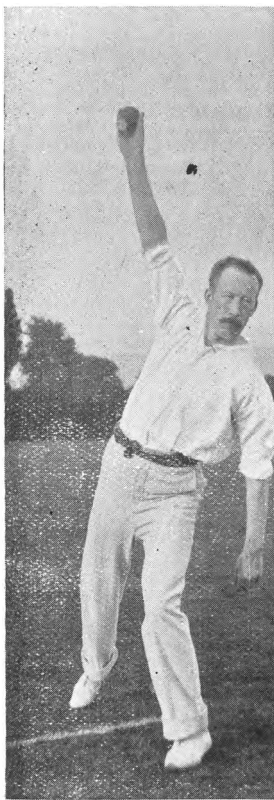
Earl Sondes has been presented with a magnificent silver centrepiece, adorned with statuettes of Lord Roberts, Lord Kitchener, and Generals Buller, Baden-Powell, and French, by his Kentish tenantry on his return from the South African campaign.

When the King of Portugal was in Madeira last week he was besieged by photographers anxious to get a snapshot of the royal party. Whenever his Majesty noticed this he whipped out a kodak of his own and promptly snapped the snapshotter.



## Three Prominent Cheltenham Cricketers.

SNAPSHOTS BY AN AMATEUR.



Frank Harris.



Wm. Boroughs.



Percy Mills.

some time, but that of the band, chiefly from London, entailing great expense, still remains unsettled. I do not know whether Mr. Brewer, the Festival conductor, by his recent suggestion of the formation in Gloucester of an orchestral society which shall include the numerous players of orchestral instruments living in the surrounding districts of the county, had in view a probable solution of the band difficulty. But, at any rate, Mr. E. G. Woodward, of Cheltenham, has, in my opinion, promptly and conclusively shown that the Gloucester Instrumental Society, now in its twelfth season, was founded for the very purpose expressed in Mr. Brewer's letter and has been successful. Mr. Woodward rightly questions the necessity of a duplicate society, which could "only lead to diversion and discord." Utilisation and development of the existing society, and not the creation of a competitive one, should be the object sought for.

\*

I was glad to be the first at Southampton to welcome home to old England a small detachment of the Gloucestershire Imperial Yeomanry who have been well serving their Sovereign and country now since the first month of 1900. I was run very close by a Gloucestershire gentleman from Painswick way, who was seeking his son aboard the Roslin Castle, only to find that he was coming with the next detachment on the Manchester Merchant. The "Echo" was not far wrong in describing the company as "attenuated by death and disease." It is satisfactory to find, however, that the large number of men who have been invalidated home from time to time—much larger than has been generally known—are still in the flesh and well. I must mention that one Welsh trooper was highly amused to find that he was reported dead. I see that the Lord Mayor of Bristol has deferred his entertainment to the Active Service Yeomanry until the Manchester Merchant contingent has arrived, and that the disbandment of the Yeomen will synchronise in that city. To have furnished twelve gentlemen qualified and willing to take up commissions, or equal to ten per cent. of its number, is not one of the least feathers, I think, in the cap of the Gloucestershire company. While waiting for the Roslin Castle I was much interested in a number of young Dutch soldiers lolling about on the deck of the Netherlands liner, Prinses Amalia, taking in cargo, and a military man, who knows the ropes, remarked to me, "They are off to the Dutch East Indies, and very few of them will live to come back."

GLEANER.

### DUEL BETWEEN WOMEN.

\*

Cupid has to answer for another duel, and a very odd affair it has been, says the Paris correspondent of the "Daily Telegraph." The adversaries were women who perform at a music-hall in a remote part of this lively city, and who had both fallen desperately in love with a comic singer who also graces the boards of that establishment. He is a very handsome man, and the admiration of hosts of fair habitues of the place as well. The rivals for his affection agreed to fight their quarrel out on a bit of waste ground hard by. As the midnight hour struck, the two women were facing each other, quite alone, pistol in hand. Each had fired three shots, luckily without inflicting any damage on the other, when policemen, attracted by the noise, dashed in, putting an end to the encounter and conveying the belligerents to the station.

\* \* \*

Mr. J. M. Maclean, formerly M.P. for Cardiff, has written to the secretary of the Carlton Club requesting that his name may be removed from the list of members of the club; in other words, Mr. Maclean has severed his connection with the Conservative party. He believes that the Liberal party are on the eve of a splendid rally which will replace it in its old and proud position.

The Rev. Ottwell Binns, late of the Congregational Church, Portland, who recently joined the Unitarian body, has accepted the pastorate of the Scarborough Westborough Unitarian Church.

## Gloucestershire Gossip.

\*

In Town last Wednesday the marriages took place of two military men having claims of more than ordinary interest upon the attention of the Gloucestershire public. Each bridegroom is the eldest son of a country squire well known and popular in the hunting field and they had both gallantly served their country in the Boer war. The warriors who have succumbed to Cupid's darts are Captain James Knowles and Mr. Cecil Elwes. The former, who married Mrs. Mortimer Hill, at St. George's, Hanover-square, is the eldest son of Mr. Andrew Knowles, of Newent Court. He is in the 15th Hussars, and was on the personal staff of Earl Roberts, and since his return has become adjutant of the Herts Imperial Yeomanry. The other Benedict, married at the Guards' Chapel, to Miss Muriel Hargreaves, daughter of the late Mr. John Hargreaves, of Leckhampton Court, is Mr. Cecil Elwes, eldest son of Mr. H. J. Elwes, of Colesbourne Park, and nephew of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. He went out with his regiment, the Scots Guards, to the war in its earliest stages, and in one of Lord Methuen's first frontal attacks he was so severely wounded in the head that he had to have a piece of silver plate put on the skull. He happily recovered, and has been able for a long time to resume duty with his regiment in London, and only recently he carried the colours presented by the King and received the Victorian Order from his Majesty in honour of the same. "Long life and happiness to both pairs," say I.

\*

One half of the members of the Cheltenham Corporation have taken up in regard to the proposed increase of the Accountant's salary from £450 to £500 the attitude of Mr. Cheva-

lier, in one of his capital songs, "You don't get a roise out of oi." Having read a report of the proceedings in reference to the affair, I am bound to say that their attitude is to be commended, and I hope that, now the question has been referred back to the committee, by the casting vote of the Mayor, it will be relegated to the Greek Kalends, which is evidently the desire of the opponents and, I believe, of the great majority of the ratepayers. The latter long-suffering persons must have sarcastically smiled when they read the untenable plea put forward for the increase, which was speedily demolished by the opponents. The work in the Accountant's Department has undoubtedly increased, and so have his assistants. I am one who holds strongly that if an official, or man, is over-worked you can't get more work out of him by simply increasing his salary. The kindest and most logical course to adopt is to give him help and thus provide another man with a job, for berths are not too plentiful nowadays. I venture to propound a theory for the solution of the vexed salaries-of-officials question. It is to give an official a commission of ten per cent. over and above his fixed salary on all the moneys that he can show he has saved the ratepayers. This would be a real incentive to something more than a perfunctory performance of duty, and would, I think, prove mutually satisfactory to the employed and employers. It's worth a trial, I trow.

\*

We shall soon have the Festival of the Three Choirs upon us, and Gloucester will delight in its triennial "music week." The members of the Festival Class in the Cathedral city received their engagements a few days ago, and a rehearsal of the choirs from the three cities is arranged for July 17th in the Shirehall. The question of the cultivation and retention of home talent for the choruses has been satisfactorily solved for

Two Glo'stershire Yeomen

Killed at Vlakfontein, May 29, 1901.



Corp. A. E. Dash, 48th Co., I.Y., of Stroud.



Corporal Frank Gardner, 48th Co. I.Y., of 66 Worcester Street, Gloucester.

The Government of New South Wales has decided that the portfolio of justice, rendered vacant by the defeat of Mr. Fitzgerald, shall be amalgamated with that of the Attorney-General.

\* \* \*

The death is announced at New York of Mr. Pierre Lorillard, the millionaire tobacco manufacturer, who was well known on the British Turf and won the Derby with Iroquois just 20 years ago.

\* \* \*

In the Leeds district the heat has been intense during the past three days. A gas main inspector named Hartley went home on Friday and complained to his wife that his strength was gone. He was afterwards found to have committed suicide by hanging himself with his wife's blouse.



SPIDER'S NEST.

The Spider's Nest, of which this a photograph, was found in some gorse on Leckhampton Hill during last August. It belongs to a fairly common species, but is interesting on account of the double covers. The case of eggs is slung by many strands of web in the centre of an outer chamber. By this means the impervious cover keeps the eggs dry. The nest was photographed almost full size, the dark mass in the back being the mother spider. The approach to the nest was by a carefully webbed passage of half-an-inch diameter, tapering upwards to a quarter of an inch. To obtain this inside view the passage was gently opened by the finger, but the parent remained all the time that the nest was being photographed, seemingly quite undisturbed.

MR. BALFOUR ON THE CONGESTION OF LONDON.

\*

Speaking on Wednesday at a luncheon, inaugurating the completion of the first section of the electrical systems of the London United Tramways Company, Mr. Balfour said he was interested in the undertaking, because it seemed to him to be one of the greatest engines of social reform and of social amelioration which it had been the privilege of any great corporation to start. All that Parliament could do, he thought, sank into insignificance beside what could be done by great corporations of this character, to deal with those pressing questions which had been for so long the anxiety and perplexity of philanthropists and statesmen. He was convinced that no legislative manipulation of the land laws or the question of compensation or other matters, however important in themselves, really touched the heart of the problem of the over-crowding of our great populous areas as it was touched by any scheme which, like the present one, made so gigantic an advance in the cause and in the subject of intercommunication between the inside and outside areas of London. The mischief of the congestion of great arteries of the metropolis was growing, and whether by underground or overhead methods of progress, it would become necessary not only to make traffic within the London area possible, but to extend the outside. He looked to that enterprise not merely to diminish the evils of metropolitan congestion, but greatly to add to the highest pleasures of living to the inhabitants of London. He hoped that by means of this system of tramways those who were, by choice or necessity, obliged to live in the centre of this great wilderness of bricks and mortar, might be able on their holidays or on Saturday afternoons or Mondays, to go out into the beautiful districts in the neighbourhood of London at a cost hardly prohibitive even to the poorest, to enjoy the beauties of nature there so lavishly displayed (cheers). It was no small contribution to the civilisation and happiness of mankind, and if tramways had no other ground for asking for public gratitude, that ground would, in his mind, be sufficient. He was told that when the system was complete no fewer than 150 million passengers a year would be carried. Think of what that would mean to the happiness and civilisation of the inhabitants of this great metropolis! Mr. Balfour concluded by drinking success to the enterprise.

\* \* \*

Earl Russell's trial has now been definitely fixed for July 18.

The Duke of Newcastle is still a young man in the thirties, although he has held his title over twenty years. He succeeded his father at fifteen, becoming the head of an estate of thirty-five thousand acres while at school.

\*

The Rev. George William Russell, hitherto known as Father Bernard Russell, priest of the Order of Servites, was received into the communion of the Church of England on Monday by the Bishop of Stepney in St. Paul's Cathedral.

\*

Sir Hector Macdonald on assuming command of the Southern District, Madras, was entitled to ninety days' privileged leave to England; but he decided not to take it, holding that the present is not a time when officers should vacate their posts for any but the most urgent of reasons.

\*

The oldest private soldier in South Africa is Private W. Robertson, who, though over seventy years of age, is hale and hearty, and has been doing trench duty. Robertson served in the Crimean war and the Kaffir war of 1878, and wears the medals for those campaigns.

\*

Donna Alfantina Orsini, the beautiful daughter of Prince and Princess Orsini, has entered the Order of the Franciscan nuns and missionaries. Donna Alfantina, who is twenty-one years old, belongs to one of the oldest and richest aristocratic Roman families. She has been given the name of Alfantina di Santa-Elena.

\*

Viscount Goschen has been engaged on a life of his famous grandfather for many years. The work is now in the press, and will be published in the autumn in two volumes by Mr. John Murray. The contents include extracts from his correspondence with Goethe, Schiller and many other leading authors and men of letters of that time.



## ON GOING AWAY.

BY MRS. JACK JOHNSON.

Someone once summed up the desirability of living in London because "it was such a charming place to go away from." It would really seem as if not a few people regarded their residence from this point of view; they are for ever wanting "a change" or going off on a visit. They "let their homes" (?), utterly regardless of what kind of strangers may inhabit them. It is all the same to them, so long as they are supplied with the wherewithal for their fitting. These sort of folk do not travel to see the world and enlarge their knowledge of different people. Their aim and object is *amusement*, and particularly to their taste is the kind to be found in minor kursaals and casinos, or in the halls of gigantic hotels, or on the parades of seaside watering-places, or at the table d'hote of Swiss hotels in the season. They "dress" for such occasions with all the zest of a debutante for a London Drawing-Room, and feel quite delighted at the passing attention of any male sojourner. The "mere man" of such parties, which are apt to consist chiefly of the feminine element, seeks his amusement apart, and if of a lethargic habit largely in the various smoking-rooms, and in expounding national views to any fellow-travellers who will listen to him. The more energetic type climbs hills or bicycles, according to the physical geography of the country.

They are tiresome people, these; harmless in their way, but constituting something to be avoided in the selection of places wherein a holiday can be passed in comfort. For the year has gone round again, and uppermost comes at every meal the subject of where to and how we are going away this summer. To those to whom it is the only annual "outing" the subject is of the greatest importance, and as the average family is made up of many individualities the general good has to be arrived at somehow. And as a result of much discussion I would implore the over-ruled members not to start with any foregone conclusions of dislike, but to take the goods the gods provide in a temper at least open to conviction. With a party of young people who enjoy out-of-door games, a quiet country rectory, with a large garden and a field which may be utilised for a cricket pitch, is one of the best places to take. They are usually pretty, old-fashioned places, inexpensive, and the furniture not of the kind likely to suffer from the "boys." Houses of this sort in out-of-the-way places are to be had very cheaply, and a month or six weeks would not cost what a fortnight at the sea would probably come to. If, however, the sea is necessary, it is usually far cheaper to go to the French coast—not to some smart watering-place, but to its "suburb," which will nearly always be found to exist a little further on along the coast, chiefly tenanted by French people themselves, as the more economically-minded amongst them leave the smarter town to the English and American visitor. It is quite easy to be taken for four or five francs a day at many of these small places, where the bathing is good and the roads excellent for cycling. It is a pity that such places are so difficult to find in England as to drive people abroad for a holiday which they would often prefer to spend in their own country.

As, however, the great value of a change is to take people out of a groove, there is far greater contrast to be found abroad than at home. It enters into all the small details of life, and, even if you do not prefer them, the experience gives greater joy to the home-coming, and removes the irksome monotony of every-day existence. This getting out of a groove used to be chiefly considered necessary for the male part of the family—the breadwinners, and the children home from school; but nowadays the woman so frequently performs no unimportant part in income-making, and with this departure it is more difficult to organise a holiday which shall include her "rest" as well. Usually one of the two is found ready to waive their claim; but this is not as it should be—both

must be considered. All work and no play makes Jill quite as dull as Jack, and the work suffers in proportion. Even if the woman does no other work than see to her house and family, her change and rest is very important, and a great saving of temper and nerves, which lead to "nagging." For this reason I would counsel a cheap hotel rather than lodgings, where housekeeping has to go on. When abroad choose an hotel in contradistinction to a *pension*, which is, as a rule, an uncomfortable foreign edition of a boarding-house, and avoided by foreigners themselves. Folk who intend visiting out-of-the-way places along the French coast should be very careful to take portable filters. There is considerable danger of polluted water supply.

Actively disposed people who are busy at present planning out cycling tours in France may be glad to hear particulars concerning the sending on of their luggage. Neither of the two systems—the *colis postal*, which is for small parcels, or the *grande vitesse*, fast goods train—comes up to a plan discovered by a friend of mine last year. She used to go to the station and take a third-class ticket, entitling her to 66lb. of luggage; this she previously addressed: "En Depot, Amiens," or whatever town she wanted to go to, and then, having booked her luggage by a certain train, she cycled off with the receipt in her pocket, sure of finding her belongings at the station to which they were sent. It costs a little more certainly, but the amount might be looked upon as a kind of insurance against losing your things altogether.

In the matter of English seaside places, a great deal of practical information concerning lodgings, their prices, etc., can be obtained from the little books issued by most of the railway companies, each dealing with the places reached by means of their several lines. And those who wish to move from place to place should certainly avail themselves of the tourist tickets, which are marvels of cheapness. At the same time they must remember that mere tickets go a very little way indeed if they have to stay at hotels, say, in Scotland in August. A trip in Ireland can be very inexpensively managed, and very enjoyable it is, too, though not so bracing as some other expeditions are. And, *apropos* of being "braced," brainworkers should be very careful to discover what suits them in this respect. Unless people are able to take a good deal of sharp exercise, the East Coast is apt to upset their livers. Nervous irritability requires warmth as well as fresh air, and a place with plenty of afternoon sunshine should be chosen.

It is difficult to give hints which will be of use to all, covering such a wide field as holiday-making. But if travelling is to be done by night it is as well to provide a soft cap, not too warm, as a protection against draughts, soft comfortable shoes, a loose ulster or long cloak, so that dress and corsets may be undone underneath it, an extra pair of gloves, a sponge bag with a damp sponge in it, and a small book of soap leaves, and one with powder leaves. Pillows of vegetable down cost very little, and can be tightly rolled up with the rugs, and add greatly to one's comfort—supposing one is travelling cheaply and not in a train de luxe. Even in the later case a small etna and a bottle of some beef essence, some plain chocolate, and a biscuit are as well to have within reach, so that, if wakeful, you need not disturb those who can sleep. Some boracic powder is good to have to place on tired feet. Luggage is banged about so much nowadays that carrying liquid ink is always attended with danger to its surroundings, and it is quite unnecessary, as what is called "travellers' ink" is very easily made. Saturate white blotting paper with aniline black, and paste several sheets together, so as to form a thick pad. When required for use, tear a small piece off and cover it with water, and the black liquid will be found to be quite good writing ink. A square inch produces enough to last for a good deal of writing.

Probably no "interview" would contain more interesting matter than one with Mr. Cook, the son of the man who was practically the inventor of the "tour." But he is of a

very retiring nature, and shuns publicity of all sorts. Nevertheless, certain facts which I have been able to glean concerning the growth of the undertaking commenced by Thomas Cook are of interest themselves. So short a time back as in 1865 the business was managed entirely by Mr. Cook, his son, a managing partner, and three assistants. Today there is a salaried staff of over 3,000 permanent assistants, with an extra staff for the winter season in Egypt and Palestine of about 2,000 more. And the single ticket covering a twelve-mile excursion has grown into 31,950 different series, giving facilities over 1,981,010 miles of railway and steamer routes. How few people know, too, that the popular Neapolitan song with its catching chorus owed its origin to Mr. John Cook scaling Vesuvius with his own funicular railway.

## A Cheltenham Poet's Grave.



There are probably few, even in Cheltenham, who on seeing the above gravestone in the old High-street Cemetery could at once tell you aught of the life-work of the gentleman whose death it records; yet the number is equally small of those who have at one time or another listened to songs written by his hand. Thomas Haynes Bayly spent the closing years of his life at 430, High-street, Cheltenham, the house which in earlier years had frequently been occupied by Lord Byron, whose chief association with the town was his co-operation with Colonel Berkeley (afterwards Earl Fitzhardinge) in securing at the theatre—a building in Cambray which was subsequently destroyed by fire—the presence of Mrs. Siddons, John Kemble, Mr. and Mrs. Liston, and the prince of clowns, Grimaldi. Bayly was not a poet as modern critics would define the word, but he had the lyrical gift and a large fund of sentiment, so that he was one of the most prolific and popular English song-writers of seventy years ago. "She Wore a Wreath of Roses," the *Mistletoe Bough*, "We Met, 'Twas in a Crowd," "Oh no, we Never Mention Her," and "The Soldier's Tear," are still to be heard, though the vogue of many others which once caught the public fancy has long ceased. Their simplicity and the tuneful melodies to which they were wedded by Horn, Bishop, Balfe, Braham and other composers of a past generation have preserved them from oblivion, and they are still heard with pleasure by people whose musical predilections are not absorbed by modern productions.



THE CANAL AT COOMBE HILL.

## By the Way.

\*

### MRS. JENKINS VISITS A BAND CONCERT AT MONTPELLIER.

It was Miss Smithers-Tompkins as asked me to patternise the Royal Watch Guards' Band along with 'er, she being of a musical turn of constitution thro' 'er 'aving a piano in 'er front parlour, wich they do say it ain't never been paid for yet, being on what they call the higher purchase system, wich it means that if you don't care to keep the instrument when you 'ave nearly paid for it, you are welcome to return the piano and lose your money, wich it seems to me is very well for the piano-shops but rather middlin' for those as is struck musical and then recovers from it.

'Owever, Miss Tompkins, as I shall always call 'er, letting alone the Smithers, she can pick out the "Old 100th" or "4th to the Battlefield" pertickler well on 'er piano, and 'er musical eddication is much beyond mine, wich I don't know one note from t'other; and she says to me, says she, "Selina, these 'ere Royal Watch Guards is one of the bestest bands in the army, and we'll go and 'ear 'em together."

So we sallies 4th to catch the 'bus, and sure enough there it were, awaitin' for us a little way down the road; but just as we were agoin' up the staircase (wich I always likes to sit on the top in case of accidents), wot should I see but "Salisbury" and "Cheshire" a-staring me in the face, wich I 'ollers to the young man as conducts, and says, "This ain't our 'bus! We don't want to go to Salisbury, nor Cheshire nother. Stop this moment." Wich the young feller 'e only smiled and said "Them's advertisements, ma'am," and so they turned out to be somebody's 'osiery, or cloaks, or something wich I don't think such things ought to be allowed, frightening respectable fieldmales into thinking that they would be carried right through to Salisbury, willy-nilly, as the saying is.

Howsomdever, we got to Montpellier Gardens at last, wich there were crowds upon crowds of people all squeezing through a little nutmeg grater kind of thing wich they calls it a turnstable or a turnkey, or the like; 'owever, I don't agree with such goings on as these was, for wot with me being a portly party, and none too much room to get through this 'ere machine, and my 'aving left my purse in my second-best skirt pocket, wich

the young man at the turnkey went for to disbelieve my word when I offered to bring the money in when I were passing—as I were a-saying, at last Miss Tompkins she paid for me and 'er, and in we went.

There seemed to me to be 100's of 1000's of young parties there all dressed up beautiful, and very 'appy some of them looked, seeing as 'ow they had come 'ours before and taken all free seats there was to be found anywheres; this was rather 'ard on a elderly fieldmale like me (not but wot I believe Miss Tompkins to be ten years older than she tells people, wich I know she've been the same age for the last 15 years)—so we decides we would pay 3d. each and go into a square place where there was a lot of garden chairs arranged. So we pays our 3d. and 'ad tickets given us, wich a Gordon boy rushed at us like a roaring volcano, as the saying is, and snatched the tickets from our 'ands without so much as by your leave. You might 'ave thought we should be able to get up off our chairs and take a turn on the lawn now and then. But, lor' bless us, we might 'ave been a rat in a trap—wen you were once inside there you had to stop or else pay your thruppence over again every time you get off your chair and take a stroll. There was one young gentleman as sat behind me, wich 'e were very thirsty, and 'e 'ad to pay for 'is chair 6 times during the evening, wich 'three of those times 'e 'ad to turn off somebody who'd settled down permiscuous like into the empty seat. Then as for the seats, well, really, it were cruelty to animals to 'ave to sit on them for a hour straight off, without so much as a cushion to ease your poor back, and I don't consider they're made for comfort, not by no manner of means.

Well, now, the band! The music were very pretty, leastways wot we 'eard of it, in the intervals of a very animated conversation wien ensued between two ancient ladies sitting in front, wich they said they'd seen all sorts of wonderful bands, and I thought to myself, "Yes, quite right, my ladies, you do well to say you saw them there bands, but it's a dead certainty, as the saying is, that you never 'eard a note, leaving alone all those as wanted to 'ear and couldn't because of your conversing so freely all the time the music was on." There was all sorts of furrin languages on the "menu," as they do call it, but I liked "William Tell Rossini" (it didn't say what he were to tell Rossini) as good as anythink, for you could sit still in your seat (if you 'ad a cushion) and 'ear the 'orns blowing, and the storms whistling thro' the key 'ole, and the rain coming down, pitter

patter all over the leaves, and a band marching past, and little nightingales, and larks, and starlings, and cuckoos, and all manner of little animals' chirping and 'opping about, all in the music of course.

Then there was Verdants Hoperas, composed by A. R. R. Godfrey, wich it were very 'eavenly in parts, and made me think of poor Jenkins, and 'ow 'e used to wake the echoes of our back garden, and the next one to it, with the dulcet melody of a cornet, wich 'e bought secondhand from a musical gentleman as were 'ard up.

But I think these 'ere Royal Watch Guards played the British Control, as they do call it, very well, wich it were a band coming up the street and just passing your front door and then away up the road till you can't 'ear no more. It were as real as life, and I wanted to run after the band to see where it were gone off to, wich, of course, it were only a hoptical delusion, as the saying is.

Then there were a "Negro Dance," wich it were so difficult to play that one of the Royal Watch Guards, 'e with the biggest trumpet, made a mistake several times with 'is music, as it appeared to me, wich it sounded for all the world like a cow laughing, wich I 'avn't never 'eard one myself, altho' they do say that cows do often laugh when they thinks of mysterialised milk and such like fandangos.

The last thing on the "menu" were about 20 different hymns strung together, and called 'Heppisodes in a Soldier's Life, Chappie." There were a lot of banging about with the drum, and a power of shouting, and "God save the Queen" (beggin' 'is pardon, I mean the King) at the end of it, but I do 'ear say as it were cut very short, wich the Royal Watch Guards 'ad to catch a train, and 'adn't time to put it all in. Owsomdever, I know I paid for it all, but that's neither here nor there, as the saying is.

There were a refreshment stall up in one corner of the grounds, but seeing as 'ow a party couldn't get out of 'er seat without paying twice or three times for it, I kept my appetite till I reached 'ome and 'ad a bit of refreshment on my own hearthstone, as the saying is.

Talking things over with Miss Tompkins afterwards we considered as 'ow the bandstand badly wanted a coat of paint to make it smart before these 'ere British Medical Doctors comes along, and as for the chairs,—well, 3d. each is too much for them anyway, and a long way too much when you know that you only gets your seat so long as you sits fair and square on it! I don't know nothing about the quality of the music, but them as ought to know tells me the band were very middlin', but not so good as some they've 'eard. No more from yours,

SELINA JENKINS.

Edward Parker Deacon, who was the principal actor in a sensational shooting case at Cannes several years ago, has just died in a lunatic asylum at New York.

Mr. J. M. Maclean, late Conservative member for Cardiff, has withdrawn from the Carlton Club, on account of the war policy of the Government.

The Archbishop of York has convened for August 1 a reunion of all priests ordained by him since his translation to the See in 1891 who are still working in the diocese.

A battalion of soldiers was practising on the Rhine, above the Kehl Bridge, on Monday, when a boat containing sixteen men capsized. Seven of the occupants were drowned.

At Bingley, near Leeds, a haymaker named Falkingham was suddenly taken ill owing to the heat, and died in a few minutes. Numerous cases of prostration are reported.

Locusts still ravage Spain as a twentieth century plague, and strange scenes of devastation are witnessed. The swarms are so enormous as to intercept the sunlight.



# THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART  
AND  
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1901.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

## MISTRESS AND MAID.

We hear on all sides the difficulties of the servant question. In "The Lady's Magazine" for July there is an interesting article entitled "Mistress and Maid," written by a barrister-at-law. In this article he deals, in a simple and chatty way, with the legal relations between servant and employer. Ladies will do well to study this, and will learn from it what they can do with regard to engaging and dismissing servants.

"A servant may be dismissed without notice for wilful disobedience, grossly bad conduct, habitual negligence, dishonesty, incompetence, and illness of a permanent character. To justify the dismissal of a domestic for disobedience, the order disobeyed must be a reasonable one, and one within the scope of the servant's duties.

"A servant who refused to take his master's horse to the marsh until he had had his dinner, which had just been got ready for him, was held to be justly dismissed; and so also was a servant who had been refused permission to absent herself for the night in order to visit her mother, who was dying, and who went without leave. A domestic, for staying out all night, was held to be rightly dismissed without notice.

"But I am of opinion that in these degenerate days, when the menial rules the mistress, that a single act of disobedience or a single instance of insolence would not be held to justify the summary dismissal of a servant. For disorderly conduct late at night a servant may not only be dismissed, but may be given into custody. Theft would justify the dismissal of a servant on the spot, without notice and without wages.

"If, while driving his mistress, or while driving on his mistress's business, a coachman negligently injures a person by his careless driving, the mistress will be liable, but if the coachman took out the carriage without leave for his own purposes and injured a third party, the mistress would not be liable.

"Where a servant made a fire on his master's land, and by neglecting to take proper precautions set fire to some corn in a neighbouring field, the master was held liable for the damage so caused.

"Where two carriages became entangled, and one of the coachmen, contrary to his master's orders, whipped the horses of the other carriage in order to extricate his master's carriage, his master was held to be liable for the injury caused by his coachman's acting in this manner, and when a man hired a carriage and horses, which his servant drove, and, instead of taking them back direct to the stables, drove them off elsewhere, and in so doing injured the horses."

\*  
Major C. D. Bruce, who is second in command of the Chinese Regiment of Infantry at Wei-hai-Wei, is returning to England on temporary leave of absence.



Photo by H. W. Watson,

Cheltenham and Gloucester.

## The New Cheltenham Alderman.

Colonel Richard Rogers, V.D., J.P.

The Clifton College cricket team have finished the season with four matches won, two lost, and three drawn. A. E. J. Collins, the record holder, heads the batting averages with 38, L. D. Brownlee being second with 33.40, and R. P. Keigwin third with 33. Miller, who did so well against Cheltenham College, has taken most wickets (43 in nine matches), but the analysis has not been kept.

The Earl and Countess of Morley and Lady Mary Parker have returned to town from visiting Lord and Lady Wimborne at Canford Manor, Dorsetshire.

\*  
The Marquis of Waterford has been commissioned as Deputy-Lieutenant of the County of Northumberland.



## 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 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

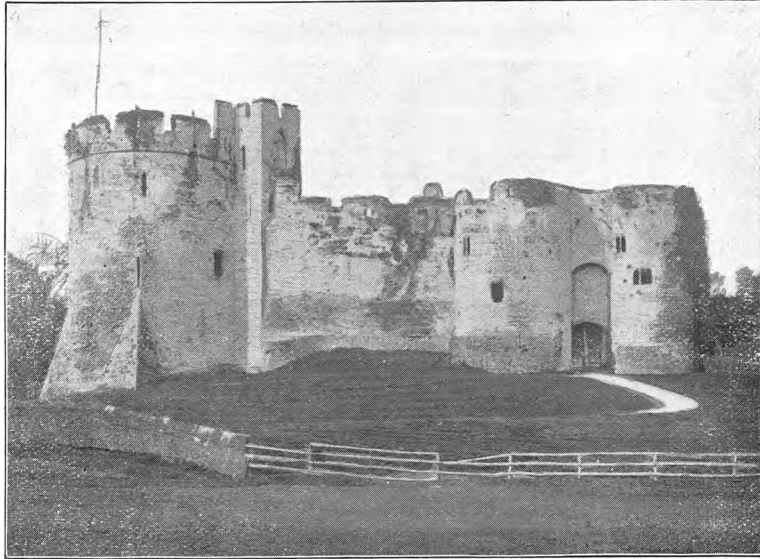
the names of the successful competitors will be announced weekly in the Art Supplement.

Photographs must not be smaller than quarter-plate size, must be mounted, and must be printed on silver paper with a glossy finish.

The winner in the 28th competition is Mr. W. Slatter, 25 Winstonian-road, Cheltenham, and the prize picture is that of Chepstow Castle.

Entries for the 29th competition closed this (Saturday) morning, July 20th, 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.



Chepstow Castle.

## A Tour of our Churches

\*\*\*

### CHELTENHAM COLLEGE CHAPEL.

Unlike other places of worship, Cheltenham College Chapel is a private building, and in order to obtain admission to one of the services it was necessary for me to make application to the Bursar, in reply to which I received a small yellow ticket inscribed as follows:—"Entrance by West Doors, Cheltenham College Chapel. Evening Service on Sunday, July 14, at 7 p.m. Issued to ———. N.B.—The seats in Chapel are not intended to be occupied regularly, except by those connected with the College. It is particularly requested that no gratuity be given to any Chapel attendant."

Armed with this, I made my way on Sunday last to the west doors of the great white chapel which stands at the north end of the College buildings, a part of them, and yet so strangely dissimilar in appearance and style as to give one the impression of an aloofness, some would even go so far as to say an incongruity. But with the lapse of time those white walls will darken and discolour, and creepers will twine lovingly around the buttresses, and then will be the time to properly appreciate the real beauty of this stately building. For stately building it is, without doubt, and the interior, unfinished and incomplete though the decoration may be, yet ranks high amongst the school chapel architecture of the country. Let those who know the interior well imagine what it will be, when the stately reredos with its beautiful carving will be in situ, when through the

side windows the sunlight will throw gleams of ruby, and amber, and amethyst across the choir from the coloured glass which is so much needed to tone down the extreme whiteness of the stone roof and walls, when fine carved stalls and pews stretch from end to end, when the suggested elaborate carving on the front of the west gallery shall be executed, and last, but not least, when an organ worthy of such a noble building is furnished—then, and only then, will the present fabric be seen in its full beauty and stateliness.

But to the service. At a few minutes to the hour the west doors were opened by the black-robed chapel attendant, and, entering with the boys, I was conducted to one of the stalls above the choir, near the pulpit, a position from which I was well able to see all that took place. Ladies, I noted, were seated in the gallery at the west end, and were not allowed in the other parts of the building.

The College boys as they entered swiftly and quietly passed to their seats, each one apparently knowing his exact position; and the masters, wearing hood and gown, took their places in the raised stalls at either side of the chapel, until the whole of the seats were occupied from end to end, saving the space midway between the altar and the west end, where is placed the choir.

The organist takes his place at the organ, and with the first few bars of his voluntary the surpliced choir and clergy enter from the west door, and, preceded by the vergers carrying a species of mace, pass up the aisle and take their places in their stalls, the Principal of the College remaining in the canopied raised seat on the right hand of the west door, and, after a moment's pause for silent prayer, the service commences.

The sentences are intoned by one of the

masters at a desk below the choir, and the service is fully musical, the responses being given throughout without organ accompaniment with very pleasing effect. It would be absurd, in the nature of things, to compare the singing of the College Chapel choir with that of some of our other churches, for those who have any knowledge of public school chapels will hardly need to be reminded how difficult it is to train a choir, the membership of which is continually being changed by removals from College and other causes. In some of the older schools this difficulty is removed by the payment of an outside choir, but at the College Chapel, allowing for this difficulty, and the extraordinary distance between the organ and the choir, I can only express my admiration at the excellence of the choral effects in the service I attended on Sunday evening last.

A very fine effect was produced by singing some of the more exultant passages of the Psalms for the day in unison, the combined effect of so many male voices being peculiarly striking.

There was no anthem, and the hymns selected were all three of them set to good old style melodies which the boys evidently relished, from the heartiness with which they joined in.

The lessons were read by prefects, selected from the boys.

The sermon was preached by one of the masters with a good voice and delivery, two obvious necessities in such a building, and was a discourse on the chief subject of the collects for the day—Love to God,—and an analysis was made of the difference between that which the Israelite conceived to be love to God—viz.: a love for his own people and customs, and a hatred for others and outsiders—and that love which is only revealed with the coming of Christ into the world—a personal and sacrificing love—a love which prompts to eager and willing service for Him. To the Jews to love was to obey—to us to love is to serve, an eager spontaneous desire to do service for Jesus as our Friend and Elder Brother.

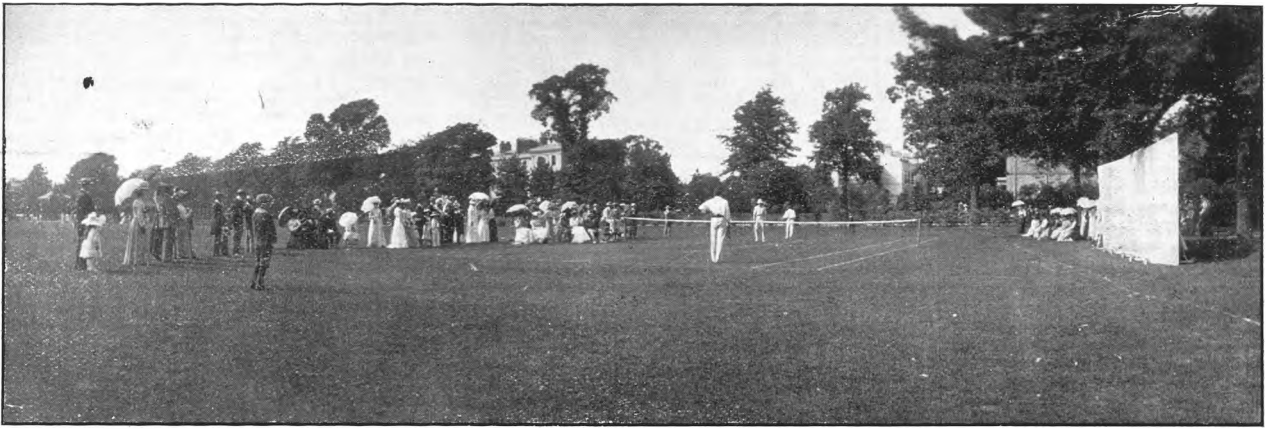
Much more of the sermon was worthy of note, but through the open door opposite me I could see the green sward of the cricket pitch, and as I looked down the row of arches over the stalls I saw memorial after memorial of boys who had once played on that cricket field, whose voices had joined in the beautiful responses of the prayer-book service in the old College Chapel, but who had, I bethought me, gone forth on the fringe of the Empire with their lives in their hands, and through suffering, trial, and conflict had kept the honour of the old College unsullied, and had died for their mother-country. Here were the wars—Afghan, Egypt, Soudan, Indian Frontier, Burmah, everywhere that duty called, their young hearts were ready and more than ready to do their duty. Like the Israelites of old, the love of God to them was to do their duty for their country, and who shall say they were wrong? In these sordid days of money-getting and selfishness it is indeed refreshing to think of the sacrifice of health, comfort, friends, and often life, at the call of duty, as shown forth by the quiet records in the College Chapel. While the Empire has such sons her flag will never be lowered, and whether death come in the hot flush of the battlefield, in the even greater glory of missionary martyrdom, or, maybe, through disease contracted while working to alleviate plague and famine in India, such a death is a greater glory than to live as so many do, with no ideals, no sacrifice, no duty to God or Fatherland.

Musing thus, I left the Chapel, with the sounds of that grand old hymn, "Now thank we all our God, With hearts, and souls, and voices," ringing in my ears, thundered forth in unison by those hundreds of voices, and with a clearer impression of the love and tender memories which old public school boys, the world over, cherish for that focus and centre of school life, the College Chapel.

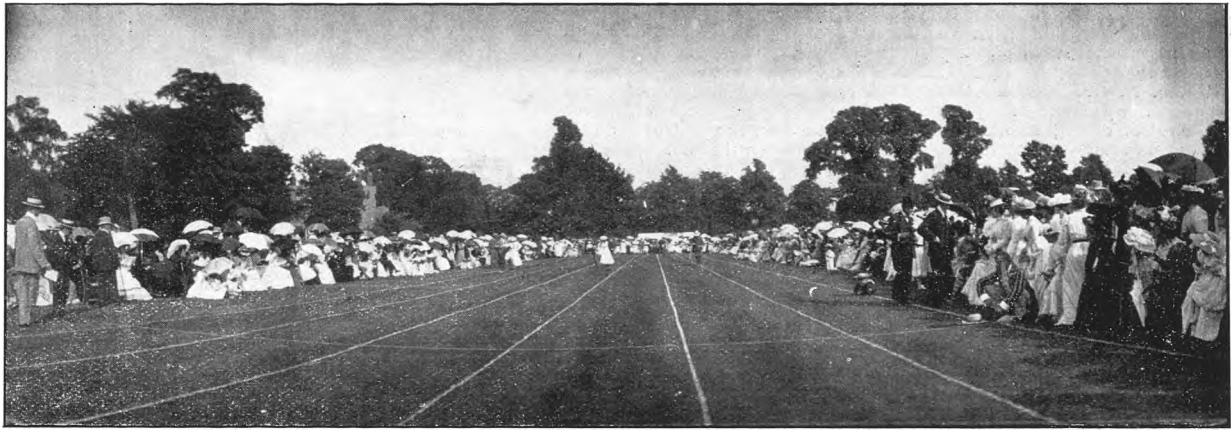
LAYMAN.

Under the will of the late Mr. George Sturge, a member of the Society of Friends, the Foreign Missions Committee of the Presbyterian Church of England have just received a further cheque for £20,000, making in all £42,000.





Tennis Match between a Cheltenham Scratch Team and Gloucester, at Gloucester Rose Show.



Egg and Spoon Race at Gloucester Rose Show.

## Gloucestershire Gossip.

When I penned my note anent the marriage of Mr. Cecil Elwes last week I had not seen the list of presents. Therefore, I find I missed a feature of extraordinary interest. It was the contribution of the Scots Guards, who sent the bride a "star brooch, a bit of his skull set in gold." This memento of the Modder River engagement, where a Boer bullet chipped a bit off the cranium of the bridegroom Guardsman, must certainly rank in the front of extraordinary wedding presents. And I have knowledge of some queer ones which have been "listed" in public prints. For instance, I remember some 25 years ago seeing in a county paper that a well-known yeoman farmer, who bred short-horn cattle, down Frocester way, headed the list of wedding presents to one of his daughters with "a shorthorn bull calf"; while I have before me now several cuttings from newspapers of the offerings of friends to newly-married couples not in "high life," and I pick out "a coal-hammer" as a striking item deemed worthy of place in the catalogue of gifts to a bride in the neighbourhood of Horsepools. By these presents one can sometimes know people.

I am very glad that the Hewletts is not going to pass out of the possession of the Agg family, who have held the estate for nigh a century, for Mrs. Arthur Agg has now bought it by private treaty. It was announced at the recent auction that the late Col. Agg valued it at £22,000, and yet £12,500 was the highest bid made there. The Hewletts, like many other purely agricultural estates on the Cotswolds, had sadly depreciated in value, and though near Cheltenham, was not quite near enough for the owner to reap the benefit of

any unearned increment through the expansion of the town. But the time may come when the Hewletts will be as Battledown is now. It only wants Cheltenham to move out its horns in that direction.

If Barnum was the prince of showmen, the two Sangers can rightly and truly claim to be "Lords" in the same category, for each of them delights in the Christian name of "Lord" as a prefix to his patronymic. They have both been in this county this week showing that English circuses are not yet snuffed out by "the biggest show on earth." In fact, Lord George pertinently asks "Where is Barnum and Bailey?" He certainly did his level best to drive them out of the country, and Gloucestershire was one of the scenes, two or three years ago, when in his plan of following up the Yankee show, he performed simultaneously with it at Gloucester and Cheltenham, and certainly did all the business. For some time past the great rival of the Sangers has been touring "on the Continent," and the last I read of it was that some of its traps had been in a serious railway accident in Silesia.

Now is the summer of school treats, when not a few children's fancies keenly turn to thoughts of how many they can manage to "do" in the season. I have often thought it would be much better for the managers and the efficiency of the Sunday and day schools, and the children too for that matter, .. on one particular day in each town a joint school treat on a popular scale could be held. By this plan the "ringing of the changes" would be avoided, and there would be no competitive treats, which, in my opinion, do more harm than good. Children delight in a short ride and change of scene, and it is very easy to cart or rail them into the country from such populous and conveniently situated

places as Cheltenham, Gloucester, Stroud, and Tewkesbury. Churchdown would seem to be the ideal chosen place for the rendezvous.

The expected has happened in the Cheltenham Borough Surveyor's department, as was predicted by Mr. Councillor Bennett in August last, when he opposed, but unsuccessfully, the increase by £100 of that official's salary, concurrently with the abolition of the office of assistant surveyor, by which the latter's salary of £200 a year would be saved. The new official which he foreshadowed after the rise had taken place has been duly created by a committee of inquiry, which came to the conclusion that the Surveyor's duties had become so numerous and onerous that it was absolutely necessary that he should have adequate assistance, and therefore they recommended he should appoint a superintendent of the Highway Department at a commencing salary of £200 a-year. The Council very properly confirmed this on Monday, but not the other recommendation that the Surveyor's salary be abated by £50 only. By nine votes to seven they decided, I think wisely and justly, that his salary should revert to the former figure of £650. We shall now get the much-desired highwayman at about the same cost in salaries as before, and he will certainly have a wide field to bring the roads up to the proper mark.

GLEANER.

Mr. Ralph Champneys Williams, C.M.G., Colonial Secretary of the Barbadoes, has been appointed to be Resident Commissioner for the Bechuanaland Protectorate.

The Duke of Norfolk has given an additional £1,000 to the centenary building fund of the Sheffield Royal Infirmary, making a total contribution from his Grace of £2,500.

## By the Way.

[The Editor wishes it to be distinctly understood that he in no way identifies himself with the opinions expressed by this correspondent.]

I have always considered, just in a quiet private sort of way, that the Reverend George Bayfield Roberts would have made an excellent newspaper editor; of course this depends on the definition of the word editor: just so:—the most successful form of editor (there are several varieties) in my estimation is the man who is able to make the largest number of stinging remarks in the smallest amount of space, and is able, in a friendly, neighbourly style, to cram in all the Parliamentary epithets known to modern civilization at the rate of about thirty to the square inch.

The interesting correspondence in the "Echo" which has been labelled "Romanism in the Villages" in mistake for "Geo. Bayfield Roberts in Elmstone Hardwicke," has been a most brilliant example of the art of evasion. The argument appears to run something like this, "Because a Mr. Thomas, who dares to tackle the 'fighting parson,' places B.A., LL.B. after his name, therefore he must be a prig, which offence against common propriety is further aggravated by the enormity of his not having heard of the fame of the Rev. Geo. B. R.!" (This latter is a criminal offence, apparently!) From the above handsome set of arguments it is to be considered that marriage is not to be entered upon at certain "Holy" parts of the year, Q.E.D.

Well, you know, the above Gargantuan or Friar John style of proving oneself right by suffocating an opponent with clouds of personal abuse may be eminently suitable to an Irish M.P. or to an ordinary individual like myself, but when you get a gentleman whose nominal profession is to "love his enemies" and "do good to those who despitefully use him" thus publicly announcing that these precepts are good enough for the pulpit, but not for the press, I, for one, can only stand amazed at the grotesque spectacle evoked.

The one solid fact at the back of all the miles of type written by various authorities on the infallibility of the pope of Elmstone Hardwicke, seems to be this, however,—that the Rev. G. B. R. (no need to print the name in full, the initials even are known from Timbuctoo to the mountains of the Moon) considers the commonly-supposed-to-be sacrament of matrimony far too gross and vulgar an institution to receive HIS sanction during certain specially holy sections of the year, and any of the Elmstone Hardwicke villagers who dare to infringe this G.B.R. command will be severely punished with the utmost rigour of epithet allowable to a priest (vide the correspondence columns of the "Echo.")

While speaking of epithets, I was last week in Stratford-on-Avon, and casually picked up a prominent local paper. In the local and district notes the editor had let himself go in fine style anent the particularly low class of day tripper with which the town had been infested recently. Thus runs the gentle pleading: "The place will soon become the rendezvous of the coarse and brutal tripper, and the inhabitants will have to keep within their doors while these wild animals are at large. Something will have to be done to suppress these vermin if Stratford is not to become the sink of Warwickshire ruffianism!" Now we can understand a bit of the inside of those tremendous election riots of a few weeks ago, and, truly, "the pen is mightier than the sword," when it slingeth ink in the above effective form.

Lovers of Shakespeare will be interested to know that the Bard of Avon has to share his

honours with the most fin de siecle of literati—Marie Corelli. Stratford people are rapidly elevating her to the position of a goddess, and some day there will be another monument in Stratford Church besides the well-known "Stay passenger, why goest thou by so fast." It is even said that an American came to Stratford, and while he was being shown round the church, asked if the bust of Shakespeare was one of Marie Corelli's ancestors. "No," said the guide, "that's the bust of the immortal William." "Wall," retorted our Yankee friend, "I guess if he ain't a relation of Miss Corelli he ain't of any interest to me! What's the next effigy, stranger?" Why cannot we secure a few authors or authoresses to live in Cheltenham, and to take an interest in continuation schools, and shorthand classes, and such like, and incidentally to write novels or poems with a local colouring?

There is a delicious example of unconscious humour to be seen at the corner of Albion and Hewlett-streets, where there is a piece of waste ground which for a very long time has been a species of temporary "East Ward Recreation Ground" for the school children of the neighbourhood. Moreover there is a well-worn and much used path right across the ground which is regularly patronized by errand boys and others who are (supposedly) in a hurry. The railings of the said piece of ground have been removed by the "gentry" of the surrounding streets in sections for use as firewood, so that, taking one thing with another, the plot of ground is about as public as it could be. Yet for the last three weeks a house agent's board has stood at the corner, calmly stating that this piece of ground is to be viewed by cards only! I should hardly think those house agents would be much worried with applications for the cards referred to.

Some years ago I signed the pledge against politics, finding they did not agree with my constitution, although I am bound to admit that the constitution of the ordinary man in the street seems to require some such form of non-alcoholic beverage!

But, softly, a moment: did I say non-alcoholic? Not precisely so, for the Central Ward Conservatives last Saturday had a very special item on the list of their amateur sports at the Lower Lode, viz. a beer and biscuit race, each gentleman involved having to sprint to a given point, drink half a pint of beer and swallow a biscuit, and then return in the most graceful manner consistent with the effects of the said beer and biscuit! The unfortunate individual who did not manage to get a prize in any event had a chance for the consolation race, where a bottle of whisky was held out as the inducement to put his best leg foremost. All this is quite novel and entertaining, but not more so than the Forest of Dean Miners' Association meeting on the same day (presumably Liberal, or Dilkite, or some other variety of non-Conservatism).

Every variety of amusement was provided at the Speech House in the Forest; brass bands tootled, switchbacks switchbacked, roundabouts revolved and roared, swings swung, members of Parliament held forth to their (temporary) brothers on the evils of the coal-tax, choirs warbled in vocal competitions, and all was harmony, melody, and peace! But the climax of the whole carnival seemed to me to be just the last item of the newspaper report, viz., that the Parkend and Drybrook Brass Band discoursed secular, sacred, and dance music, which was much enjoyed. So, you see, there was a choice for all—the sacred sandwiched between the secular and the really profane—popular airs, hymns, and waltzes in judicious and tuneful blend. I ask myself—Why those hymns? But we Britishers have the heptatony of taking our pleasures sadly, and we must keep it up, even if we have sacred music at a miners' holiday outing.

TOUCHSTONE.

## CHARACTERISTIC FEET.

Character displayed in the feet is the subject of an article in "The Lady's Magazine" for July. That the foot is a very tell-tale feature there seems no doubt. The article is brightly written and the illustrations are exceedingly amusing.

"It is curious how much individuality is expressed by the feet, which are, in many ways, as clear an index to character as the hand. Are there not cruel feet, vulgar feet, artistic feet, sly feet, honest feet, and feet of every nature, varying according to the disposition of their owner?"

"For instance, there is a broad, square-toed, squat foot which always goes with a phlegmatic temperament; and there is a long, narrow, pointed foot which accompanies an artistic soul; and a 'sensible' foot which stamps the vegetarian."

"We have all met and felt sorry for the woman who wears large sixes, and will cycle in a short white pique skirt and white shoes."

"Gouty feet accompany the gouty temper and generally 'cussed' dispositions of cruel fathers-in-law, while a ponderous, white-stockinged, elastic-sided, cloth-covered foot can only belong to a certain type of char-woman."

"Why do policemen always have such large feet? Why does a particularly aggressive person who generally wears side-whiskers and a prosperous look always go about in creaking soles? Why do we always associate genius with shabby boots?"

"One of the most charming little bits of word-painting imaginable is conjured up by Sir John Suckling's bride, whose

Feet beneath her petticoats,

Like little mice stole in and out."

"A large-footed heroine is impossible, but out of books she is probably more common than the other kind, and the atmosphere of romance which wraps the nursing profession is cruelly dispelled by the knowledge that most of its votaries are flat-footed! More honour to them that they have become so in consequence of their arduous duties, but it is a sad fact, nevertheless, that hospital nurses seldom, or never, have pretty feet."

"One advantage we women possess over men is that we can conceal our tell-tale feet under our skirts, for, alas! we cannot all be Cinderellas, and the age of the little glass slipper is overpast."

## NOTICE TO OUR READERS.

Owing to pressure of business, brought about by the printing of the catalogue for the forthcoming visit of the British Medical Association to Cheltenham, and also of the Burgess List for the Borough, the mechanical arrangements at the "Echo" and "Chronicle" offices have been unequal to the printing of the usual eight-page "Graphic" supplement this week; but this difficulty will, we hope, be overcome next week.

Advices from Dawson, dated June 28, state that the shipments of gold from the Yukon goldfields for the current year up to date amount to \$5,000,000.

Four married daughters of Mr. Dumbell, founder of the ill-fated bank, have filed claims against the bank's assets for £4,000 each under marriage settlements.

At the review at Longchamps last Sunday Mme. Metral, vivandiere to the 29th Dragons, received a long service medal. She has been a vivandiere for forty years.

The historic church at Bolton Abbey, in Yorkshire, has been considerably despoiled by visitors, a fine piece of sculpture of much value having been removed last Sunday.

A Court of Inquiry has found that the loss of the Anchor liner Armenia off Newfoundland was due to a miscalculation on the part of the captain.



# THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART  
AND  
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1901.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

## THE CONCENTRATION CAMPS.

A white paper published on Wednesday morning gives a return of the numbers of persons in the concentration camps in South Africa in June last. The total number of white men, women, and children in the camps was 85,410, being distributed as follows:— Natal 7,840, Cape Colony 390, Orange River Colony 32,715, and Transvaal 44,465; whilst the coloured persons numbered 23,489, of whom 20 were in Natal, 20,590 in Orange River Colony, and 2,879 in the Transvaal. The deaths during the month were as follow:— Natal, 5 men, 15 women, and 84 children, all whites; Orange River Colony, 32 men, 75 women, and 182 children, all whites; and Transvaal, 26 men, 48 women, and 310 children, all whites; and five coloured persons, bringing the total deaths to 782.

\*\*\*

## THE WRECK OF THE LUSITANIA.

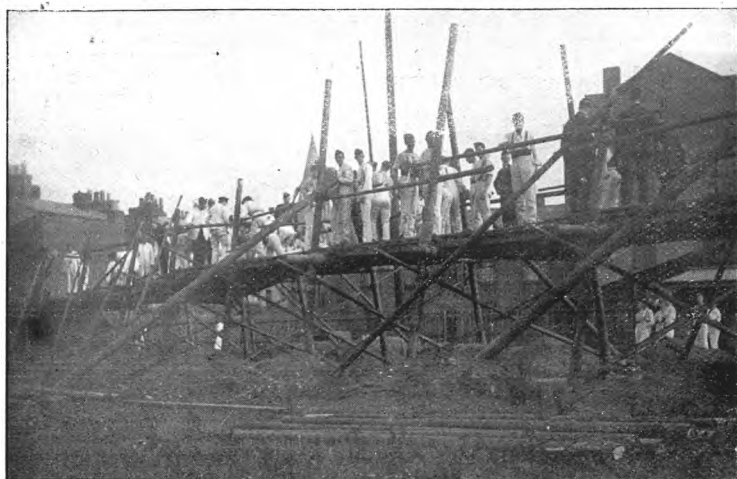
### AN EXCITING STORY.

The details received from Newfoundland of the wreck of the Elder-Dempster liner Lusitania make a thrilling story of panic on the part of the passengers and pluck on the part of the officers and crew. The Lusitania ran on the rocks near Cape Ballard early in the morning of June 26, in a dense fog. She had 460 passengers on board; her crew numbered ninety-three. According to accounts gathered from the passengers, the force of the impact threw from the berths all who were below. In an instant pandemonium reigned. Afrighted women, clad only in their night-dresses and piteously appealing for help and safety, swarmed up the hatchways. The men were scarcely less alert, and on gaining the deck and realizing the peril, seemed to lose their heads. Practically all the passengers were foreign—Polish and Russian Jews, Germans, and Swedes—and the babel was indescribable. A wild rush was made for the boats—all were seemingly mad for the moment. The crew had quickly sprung to their stations when the disaster took place; the captain and officers sought to pacify the passengers, and the cooler-headed Germans tried to quiet their more excitable comrades. With such shiploads, to whom the knife is the favourite weapon, the officers are armed, and a display of revolvers assisted materially in restoring quiet. The crew, with hand-spikes and other weapons, held back the crowd. By degrees order was restored and all were got below. Within half an hour of the ship striking four boats were lowered, and all the women and children were taken ashore, and before four hours had elapsed all on board had been safely landed. Great credit is due to the captain and crew for the coolness they displayed in averting what might have been a serious disaster.



James Horlick, Esq., J.P.,  
President Gloucestershire Agricultural Society.  
Cheltenham Meeting, July, 1901.





1st G.R.E.V.  
The "Inspection" Bridge.

## Women as Gardeners.

By MRS. JACK JOHNSON.

It is, perhaps, a little difficult to see the humorous side of a garden when you are working in it, the thermometer being 90 in the shade; but if there is any aid to philosophy under the circumstances, it is to be found in the amusing account Charles Warner gives of his "Summer in a Garden." One requires, however, to have had one's best feelings and early vegetables trampled upon by the neighbours' strolling animals, to have torn up weeds only to discover that they thrive the better for the process, and that "absence may conquer all things, love included, but it has a contrary effect upon a garden," before appreciating this collection of little ironies to their fullest extent. But in the following passage, considering that it was penned over thirty years ago, Mr. Warner was nothing short of prophetic: "Woman is now supreme in the house. She already stretches out her hand to grasp the garden. Woman is one of the ablest and most cunning creatures who have ever mingled in human affairs. . . . Here I sit, armed with the ballot, but really powerless amongst my own vegetables. While we are being amused by the ballot, woman is quietly taking things in her own hands." And, to judge from the departures in the field of gardening and agriculture, it really seems as if something like that had been happening.

The growth and success of Lady Warwick's Hostel for Women Students in connection with Reading College, the agricultural department of which is carried on under the inspection of the Board of Agriculture, is generally admitted. A woman student can have tuition and board at the hostel for three terms of ten weeks each for about £50 a year. Or a wealthy woman (and these nowadays like to learn something about the land they may expect to own) may spend two or three times that amount should she wish to have special rooms. The training takes about two years, though should only selected subjects be studied a shorter course can be arranged. It is necessary, however, that students determine which division they intend to take up. For instance, in Group A there are two divisions: (1) Agriculture, dairy work, and poultry-keeping; (2) Agriculture, horticulture, and bee-keeping.

At the Horticultural College at Swanley both men and women are afforded every facility for acquiring a thorough and practical knowledge of the latest, most scientific, and most profitable system of horticulture, fitting them for the duties of landowners, horticul-

tural farmers, market gardeners, stewards, bailiffs, or colonists—the last mentioned being a very important consideration at the present moment, when there is such a demand for capable women in South Africa, whose future as a country will depend so greatly on the kind of women who respond.

Twelve years ago some 62,000 women were engaged in the cultivation of fruit in America, and some of the most successful "orchardists" of California are of the same sex. Mr. Morgan, a great authority on these matters, and the editor of the "Horticultural Times," gave his opinion on the matter some while ago to the effect that "Women were at home in a garden. The physical work connected with dressmaking, type-writing, telegraphy, and other departments of work open to women is much heavier than the bulk of work required for horticultural operations." Gardeners are notoriously long-lived men, and surely, if women are to work, and are admittedly prone to suffer from nervous breakdown, the more they can do in the open air the better for themselves and the race generally. Women have from time to time of late years made several commercial ventures as "lady florists" in London. The ultimate success of the majority of these undertakings was not of the kind to encourage others, though I remember one of the most beautiful of the yearly decorations round Lord Beaconsfield's statue at Westminster was carried out entirely by Mrs. Arthur Wellesley from her shop near Grosvenor-place. Like many of the "smart" milliners, the "lady" florists failed less from lack of taste than lack of book-keeping. Women have been slow to learn that legitimate success is only to be attained, first, by knowing your own business all the way through, and then, by minding it.

The question that is usually asked, and a very pertinent one, too, is whether there is really a demand for women gardeners. So far as I have been able to probe the matter, there certainly appears to be. Miss Gulvin, who trained at Swanley, was one of the first employed at Kew Gardens, and her work was found to be so satisfactory that she is now in a responsible post, with several gardeners under her, including a lady also from Swanley. Another regular gardener on the same staff is a Miss Hutchings. Miss Smith organises and directs all the horticultural work at Lady Henry Somerset's industrial farm colony at Duxhurst, and at Miss Dove's well-known school, Wycombe Abbey, Miss Agar is head gardener and teacher of practical gardening. These are, of course, more or less public positions, but a considerable number of owners of large estates are employing women gardeners. In one I know of personally in Northumberland the lady gardener there receives £110 per annum, in addition to a four-roomed cottage, coals, and vegetables.

She has charge of the glass-houses, designs the bedding out, and superintends and directs the work of nine men.

I was told by a practical gardener the other day that it was a woman who discovered the influence that electric light has upon flower growing. It seems to have quite an extraordinary effect both upon the colour and the production of blossoms. For instance, tulips that have been exposed to the electric light have deeper and richer tints, they flower more freely, and develop longer stems and bigger leaves than those grown in the ordinary way. Both fuchsias and petunias bloom earlier and grow taller than under usual conditions. In some houses it is being used for forcing flowers.

There is nothing new, of course, in women being interested in their gardens, and our grandmothers and their mothers took considerably more than a passing interest in the matter; looking well to the growth of their herbs and flowers for the still-room and medicine chest, as well as the roses destined for pot-pourri. In the beautiful grounds round our English country-houses there is usually no more lovely spot than "My Lady's Garden," where grow the "lilies tall and fair," and masses of bloom run riot below the shelter of an old south wall, from spring to late autumn. Towering above the snapdragons and sweet-williams, the Canterbury bells, the wonderful blue of "Love in a Mist," the multi-coloured phloxes, carnations, and poppies, stand stately hollyhocks and sunflowers as sentinels. One knows and loves this garden, with its grassy walk and old stone sundial. If we are fortunate to possess such a treasure of remembrance, it is a restful place wherein to sojourn with weary thoughts for a time, while its actual possession opens up possibilities of giving pleasure to others which are practically limitless.

But there are other gardens, less complete perhaps, but full of joy for all that, where the owners have dug and delved and planted, and hoped and succeeded and failed; veritable temptations to busy people. So Emerson found it when he complained that the fascinating work of his garden and orchard ate up days and weeks. "Nay," he said once, "a brave scholar should shun it like gambling, and take refuge in cities and hotels from these pernicious enchantments!" He envied Carlyle his power of concentration, but then Carlyle was pre-eminently a reformer, a man who wanted to "hurry up evolution a bit," and they have not, as a rule, the nature which makes people enjoy seeing things grow, or the patience to wait till they do.

July may seem an idle month to the uninitiated in garden work. "The flowers seem to be all in the ground and doing very well," said a friend on my own lawn the other day; "why not leave them alone?" Exactly, but one's enjoyment of one thing ought not to prevent one getting ready for the next. So teaches the garden, and it is a safe rule to apply to many other matters as well. Quite an amateur owner of really a small garden ought to be half through with striking her chrysanthemums, by taking cuttings off the strongest shoots and making separations with a sharp knife immediately below the joint. If you are fortunate enough to have lilies, see to their support before they flop over and break their stems. Sow some of the gorgeous Oriental poppies, which will grow in quite poor ground. Towards the end of the month "layer" your carnations (though I have had very good results from those I layered last September); and it is a good plan to cut hedgerows of sweet peas back to within a foot of the ground at the same time, as then they will make a fresh start, and bloom until interfered with by frost. Forget-me-nots should now be sown in a reserve corner, ready to be transplanted in October, and pansy seed should be sown as well. Canterbury bells thrive in most places, so it is just as well to note that their seed-vessels should be collected this month, and then they will flower a second time. These few hints are only for tiny gardens; larger ones have gardeners of their own—many, I hope, women gardeners, and, at any rate, that there will be a move in the future, for I feel convinced that the physique and nerves of women would be greatly strengthened by this pursuit.



**PROFESSOR KOCH ON CONSUMPTION.**

\*

**A STARTLING VIEW.**

During the proceedings of the British Congress on Tuberculosis for the prevention of consumption in London on Tuesday, Professor Koch, the eminent German scientist, delivered an address, in which he said that great importance was formerly attached to hereditary transmission of tuberculosis, but it was now admitted that, although not absolutely non-existent, hereditary transmission was very rare, and therefore this form of origination might be left out of account. He estimated that the extent of infection by the flesh and milk of tubercular cattle, and butter made of their milk, was hardly greater than that of hereditary transmission, and therefore it was not necessary to take measures against it. The main source of infection was the sputum of consumptive patients, and measures for combating tuberculosis must aim at the prevention of the dangers arising from its diffusion. That tuberculosis was curable in its early stages must be regarded as an undisputed fact. To counteract the diffusion of disease, he advocated obligatory notification of its presence, and the establishment of consumption hospitals and sanatoria.

This means, if Dr. Koch's opinion is the correct view, that the Governments of the world, which have been spending millions for years past in the attempt to stamp out tuberculosis among the herds which feed humanity, have been battling with a bugbear, and conducting hostilities against a non-existent enemy. To say that this declaration caused a sensation is putting it mildly indeed.

The great Lord Lister, the founder of anti-septic surgery, said from the chair:—

"It would be a very grievous thing if our precautions against infection from cattle should be relaxed, and then should it turn out that Dr. Koch's conclusion was not altogether correct. I agree with him that further enquiry is necessary." Then followed a storm of dissent. Dr. Koch's announcement was spoken of by others as "amazing," as "revolutionary," as "incredible," as something that would "shake the world of medicine."

\*\*\*

**LORD ROBERTS'S ADVICE TO CADETS.**

Lord Roberts visited Woolwich on Monday, and presented prizes to the cadets of the Royal Military Academy. Addressing the cadets, the Commander-in-Chief said he regretted that the reports as to their studies were not altogether satisfactory, and there were some things, of which he had heard before, which were not quite pleasing. Perhaps his standard was very high, but he looked to boys and young men about to enter his Majesty's service to set before them a very high standard. He could tell the cadets who had received commissions that they were going into magnificent regiments which had never failed in their duty, however difficult and dangerous. He would give the young officers one word of advice, always to be civil, obliging, and courteous to all with whom they came in contact, and to look well after their men, for it was only by taking a personal interest in their welfare that they could gain their affection and get the best work out of them.

\*\*\*

**RAILWAY ACCIDENTS IN 1900.**

A Blue Book was issued on Tuesday containing the returns of railway accidents in the United Kingdom during the year ended December 31 last. The total number of personal accidents reported to the Board of Trade by the several railway companies during the twelve months amounted to 1,325 persons killed and 19,572 injured. Of these 42 were killed and 1,049 injured by accidents to trains, rolling stock, permanent way, &c.; 649 passengers were killed and 1,889 injured by accidents other than accidents to trains, rolling stock, permanent way, &c.; whilst 559 servants of the companies or contractors were killed and 4,405 injured by the travelling of trains or movement of vehicles. The remainder occurred upon railway premises, but in which the movement of vehicles used exclusively upon railways was not concerned.



"Cambridge" Benefit Society, Cheltenham.  
Salmon Tea at Lower Lode.

Photo by W. Slatter]

[Cheltenham.]

**Gloucestershire Gossip.**

\*

Our oldest industry—agriculture—has had its demonstration, with various up-to-date accessories, in the Garden Town this week thanks to the Gloucestershire Agricultural Society and Mr. Vassar-Smith, who kindly made the fixture possible by granting the use of the indispensable Charlton Park. And Cheltenham has not belied its character for successful gatherings in more than one respect, particularly in the all important one of the attendance of the general public, which would doubtless have been much larger but for the untimely rain that came on the second day. The county society has several smaller but very live societies in various parts of Gloucestershire to contend with, and it has long been a moot question as to whether the shows of these local organisations are not of more practical benefit to tenant farmers individually than the bigger one. And it cannot be gainsaid that by limiting the competitions to their respective districts the local societies give their exhibitors the chance which they would not otherwise have against the "pot hunters" at the county show. Still, agriculture must benefit from the high-bred prize animals which only men of means can go in for now-a-days. It is, I think, a very good sign of the times that many new lords of the soil generally recognise the responsibilities of their position by doing all they can to "Advance Agriculture."

\*

We have not yet had what has been euphemistically called "the balance" of the Gloucestershire Company of the 1st Battalion of Imperial Yeomanry returned to the mother country, as there are still some seven or eight men due back as soon as possible, and it is believed that the bulk of these are detained in hospitals. The pet fox-terrier, "Khaki," of the company is also coming. The Manchester Merchant, which had so good a passage that she arrived at Southampton two days before the scheduled time, brought home 23, the largest contingent, and I am glad to see that several of these had impromptu receptions at their native heaths. Despite the late hour of Mr. F. W. Adlard's arrival, nearly midnight, Winchcombe came to the front and give the gallant representative of Postlip a hearty welcome. The official reception by the county of the full returned contingent is fixed to take place at Gloucester on August 6th, and I venture to think that it will not be less appreciated in the county town than the concurrent gathering of the Foresters' High Court. It is proposed to have a thanksgiving service in the Cathedral and a public luncheon to the Yeomen at some suitable hall, and as such influential magnates as the Duke

of Beaufort and Sir John Dorington are taking the lead in the matter the funds ought not to stop short at the mere "knife and fork" business. Our Yeomen deserve and ought to receive some permanent memento of their good work in a time of national peril.

\*

I was present by choice at the battle of Chosen Hill, fought a few evenings ago, and I live to tell the tale and point the moral. Although continuously in the firing line and occasionally between cross fires, my escape is not marvellous considering that only blank cartridge was used. Metaphorically speaking, the Britishers beat the Boers off the hill which they had chosen as their stronghold. As an old Volunteer to whom the smell of gunpowder is no novelty, I may be permitted to state my opinion that, as it was purely an infantry engagement, without artillery on any neighbouring heights dominating what I consider would have been an untenable position, the attacking party were fairly entitled to their win, as they took good advantage of plenty of cover and carried the positions in capital style. The moral I think is that the 2nd V.B.G.R. should continue on in the same kind of excellent exercise which Col. Griffith set them at Chosen, as the days of barrack-yard drill and advance in serried ranks are over. Musketry, musketry must be more than ever practised, and I condole with our Volunteers at the present lack of facilities for this desideratum. Observation at the recent battle has confirmed my opinion that the south-western side of Chosen Hill would furnish an admirable rifle range, say starting at the Horsebere Brook, which was the Gloucester Rifles' rendezvous. That it would be a central and convenient site on the railway is undeniable. Perhaps Col. Griffith, who is on the Joint Committee, would kindly bring it before that body as an admirable alternative to the unobtainable Haresfield and Sneedhams Green sites.

GLEANER.

\*\*\*

Miss E. S. Barelay, of Wood Villa, Leatherhead, Lady Resident of Bedford College from 1854 to 1871, has bequeathed to the College the sum of £1,000, without conditions.

\*\*\*

The vicar of Wymondham, the Rev. the Hon. A. Parker, has received the promise of £10,000 towards the cost of the restoration of his church from Mrs. Willett, of Brighton, as a contribution from herself and family in memory of her father, the Rev. T. Townsend Smith, who was vicar of the parish for a few years.

\*\*\*

Sir Salter Pyne, chief engineer to the Government of Afghanistan, has arrived in London.





Photo by C. A. Pinnock,

Roseleigh Cricket Club.—Fancy Dress Match at Pittville, July 17th, 1901.

Cheltenham.



A SCENE ON THE TEWKESBURY ROAD.  
The White Swan, Piff's Elm.

## Prize Photography.

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

Any subject may be chosen, but Photographs of local current events, persons, and places—particularly the former—will always secure the preference.

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 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 be printed on silver paper with a glossy finish.

The winner in the 29th competition is Mr. A. Pike, 10 Clarence-street, Cheltenham, and the prize picture is that of a scene on the Tewkesbury-road.

Entries for the 30th competition closed this (Saturday) morning, July 27th, 1901, and in subsequent competitions entries will close on the Saturday morning preceding the award, so as to allow time for adjudication and reproduction.



TEARS IN PARLIAMENT.

Instances of mourning for the dead have not, it is true, been infrequent. It is sufficient to recall, for example, how Castlereagh broke down with streaming tears in pronouncing his panegyric on the murdered Perceval; how John Bright wept as for a beloved brother when he spoke of the death of Richard Cobden; and how, after the assassination of Lord Frederick Cavendish, the tears trickled down Gladstone's wrinkled face as he uttered the words, "A noble heart has ceased to beat." At times like these a strong current of feeling will run along the benches, but one such occasion is very much like another, and it will be more interesting to give some account of how the House has seen tears which have sprung from less familiar causes. The occasions when the House of Commons has been moved to tears by a tale of suffering have been comparatively infrequent. It has been in the habit of taking with a good deal of philosophy the recital of the wrongs it is asked to redress. Mr. Plimsoll, during his campaign of passion on behalf of the sailors in 1874, excited the sympathy of the great majority of members, but the only tears I remember to have seen recorded in connection with the agitation are those of the late Sir Edward Bates, member for Plymouth, one of the shipowners Mr. Plimsoll denounced, who wept bitter tears of indignation as he repudiated the charge of having sent men to sea in coffin ships.—From "The Leisure Hour."



It is announced from Toronto that Mr. Allan, a Canadian Senator, died suddenly on Wednesday morning at his residence in that city.



Lord Milner was entertained at dinner on Wednesday evening, at the Hotel Cecil, by a large number of his personal friends, prior to his return to Capetown. Viscount Goschen presided.



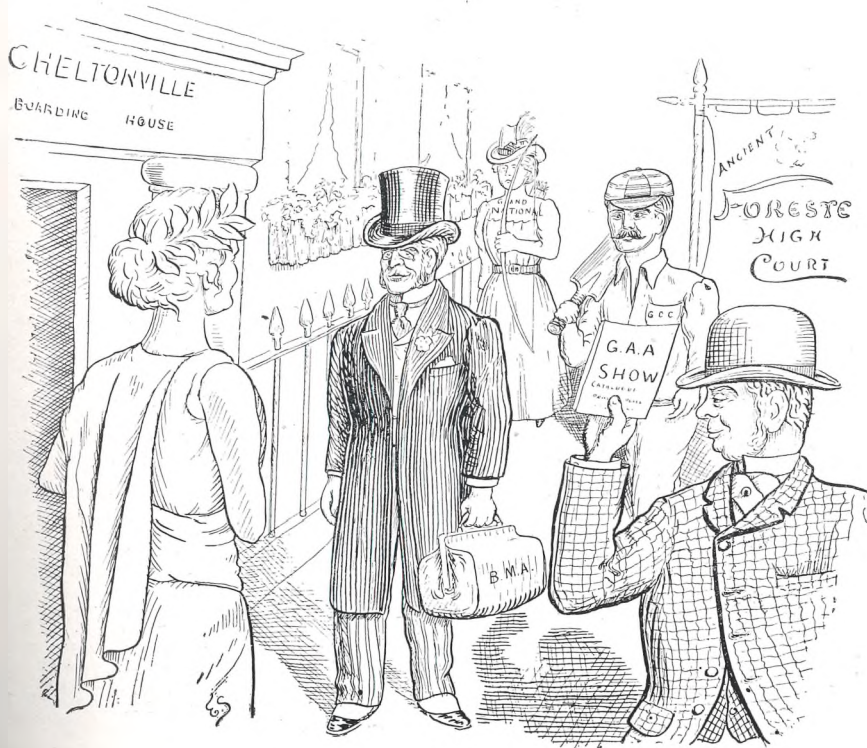
Mr. Thomas Dolling Bolton, M.P., of 3 Temple Gardens, Temple, E.C., has been elected to a seat at the board of the Brecon and Merthyr Railway directorate, rendered vacant by the death of Mr. John Winterbotham Batten, K.C.



Photo by H. W. Watson,

Cheltenham and Gloucester.

H. TERRELL, Esq, K.C.—Conservative Candidate for Gloucester.



A RUSH OF VISITORS.

Cheltonia: This is something like the good old times, and in the slack season too!

ALLEGED LIBEL IN A NOVEL.

The case of Godfrey v. Richards was mentioned in the King's Bench Division on Wednesday. The plaintiff, the famous bandmaster, had recovered damages for libel, contained in a novel called "Harp of Life," and an application had been made to restrain further publication of the book. Counsel now stated that the defendants had undertaken not to publish the book any further, to destroy copies in their possession, and to get as many as possible of the copies that had been issued.



HUMOURS OF THE POST OFFICE.

Mr. Henniker Heaton is about to add to the already large collection of humours of the Post Office with which he has from time to time enlivened the proceedings of the Commons. His latest discovery is that St. Pancras is charged as one word but Charing Cross as two words in a telegram, M.P. as two words but p.m. as one word, Hanging Ditch is two words but Woodford Green only one, SS, as two and steamship one, New Brighton as one but New Broughton as two, and that while five figures are charged as one word O.H.M.S. cannot be sent under two-pence.



THE PRIMATE ON LAY BROTHERHOODS.

On Wednesday, at the Canterbury Diocesan Conference, the Rev. P. B. Whalley (Chaplain to the Evangelist Brotherhood, Wolverhampton) brought forward the subject of brotherhoods of lay preachers. The Archbishop of Canterbury said that there was a great difficulty in keeping up the supply of clergy, and it would be well if they could find laymen who could do useful work, without payment or for very small payment. The training of such men was a very important part of any such scheme. He had ordained laymen to a permanent diaconate, but he was not satisfied at all with the result of that experiment. There was a great temptation to men who have a flow of language, which they regarded as a gift to be used for its own sake. Such flow of language did not necessarily edify the people. Such men were not those they wanted. At present these brotherhoods were in an experimental stage, and he was waiting to see what was the result of this experiment.



THE ART OF SWIMMING.



Electric Tramway—Making a Joint.



Electric Tramway—An Awkward Corner.

In "The Lady's Magazine" for July will be found a cleverly illustrated article on swimming for women and girls. Not only is the pastime a delightful one, but it is a most excellent form of exercise, and exceedingly good for the figure. Swimming should, if possible, be learnt in youth, but it can be acquired afterwards. The information given in this article is so simple that people can follow it with ease.

"Swimming is an art that should be learnt by everyone, and more especially by girls and women. They in particular are likely to derive unusual benefits from using muscles which other sports open to them leave almost unexercised.

"Although children acquire the art of swimming more readily than those who learn in later life, it is not a really difficult matter for grown women to learn, although they will, in a measure, be handicapped by nervousness. It should, however, be remembered that girls and women start with a distinct advantage over boys and men owing to the greater natural lightness and buoyancy of their bodies. This circumstance should encourage those who are unable to swim to acquire the art at the earliest possible opportunity.

"For swimmers and mere bathers alike there are a few points which should always be remembered. 1. Never bathe absolutely alone, as almost everyone is liable to cramp. If you happen to get this, do not lose your presence of mind, or fight the water aimlessly. The thing to do is at once throw yourself on your back and call loudly for assistance, whilst kicking vigorously, if possible, even at the cost of pain. To do so will frequently ward off a severe attack. 2. Do not remain in the water too long, but come out at the first feeling or sign of chill, dress quickly, and take a sharp walk to restore circulation. 3. Do not foolishly overtax your strength, or swim out to sea half of the total distance that you know you can swim; coming back you will be tired, and able to do less than going out. 4. When bathing in strange water be sure to find out all about the set of the tide, any currents, seaward, there may be, and the nature of the bottom, i.e., whether holes exist. 5. Do not refuse to take the advice from those who know more of swimming, or of the water, than you do."

PROPOSED MOTOR ROAD.

It has been suggested by some members of the Automobile Club that a private road should be built from London to Brighton for the exclusive use of motors and bicycles. In order to consider the question from a practical point of view, an authority states that it is necessary to ascertain what would be the probable cost of the land necessary for a road (say) 80ft. wide, and what would be the cost of constructing the road. From a sporting point of view it would be desirable, it is urged, that the road should not be flat. It would also be necessary to obtain Parliamentary powers to make the road, and probably the railway interests in the House would not consent to such a Bill unless such were brought in as a Government measure. The cost of the road, if it was agreed to, and its upkeep, would possibly be defrayed by a Government subsidy, partly by a subsidy from the place which it had as its destination, partly by the tolls of slow traffic, partly by the tolls of cyclists, but principally by the tolls paid by the ever-increasing number of private owners of motor vehicles, who would appreciate and be willing to pay well for the opportunity of running to the seaside on a well-made road free from dust, on which unlimited speed might be used. At the outset, doubtless, it would be necessary for the promoters to content themselves with building a short portion of the road, over country where land might be acquired or rented cheaply, but it is thought probable that when once an opportunity of enjoying the advantages and delights of travelling on a good road at high speed was afforded, the scheme would be rapidly extended.

Lord Willoughby de Broke, who has been in poor health for some months past, is making progress towards recovery.

The death is announced from Paris of Count Chaptal, a rich philanthropist, who died at Fontainebleau, and of M. Henri de la Case-Duthiers, a well-known zoologist.

Eton is said to head the list of public schools in respect of service in the South African war. Twelve hundred Etonians had been engaged up to the beginning of the present month.

It is announced in Tuesday night's Gazette that Second Lieutenant Gerald FitzGerald, Reserve of Officers, is dismissed from the Service by sentence of a General Court-Martial.

Sir William Harcourt has declined, on the ground of indifferent health, a pressing invitation to take part in the Tredegar Eisteddfod. He has intimated to his friends in West Monmouth that he intends to go abroad in September.

It is said to be not impossible that Mr. J. M. Maclean, who recently resigned his membership of the Carlton Club, may come forward as a Liberal candidate for a seat in the House of Commons. The "Manchester Guardian" understands that his accession to the forces of the Liberal party has been warmly welcomed by the leaders.

Captain Gerald H. Hardy, Master of the Atherstone Foxhounds, has purchased the Foston Hall estate, near Burton-on-Trent, for £66,000.

The "London Gazette" of Tuesday night contains a number of appointments to the Royal Household. Nearly all these are re-appointments of officers under the late Sovereign. Mr. Victor Cavendish, M.P., is made Treasurer of his Majesty's Household, Lord Farquhar Master, and Major Charles Frederick Deputy-Master of the Household, Sir Alexander Acland Hood, M.P., is appointed Vice-Chamberlain, and Major-General Sir Arthur Ellis Comptroller of Accounts. Mr. Alfred Austin is re-appointed Poet Laureate.

ALFRED THE GREAT.

There is a proposal in some quarters to canonise Alfred the Great, but the suggestion is one which presents many difficulties. There is nothing to prevent the English community from giving up Saint George to substitute King Alfred. But it is doubtful whether the Anglican Church can canonise anybody. During the ninth century only a Bishop, with the consent of a Provincial Council, had the power to declare anybody a saint and to make the necessary declaration in the presence of the people. In the following century, however, the sole right to canonise was confined to the Pope. Since the Reformation the Anglican calendar has had no additions, and it would be a question of considerable interest to find out in whose hands, if anybody's, the power of canonisation lies.



## A Tour of our Churches

\*  
NORTH PLACE CHURCH,  
CHELTENHAM.

There are few people to-day who realise the shaping of religious thought which ensued from the labours of the great Georgian revivalists, and particularly of George Whitfield, whose fame is often eclipsed by the more apparent results of John Wesley's life work. But the church at North-place is a visible memorial of Whitfield's teaching and its influence on Selina Countess of Huntingdon, a follower and friend of George Whitfield, and the foundress of a society known as the Countess of Huntingdon's Connection. This society has never developed into a sect *in toto*, and apparently the primary idea of the high born originator was that the members should not entirely sever themselves from the Established Church of England, save in the encouragement of greater religious fervour and sincerity than were to be found in the cynical officialism of the clergy and churchmen of the eighteenth century.

To-day the Countess of Huntingdon's Connection has lost most of its reason for existence—the Established Church has reformed, its clergy are mostly deeply spiritual and conscientious men, and the need for protest has to a large extent vanished—so that were it not that North-place Church possesses a hardworking and respected minister, it would be in imminent danger of collapse. On the one side the Evangelical churches and on the other the Congregationalists claim attention; and in these days of combination and union it is a somewhat remarkable thing to see a sect with no very pronounced or exclusive opinions holding its own as the Countess of Huntingdon's Connection manages to do.

In these columns I have already taken note of a P.S.A. meeting on a Sunday afternoon at North-place Church. But the P.S.A. is not actually connected with the church, being a non-sectarian organisation, and it would be hardly fair to judge North-place services from the P.S.A., although the oversight of such a society as the P.S.A. for men in addition to his church work eloquently testifies to the unbounded energy and resourcefulness of the Rev. Jas. Foster, the minister. And this is largely the keynote of his character, which shows itself in every action, a consuming energy, whether presiding at a Pleasant Sunday Afternoon, getting up feasts for the poor, conducting a mission, training a choir, or in the thousand and one duties which are required of a minister who wishes to keep his people together to-day.

Within the last few years the interior of North-place Church has been entirely refitted and re-arranged, and the first impression received on entering the building is of a particularly spick-and-span little chapel, comfortable, but, alas! not too well filled.

The organ, choir, and minister are on a raised platform level with the tops of the pews, an elevated position which brings the choir into undue prominence, as it seems to me.

The congregation, although small, is a fairly representative one, but for some unexplained reason everyone seems to sit as far as possible from the pulpit, which leaves an awkward open space between preacher and hearers.

The minister is robed in a black gown, a remnant, probably, of the Episcopalian origin of the religious body over which he presides.

The form of service only slightly differed from an ordinary Nonconformist service, in the fact that passages from the Psalms were chanted instead of one of the hymns, the Congregational hymnal being used. The musical portion of the service was well rendered, and the congregation took a reasonable part in both hymns and chants.

An unmistakable note of regret that so many were absent was noticeable in the minister's prayers, which were of course extempore, as usual in all Nonconformist places of worship. The lessons were read

with a running commentary of explanation, a method which is not often resorted to now, although at one time it was a favourite practice in dissenting places of worship.

The sermon was a somewhat long discourse on the I. Epistle John, v., 6, introduced by an explanation of the circumstances under which the epistle was written, more particularly to controvert the Gnostic heresy. Those who held this erroneous belief, said the preacher, in the early days of Christianity claimed that there were two distinct beings, that there was Jesus the man and Christ the Divine—that the Divine and the human were united at the baptism as Jesus Christ, but on the cross they were again separated, so that when our Saviour died there was only the human Jesus left on the cross. This explained the precise reference in "Whoso believeth Jesus is the Christ," and made the epistle clearer.

The Unitarians of to-day could accept the Gnostic position, but would not accept the fact that Christ is the Messiah of the Atonement by His death on the cross.

The preacher then went on to explain the inner meaning of the terms used in the text with special reference to the "Spirit." This Spirit was the Comforter which Jesus had promised, and which should testify of Him, and without which Holy Spirit we were indeed dead to the spiritual life.

There are many phases of life—there is the plant life of the garden, insect life, animal life, and human life in society. These the evolutionist identified as developments of life, but the realm of spiritual life was not, and never could be, a development from human life, any more than the motion of the worlds in space could ever develop into animal life. What life was to the animal world motion is to the universe; but when life came it was a distinct creation, and in no sense a development from motion.

"So God's gift of eternal life is not a development of ordinary life, but a new birth altogether.

"And, indeed, this spiritual life is the only thing worth talking about; everything else should be put aside as of no real importance as compared with eternal life.

"How can a soul know whether he has this life? Only by the witness of the Spirit! Ask yourself. Do you feel the presence of God in your soul? Do you think Christ's thoughts? Do you aim at doing those things Christ would do? Do you hate what Christ hated and love what Christ loves? If you can say 'Yes,' then you have the witness in your soul that you are His."

The sermon closed with a resume of the several points, and a short prayer immediately followed for blessing on what had been said. A simple but effective service, which only required a larger congregation to be an entire success.

LAYMAN.

\*\*\*

It is officially announced that, at the King's desire, what have hitherto been known as the Royal Schools, near Cumberland Lodge, Windsor Great Park, and which were founded by the late Queen and Prince Consort in 1845 for the education of the children of the employees on the Royal estate, have been handed over to the Education Department, and will no longer be known as the Royal Schools.

\*

The African See of Likoma has now been accepted by the Rev. G. Trower, Incumbent of Christ Church, Sydney. He is an Oxford graduate, a High Churchman, and began his clerical life at the well-known parish of St. Alban's, Birmingham. He is now in England.

\*

Lord and Lady Algernon Gordon Lennox are entertaining at Broughton Castle, Banbury, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sassoon, Mr. Schomberg McDonnell, the Hon. Mrs. Bourke, Senator Walcott, Miss Naylor, and Mr. Moreton Frewen.



1st G.R.E.V.

The "Long and Short" of them.

OLD MOORE'S PROPHECIES.

\*

GLOOMY FOREBODINGS.

Old Moore is well ahead of events, and already he is prophetic of 1902. We do not like the look of the year: "As the year opens grave and serious disasters will befall this country." Babies are to die like flies, and you will do well to take a railway insurance ticket next January. February exhibits to Old Moore "an image riding on a white horse, and its name was death." King Edward must look out for himself, and so must the Czar, while the railway carriage is still not the safest place on earth. And "a reconstruction of the Cabinet is not unlikely." If we are to have a general election and die in February, we would rather die in January. The extra week or two would not be worth living.

\*\*\*

OUTRAGE IN A BOSTON CHURCH.

\*

RELIGIOUS FANATIC AT WORK.

Another outrage was perpetrated at St. Aidan's Church, Boston, on Sunday. The Rev. H. R. Atkinson, the priest-in-charge during the absence of the incumbent, the Rev. N. Green Armytage, entered the building with the sacristan to conduct service, when he found the edifice in a state of confusion. The altar cross was thrown down; and candles and flower vases on the reading desk, The Lady Altar, and Credence Table were broken and scattered about the floor. The damage was evidently the work of a religious fanatic, whose identity the police are endeavouring to trace. This is the fourth outrage of the kind at St. Aidan's in a little over two years.

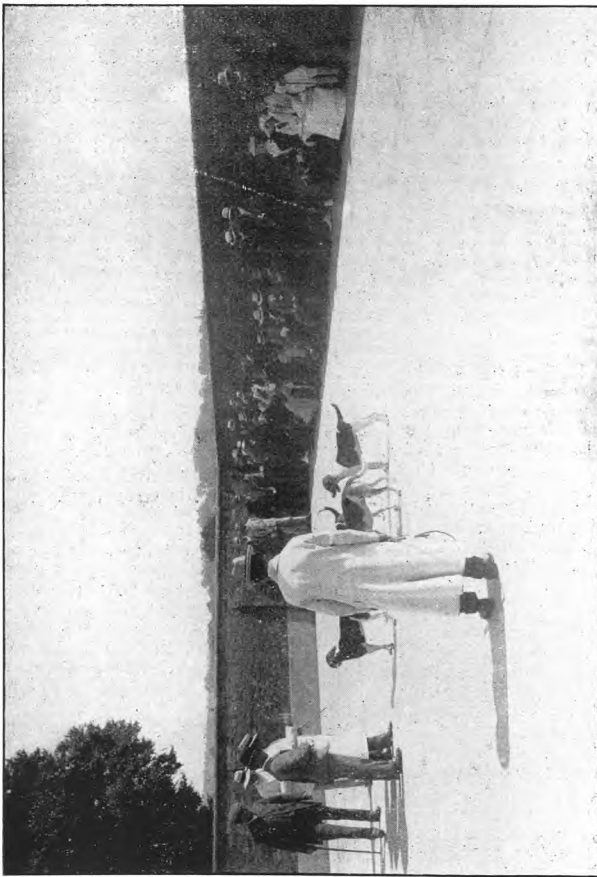
\*\*\*

In March, 1857, the Duke of Devonshire was elected to represent North Lancashire in Parliament, so that his Grace, who on Tuesday entered upon his 68th year, has been concerned in political life for 44 years. In 1865 he served as a Lord of the Admiralty, and then as Secretary for War. In Mr. Gladstone's Government of 1868 he filled in turn the office of Postmaster-General and Irish Secretary; next he was elected leader of the Liberal party, and in 1880 he became Secretary of India, and afterwards returned to the War Office, while since 1895 he has been Lord President of the Council.

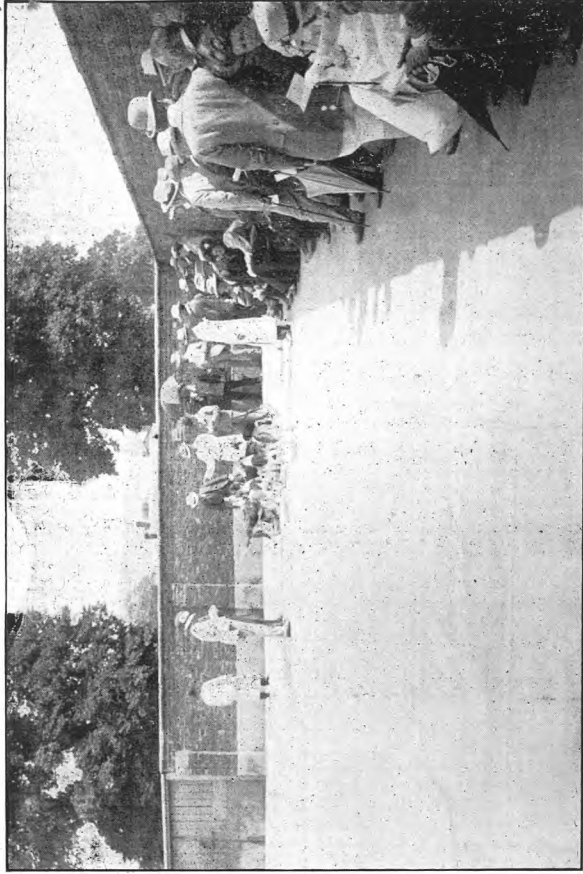
\*\*\*

While sitting watching a performance on the pier at Rhyl on Monday, Mr. Cecil Gardner, the theatrical manager of the Grand Pavilion, suddenly expired. He had frequently complained of his heart of late and was under medical care.

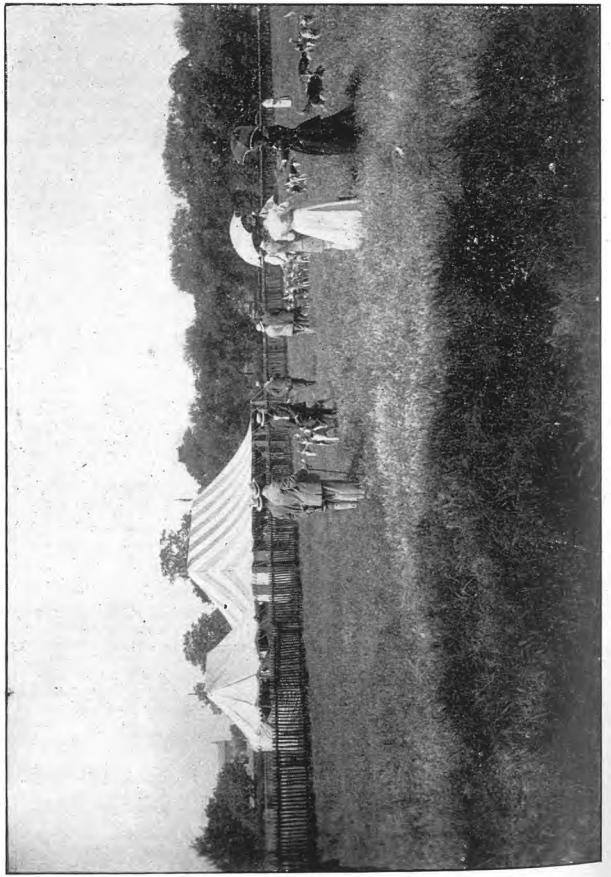
SCENES AT THE COTSWOLD HUNT PUPPY SHOW, JULY 18th, 1901.



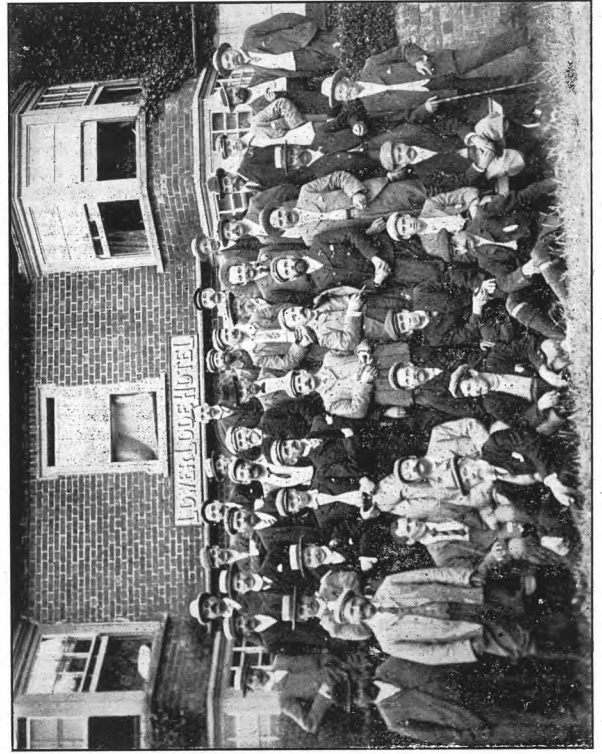
1.—Judging the Bitches.



2.—Judging the Dogs.



3.—A View of the Paddock.



Cheltenham Liberal Cycling Club.—Annual outing, July 17th, 1901.

Cheltenham.