

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1901.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

HUMAN HAIR MARKET.

There is a human hair market in Merlans, in the department of the Lower Pyrenees, held every Friday. Hundreds of hair traders walk up and down the one street of the village, their shears dangling from their belts, and inspect the braids which the peasant girls, standing on the steps of houses, let down for inspection. If a bargain is struck, the hair is cut and the money paid on the spot, the price varying from 2s. to £1 in our money. Some of the very finest human hair of a true golden colour has been sold at a price that amounts to a fraction over 1d. for each hair. The best of this hair is made up into wigs and fringes. The shortest and least valuable hair is used for stuffing cushions, it being infinitely superior to anything else for this purpose.

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MARIE CORELLI ON FLOWERS.

Miss Marie Corelli, in opening the flower show at Handsworth, near Birmingham, said no man or woman could be wholly harsh-tempered or unkind who honestly cared for flowers and took pride in growing them. If flowers bloomed once only in ten years what a jubilee for all the world it would be when blossoming time began! That tenth year would be one long national holiday, and for once all nations and classes would be united in their admiration and love of the beautiful gifts of God. The prettiest blossoms were by no means the most costly, and for herself she would rather have a knot of English roses and mignonette than the most beautiful orchids grown in the hothouses of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain.

After Miss Corelli had concluded a sudden squall of wind wrecked the refreshment tents and smashed the captive balloon, one man having his nose broken, and several persons being cut and bruised.

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Mr. Pierpont Morgan aspires to the glory of the connoisseur. He projects a temple of art in New York with magnificent library and grounds.

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The Dean of Bristol, Mrs., and Miss Pigou leave Bristol this week for Morthoe, on the North Devonshire coast, where the Dean has taken a villa for August.

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Recently a rumour was circulated to the effect that the Duke of Norfolk intended to purchase Battle Abbey, the residence of the late Duchess of Cleveland, in order to found a religious establishment there. His Grace announces that there is not the slightest truth in the statement.

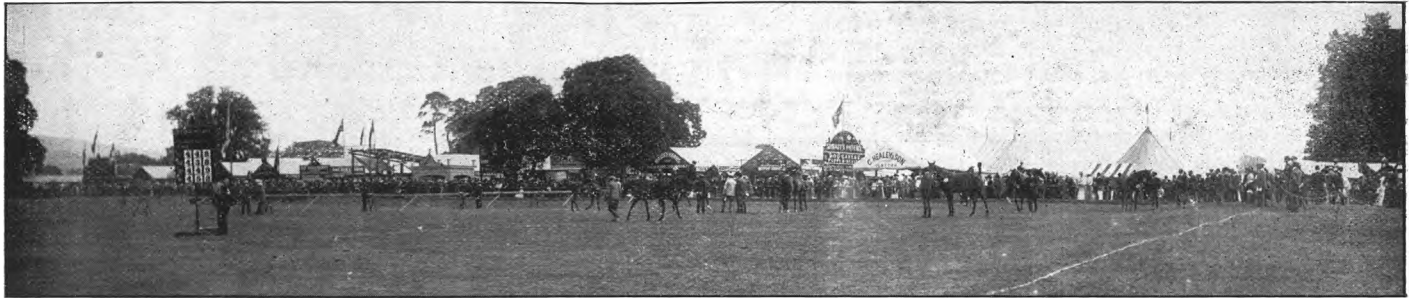


G. B. Ferguson, Esq., M.D.
President British Medical Association,
Cheltenham Meeting, 1901.

Gloucestershire Agricultural Show, Cheltenham, July, 1901.

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THE JUDGING.



HORSES IN THE RING.



BULL CALVES

A Tour of our Churches

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THE MEDICAL ASSOCIATION SERVICE AT ST. MATTHEW'S CHURCH.

The bells are pealing merrily from the tower of St. Mary's, and there is an unusual stir in the vicinity of the Public Library and St. Matthew's Church; although it is Tuesday morning, the scene is more suggestive of a Sunday than a week day, for crowds of people are entering the church doors, and the sound of the organ wafted from within tends to complete the illusion. But this is no ordinary occasion, for the British Medical Association to-day holds its official annual service at St. Matthew's Church, and the glimpses of scarlet and purple to be seen now and then in the doorway of the Art Gallery opposite are the hoods of the doctors there assembled preparatory to a formal procession, led by the President, to their places in the church.

As the bells clang out so loudly across the old churchyard, it is interesting to remember that on the last occasion of the Medical Association visiting Cheltenham the same merry chimes had only just ushered in the young and popular Queen Victoria, while now it is but a little while since they tolled mournfully for the *passing* of the great Queen, rich in honour and years. From 1837 to 1901 one might moralise profitably on the changes and advances in medical and surgical skill in those 64 years; but, if there has been

much progress in the science of medicine, there has been no less advance in the Garden Town, then a dull semi-society neglected health resort—now an educational centre of the highest rank, and one of the most beautiful "garden towns" of Great Britain.

But this is not the place to expand this thought. Inside the church the organist is playing a stirring march as a voluntary, and soon the congregation rise in their seats as a mark of respect to the procession of doctors, resplendent in their scarlet, purple, and light blue hoods, who pass slowly up the central aisle to their places, preceded by the churchwardens bearing their wand of office.

The centre of attention amongst the many "grave and dreverend signors" are several lady doctors, whose smiling faces seem to show a conscious pride that at last the barriers are thrown down, and the dignity of the medical profession is no longer the perquisite of the sterner sex alone.

A few moments later the Mayor and Corporation enter amidst the strains of "God Save the King," preceded by the glittering mace, but utterly eclipsed as far as colour goes by the brilliant hoods of the medical men who had just taken their places.

Yet once more we rise to our feet—on this occasion for the entry of the clergy and choir; the scene is picturesque in the extreme; the many-coloured costumes of the fair sex in the body of the church, the bright splash of scarlet where the doctors are located, and the white surplices of clergy and choir, with the restrained—almost sombre—decoration of the apse of St. Matthew's behind all.

The service opened with the hymn "Praise,

my soul, the King of Heaven," and the ordinary form of Morning Service was adhered to throughout. I fear that I cannot say the musical part of the service was too well rendered. There seemed to have been little rehearsal, and in places the choir were uncertain of their parts, although the organ accompaniment was everything that could be wished. It may be that doctors do not sing; of this I have no knowledge; but certain it is that, although the hymns were popular and the responses and chants set to the simplest of music, the congregation as a whole took little or no part in the singing.

It must have been gratifying to the souls of those who long for peace within the Church to see the Dean of Gloucester, an Evangelical Canon and Vicar, and the Vicar of one of our High Churches, working together in harmony, and taking various sections of the service.

The focus of the whole service was undoubtedly the sermon, read from manuscript by the Dean of Gloucester, but eloquently, forcefully, and with a wealth of intellectual thought which showed careful preparation. The actual words of this sermon will be found on the main "Chronicle" sheet, so that it would be useless to repeat them here; but some stray thoughts here and there will serve to show the character of the discourse. The Dean particularly pressed home the remarkable fact, that in the pre-Christian times the immortality of the soul was never clearly enunciated or believed in; even Plato, in his beautiful description of the death of Socrates, could only hint at the immortality of the dying philosopher; but there was no certainty until Christ taught that death was

the gate of life—no longer the king of terrors, but the entrance to the garden of the blessed. It was this thought which impelled tens of thousands of the early Christians to joyfully brave the pains and horrors of martyrdom in order to be with their Lord and Master in Glory. I felt nothing but admiration for the skilful manner in which the preacher had thus directed the minds of those who are so often in the presence of *physical* death to the spiritual aspect of dissolution—as a dissolution of connection between soul and body, and the beginning of another existence, higher and more noble than this. The second part of the sermon was directed to a masterly survey of the many philanthropic and remedial agencies which indirectly or directly were due to the diffusion of Christian modes of thought, with particular reference to the "self-denying, restless labours of the great profession" represented by the gathering. Neither the power of ancient Rome nor the culture of Greece had ever evolved that commonplace of Christian society: the Hospital. There was no place for such an institution in their religious or social life, and it was only in the first century of the Christian Era that Fabiola—a Roman lady—founded a public hospital in Rome. The story of the sainted Cyprian of Carthage, succouring Christian and Pagan alike, were dwelt upon, as foreshadowing the broad and charitable spirit of the present-day hospital, with no distinctions of creed or nationality.

The Dean closed his sermon with a very pathetic reference to the fact that he felt he was arriving at the time when the shadows of eventide were falling around his life; but, looking back from the standpoint of one who has lived the greater part of his days, had he his life over again he would throw in his lot with the medical profession, "those who were, after all, the truest servants of Christianity, living the life which we as Christians saw we love."

After the sermon came the offertory hymn, sung to the accompaniment of a cheery and gratifying jingle of coins, which gave evidence of a rich harvest, the yield being, as I afterwards heard, about £40.

"God Save the King," sung lustily by the whole congregation—the one hymn, in fact, in which all *did* join with good effect—terminated the service, and to the glorious strains of the "Hallelujah Chorus" the scarlet hooded doctors and the Corporation passed out, and thus passed the 1901 annual sermon and service of the British Medical Association. LAYMAN.

ONLY A PRINTER.

Only a printer? His finger tips
Give voice again to long dead lips,
And from a past and hoary age
Recalls the words of seer and sage,

No painter he—
But line by line he tales the tale
That colours gives to canvas pale,
And masters old before us stand
With brush and palette clasped in hand,
So we may see.

With patient toil while others sleep
He makes the ages backward creep,
And knights in armour ride and fight
"For God, my lady, and the right."

No player he—
But by the magic of his hands
The curtain rises in all lands,
And actors for a season rage
Their few brief hours on the stage,
So we may see.

Only a printer? His magic trade
Hath all earth's scenes before us laid,
He moves his hands, and to our eye
Come scenes where soldiers fight and die.

A wizard he—
For he but waves his hands, and, lo,
The world with knowledge is aglow;
And by the magic of his art
The future's curtain draws apart,
So we may see.

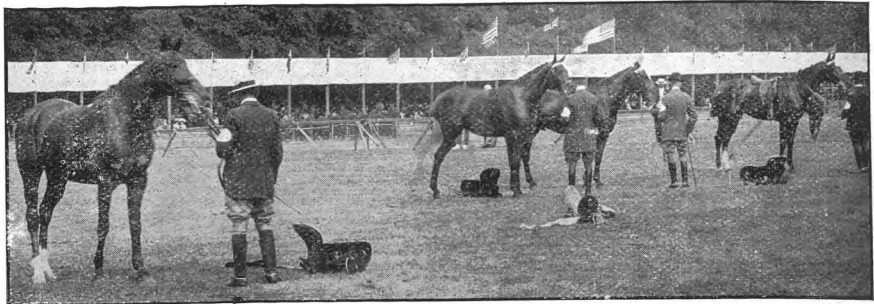
Only a printer? His magic spell
Preserves earth's sweetest story well;
Of how on Calvary's cruel tree
The Saviour died to make men free.

A prophet he—
For by his art he makes the Book
Wherein the weary soul may look,
And looking, see the promise blest
Of home and love and endless rest—
Eternity.

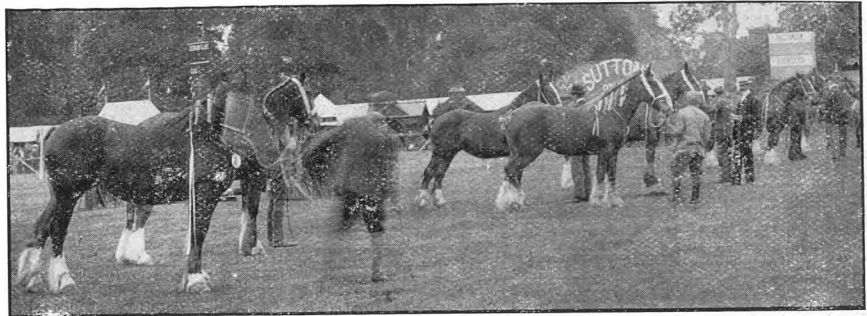
—W. M. MAUPIN, in the "Inland Printer."

Printing . . .

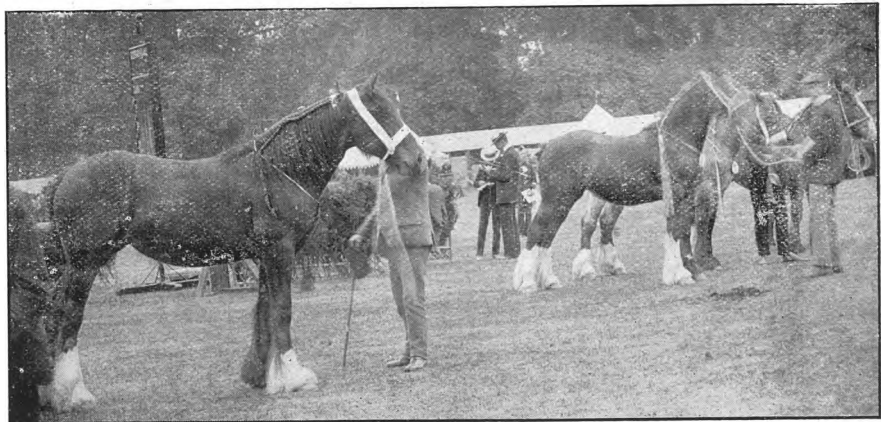
Of every description at the . . .
"Chronicle" and "Graphic" Offices



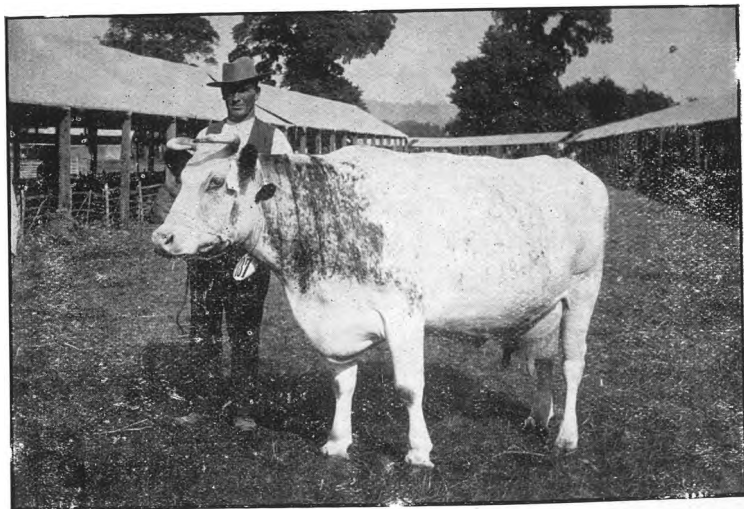
HUNTERS.



CART HORSES (Class 69).



CART HORSES (Class 72).



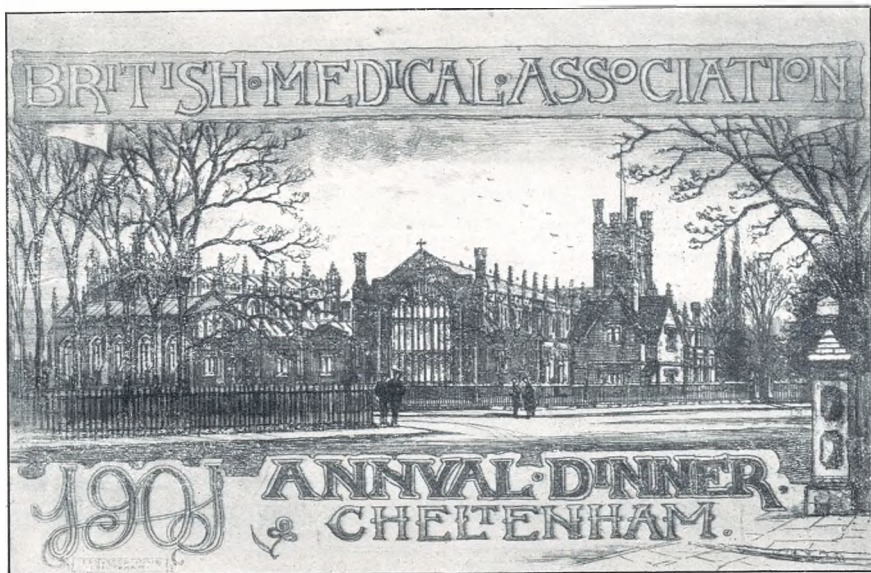
"Strawberry," the property of A. D. Mitchell, Glenfall Farm, Charlton Kings, winner of first prize in special class for dairy cows in milk.



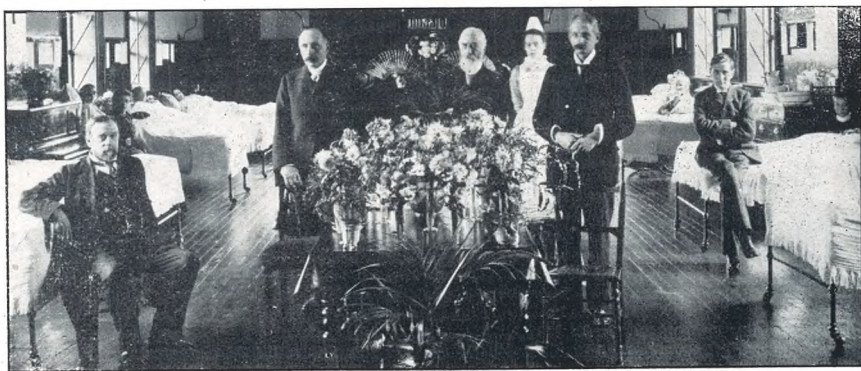
G. Arthur Cardew, Esq., Hon. Local Sec.



G. A. Peake, Esq., Hon. Sec. Exhibition.



B.M.A. Menu Frontispiece, designed and etched by Mr. Edward J. Burrow.



Dr. G. B. Ferguson, President B.M.A. and Senior Surgeon Cheltenham General Hospital, with Dr. Wilson and his fellow Surgeons in Female Surgical Ward of Hospital.

THE DECADENCE OF RACES.

The student of history is apt, correctly or not, to draw certain broad morals from what he reads, and many a time has the story of the decadence of the Roman Empire been used to show that the vice and effeminacy which so often accompany high civilisations provide an automatic check to their extension, leaving the decayed races, as in the case of Rome, at the mercy of Goths and Huns. Nowadays it would seem as if the triumph of the savage is to be secured in other ways. No longer do we wait for outer barbarians to descend upon us. We merely arrange that the more brainy portion of the population shall retire from the task of peopling the world—a simple check to the overgrowth of hereditary genius. So at least it would appear from the facts detailed in a paper read at the annual meeting of the American Medical Association by Dr. Engleman in regard to the increasing sterility of American women. France has long bewailed the unwillingness of her daughters to become mothers of soldiers; lately England, the champion mother of nations, has also discovered that her fecundity is diminishing; and now it is the American woman, that final product of an exalted civilisation, who declines the common task and hands over to a crowd of immigrants from many nations and of all degrees the surely noble duty of peopling the American continent. Years ago, on the publication of a once famous (or infamous) pamphlet entitled the "Fruits of Philosophy," there was a great outcry. The protest was chiefly based upon moral grounds, but we are now beginning to find out how serious a canker immorality of the kind therein dealt with may prove to a whole nation. We are told that the fecundity of the American woman was five children per family in the eighteenth century, 4.5 in the beginning of the nineteenth century, and that at the end of that century it was between 1.8 and 2.1 per family, as against more than twice that figure among the immigrant population. Thus even in his own land the American is constantly being displaced by a mixture of American born Irish and Germans, Italians, Scandinavians, Russians and Poles, beside the constant stream of immigrants. We do not say a word against these people. They are no doubt good, lusty Goths and Huns. But if there is anything to be proud of in being an American, a scion of that wonderful race (mixture if you like, but still practically by this time a race) by whom America has been made, it surely is matter for regret that at the present day the sterility of the American woman is greater and her fecundity is less than that of the women of any other nation except France. So much for the law of evolution. This is the modern way in which a great people which has done its work tends to become ousted by more sexually vigorous races. The tree of knowledge is indeed full of danger to those who pick too freely of its fruit.—"The Hospital."



Stories of a plot against Prince Ferdinand again circulate in Vienna. This time the Bulgarian Premier is said to be implicated.



The Bishops of London and Exeter have been unanimously elected to fill vacancies on the council of Marlborough College. Dr. Winnington Ingram is an old Marlburian.



"Divorce celebrations" are the latest social fad in New York. The person who has had the good fortune to get rid of the life partner with the aid of the courts gives an entertainment in honour of the event.



The death is announced at Clifton, Bristol, of Mr. Richard Charles Strachey, a member of a well-known Somersetshire family. The deceased gentleman was a staunch Liberal, and rendered valuable service to the Liberal cause in the old Mid-Somerset Division, and also in the Frome Division of Somerset. The deceased was 65 years of age.

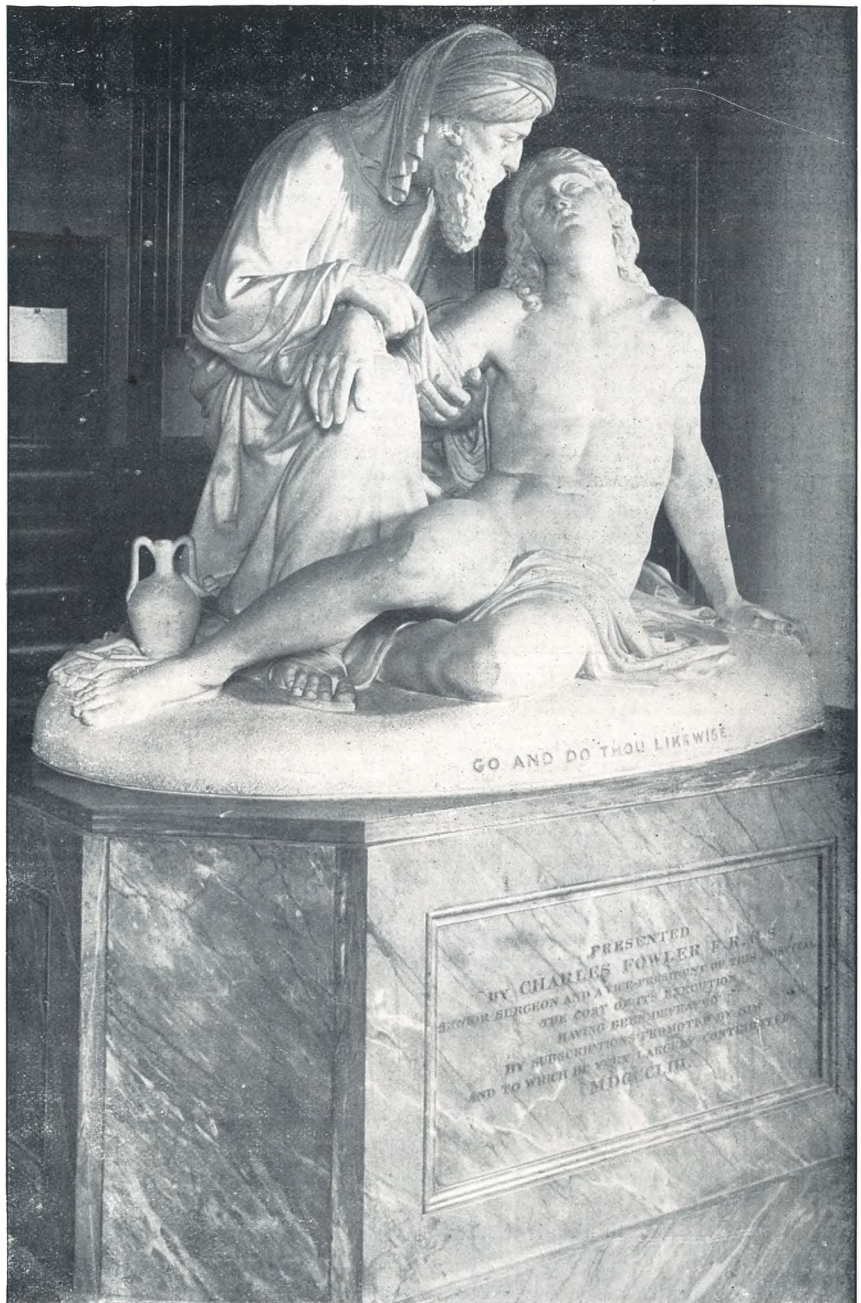
Gloucestershire Gossip.

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The name of Hay will be indelibly recorded, as it deserves to be, in the charitable annals of Cheltenham. To the twelve almshouses which the late Mr. J. A. Hay built and endowed in his lifetime at Naunton Park must now be added the munificent gift of Mrs. Hay, his estimable widow, who has come to the assistance of the Home for Sick Children by subscribing £4,000 to defray the cost of the much-needed new premises at Battledown. The interesting ceremony of laying the foundation stone of the new building was performed by the worthy lady a few days ago, and I cordially reiterate the hope then well expressed by Mr. Brandt, that "many little sufferers who should benefit by the kind thought of Mrs. Hay of them would rise from their cots to call her blessed."

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"Colleges closed" may now be posted up in Cheltenham, and it only remains for the cricket week to finish the innings of the season. Taking it all in all, it has been one of infinite variety. It is true that the lamented death of our beloved Queen gave a quietus for a time to the social festivities in the height of their course. But we have had Albani, Edward Lloyd, Winston Churchill, Forbes Robertson, and Wilson Barrett amongst us, and archery, cricket, croquet, Badminton, lawn tennis, and polo galore, while a team from the Antipodes has shown us that in the ancient game of bowls it is really a case of "Advance! Australia." The record ball of the Cotswold Hunt, held by permission at the Cheltenham College, was a fashionable function which will live long in the memories of the participators. Popular events, in which the masses could take part "free, gratis, and for nothing," have been the welcome homes through the streets of our gallant Engineers and Rifle Volunteers from the seat of war. The decennial Census has been taken, and it has found us 651 short in numbers of the 50,000 to which we aspired. The novelty of an uncontested Parliamentary election, the rapprochement between the two political parties in municipal honours, the triennial election of the Board of Guardians, and the opposed proposal for a Townhall, go to make up some of the events in the public life.

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Into the valley of health and education rode (by train) the six hundred odd members of the British Medical Association, which has honoured the Garden Town by making it this week the locale of its annual meeting, in the first year of the Twentieth Century. Unlike the Gloucestershire Agricultural Society, whose exhibition in the previous week suffered sadly from the rain, the Association was to a great extent independent of the elements, for their meetings, dinner, and soiree were held under the hospitable roofs of the two chief colleges. Still, the various garden parties and excursions given in their honour were beholding for complete success to the Clerk of the weather, who, happily, was delightfully obliging. This gathering of the medicos, including in their ranks no unconsiderable number of savants, proved one of the most important assemblies in the town for many years. The medical and technical journals, or those which, like astronomers, "revel in space," alone can do justice to the deliberations of the Association, which I doubt not will be for the permanent benefit of mankind. To attempt even to enumerate the various "ologies" which engaged attention in the several sections would, I think, lead one into tautology. I will only therefore say, and with sincerity, that the local arrangements were admirably conceived and carried out, reflecting great credit upon the committee and their President, Dr. G. B. Ferguson. One of the hon. secretaries, Capt. G. A. Peake, I observed with pleasure, found his handy men of the Engineers very useful in giving the finishing touches to the arrangements for the Exhibition held in the Winter Garden.

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I think it is a very good thing that cub hunting is "going to commence," and that



"The Good Samaritan" in Entrance Hall of Cheltenham General Hospital.

the young hounds are to be blooded, as the foxes evidently want keeping under in the neighbourhood of Cheltenham, judging by the public notices of irate poultry keepers, offering pecuniary rewards for the catching or trapping of foxes which have fancied their poultry. I am sorry in the interests of sport to see these notices, for hunting can only be carried on by the goodwill and toleration of the occupiers of land. The poultry funds of Hunts should be ample, and they require judicious, often liberal administration. I observe that the Duke of Beaufort claims there are 200 litters of cubs in his country, and understands they have killed 13 pigs out of one litter and five out of another at Tetbury. If this be so, it is high time the huntsmen were in the "pigskin." Talking of hunting reminds me that I have recently come across the following high flown account of a fox hunt in this country, taken from the "London Evening Post," of December 8-10, 1748:—"We have receiv'd Advice from Camb-

den in Gloucestershire, that on Monday the 5th instant Lord Chedworth's and Mr. Dutton's Confederate Pack of Fox-Hounds has had the most remarkable Fox-Chace that ever was seen in those parts: They run a Fox five hours without a Check over the finest Country in England; no Chace could afford more Entertainment; no Hounds could pursue their game with more Steadiness and Resolution, no Fox could more boldly run over a fine Country, and no Sportsmen could pursue with more Spirit and Judgment in Riding; for it was remarkable, that there was not a Hunter at the Unkennelling that was not at the death; and not five Horses out of thirty able to go a mile farther: Many Horses were obliged to be blooded to save their lives." I see that an important testimony to the efficacy of bleeding has, curiously enough, been made in Cheltenham this week by the President of the B.M.A., who does not doubt that lives are now lost for the want of it.

GLEANER.

The Popular Resort
ON
BANK HOLIDAY

Special and Important
Attractions at

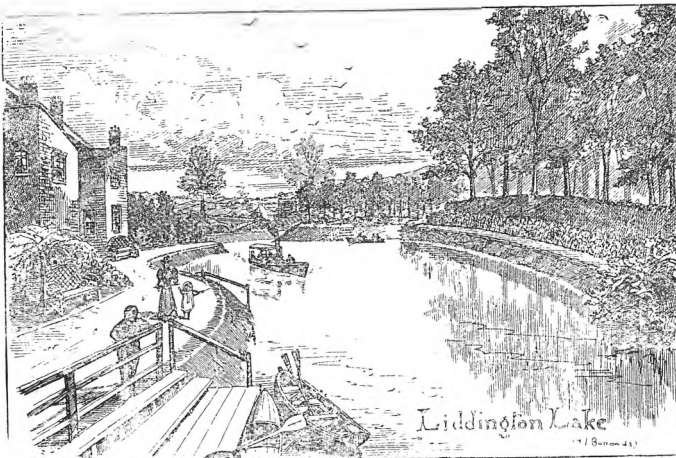
LIDDINGTON LAKE

(Adjoining Leckhampton
Station, CHEL TENHAM),

ON

BANK HOLIDAY,

August 5th, 1901.



Prize Photography.

The Proprietors of the "CHEL TENHAM 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—particularly the former—are preferred.

The Proprietors also offer a WEEKLY PRIZE of HALF-A-GUINEA TO PROFESSIONALS for the BEST PHOTOGRAPH OF A LOCAL CURRENT EVENT.

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.

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 30th competition is Mr. J. Bye, Cheltenham Hospital, and the prize picture is that of "The Good Samaritan."

Entries for the 31st competition closed this (Saturday) morning, August 3rd, 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 Proprietors beg to announce that they have again secured, through MESSRS. TOM HAY & CO., variety agents, Gloucester, the following clever artistes:—MESSRS. HORATIO & HORATIA, in their speciality comedy juggling act; MISS LENA KENDALL, the popular coon songstress and graceful dancer. Important engagement of the BLACK STAR SEPTETTE, in their clever minstrel performances. The band will play selections of music during the afternoon, and for dancing in the evening. Comic water scene, by Cribb Brothers. Canoe, Egg and Spoon, and Potato Races. A prize will be awarded to the winner of each event. Swings, See-Saws, Out-door Gymnasium, and Giant's Strides free. Refreshments, Ices, etc., provided at moderate charges. Tea ready at 3 p.m. Admission 4d.; children under twelve years 2d. Steam boat ride id. First stage performance at 3 p.m.

LORD ROSEBERY AND LIBERALISM.

Dr. Heber Hart, Chairman of the Committee of the Imperial Liberal Council, has received the following letter from the Earl of Rosebery, dated Wednesday: "38 Berkeley Square, My dear sir,—I am honoured by your invitation to attend a conference on the present position of the Liberal party, but I have said all that I have to say on that subject. Let me take this opportunity of expressing in a sentence how warmly I appreciate the work of your league and how heartily I wish it success. Some such association had become necessary, if only in order to counterbalance other bodies of a different colour. Nor is its work merely negative, for it should rally to it the active workers who will not suffer the aspirations of Liberalism to be divorced from the duties of the Empire. If I might presume to make a suggestion, it would be this: Your name is open to misconception and is not perhaps very easy to understand. If you call yourselves the Liberal (Imperialist) League there would be no ambiguity. The great word 'Liberal' denotes the party; the sub-title 'Imperialist' marks the difference with other Liberals, who, to put it briefly, think differently. Yours is, as I believe, the essential Liberalism, and it would be a pity if your name seemed to permit of doubt as to the fact.—Believe me, yours faithfully, ROSEBERY."

The greatest sympathy will be felt for Mr. Henry Kimber, M.P., at the death of his son, who was killed at Wildfontein a few days ago.

The funeral of Mr. Pope, K.C., took place on Friday morning at the village of Llanbedr, Merionethshire.

The President of the Board of Trade has appointed Colonel Sir Herbert Jekyll, R.E., K.C.M.G., to be an Assistant Secretary to the Board (Railway Department), in place of Mr. Francis Hopwood, C.B., C.M.G., now Permanent Secretary.

Among the Liberal and Radical members who voted against the grant to Earl Roberts were Mr. H. J. Wilson, Sir F. Mappin, Mr. Labouchere, Mr. T. Bayley, Mr. Fenwick, Mr. Keir Hardie, Mr. J. Burns, Mr. Edmund Robertson, Mr. Broadhurst, Mr. Lough, Mr. Burt, Mr. E. Cameron, Mr. Lloyd-George, Mr. Pickard, Mr. Bryn Roberts, Mr. Shipman, and Mr. Levy, the tellers being Mr. Dillon and Mr. Caine.

CHAPELS UNDER THE HAMMER.

DISPUTE AT THE BEAUFORT SALE.

A further sale of the Duke of Beaufort's Monmouthshire properties took place at Chepstow on Wednesday, the auctioneer being Mr. Henry Jonas. One thousand one hundred and eighty acres of land changed hands, and £20,611 was realised. The purchasers were principally local landowners. A number of small holders, known as coholders, whose families had been in possession of land for over 150 years, attended, and an unexpected feature of the sale was a protest by these against the sale of their holdings. In a number of instances the duke's representative waived his right to sell, and allowed the squatters to remain undisturbed.

Two Nonconformist chapels in the Llanisher and Llanvihangel parishes, near Tintern, were included in the sale. The trustees of the Llanisher Chapel (Wesleyan) produced documents showing that the freehold was purchased in 1820, but the auctioneer contended that the land had been sold by irresponsible parties, and the rent paid to the duke since. The chapel was ultimately withdrawn. The Llanvihangel chapel was sold without protest, and nothing disclosed as to ownership.

BLETCHLY'S BOOTS.

Bronze and Silver Medals. Highest Testimonials.

Stand 108 at Medical Exhibition.

N. BLETCHLY, Anatomical Bootmaker,
Northgate Street, GLOUCESTER.

Lieut.-Col. E. R. Kerrison, 4th Norfolk Regiment, has purchased the Burgh Hall estate, Ayisham, for £10,750.

Two housebreakers named Smith and Montague have been captured at Tottenham by a plucky policeman, after an exciting chase on roofs, down spouts, and over garden walls.

Count von Waldersee, on his return from the Far East, went ashore at Algiers on Tuesday last, and was received by a guard of honour of Marines and Zouaves. The Field-Marshal, in a speech, expressed his thanks for the reception given him, and referred to his good relations with the French Expeditionary Corps in China.

BANK DIRECTORS' LIABILITIES.

The House of Lords gave judgment on Thursday in an important case as affecting the liability of bank directors in cases where dividends are declared which have not been earned and advances are made to fellow directors and clients whose financial standing was doubtful. The National Bank of Wales got into difficulties, and the liquidator endeavoured to recover moneys lost in this way from Mr. Cory, a wealthy coal merchant in Cardiff, who was for several years a director of the bank. Against Mr. Cory himself there was no charge, except that of negligence, but the liquidator thought this was sufficient to found an action for the restitution of moneys lost to the bank in the form of dividends which were not paid out of profits, and losses incurred in reckless advances to clients. Mr. Justice Wright thought the liquidator had established his case, and he ordered Mr. Cory to refund some £57,000 which had been lost in this manner. On appeal, however, the Court of Appeal reversed that decision, and the House of Lords has now affirmed their judgment on the ground that the directors of a bank are bound to rely to a large extent upon the advice of the manager, who, in this case, along with two of the directors, was sentenced to a period of imprisonment for fraud in connection with the affairs of the bank.

K. W. Woolcombe, of Glyngarth School, Cheltenham, has been elected to a scholarship of £80 at Radley College.

Mrs. Emily Westell Collier (69), of Asthall Manor, Burford, left estate valued at £14,261 16s. 4d.

Among those who received war medals at the hands of the King on Monday were Major C. E. Goulburn, D.S.O., R.H.A., (O.C.), Major Sir John Willoughby, staff officer in South Africa; Capt. W. H. Speke, Vol. Co. Devonshire Regiment; Lieut. Sir F. W. Frankland (O.C.), 3rd Battalion Bedfordshire Regiment; Lieut.-Col. and Hon. Col. E. T. Pottinger (O.C.), Special Service Company Antrim Artillery; Lieut. C. H. R. Crawshaw; Monmouthshire Royal Engineers; and Col. H. L. B. McCalmont, M.P., 6th Battalion Royal Warwickshire Regiment.

Domestic Backgrounds.

* * *

BY MRS. JACK JOHNSON.

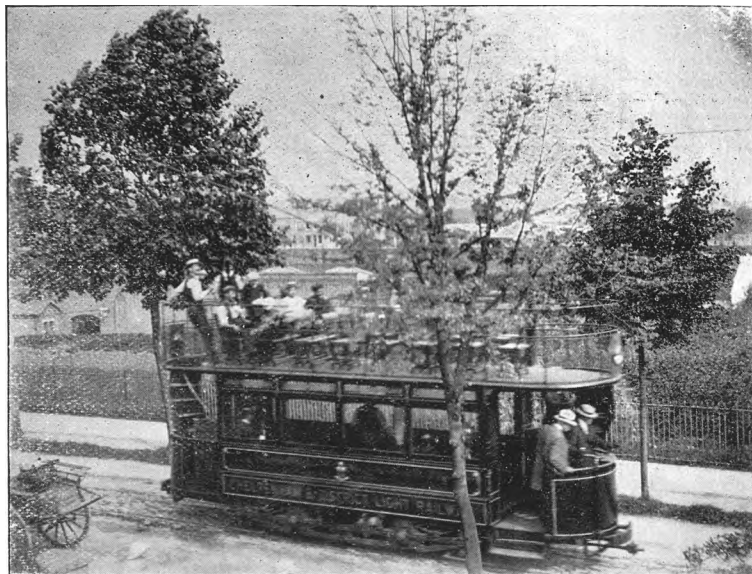
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Colour, form, texture—these are three important points for consideration in the beauty and comfort of a house; but still more important are the dwellers therein and the length of their purses. Roughly speaking, those who are able to find a margin for decoration beyond their necessities may be divided, first, into those whose homes are of the permanent order, from inheritance, force of circumstances or choice; and those who move frequently. The first-named are usually very retentive of their possessions, and they are lucky if these were accumulated in a period when purity of form was a matter of consideration. At any rate, the dignity of these older belongings must be maintained, and if they possess no artistic merits, and yet are not to be relegated to back regions, their appearance must be recollected when new purchases are made, for the incongruity of rooms is almost as maddening as the maintenance of "a period" at all costs. This latter is quite the most tiresome result one has to encounter in latter-day furnishing. It is unreal in origin and effect, arising often from some suddenly wealthy person going over "show" places and being impressed by a hall panelled with Tudor carvings, or a library furnished with priceless reminiscences of Early Italian Renaissance. He straightway resolves to have a Tudor hall of his own, and the decorator he employs sees that he is also supplied with Aladdin-like swiftness, with a "Watteau" boudoir, an "Early English" dining-room, a "Louis XV." drawing-room, and an elevator in which the glories of the Alhambra are reduced to the scale required by the exigencies of space.

I have met with more than one of this type, and sympathised with all the agonies their families went through in the endeavour to live up to the commands of the head of the house, that he would have no "rubbishy books or photographs left about"; magazines and papers were tabooed, and people were doomed to lifeless inactivity when they inhabited these rooms, devoted to the Juggernaut of "Periods."

Harmony should be the aim of home-furnishing, that deft blending together of the requirements and tastes of those who are going to live in it. To harp on one string isn't to make music. We English have so little intuitive feeling for colour and form that it is not much wonder that we rely so little on ourselves and are always crying out for advice on matters upon which we ought to form our own opinions. One cannot give a definite recipe for harmonious treatment of an apartment. If it is a success it is sure to be the outcome of individual intuition. A woman of taste discovers the dominant colour and seeks to delicately accentuate it without arriving at the vulgarity of over-emphasis. A cushion or curtain may catch the eye, which is instantly pleased at finding the colour thoughtfully repeated in a flower, a book-binding, or a footstool. In this way things which seemed to have no relationship can be brought together. Following this out, I was able to be of use to a friend who came to me one day in some distress, accompanied by a servant carrying a small piece of furniture. "I wonder," she said, "if you could find room for this anywhere? It is my dear mother's old work-table; we are very packed for room except in the drawing-room, and the girls say it won't 'go' with anything there." I had very tender recollections of the old lady, and was quite pleased to have so *human* a bit of furniture. It was of polished wood, with a long "pocket" of fluted silk of bright magenta hue. For this I substituted a pale grey-green, the tint of some cushions in the window-seat, and the general opinion was that the work-table looked "made for the corner" in which it was placed. If our memories do not grow with us, might not our bodies outgrow our souls?

It is the people who "move house" so continually who have such a demoralising influence on furniture. It is they who brought



The first Car that ran on the Cheltenham Light Railway, Gloucester Road, July 12, 1901.

the "artistic makeshift" into fashion; that cloak-of drapery—which covers a multitude of sins! They live in jerry-built houses, because to them the seasoning of wood is nothing, but the fringe of a fashionable neighbourhood much, and they buy cheap furniture because they don't want it to last. To them home is a place to change your clothes in, and also where you can put in that amount of time during which people have no use for you elsewhere. Of course, there are those whose moves are not owing to capricious whims or reckless expenditure; such, for instance, as wives of men in the Service. I have always felt full of admiration for the clever resource shewn by many of them. A relation of mine made a most comfortable baby's cot out of the bottom drawer of a travelling chest of drawers, which was a most practical "makeshift." And the tiny "huts" round Aldershot are marvels of pretty contrivance and arrangement. These are legitimate "fakes," but I should like to protest against their continual introduction into the houses of newly-married folk of moderate means. If only in the first place they would consider "backgrounds," and get these as good as possible, and then really well-made furniture, bit by bit, if it is only to be managed that way, it would be a lasting interest and perpetual joy of possession.

The decoration of the walls is at once the most worrying and important decision to arrive at when a new house is to be furnished or an old one renovated. In the first case the almost limitless variety is bewildering, while the latter presents difficulties arising from tradition, long association, and the necessity for treating the existing furniture with consideration. Even people who are unable to appreciate good designs admit the effect of colour. I remember reading of an Italian doctor who, after spending a lifetime in experiments, came to many conclusions concerning the influence that colour has over people's minds. Amber surroundings were supposed to be the most successful in inspiring hope (perhaps that accounts for the craze for yellows in this pessimistic age); unrelieved blue caused melancholia; while anybody dwelling perpetually amidst shades of red might be expected to have softening of the brain! Be that as it may, there is no excuse nowadays for covering our walls with the hideous "nightmare" patterns of our youth; good designs in wall papers are within the reach of all who have walls to paper. Remember, if you have good pictures, choose plain or unobtrusively patterned paper, and if not, let the paper furnish the

walls as much as possible. Take, generally speaking, yellow for the north, or a warm shade of Rose du Barry, which is also good for a north-east aspect; blue for the east; green for the west, or any shade sufficiently strong not to fade that you prefer, for this is the most exposed to the sun. Red is a good colour for both east and north. White ground covered with pale blue stripes and bouquets of pink roses is a very cheery paper for the north, if there is plenty of light in the room. Never choose insignificant patterns. Either have a plain paper or a pattern just one shade lighter or darker as a picture background, or a design that has an individual existence.

The floor is the next important "background." "Once upon a time," as the children say, it used to be the fashion to cover the whole of our floors with a carpet costly as one's purse could buy, and then to protect it from winter wear a felt square in hideously vivid colours was laid on top of it, only removed when the equally depressing drab and grey holland took its place to ward off the ill effects of summer sunshine. Well, we have learnt something since then, if it is only to enjoy the sight of what we have got instead of covering it over and shrouding things in ghostly bags until both they and our sense of enjoyment have faded together. One thing is perfectly certain—if a floor covering has in its turn to be covered up, then it is not suitable for its purpose, and therefore inartistic in every shape and way. The most perfect of all floor coverings is parquet, and though it is by no means cheap, still it is not so hopelessly extravagant as people are apt to imagine. There is a herring-bone pattern which can be had for sixpence a square foot; to this, of course, must be added the expense of laying down and polishing, which makes it come in all to a shilling a square foot. This is of good, well-seasoned oak, suitable for all ordinary purposes. Walnut wood, used in an interlacing pattern with mahogany, has a delightfully warm, rich effect; but naturally the elaboration calls for greater expenditure.

I think, when this price is contrasted with what has to be paid for good carpets, parquet can be obtained not only for the same amount, but so as to have a margin for the purchase of rugs. When going into a new house a great saving can be made by using parquet an inch thick, which, being placed on a patent "laminated" back, can be put immediately on to the joists, no other flooring being required.

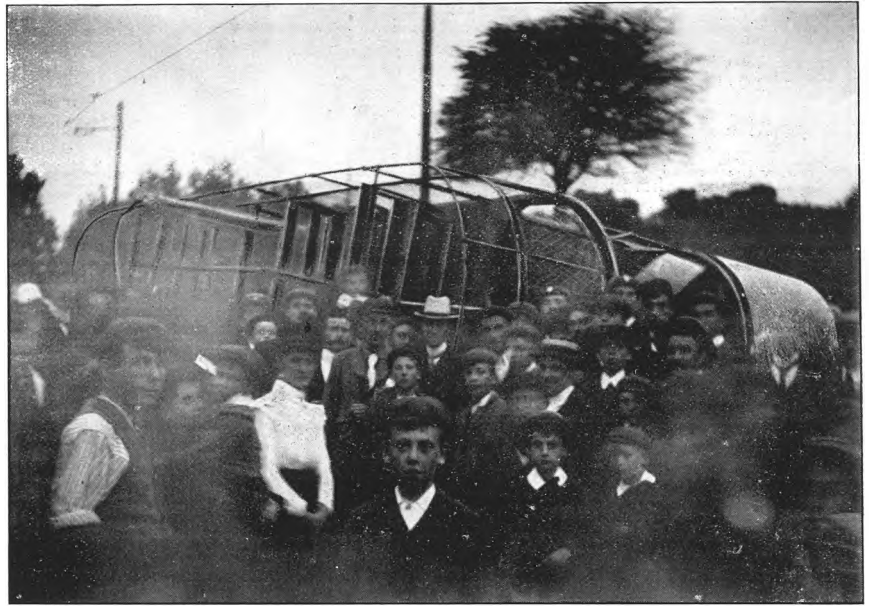
* By the Way.

My word! wot a time we are 'aving in Cheltenham now, wot with Agricultural Shows, and British Medical Doctors, and Cricket Weeks, wich really I feel that frightened for thinking that every gentleman I meet now is going to ask to see my tongue, or to feel my harteries (wich I know it's not correct for to say your pulse any more, seeing as pulses is gone out of fashion); but as I was a saying, we're downright besieged with these 'ere British Medical Doctors, and I for one wishes 'em all good luck and plenty of patience—I mean them as pays, seeing as 'ow the doctor and the lawyer is the last one to get their rightful Jew, as the saying is.

It seems to me that all these thousands of doctors ought to do Cheltenham a lot of good by going away and saying what a beautiful place it is, and wot a fine Winter Garden we 'ave in corse of construction, and wot a lovely town-hall we've been squabbling about (wich it ain't built yet, but time will show); and as for the electric tramway—well, there—you know—accidents will 'appen in the best regulated families, and after all, they'll be a sight more careful in seeing everything's right and safe now there 'ave been a accident, so it will be better in the long run.

But as I was a saying, everything's these ere British Medical Doctors this week, and, sure enough, just in time I gets a fine big piece of card (wich it come in very handy for stiffening to a bonnet I was trimming), saying as 'ow the Committee of the Annual Museum would like me amongst 'em—"Mrs. Selina Jenkins"—all wrote out as big as life. At the bottom there was "R.S.V.P.," wich I spose it means one of these "diplomers," as they do say, and I did 'ear tell as it stands for "Return Soon Very Please," so I sends back and asks for 17 tickets, seeing as 'ow it said on the hinivation "Please say 'ow many tickets you wish," wich after all I found I could only 'ave one, and that after I 'ad asked the Tompkinses, and the Gaskinses, and the Hawkinses, and 'ad 'rote to my two married sisters to come and stop the night with me, and to bring along any friends as could find a lodging for theirselves, wich was very orkid to arrange.

'Owver, halls well as finishes up in a respectable sort of manner, as Shakspeare says (I knows this piece of poetic profusion, as the saying is, because of its being worked on to a toilet tidy wich I bought it at a bazaar for three-three, and well worth the money). So wen the Monday evening come I puts on my best muslin, and turns it in a bit at the neck, wich it looks a bit smarter, not that I agrees with these 'ere low-cut gowns, and I drives lup in a pony landaw in grand style to the Winter Gardings, scattering the mud from our wheels on the common 'erd, as you might say. (Hen Bee.—This is to be took funny. I don't mean no 'arm to them as wasn't invited, wich I shouldn't 'ave been asked myself if I 'adn't guaranteed 5s. towards making up the loss, wich they say there isn't any.) Well, wen I comes to the Winter Garden I steps out as big as Kruger, and there was crowds on crowds of fieldmale ladies and gentlemen squeezing through a little gate like going into a theayter, and a man a shouting, "'Ave your small cards ready," wich I couldn't find mine for a powerful long time (and all that there hexhibition going on without me), thro' me 'aving a put the ticket in my glove for safety, and not knowing where it were. But wen I gets inside—Oh! you never did! the people in their hevening dress, the ladies with not over much on their poor shoulders, some of them, and the gentlemen all a-looking as if they was dressed up to the nines, as the saying is. And the band a-tootling up on a horchestra thing, and the Cheltenham waters a flowing out of the middle of the band in assorted colours—why, it seemed to take away me seven censuses, and I should 'ave fainted, sure 'nuff, if a gentleman at a stall 'adn't



Cleeve Tramway Fatalities—The Overturned Car.

said, "If you're at all faint or overcome, madam (wich I was, very!) pray allow me to offer you a glass of Koker wine." Says I, "Thank you kindly, sir, and many of them," wich 'e poured out a glass for me, and wen I asked wot I were to pay, 'e looked quite hindignant like, and says, "No one in this museum takes money," wich I considered very sing'ler, but not a bad idea! Shortly afterwards another young gent invites me to take a cup of somebody's chocolate, and then another gives me some sticking plaister, and they did ask me to 'ave some diabetes whisky, but I draws the line there, to be sure. Well, I saunters 4th hinto the garding, and sure enough 'twere a pretty sight, with millions of these little fairy lamps with ha'penny night lights in them, and a great tent where everybody were doing of his or 'er (as the case may be) level best to put away the eatables, wich I feels very 'ungry meself, so I eskes for a programme of the refreshments (you see, Selina's getting to know now how to conduct herself in perlite sassiety!) And sakes alive! there was everything you could wish to eat standing up to a counter, and all sorts of furrin sandwiches, such as four grass, devil's prawns, petit fours, fours and fives glasseys. So I orders a few of each, wich I 'elps it down, as the saying is, with a dish of tea, and some iced lemonade, and I askes "'Ow much," wich the young pusson behind the counter she looks indignant like the other gentleman, and says "There's nothing to pay," wich I says "Well, no offence, I 'ope, but I don't see 'ow this museum pays its way"—'owsomdever, I could do very well with another evening's light refreshment at the same price.

After I 'ad my fill I goes in to 'ave a good look at the stalls, as they calls these 'ere shops where you gets things given you, and there was everything a British Medical Doctor could wish for this side of 'eaven, I will say. There was things to bisect you, and things to put you together again, stuff to make you grow, and stuff to make you strong, and hintellectual, and musical, and hartistic, and heverythink. One young woman wanted to persuade me to give up eatin' Christian's food, and to live on a bit of dry powder with a smell o fish on it every two hours, wich I says "Thank you, miss; I likes my vittles, and I'd rather be excused, 'aving plenty of time on my 'ands, wich my meals they acts as a amusement."

But I will say I were surprised to see 'Arrogate and Leamington Spars advertising themselves and their waters 'ere right in the middle of wot I 'ave 'erd tell is a better spar than either of them. But there was a Cheltenham water stall, with hundreds of bottles of water on it, and some picture books about the town, so I suppose the waters is a beginning to bile again, as the saying is.

But wot I ask myself is, 'Ow in the name of fortin did we manage to live all this time without these tablets, and capsols, and hextracts, and hessences, and other hitemes too numerous to mention, as the auctioneers do say? It seems to me that the Medical Doctors ought to be very thankful to them as makes it so easy to describe for their petience, wich it isn't like, my young days, when I used to go to the doctor for physyc for my mother, bless 'er, and 'e used to say "We'l, Mary, and 'ow is she this morning"; and when I told 'im, why, bless you, 'e just tipped in a drop from one bottle and a drop from another, and stuck on a bit o' paper, and there's your physyc, wich now you 'ave to pay the doctor to describe for you, and the chymist to suspense, wich is very artful, bein' two profits instead of one.

But all I can say is, 'ere's good luck to the British Medical Doctors, and I 'ope they will consider as we've done the thing handsome for them in Cheltenham, and may none of them be any worse for the dinner, wich I 'ear it was done "regardless," as the saying is.

SELINA JENKINS.

Rumours have reached Paris that the Emperor of Abyssinia is seriously ill from stomach troubles.

Mr. Onslow Ford, R.A., has just presented to the trustees of the Alexandra Palace his statue of her late Majesty.

It is rumoured that Mr. John D. Rockefeller, the American millionaire, intends to make his home in North Devonshire.

Sir James Duke, who nearly lost his life in saving a young man from drowning on Sunday night at Sea View, Isle of Wight, has progressed most favourably, and is nearly ail right again.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1901.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

THE KING'S DECLARATION.

Colonel Saunderson, in a letter to the "Times" respecting the King's declaration, says:—The declaration means a great deal more than a mere assertion of religious belief. It is a solemn acknowledgment before God and the British people that the Sovereign admits the conditions under which he ascends and is to remain upon the Throne. The Sovereign of these realms must have two qualifications without which he is ineligible either to ascend the Throne or to remain on it. The Sovereign must be the legitimate heir to the Crown. He also must be and remain a Protestant. Should the Sovereign change his religion and become a Roman Catholic he forfeits all right to continue King of Great Britain and Ireland. By his declaration the Sovereign acknowledges that this is so. The mass of the nation holding this view looks on the King's declaration as an effective guarantee that so long as it lasts unchanged no one who is not a Protestant shall ascend or remain on the British Throne. The divine right of Kings was swept away in the 17th century, so far as this country is concerned. Its place was taken by the Bill of Rights, which clearly lays down the conditions under which Kings reign over the British people. The King's declaration brings one of the conditions prominently forward. British Protestants, therefore, hold on to it unchanged, embodying as it does not only their religious belief on two doctrinal questions, but also, in their opinion, ensuring, so long as it remains unaltered, the Protestant succession to the British Crown.

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A FORMER RODBOROUGH CURATE.

The Rev. H. M. Marsh-Edwards, vicar of Wellington and rector of Eyton, has been appointed diocesan missionary and chaplain, and sub-warden of Queen's College, Birmingham, and will shortly be leaving Wellington to take up his new appointment. The Rev. H. M. Marsh-Edwards is examining chaplain to the Bishop of Honduras and the Bishop of the West Indies, and surrogate for the diocese of Lichfield. He is also chaplain to the 2nd Volunteer Battalion King's Shropshire Light Infantry, and during the time he has been in Wellington has been a very energetic worker. Two years ago the parish church was restored at a cost of several thousand pounds, and Eyton Church has also been recently restored. Mr. Marsh-Edwards was licensed to his first curacy at Tunbridge Wells in 1892, and held the appointment for two years. He was then presented to the living of Rodborough, Gloucestershire, and in 1897 was selected as vicar of Wellington and rector of Eyton. The living of Wellington is in the gift of trustees, and is worth about £400 with vicarage.

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Life-like presentations of the leaders of the two great friendly societies are given in this issue. It may not be inopportune to recall the extraordinary coincidence that Bros. Workman and Vallender are both printers by trade, and that they reside next door to each other in Barton-street, Gloucester.

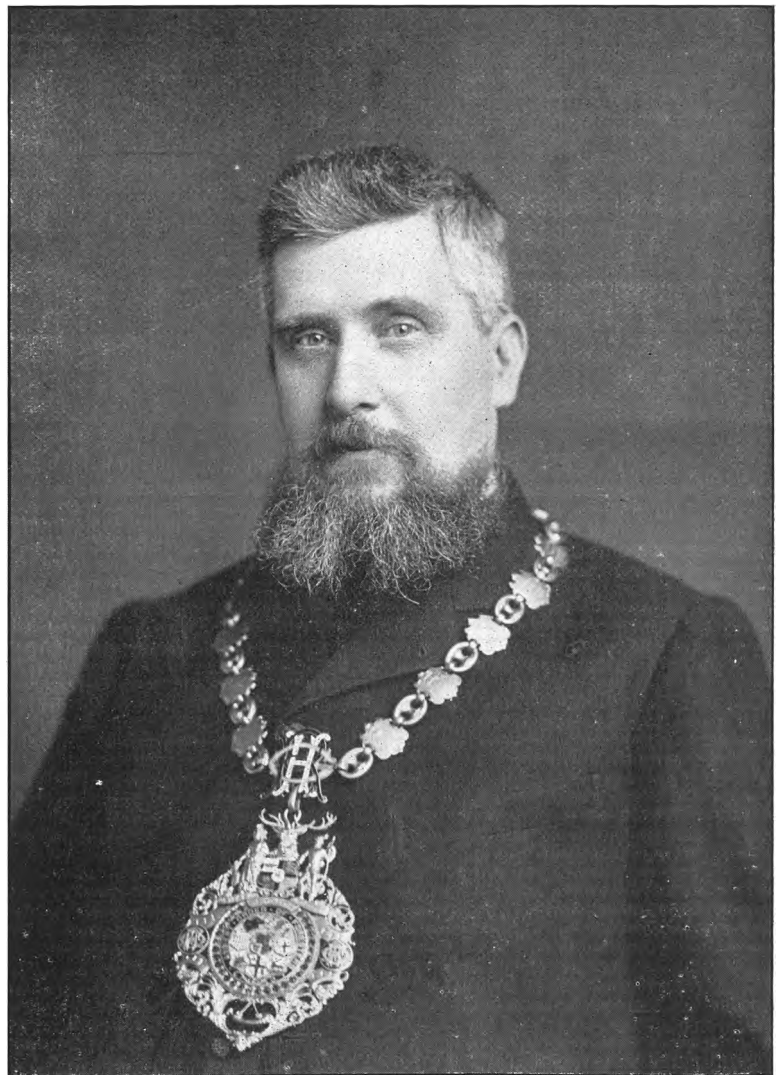


PHOTO BY H. W. WATSON.

CHELTENHAM & GLOUCESTER.

Bro. F. C. Workman, of Gloucester,
High Chief Ranger, Ancient Order of Foresters.

High Court—Gloucester, August, 1901.

Foresters' Grand Procession at Gloucester on Bank Holiday.



MOUNTED FORESTERS IN LINCOLN GREEN, WITH "ROBIN HOOD" TABLEAU ON CAR.

Photographed in Spa Road by H. E. Jones, Northgate, Gloucester.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

Gay Gloucestershire—here a show, there a show, everywhere a show or sports of some kind or other in the county. Business Gloucester, which was glad to show the B.M.A. from Cheltenham its precious antiquities, has this week, in addition to athletic sports, had the H.C.M. within its walls and in its streets. The mystic letters mean to the Ancient Order of Foresters High Court Meeting, as the A.M.C. (which was also held in the old city in 1888) signify to the Oddfellows Annual Movable Committee. These Parliaments of the two greatest friendly societies in the world naturally make things lively for the whole week in their locale, for there is always pleasure at the helm, and the first one of the century at Gloucester was no exception to the rule. Some 873 delegates attended, not a few with their wives and some olive branches. The city made the streets gay with four triumphal arches, long rows of Venetian masts, and bunting. The Foresters, favoured by fine weather, gave a long and imposing and varied street procession on Bank Holiday, in which men in full Foresters' fig of Lincoln green, and Oddfellows, Shepherds, and other friendlies in their sashes and regalia, and tableaux and trade exhibits on wheels figured. Then there was the fete and gala in Longford Park, which grounds have, after a lapse of years, again become available. It is well that it is

so, for the county town has no aristocracy in its immediate neighbourhood, and lendable parks are at a discount. A portion of the Public Park came in handy for the tea which the city member gave one afternoon. For excursions the Foresters came to Cheltenham, and also went to Bath. It is a noteworthy coincidence that the respective heads of the Foresters and Oddfellows for this year are next-door neighbours, and both have been newspaper compositors in the city. They are certainly distinguished local "men of letters." Despite the special yet welcome attention which the executives of the two greatest friendly societies have given to Gloucestershire in recent years, the comparatively new societies, based on the bedrock of George Holloway rules, have continued to make abnormal progress, as I think they well deserve to, for the simple reason that their system is the best and most equitable to the thousands of members. "May all sound friendly societies go on and prosper" is my wish.

The men in Lincoln green did not entirely monopolise attention in the gay old city, for men of war, in the persons of the returned members of the Gloucestershire Imperial Yeomanry, were well to the front on Tuesday, and had a right hearty county welcome. This greeting had been deferred till all the returning Yeomen had landed in Old England. As the Duke of Beaufort, Sir John Dorington, Mr. Michael Baker, and Mr. Gardom (Clerk

of the Peace) had taken the matter in hand, it goes without saying that it was done thoroughly and well. The thanksgiving service in the Cathedral was a soul-stirring one, and if there were any pro-Boers in the congregation they must have winced under the eloquent vindication by the Dean of the war as a just and righteous one on the part of England. I ventured to predict that the returned men would have something more than a luncheon to follow, and so they did, but they had to receive their present of a silver tobacco-box in imagination, as, owing to some delay, these mementoes did not arrive in time to be handed them, but they will get them by post. "Well done, Imperial Yeomanry!" as it was expressed on the wall.

As I was one of the first to take a trial trip with an electric car up the heights of Bayshill when the friction of the motors was being worked off, I suppose I must thank my lucky stars that all went well. I do not wish to magnify the importance of the unfortunate disaster up Cleeve Hill, resulting in the loss of two lives and the postponement *sine die* of the opening of the line, as I would fain hope that it will prove a blessing in disguise in leading to the precautions against further catastrophes being of the most approved and practicable character. We must learn by experience. Just as the killing of Huskisson, the director, at the opening of the first passenger railway between Manchester and

Foresters' Grand Procession at Gloucester on Bank Holiday.



JUVENILE RECHABITES IN SPA ROAD.

Photo by H. E. Jones, Northgate, Gloucester.

Liverpool, and the disasters to some funicular railways up European mountains, did not retard the safe development of these enterprises, so I believe our local electric railway will outlive the natural prejudice caused by the recent untoward event. It must be remembered that the original scheme of Mr. Nevins was for a gauge of 4ft. 8½in., but, in order to stave off the opposition of the County Council and Cheltenham Town Council, he consented to a gauge of 3ft. 6in. Whether the cars have been proportionately reduced in size or weight I cannot say, but it is certain that the slipper brake (which was mentioned at the Light Railway Commissioners' Enquiry as one to be used) was not on the wheels on this fateful evening, for the reason that it was not quite ready. But these and other technical matters will have to be threshed out by experts, and the public must have faith in their judgment.

GLEANER.

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A CURIOUS LEGEND.

The device of the Ulster Yacht Club, which Shamrock II. flies on its flag, is a bloody hand. The tradition by which it takes its place there is a weird one. Two Irish chieftains "sailed with sails" on the sea in a contest for the crown. Whoever first touched the shore, he should be king. O'Neill, seeing his competitor just ahead, took the rule literally, and, cutting off his hand, flung it on land. Thus he conquered and thus he ruled. Sir Thomas Lipton takes the legend to heart in the true spirit of it, which he reads as a lesson that the competition should be a keen one, demanding every sacrifice and straining every nerve.

A SCRATCH AS A CLUE.

Had it not been for a newly-made scratch on a banister rail, a tall powerful-looking man with one eye, who refused to give any information about himself, would not have appeared at Willesden on a charge of house-breaking. Having received information of a burglary, two police-sergeants proceeded to a house in Brooksville-avenue, Kilburn. There they aroused and chased the intruder, who doubled, and was lost for a time. The constables some time later searched a house in Montrose-avenue. On the top floor one of them noticed the scratch, and above it a trap-door in the ceiling. Inside the door they found a man crouching in an incredibly small space behind the cistern, and he was dragged out. The man, whom the officers recognised as the person they had chased, was remanded.

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THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

One of the prettiest and most eagerly looked-for events of the Christmastide—that of the setting up of the Christmas tree—is associated with the late Empress Frederick. Queen Victoria had recovered from her confinement in 1840 of the Princess Royal so rapidly that the Christmas holidays were spent at Windsor Castle, and on that occasion Prince Albert introduced the pretty German custom of decorating a Christmas tree. Since that period it has become a welcome custom for both rich and poor little ones in this country, and affords a graceful means of distributing little presents. It was probably first imported into Germany with the conquering legions of Drusus, and is alluded to by Virgil in the "Georgics."

CORRESPONDENCE.

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NEW ATTRACTION AT PITTVILLE.
TO THE EDITOR OF THE "GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC."

Sir,—During a ramble recently with friends through Pittville Gardens, it occurred to me that the subway connecting the new park and the gardens gave evidence of the same phenomenon as the so-called whispering gallery in Gloucester Cathedral, which connects the north and south triforia. After waiting patiently for a little while, so as to get perfect silence, we took up positions at the extreme ends of the longest wall of the tunnel, which is 62½ feet in length. We whispered in the faintest tones possible to each other, and kept up a conversation with ease. The effect compares most favourably with the whispering gallery in Gloucester Cathedral. This little discovery of a new whispering gallery in our midst may add to the pleasure and amusement of many who visit the picturesque and agreeable resort at Pittville.

J. A. MATTHEWS.

7 Clarence-square, Pittville,
August 7th, 1901.

* * *

A REMARKABLE PIGEON.

The recent flight of a Blackburn homer from Bournemouth to the Black Sea has been completely eclipsed by a bird belonging to Mr. Ainsur, of the Preston Homing Club. Liberated at Nantes, France, the bird was next heard of in Friesland, 600 miles away, where it was captured, fed, and again liberated. Although unacquainted with this part of the world, the pigeon succeeded in reaching its own loft, 400 miles distant, on Monday afternoon.



H.I.M. The Late EMPRESS FREDERICK at Cheltenham Ladies' College, June 29, 1897.

Her Majesty was accompanied by Lord Harris, Count Seckendorff, and Emily Lady Amphill, whose portraits, together with that of the Lady Principal of the College (Miss Beale), appear in this picture. We are indebted to Domenico Barnett, Esq., of Leckhampton, for permission to reproduce his beautiful photograph.

MALVERN LADY'S CHARITABLE BEQUESTS.

Miss Eliza Warrington, of The Belvedere, Malvern Wells, died on May 19, leaving property of the value of £82,054, of which £76,561 is net personalty, and her will has been proved by Captain Harry Pimm, of Kensington Lodge, Bournemouth, and the Rev. Magens de Courcy Ireland, Vicar of St. Cuthbert's, Besston Hill, Leeds. Among numerous charitable bequests are £1,000 to the trustees of the National Schools at Malvern Wells, erected and presented by her in 1885, to apply the income towards the salary of the schoolmaster; £500 to the Vicar and churchwardens of St. Peter's, Malvern Wells, on trust, to divide the income at Christmas between such poor inhabitants as are in the habit of attending such church; £500 to the Vicar and churchwardens of the parish of Hanley Castle, upon like trusts for the poor attending the parish church; £300 to the Vicar and churchwardens of Bicknoller, Somerset, to apply the income for the repair of the grave of her uncle, and the surplus for the poor in like manner; £100 to the Society for Waifs and Strays, Hanley Castle; £1,000 to Malvern College for founding a scholarship for one of the Universities, or other prize or premium for distinguished proficiency in school studies, or for good conduct; and £500 to the Vicar of Hanley Castle for stained-glass window in memory of herself and brother. Personal bequests amount to about £6,000, while her freehold property is bequeathed to her cousin. The residue of her personal estate she left as to one-third to the Royal Commissioners of the Patriotic Fund, 53 Charing Cross, for the benefit of the widows, orphans, and other dependents of officers and men of his Majesty's forces who may have lost their lives in the war in South Africa; one-third to Lloyds Patriotic Fund, for soldiers and sailors disabled in service by wounds; and one-third to the Worcester County Council on trust to apply the income as they may think best calculated to promote technical or other education or instruction in the county of Worcester, especially in reference to agriculture or any industry that now may be or hereafter shall be taught in the county.

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NEW MAYOR OF EVESHAM.

A special meeting of the Evesham Town Council was held on Friday.—On the proposition of Alderman Gardner, seconded by Councillor Hughes, Councillor New was elected mayor until the end of the year of office.—A vote of condolence with Mrs. Slater and family on their sudden and grievous loss was proposed by the Mayor, and seconded by Councillor Smith. References were made to Mr. Slater's high qualities and his good work for the borough.

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Sir F. Dixon-Hartland, M.P., has left Chesham Place, Belgrave Square, for Norway.

*

Lord Roberts will probably witness the German Army manœuvres at Danzig this year.

*

General Sir Charles Warren (O.C.) has gone to Aberdeen to be present at the wedding of his son, Captain Warren.

*

Mr. Russell Rea, M.P. for the city of Gloucester, has taken a house at Inveraray, Argyllshire, not far from the chief seat of the ducal house of Argyll.

*

Viscount Cromer is in future to be known as the Earl of Cromer, with the second title of Viscount Errington, which will be borne by his eldest son, the Hon. Rowland Baring, now in his twenty-fourth year. Errington was the maiden name of Lady Cromer, who was the daughter of the late Sir Rowland Stanley Errington, the representative of a baronetcy which is now extinct.



Pittville Pump-room as it appeared on the occasion of the Mayor of Cheltenham's Garden Party, July 31st, 1901.

Bicycle Gymkhana at Fullwood Park, Cheltenham, August 3rd, 1901.



Cleaving the Turk's Head, &c.



The Obstacle Race.



Tent Pegging—Gentlemen.



Tent Pegging—Ladies.

By the Way.

The Dean of Gloucester, in his sermon to the British Medical Association last week, appeared in a new role—that of a would-be medico. Now, if the company had been an assemblage of architects, it would have been easy to imagine the Dean as a particularly well-read and clever ecclesiastical architect; but as a doctor—well, that is quite a novel idea. A few years ago Dean Spence was in imminent danger of becoming a bishop, and from a conversation I had with the reverend gentleman at that time I know he had no very great amount of hankering after that Bishopric. But now we know the pet desire of his life, and how much we have missed in not being able to call up the doctor who might have been a dean at the dead of night to administer to some imaginary complaint.

However, distance lends enchantment to the view, for the life of a doctor is not all sunshine by any means, and there is no occupation of life which requires more patience—and incidentally patients! The only real relaxation or recreation which the busy doctor gets is a casual attendance at the funeral of a patient, with the extremely inspiring certainty that at last that long standing account will be paid by the executors. His slumbers are broken by the enquiries of intoxicated individuals up his speaking tube as to the time, and he has to become the guide, philosopher, and confessor to every anxious mother and “slipped pantaloons” in his district, and to compete with such monstrosities as sixpenny consultations.

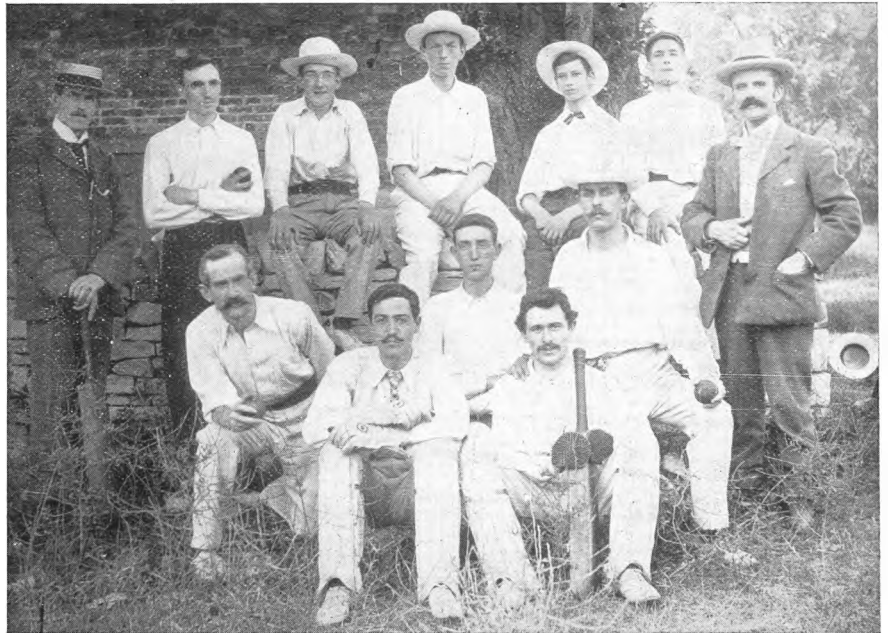
But the doctors who came to Cheltenham were not the harassed and struggling medicos of the day; from what I could see of them they had long passed the lower rungs of the ladder of fortune, and were able to hand over their practices to an assistant or *locum tenens* for the nonce.

I know that most of them were agreeably surprised in the reception Cheltenham accorded them and the beauties she was able to display. Illustrated books, souvenirs, maps, and guides were showered on them to such an extent that they fairly staggered under the weight, and it is sincerely to be hoped that these picture books of the Garden Town will be left on their consulting room tables to beguile the monotony of a long wait for their patients.

The Cheltenham waters were boomed to “subtraction,” as Mrs. Jenkins would say, during the Association meetings. The Mayor and the popular President of the British Medical Association vied with each other in eulogising those waters which we Cheltonians think so little of; in fact, if I may venture to be so bold, I consider they pushed the waters rather too much, so that the medicos assembled were inclined to make enquiry, “Why do these waters require so much puffing, if they are as good as represented?”

Speaking of the Cheltenham waters—why, oh! why did the Council select as attendant for the Cheltenham water stall at the exhibition, in the Winter Garden a youth who was a perfect stranger to the town, and who is in the employ of a firm of chemists whose name is “anathema maranatha” in the estimation of the other chemists of the town? Several doctors were informed that the bottles were ready, but not the waters; and seeing all this, it is no wonder that Sir William MacCormac at the dinner, referred to the Cheltenham waters as a very good vehicle for diluting whisky, but otherwise as being a species of waste product of nature—a more or less concentrated solution of prehistoric rocks, which, diluted with whisky and faith, might perhaps affect the neurotic sensibilities of the class of folk who furnish a constant supply of testimonials to all the patent medicine vendors of the day, and are perpetually being cured (always by the newest remedy) after any number of doctors from six to sixteen have given them up for lost!

The Foresters had a high time in Gloucester this week, and the procession on Bank Holi-



Cheltenham Wesley Bible Class Cricket Team.

day was a great attraction. What an excellent idea, from a temperance point of view, to have a car representing a happy, thrifty (Forestry) home, with everything going well, the wages rolling in comfortably, and no sign of the club doctor, set off by a drunkard's home, where the gentleman who is lord of the domicile is swinging about a bottle of whisky, and doing an elaborate piece of furniture-smashing in the most thoroughgoing manner! This little pictorial sermonette might be kept on hand for Bank Holiday festivals, and be sent about the district, like Wright's big cigar-box, for the edification and instruction of those who would rather put down the drink by getting outside a large quantity of it than in other more orthodox ways.

The income-tax fiend is on the war-path once more, and in spite of my profound protestations that my income is well under the £160 per annum (over which one is required to subscribe towards the Government deficit, so to speak) I am served with the usual huge yellow six page booklet. I am asked all sorts of personal questions as to whether I get my living from quarries, mines, ironworks, gasworks, cement dealing, salt springs, tolls, bridges, ferries, cemeteries, and other means of turning an honest penny! The only redeeming feature of the whole concern is to be found in the abatements allowed, of most of which I have taken advantage. For instance, to classify two of these:—“Claim for allowance of wear and tear of machinery or plant. Loss of two teeth during 1901, four guineas.” “Claim for allowance in respect of life assurance: Insurance against electric tram accidents; premium 1s. 1½d. per annum (the risk being so little)” One of the foot-notes is decidedly interesting. “The penalty for untruly declaring the income is £20 and treble the duty chargeable.” Precisely. The “tenor” of this remarkable sentence is apparently that we are “alto” note that “treble” duty is the penalty of “bass” deception.

TOUCHSTONE.



BRO. R. J. VALLENDER,
OF GLOUCESTER,
Grand Master of the Order of Oddfellows (M.U.)

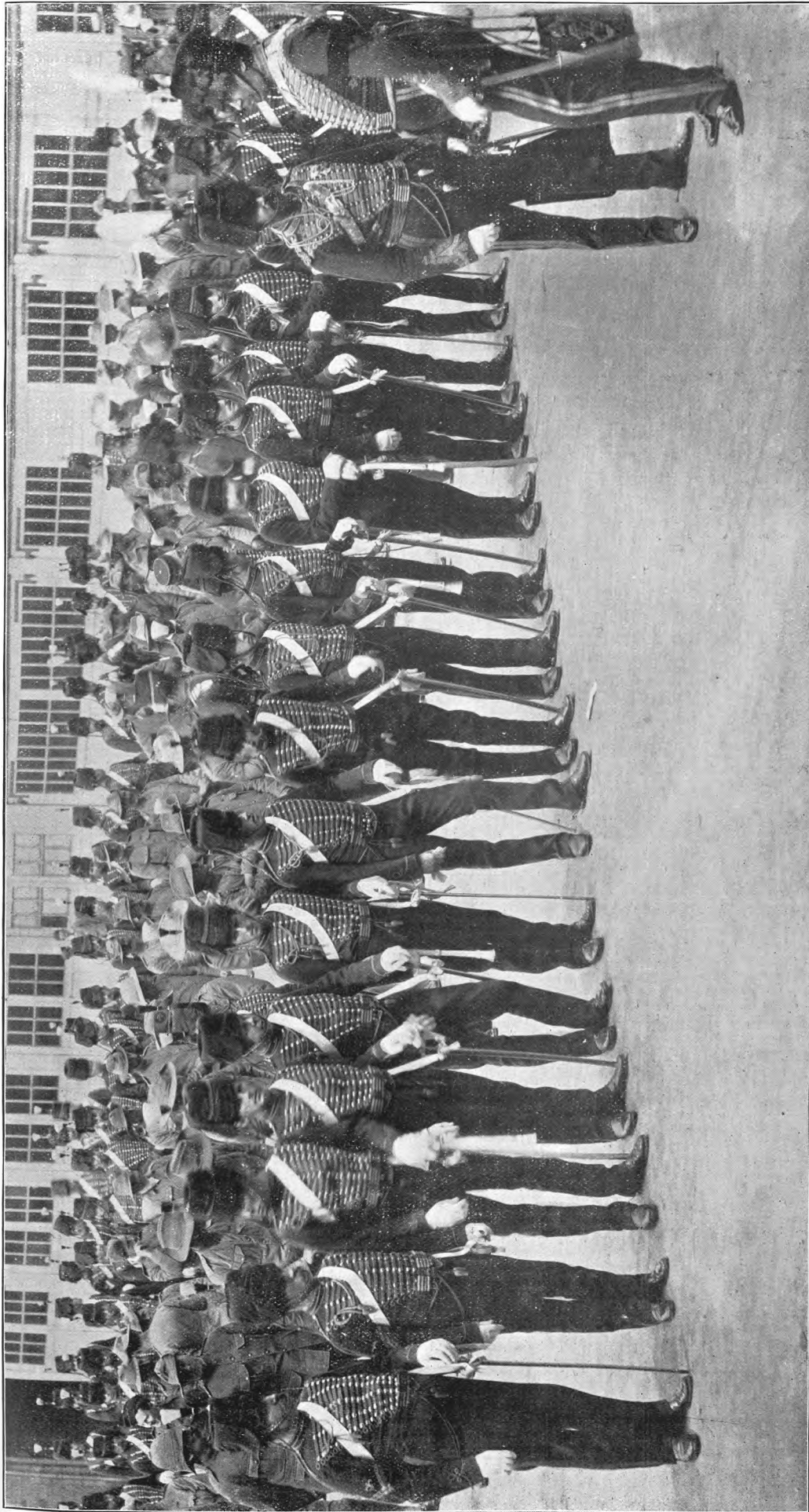
Bishop Perowne has taken Henwick Grange, near Worcester, from Michaelmas. This place, which belongs to Mr. Greswolde Williams, has been occupied for some years by Mr. Lee Williams, who is removing to Thorngrove, which was for a long time the residence of Prince Lucien Bonaparte, the elder, who arrived there as a prisoner of war in 1810. Henwick Grange, which is a large brick house, stands in well-wooded grounds, and it is in the parish of Hallow, of which one of the Bishop's sons is the vicar. It is understood (says the “World”) that Bishop Perowne will leave Hartlebury Castle (the episcopal residence near Kidderminster) in the autumn, but there is an impression in the diocese that his formal resignation of the See will be deferred until after the Coronation.

Printing . .

Of every description at the . . .

“Chronicle” and “Graphic” Offices

GLOUCESTERSHIRE'S WELCOME TO THE RETURNED YEOMANRY,
GLOUCESTER, AUGUST 6, 1901.



The Hussars and "Khakis," with Col. the Duke of Beaufort and Major Calvert in front,
STANDING EASY IN THE BARRACK SQUARE.

Photo by H. E. Jones.]

Colonel T. J. Kelly—the "Kelly Boy"—well known to the last few generations of tourists visiting Cairo—was the other night at the Portland Hotel the recipient of a service of plate presented to him by his brother officers of the Egyptian gendarmerie on the occasion of his retiring on pension.

It is reported from New York that Mr. Andrew Carnegie has offered \$150,000 to the City of Montreal for the purpose of establishing a public library on the condition that the city authorities guarantee a sum of \$15,000 annually for its support. Mr. Carnegie has also offered to build a library for Montrose.

Second-Lieuts. A. B. Cridland, W. W. Grosvenor, H. R. C. Guise, 1st Gloucester Volunteer Artillery, are gazetted lieutenants.

*
Herr Joseph Weissmann was killed by a fall while mountaineering on the Ramsauer Alpe, near Kitzbühl.

The Duchess of Marlborough on Tuesday evening presented solid silver cups to 15 members of the Woodstock troop of the Queen's Own Oxfordshire Hussars who recently returned from South Africa. The ceremony took place in the Town-hall, under the presidency of the Mayor of Woodstock.

[Northgate, Gloucester.

Prize Photography.

The Proprietors of the "CHELTHENHAM 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—particularly the former—are preferred.

The Proprietors also offer a WEEKLY PRIZE OF HALF-A-GUINEA TO PROFESSIONALS for the BEST PHOTOGRAPH OF A LOCAL CURRENT EVENT.

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.

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 of the 31st amateur competition is Mr. F. Littley, 16 Alexandra Street, Tivoli, Cheltenham, and the prize picture is that of Steanbridge, near Stroud.

Entries for the 32nd competition closed this (Saturday) morning, August 10th, 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.



STEANBRIDGE, NEAR STROUD.

the class of people there assembled.

But I must be forgiven if I say that it was reminiscent of the suggested "ten minute" paper which Dean Alford did not give, as requested, at a Church Congress, on "Church History as related to Art, Architecture, and Music," for in the very few minutes at his disposal this clever young priest endeavoured to give a fair comparison of the respective characteristics of Mahometanism, Buddhism, and Christianity! Truly a gigantic task, but eminently more suited to the Christian pulpit than holding up the shortcomings of other branches of the great Christian Church to censure. There are plenty of other religions to censure without exposing the faults of one's own fold.

Referring to the text, we were reminded of the fruit-laden trees around us, and that the fruit is the outward and only real evidence of the unseen inward forces, and is the real manifestation of the nature of the tree; and a parallel was drawn between this development of the vegetable fruit and the fruit of Christianity as shown in those who are sincere. But it is necessary also that we should have some idea of what we mean by Christianity; if Christianity is to be any reality to ourselves, we must know more of it than the abstract statement that we are Christians, and will live and die in that faith. There are two other great religions in the world—Buddhism and Mahometanism—one of which is held by millions of our fellow-subjects. It is right that we should compare them with the Christian religion, and should ask what good have these religions done, to any extent, in the world? The answer is a sorry one! No doubt they claim millions of supporters, but that is of no importance if these so-called supporters do not act up to the teachings they profess. In Mahometanism, the debased treatment of women has barred it from the respect of those who believe that women are to be saved together with, and equally as much as, the male sex. Then Buddhism swamps the individuality of man altogether, and is therefore not tenable.

But the Christian faith has taught men and women how to live with an ideal before them—that there is something greater and better beyond this life—however pleasant our surroundings may be. Warming to his subject, with much animation and gesture the preacher said: "Oh, would to God that we Christian souls, men and women who have the truth, could live more of the higher life, more according to the teachings of Christ! Then we should be honest and clean and true men and women. Do you think, my brother, my sister, that there is that soul looking on you and watching to see if the fruit is that of the tree you profess to be a part of? Be more honest! Show the fruits of your Christianity in your daily life! Remember, when you forget that prayer—when you let that unseemly jest pass your lips—that you will have to render an account of your life to God."

At the conclusion of the service, and immediately following it, a large metal crucifix was brought in from the vestry, and the officiating clergyman announced that this was a processional cross presented by a member of the congregation, which would be presented at the altar and blessed ceremonially. Incidentally he took the opportunity of explaining the significance of the processional, as a sign of the church militant proceeding on her way, although at first used only as a penitential ceremony.

The cross was laid on the altar, and a series of prayers, six or seven in all, was recited, asking God to "bless, hallow, and consecrate" the ornament to His use. The occupants of the chairs remained through this short after-service until the final Benediction had been pronounced.

There is no doubt that the excellent organisation and careful management of All Saints' Mission Room has much to do with its success; but there can be no doubt that the oft-repeated statement that Ritualism has no attraction for the masses is incorrect. The number of worshippers on the hot Sunday evening referred to was quite sufficient to prove this to be a mere supposition—as in Cheltenham is concerned, at any rate.

LAYMAN.

A Tour of our Churches

ALL SAINTS' MISSION ROOM.

It is a Sunday evening in July, and the air is hot and dusty in the little side street where stands All Saints' Mission Room—so unpretentious a building that were it not for the regular "clang! clang!" of the little bell on the roof and cluster of young people around the door one might reasonably pass by all unwittingly this evidence of the activity of the mother church.

Entering the building, the sight is an interesting one; on the left of the entrance are neatly arranged rows of hymnals and Prayer Books, from which those who are unprovided help themselves. The seats—chairs, not pews, each provided with a little kneeling cushion hanging on a hook—are already well filled, and there is a large proportion of young men and women. A group of young girls just before me are busily discussing some detail of dress in a loud whisper, and in the corner by the entrance the inward agitator of the bell I had before heard—a small boy in black—ceaselessly plies his labour.

I am struck by the simple homeliness and comfort of the room. The altar stands rather high above the ground under a carved wood canopy at the east end, and as I am gazing at it a black-robed boy attendant enters from the back of the mission room and leisurely lights the two tall candles which stand on it, bringing into vision a gold-framed painting of the Crucifixion, which is hanging above under the canopy. And there are many pictures on the walls. All down the sides of the building are framed proofs of fine line engravings representing the Stations of the Cross—incidents in our Lord's

sorrowful journey from the judgment hall to Calvary—and it is curious to notice how intently, with open-mouthed admiration, a little boy on my right studies the picture nearest to us! Through hymn, prayer, and sermon alike, his only interest is the pictured figure of Christ, and I cannot but think that in days to come he will remember that picture when time and place and circumstances have long vanished from memory. An eloquent argument for pictures in the sanctuary.

But the bell ceases its clamour, and the organist and the indispensable youth to blow the organ take their places. With the first few chords of the opening voluntary are blended the musical responses of the choir in the vestry at my back, and soon the choir of surpliced boys and men pass up the aisle, followed by the curate, and take their places.

The sentences and prayers were intoned by the officiating curate in a clear voice, and the musical part of the service was particularly well rendered for a mission room, saving, perhaps, an occasional slip by the organist and a little difficulty in one of the lesser known hymns. Excepting this particular instance the tunes selected were old favourites, such as "Jerusalem the Golden," sung with much vigour by the congregation. During the Creed the eastward position was adopted by the choir, the congregation already facing the east by the disposition of the building.

On entering the pulpit for the sermon the curate uttered the formula "In the name of the Father," etc. "Amen," and, as it appeared to me, made the sign of the cross, or a gesture similar to it. The sermon was preached from the text "By their fruits ye shall know them," and was a practical, earnest, and essentially suitable address to

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY
SUPPLEMENT

SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1901.

A NOTABLE WELSH HOUSE.

Plas Mawr, Conway, the home of the Royal Cambrian Academy, is pictured and written of by Mr. E. W. Haslehurst in the "Magazine of Art" for August. The old homes of the Wynnes is, of course, haunted, and the ghost is thus referred to: It is, however, round the Lantern, and reception rooms, in which romance and mystery centre. Plas Mawr would be incomplete without a ghost; this the Lantern room supplies, and it is supposed to have some connection with the priests' "hiding place" above the landing outside, to which access was obtained through masked passages and steps cunningly contrived in the walls of these two rooms, and also from the secret chapel already mentioned. The inner side of the hiding-place consisted of a sliding panel, which gave entrance to another retreat; into this "last resort" the fugitive would escape on finding that his first hiding place had been discovered. Supernatural footfalls have been heard to pace the floor of the lantern room in the silence of the evening; and strange "some-things" have been seen at dusk through the casements, from the court-yard below. Who shall say of the happenings at night, when the building is closed and deserted? The genial curator—by whose courtesy the writer was shown many parts of the building not thrown open to the public—though without the slightest belief in ghosts, mentioned that on several occasions, when in this room at dusk, among other uncanny manifestations he has felt an invisible presence brush against his person, at the same time hearing audible footsteps on the oaken floor. He also states that he cannot enter the room, even in broad daylight, without a curious sensation creeping over him!

* * *

Lady Sherborne is one of the aristocratic visitors to Llandrindod Wells.

* * *

Sir Michael and Lady Lucy Hicks Beach have been on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Fortescue at Dropmore Lodge, near Maidenhead.

* * *

The appointment of Second-Lieut. D. B. O. Freeman Mitford, of the Northumberland Fusiliers, to be A.D.C. to Lieut.-Gen. Lord Methuen, is gazetted.

* * *

Among those present at the memorial service for the late Empress Frederick at the Chapel Royal were Lord James of Hereford, Col. Sir Nigel Kingscote, Mrs. Dick-Cunyngham, and the Hon. Lady Biddulph.

* * *

The appointment of Sir H. M. Jackson (Colonial) Secretary of Gibraltar) to be Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Leeward Islands is gazetted.



TODDINGTON HOUSE,

The splendid Gothic mansion of the Toddington Park estate, near Winchcombe, recently purchased through Messrs. Young and Gilling, Auctioneers, of Cheltenham, by Hugh Andrews, Esq.

There are some interesting historical and other facts connected with the 6,700-acre Toddington estate, lying in the Vale of Evesham, the sale of which has been already reported by us. In 1897 the property, it may be recalled, was reported to have been sold to Mr. E. T. Hooley, subject to the life interest of the then occupier, Lord Sudeley, and his eldest son. Before that time, however, the Toddington domain had descended for upwards of seven hundred years in the same family in uninterrupted succession, the line beginning with Goda, youngest daughter of King Etheldred II., who was the wife of Walter de Medantine or de Meigne, and the mother of Radulf, Earl of Hereford, Lord of the Manor of Toddington in the reign of

William the Conqueror, as recorded in Domesday Book. The ruins of the ancient Abbey of Hailes, now in course of exploration, are on the estate, and it was there that Richard Earl of Cornwall, King of the Romans, founded a monastery of the Cistercian Order in 1246. As we mentioned last week, the mansion, erected in the Gothic style at a cost of £150,000, is considered one of the most beautiful in the country. As it stands the mansion dates only from 1829, but its windows are filled with stained glass of quite early date. The Flemish, Swiss, German, and English schools are represented, and as a whole the window glass is regarded as about the most important of its kind, saving that in the National Museum of Zurich.

WHY CHURCHES ARE EMPTY.

The cause of empty churches was discussed by the Bishop of Carlisle at the Church Extension Society's meeting in Carlisle on Wednesday. "He was quite convinced," said the preacher, "that the amount of attention given to recreation on Saturdays to relieve the strain which we all had to undergo, was tending in one way or another to make men take less interest in things spiritual, and so to be less diligent than in former days in their attendance at the means of grace."

§ § §

A marriage has been arranged between Captain Henry Noel, late 17th Lancers, second son of the Hon. Gerard and Lady Augusta Noel, and Frances, daughter of the late Frederick Pepys Cockerell, of 20 Albert Hall-mansions.

SCHOOLMASTER'S NOVEL SPELLING.

The Suffolk County Council enjoyed a laugh on Wednesday at the expense of a village schoolmaster. He wrote on behalf of the local technical instruction committee intimating that unless the Council provided "outer-pocket" expenses they could not hold any more winter lectures. "What's 'outer-pocket' mean?" queried a learned divine. "A new term," jocularly suggested the clerk, amid laughter, which gave place to looks of surprise when Lord John Hervey elicited that the village pedagogue conducted one of the Council's evening continuation classes.

§ § §

The Earl of Clonmel, who has been ill for a long time, was last week very quietly married at the Parish Church, Brighton, to Miss Rachael Berridge.



Stratford-on-Avon Memorial Theatre (from bridge).

Gloucestershire Gossip.

*
"Finis" must now be put to the Cheltenham season. It went out amidst volleys of cricket balls and flights of archers' arrows. It's no longer the correct thing for anyone in Society to be seen in the Garden Town. In fact, everybody who is anybody, and indeed all who can, are on mountain or moor, or at seaside or secluded spot, recuperating for the season to come. The six days of the two weeks which served for the Cricket Week which brought the season to a close will not compare favourably with those of the three preceding years in financial return, mainly owing to Bank Holiday depleting the pockets of the masses, to an early harvest keeping farmers engaged at home, and to the rain on some days. Gloucestershire met foemen worthy of their steel in Middlesex, and the result of the match is another illustration of the saying that "a game is never won till it's lost." With 291 runs to make to win on the second innings, it looked like any odds against Middlesex, but the team pulled themselves together, and aided by bad fielding on the part of Gloucestershire, they pulled the match off with four wickets to spare. Middlesex did not linger long in Cheltenham afterwards, but in an hour and a half they were in a saloon carriage attached to the 5.20 p.m. train for Paddington, eagerly devouring their "Special Echos," fresh from the press, giving a full and correct account of the "Magnificent Victory for the Metropolitan County." And at Gloucester I observed they were playing at cards. The second match, between Gloucestershire and the men of Kent, was most unsatisfactory, for it ended in a draw—not to the public.

*
The jovial Foresters have bade adieu to the fair city of Gloucester, and the papers and books of the executive have been wheeled away to Barrow for the ensuing twelve months. They have gone farther afield, but they may fare worse. I am informed authentically that there were at least 20,000 people at the Foresters' fete. I know they were as thick as blackberries there, and that the floor of the bell tent in which the officials reckoned up the takings was thickly strewn with torn-up coloured tickets, all the world like confetti. The ready way in which our venerated Bishop scored off the High Chief Ranger, for his attack on the House of Lords in throwing out the Outdoor Relief Bill, deserves the widest publicity. His Lordship, having had to listen to this carefully prepared attack, was quite equal to the occasion, and in his sententious manner he apologised for appearing in a plain black dress, and said he ought to have come as the Pope usually did, in a white one, which was a token of humilia-

tion and suffering. The worthy Diocesan explained that the Lords stopped just for a time measures so that when they re-appeared they would come with greater force and cogency. Then, in regard to the Ranger's further attack on Mr. Chamberlain and the Government over old-age pensions, I think it is a pity that he did not invite Sir John Dorington to address the Court, the same as had two Radical members, for the hon. baronet could have enlightened them that he himself had provided his own old age pension in an annuity of 7s. 3d. a week through the Stroud Conservative Benefit Society. The Foresters might with advantage copy the main principle of the Holloway Society, for then they would have less cause to large secessions and insolvent lodges.

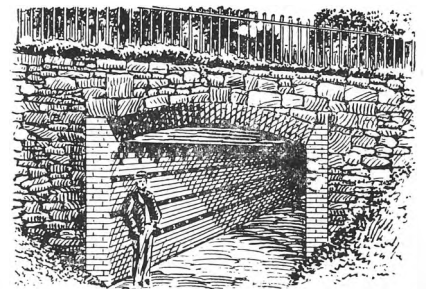
*
I suppose I must call the 2nd V.B.G. Regt. "returned Volunteers," for they came back last Saturday from Aldershot sunburnt and covered with dust and credit. During the week the battalion had mustered nearly nine hundred strong, and they had borne the heat and hard work bravely. Friday was a particularly exacting day. I see that the Rev. Bernard Foster heard at Coln St. Aldwyns Vicarage, about 1 a.m. on Friday, gun firing from the direction of Portsmouth, and he queried that it was a salute to the King when crossing the Solent. This is another instance of the booming of cannon in the south being echoed on the Cotswolds; but I expect what Mr. Foster heard came from Aldershot, as the King was not in the Solent. As showing the thoroughness and devotion to duty of the veteran quartermaster of the battalion, Capt. G. W. Bailey, I must record that he rose from a bed of sickness, where he had been for several months, and went to camp in a wheelchair, and there looked after the commissariat department right well. I regret that the Rifles have lost by death their senior non-com., Sergt. John Gurney, one of five brothers who served at the same time in the Dock Company. It was a pathetic incident that Sergt. Guy Gurney, of the Ambulance Section, had to hurry back to Gloucester to the death-bed of his brother.

*
I wonder how many of the Anglican clergy chose the text for their sermon last Sunday from one of the Lessons for the day. As a note of coincidences I find that two of the senior ministers in this diocese did so and actually the same words—one the head of the Church, the Bishop, who preached to the afflicted patients in the County Asylum at Gloucester; and the other the Rev. W. D. Stanton, Vicar of Toddington, near Winchcombe, who both based their discourses on "But are as the angels of God in Heaven" (St. Matthew xx'i., 30).

GLEANER.

*
Attention has sometimes been called to the dangers which "prime donne" incur from the receipt of "floral tributes"; that is, genuine floral tributes, fresh flowers purchased regardless of expense. A French doctor, in his "Curiosities de la Medecine," warns all singers against these deleterious presents. The great laryngologist, Dr. Favoeil, tells us (says a writer in the "London Musical Courier") that Marie Sasse, the well-known singer, when appearing in a most fashionable Paris salon, received a magnificent bouquet of Parma violets. She was very fond of their fragrance and sniffed at them with delight. Then she tried to sing, but her voice was gone. How is this to be explained? Science explains it easily enough. There are sound undulations and scent vibrations, and when they get into a 20-foot roped ring, not to say an ordinary drawing-room or stage, the scent undulations knock the others out of tune. The scent, in fact, hits the voice in its solar plexus, or its vocal cords, and then the voice has to throw up the sponge. Serious investigations have demonstrated that the odour of mimosas, tuberoses, hyacinths, and violets produced hoarseness. Mdme. Renee Richard, of the Paris Opera, remarked that when her pupils carried bouquets in their waist belts their vocal cords were affected. Mdme. Krauss found violets always made her hoarse. Christine Nilsson tells of an artist who had to sing in a salon decorated in the most approved fashion with roses and other odorous vegetables. After the performance he felt great pain in his larynx, and lost his voice for several months. Emma Calve declared that the scent of elder flowers hurts her, while the basso Delmar recommends eau de cologne as a prophylactic against the noxious vapours of flowers, being a prototechnic aldehyde, a thing which the goddess Flora never heard of. In the Conservatoire, Professor Seguy forbids young ladies to use perfumes under pain of sinking from soprano to low contralto. Most convincing is the opinion of Faure, who wrote a book on the "Hygiene of Singing," and declares that the violet is as dangerous an enemy of the singer as the use of alcohol or bad tobacco.

Cheltenham's New Whispering Gallery.



THE PITTVILLE SUBWAY.

THE MARQUIS OF ABERGAVENNY'S HERONS.

*
Hérons have been successfully reared by the Marquis of Abergavenny at Eridge Castle, Kent. During the past few days several young birds have made their appearance. Fish in plenty for their consumption are obtainable in the lake close to the castle. His lordship is taking a keen interest in the experiment. On no account are herons to be shot on his vast estate, which stretches from Tunbridge Wells to Brighton, and he hopes in time to have a large stock in Eridge Park.

General Sir Redvers Buller has been elected a member of the Crediton School Board.



WINCHCOMBE DAME (who has got as far as Cleeve Hill for the first time since the tramway was commenced): Lawks-a-muurssy; what be they posts and wire for, Jaarge?

HER HUSBAND: The 'lectric tramway, o' course! The papers calls it "the overhead trolley" — zummnat.

WINCHCOMBE DAME: Well, if they runs trolleys on they wires, I doon't wonder they ooverturns, and I'm afear'd the lighter cars they talks about woont be mooch beeter.

LADY'S MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE.

The "Week End" prints a story of a young lady's adventure during Cowes week. The lady in question is a bold swimmer and given to doing rather "mad" things at times, and on a certain fine night resolved to have a midnight swim. When she made up her mind to return to the ship upon which she was staying she did so at a racing speed; clambered up the ladder, and emerged on deck suddenly to discover that she was in the midst of a group of young men who had been sitting on the deck of quite another yacht, smoking before turning in. The sang froid with which that lady stayed to apologise and explain the situation was wonderful.

MOUNT SINAI.

According to the statement of one of the leading New York papers, Mount Sinai is to be invaded by the pickaxe of the miner! A certain individual prospected the mountain, and found such excellent specimens of turquoise that he went on working, and as the result he made arrangements for buying the mountain on which the Decalogue was given to mankind.

OUR DEFECTIVE RIFLES.

A rather significant reflection is made upon the British military rifle, the Lee-Metford, in a formal report by a well-known French expert, Captain de Montbrison. The captain suggested, for the purpose of testing, a standard which was approved by a number of other experts. The result is that it is now alleged that there are only three worse rifles in use in Europe than the Lee-Metford. Our rifle is, in fact, placed twelfth on the list. The Dutch and Roumanian rifles, both of the Mannlicher type, tie for the first position. The Spanish rifle comes third on the list, the Italian fifth, the Russian sixth, the German eighth; while the Turkish is tenth. As an indication of the unprejudiced character of the tests it should be stated that the French experts only rated their own weapon, the Lebel, slightly superior to the Lee-Metford.

The viscounty and earldom conferred upon Lord Cromer are gazetted. The styles and titles are Viscount Errington of Hexham, in the county of Northumberland, and Earl of Cromer, in the county of Norfolk.

THE NEGRO AND THE ALLIGATOR.
 In the jungle, where man grows nearer to the beasts, the beasts, it would seem, grow nearer also to him. This story about the swamp was told me by Mass' Charlie, the old sugar-planter; and I will not affirm it to be true, nor, on the other hand, will I say that it cannot be true. One morning Mass' Charlie had been out shooting in the swamp; and it was in the old days when shooting was much better than it is now. That was before the mongoose came, which having eaten up all the ground birds, is now obliged to eat the chickens and the tails off the lambs. Mass' Charlie came to a nigger's hut; such a stick hut, I suppose, as we saw by the Cabritta. And he went into the hut to tell the old man there howdy. Now the floor of the hut was of mud, and he observed something very strange in the middle of it—a kind of great heap, and round the heap a depression. He also noticed that, as he talked to the nigger, the old man began rolling his eyes uneasily in the direction of the door. At last he said: "You not sta' here much longer, Mass' Charlie, bym'bye" (lest) "Missus Alligator come." "Why alligator come here?" asks Mass' Charlie, wondering. Then the old man showed him that the strange appearance on the floor of the hut was a nest of alligator eggs, and related how every day the mother came to see that her eggs were safe, and stayed in the hut, taking no notice of its master. "But if Missus Alligator not nyam" (eat) "you, she not nyam me," says Mass' Charlie. "Dat no so, Mass' Charlie," replies the old nigger. "Missus Alligator she know me, but she not know you. Do you know why Missus Alligator she watch de eggs dem so careful? I tell you. Old Mister Alligator, de husband, he vary bad fellow; he tink of nuffin all de while but how he fill his 'tomach. When he tink it 'bout time dat nest hatch out, he lie dere under de bank vary quiet, winking wiv his eyes. And when de little alligators come creeping out of de nest and tumbling into de river, he meet the picc'nies one after de oder with his great open mouth and swallow them all down one, two, three, twenty, forty, forty. Missus Alligator she not like dat, so when she tink de picc'nies soon hatch out, she make believe she want to go up de river vary fast. Mister Alligator ask why she in all dat hurry to go up de river dis marning? Missus Alligator say she hear tell dere some nice calves feeding in de meadow 'way beyond de busha's house, and she also believe de black ladies working in de cane-fields bring some little fat picc'nies and lay dem down where she ketch dem if she take pains. Den Mister Alligator he tell he like to take a walk with de missus dis marning and smell de sweet cane-trash and ketch her two, tree black picc'nies for her breakfast. Den he swim up de river with all his might; he in such a great hurry he not stop to see wheder de missus come along after. So de missus go back vary quiet to de nest. Soon de little alligators come out one after de oder, and dey mother taken dem to de water and show dem the way to go. So they slip in, two, tree, twenty, forty, forty, and swim 'way down de river, so dey father not ketch dem. Now I vary sorry tell you, Mass' Charlie, dat Missus Alligator not always tell de trute. Poor Mister Alligator he not find de calves dem in de meadow beyond de busha's house, and he not find de black picc'nies in de cane-fields. So he came home with his 'tomach empty, and he tink he best lie down and keep his eye upon dat nest. At last he get vary hungry, and he go see why de picc'nies dem not some down to de river. Well, he get to understand why dey not come, and den trute is, he say some vary scrapy words; yas, Mass' Charlie, its vary pity Mister Alligator so 'busive. Missus Alligator's picc'nies not hatched out yet, and maybe he ketch dem dis time. But you not wait here, Mass' Charlie, bym'bye Missus Alligator come down de river."—From "In a Mangrove Swamp, in the "Cornhill Magazine" for August.

The Town Council of Coatbridge have decided to adopt the Free Libraries Act with a view to the acceptance of Mr. Andrew Carnegie's gift of £15,000.



PROFESSIONAL PRIZE PICTURE.

CHELTENHAM'S COUNTY CRICKETERS.



H. WRATHALL. F. CHAMPAIN. A. PAISH. W. BOROUGHS.

Major H. E. Tyler, R.E. (O.C.), has been appointed Commanding Royal Engineer at Perth. He will shortly be promoted lieutenant-colonel.

* * *

Miss Beatrice Edgall, of Tewkesbury, has achieved the distinction of being the first woman student to obtain a degree at the University of Wurzburg.

*

Mr. Richard Stewart Harrison, brother of the vicar of the Holy Apostles', Charlton Kings, has been promoted to the position of Assistant-Principal of his department at the War Office.

*

Second-Lieuts. A. V. Geohegan, E. A. Hooper, and R. H. Penley, 2nd V.B.G.R., are promoted lieutenant. Surgeon-Captain A. W. Prichard, 1st V.B.G.R., is promoted surgeon-major.

*

The marriage arranged between Captain E. C. Peebles, the Norfolk Regiment, and Marion, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Turnbull, Murvagh, Cheltenham, will take place on the 11th of September at the College Chapel, Cheltenham.

*

Bishop Barry, formerly principal of Cheltenham College, who was married at the church of St. Mary de Lode, Gloucester, in 1851, to a daughter of the late Canon T. S. Hughes, vicar of Edgware, celebrated his golden wedding day on Tuesday.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE'S PROFESSIONAL CRICKETERS.



WRATHALL, LANGDON, PAISH, WILKINSON, BOROUGHS, ROBERTS.

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—particularly the former—are preferred.

The Proprietors also offer a WEEKLY PRIZE of HALF-A-GUINEA to PROFESSIONALS for the BEST PHOTOGRAPH OF A LOCAL CURRENT EVENT.

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.

The competitions are 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 of the 32nd amateur competition is Mr. S. Sheen, of The Ivies, Waterloo-street, Cheltenham, and the prize picture is that of a pretty water scene at Battledown.

The winner of the 1st professional competition is Mr. H. W. Watson, of Cheltenham and Gloucester, with his photo of the Medical Exhibition at the Winter Garden.

Entries for the 33rd amateur competition and 2nd professional competition closed this (Saturday) morning, August 17th, 1901, and in subsequent competitions entries will close on the Saturday morning preceding the award, so as to allow time for adjudication and reproduction.

AMATEUR PRIZE PICTURE.



PRETTY WATER SCENE AT BATTLEDOWN.

THE MAJOR'S LUXURY.

Not long since I went to pay a visit to a friend of mine, a certain Major B., who has not long returned from South Africa covered with glory. The first morning after my arrival I was awakened at an unearthly hour by a loud blast from a bugle, which appeared to come from the vicinity of the garden. I threw open my bedroom window, and, to my astonishment, I saw a man on the lawn blowing a bugle for all he was worth. I went back to bed determined to seek an explanation of such an extraordinary proceeding at breakfast-time, but the Major forestalled me by saying that he hoped I had not been disturbed by the bugle in the morning, and that he had intended to countermand it, but that my arrival had put the matter out of his head. "You see, it's like this," he said, "I've always been fond of my bed; it's a weakness of mine. For the last year I've been routed out every morning by those infernal bugles at daybreak, just as I was beginning to enjoy my sleep. You can't imagine what it cost me day after day to turn out at that hour. Since I've come home I've hit upon an idea which has afforded me intense satisfaction. I found out a man who understood the bugle. I pay him so much a week to blow the reveille every morning at daybreak under my window. The luxury of hearing that call and being able to turn round and go to sleep again is more delightful than I can tell you."—"To-day."

There now seems little doubt, a correspondent states, that Osborne will not pass out of the hands of its present owners, as both the King and Queen are known strongly to favour the idea that the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York should make it their future home. The marine residence of the late Queen Victoria is rich in associations which must ever be sacred to the members of the Royal family, and it would therefore be most fitting that his Royal Highness should be her successor in that place. Its proximity to Portsmouth would render it most suitable for a sailor Prince; while, as his fondness for sport, especially shooting, is well known, the Isle of Wight would certainly not be without attraction in that respect.

* * *

The Czar is to spend the first week of September in Denmark, and is to proceed from Cronstadt to Copenhagen on the Imperial yacht Standart. The Emperor Nicholas, who will not be accompanied by the Empress, is to be the guest of King Christian at the Chateau of Fredensborg, where the house party at that time will include the Empress Dowager of Russia, the Hereditary Grand Duke Michael, Queen Alexandra and Princess Victoria, the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, the King of the Hellenes (who has just arrived at Aix-les-Bains from Athens), and Prince and Princess Max of Baden.



The late Mr. John Gurney, Gloucester, Col. Sergt. A Co., and Senior Sergt. of the 2nd V.B. Glos. Regt.

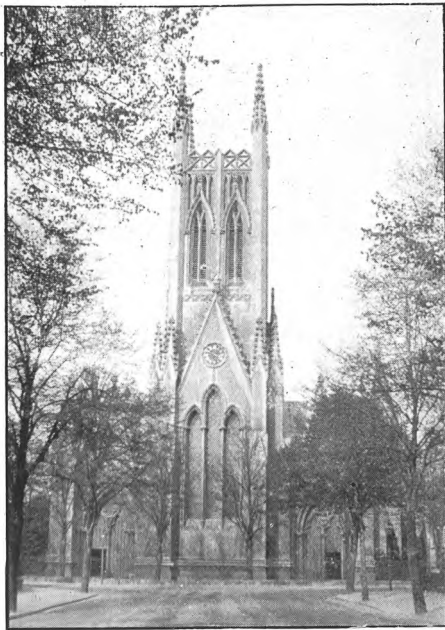
"ENOCH ARDEN" IN REAL LIFE, BUT WITH A SADDER END.

Henrietta Trower, whose marriage with Joseph Brinton, of Brighton, was recently annulled on the ground that her former husband was alive, though she did not know it when married to Brinton, with whom she lived very happily, met her death on Sunday at Brighton in a shocking manner. It appears that deceased had been lodging at a house in Cambridge-street for about two months, and had appeared much depressed lately owing to the annulment of her marriage with Brinton. On Friday her landlady intimated she had better find another bed, as she had no money to pay her lodgings. On Sunday morning Trower came downstairs about 8.30, and was subsequently found in the scullery with a wound in her throat and a knife by her side.

TRIBUTE FROM LORD ROBERTS.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Flower, of Middle Hill, Broadway, have received a letter written at the instance of the Commander-in-Chief, informing them that the name of their late son, Lieut. Fordham Flower, had been brought to his notice in connection with the action in which he unfortunately lost his life. Lord Roberts trusted that it might be some small consolation to them to know that he died in the performance of an act of gallantry at Hannan's Kraal, and had he survived his name would have been brought forward for honourable mention or award. His Lordship desired to express his deep sympathy with them in the loss of a gallant son.—It has also been intimated that a medal will be forwarded, and it would appear that promotion had been conferred upon Lieut. Flower just before his death, as in the second communication he is referred to as "Captain Flower."—The unveiling of the Fordham Flower memorial window in Stratford-on-Avon Parish Church is fixed for Tuesday, August 20, when Captain Sanders and a detachment of Volunteers will attend and remove the curtain, the Vicar (Rev. G. Arbuthnot) conducting a short special service.

Sir George Gabriel Stokes attained his 82nd year on Tuesday. Since Sir Isaac Newton, he is the first man who has been M.P. for Cambridge University, Lucasian Professor of Mathematics, and President of the Royal Society.



Christ Church, Cheltenham.

A Tour of our Churches

* A CHRISTADELPHIAN MEETING AT THE CORN EXCHANGE.

*
Christadelphian Meeting Room, Corn Exchange, Cheltenham.—Sunday, August 11th, at 6.30. "The Hope of the World."

The above advertisement, or a similar one, has often attracted my attention in the Saturday editions of the "Echo." What and who were these Christadelphians who Sunday after Sunday endeavoured to convince a heedless public of the truth of their own particular dogmas? And in what degree do they differ from the countless religious sects which seem to cover every conceivable phase of religious thought to-day? With a desire to satisfy this reasonable curiosity, on my own behalf and that of the readers of the "Gloucestershire Graphic" I paid a visit to the Christadelphian Meeting Room at the Corn Exchange on Sunday evening last.

A small stream of people passing up the stairs showed the direction of the meeting, the room being the same in which the old Cheltenham Debating Society meetings were held before that society ceased to exist.

There was only a small assemblage present at my entrance—in one corner a few children (to whom the long address of the evening must have been indeed irksome, as their restlessness went to show), and on the long benches up the centre of the room a few men and women, perhaps 25 or 30 in all. A hymn-book and Bible were handed me, and in the few moments before the opening exercises the former of these attracted my attention because of several interesting features. I noticed that this Christadelphian hymn-book was furnished with the music to each hymn, chant, or anthem, in sol-fa and the old notation, and, moreover, certain clearly-defined marks were arranged to point out the softer and louder passages. There was a very extensive editorial preface to the book, exhorting those who used the hymn-book to notice these expression marks; although I am bound to say that there was more vigour than expression in the singing which I heard on this particular occasion. Many of the best-known hymns were altered almost beyond recognition to suit the Christadelphian point of view, and hence the names of

the authors were omitted. A curious and unique footnote terminated the hymn-book preface, to the effect that the compilers would recommend all and sundry to go through the pages with a pen and cross out obvious mistakes in printing or music!

But to the service! The evening meeting which I attended being a public gathering, the interest chiefly centred around the discourse or address, to which the hymns and prayers were entirely subordinated. A "brother" who presided at the reading-desk in front of the rostrum from which the addresses were delivered, offered prayer, announced the hymns, and read a chapter from the Acts of the Apostles. The singing, as I have before remarked, was hearty and vigorous, almost drowning the little harmonium which served as choir and organ in one at the top of the room. The only matter worthy of note in this part of the service was the fact that everyone stood for the prayers instead of kneeling.

After the reading of the passage of Scripture and a few announcements, another "brother" from one of the front seats was called upon to give the advertised address on "The Hope of the World." This brother was, as he remarked in a long address, a Christadelphian of thirty years' standing, and one who had been a great student of the Bible. The discourse was rather more of the nature of a dogmatic lecture than a sermon, using the word "dogmatic" in its strict and actual meaning, for we were treated to a bewildering mass of theories—theories to us, perhaps, but to the Christadelphian mind realities, and therefore it would be obviously improper for me to do otherwise than to state what was said without prejudice or bias.

But it will save misconception on the part of the reader to give the Christadelphian belief on certain important points of Christian doctrine.

1st. The members of this religious sect are Monotheists in the strict sense that they believe in one God and the influence of the Holy Spirit; but they do not put Christ on an equality with God the Father.

2ndly. The Christadelphians believe there is no heaven such as "popular ministers" speak of, but that at death we cease to exist until the return to the earth of the Lord Jesus, when He will found an earthly kingdom, in which the Saints shall hold high positions as rulers and kings, and this is the "Kingdom of God" so often referred to by Christ Himself.

3rdly. Man in himself is not inherently immortal. He only becomes immortal if judged worthy of such an attainment, after the return of Christ and the Last Judgment. With this preamble, which is the substance of Christadelphian belief as far as a mere layman can fathom its depths, I will proceed to a brief survey of the discourse given—a discourse which would have been far more effective if more concentrated and crystallised, for the time occupied and the mental area covered were out of all proportion to what the speaker had to say.

We were first told that the hopes held by the world, e.g. the mass of believers and unbelievers outside the Christadelphian Church, were false hopes, and therefore could only lead to disappointment, and that the general idea of inherent immortality, and of death as a passage direct from this life to another, was erroneous. Within the next hundred years all those who were thus cherishing false hopes would be swept away, and the speaker expressed his sorrow at this deplorable state of affairs. The return of the Lord Jesus to earth should constitute the hope of the world; and now, when men's hearts failed them for fear, and everything seemed hopeless, was the time foretold for His return and setting up of the new Kingdom of God.

Did not many of us wish for such a kingdom—a time when there should be no Irish party in Parliament obstructing law and order?

The speaker then went on to prove by many Scriptural quotations and temporal signs that the time was ripe for such a kingdom; and yet, although this must be known by everyone, during the two years that men of intelligence had come Sunday after Sunday from the centre at Birmingham to convince Cheltenham people of the error of their ways, not a single convert to the Christadelphian

truth had come forward. What a pity it was that Eternal Life, with all its honours, should thus go a-begging!

Some of the Christadelphian beliefs were then touched upon, such as the special references to Christ in the Bible as the King—the Temporal Ruler over a great earthly kingdom—and it was stated the expression "God the Son" was as foreign to the early Apostles' minds as the East is to the West. God has never asked us to make Christ the second person of the Trinity, and Christ Himself never did! Thus were the "world" and the Bible at variance as to the nature of Jesus.

By way of comfort to believers it was stated the land was still with us on which the new Kingdom is to be established (Palestine presumably). The Jews were still with us, and there were a "nice little few" people up and down England who were awaiting and expecting the advent of Jesus. The King or Ruler was now being formed from the believers, although not everyone who does accept the Gospel call will be chosen.

The discourse drew very near to the "lastly" and "finally" stage several times before the speaker could bring himself to give up his evidently sincere desire to convince "Layman" and other strangers of their mistaken beliefs; but at last we arrived at the actual finale, and summary of the three points of the discourse, as follows:—

1st. False hope is useless.
2nd. The Christ of the Bible is not the Christ of popular religion.

3rd. The mission of Christ is to raise the dead, to save the living Saints, and establish a Kingdom of God on earth.

Thus a Christadelphian discourse! I leave the discussion of the controversial points to the reader. LAYMAN.

ST. LEONARD'S, TODDINGTON.

Your columns having recently chronicled the sale of the Toddington estate to a North Country gentleman, I thought an article on the noble church, built by a late Peer of Toddington, and its service, would be interesting, and I accordingly attended there on Sunday evening last.

The old church, dedicated to St. Leonard, was a perpendicular structure, rebuilt by Lord Tracy in 1723, and it was taken down and replaced by a new church in the early seventies by the late Lord Sudeley at a very great cost. It was erected under the superintendence of the late Mr. Street, the well-known architect, and forms a most picturesque feature in the landscape, in close proximity to the splendid mansion, of Gothic architecture, erected in 1829 at a cost, it is said, of £150,000. The church is built of a warm yellow stone, in the Early English style, and consists of chancel, nave, south aisle, and south porch, and a tower on the south side, with lofty spire, containing five bells; attached to the aisle is a mortuary chapel, containing a monument, by Lough, to the memory of Charles, first Baron Sudeley, who died in 1858, and of Henrietta Susannah, his wife, only child and heiress of the last Viscount Tracy. She died in 1839. The interior of the sacred edifice looks like a small cathedral, with its massive stone walls and pillars (relieved with marble frontlets), fine carved oak roof, and chairs instead of pews. Some of the stone carving is not finished, and the floor is still awaiting ornamental tiles. There is some fine stone tracery in the windows, and the east window is filled with stained glass, depicting, in small figures, many scenes from the life of Our Lord. The idea of the noble builder will be seen to have been on a large scale, when we point out that the church could easily be made capable of seating nearly 400 worshippers, and yet there are only 200 inhabitants in the whole parish. On my visit there were about fifty present, in addition to the choir and officials.

The aged Vicar—a well-known Justice of the Peace and a busy public man—conducted the service. He read the prayers from a small desk placed on the cantoris side of the chancel, contrary to the rule which places the priest's desk on the decani side. No attempt at intoning was made, but the organ assisted in the "Amens." There was a goodly number in the choir, but few adult male voices. The Psalms were nicely chanted, as were also the

Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis. Three hymns from the A. and M. collection were sung. The organ was well played by a lady instrumentalist.

Ascending the stone pulpit, the Vicar took for his text St. Matthew xxii., 30—"But are as the angels of God in Heaven." Who are? asked the preacher, answering the question himself as "the risen dead." St. Paul, he said, referred to the unbeliever as one that did not believe in the resurrection of the dead: "Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened unless it die." It was well to see what could be done to fit their bodies for that future inheritance. Angels were spoken of as ministering spirits; but they were not spirits without bodies, or how could they appear? All should prepare themselves for a removal from this world to a better—they knew not when the call might come. Two or three weeks back they were startled by hearing of two men being buried in a well in the neighbourhood; directly afterwards two men were crushed to death on the new electric tramway; more recently a lady who often visited in the adjoining village died on a week-end visit to friends; and in the last week the country had been saddened by the death of one, beloved of them all, sister to the King, daughter of the late Queen.

The Sadducees did not believe in a resurrection. They asked whose wife a woman would be who had had seven husbands, and Our Lord replied that in Heaven there would be neither husband nor wife. A woman had married the seven to prevent the family dying out, but in Heaven a family could not die out; each would live for ever and require no successor. Frail mortals were made of the human soul, the human spirit, and the human body, and became fit for Heaven in proportion as the living power they had in common with the animals was got the better of by the spiritual power, just as the corn, then ripening, came from the dying grain. Our Lord, in taking our nature upon Him, brought God and man together in His one person. All that was human in them must give way to that which was spiritual before they could enter into a state in which they would dwell with God and be His people. They were in danger of forgetting to see how far they were preparing themselves for His presence, Who could not look on evil, in Whose eyes even the stars were not pure. Were they living more and more in that hope for the kingdom in which dwelleth righteousness? "If ye be risen with Christ, seek those things that are above." Let all go forth that evening resolved to so order their lives that they might become day by day more and more as the angels of God in Heaven; more and more fit for that day when the dead in Christ shall rise first, and be for ever with the Lord.

Words well worthy of attention; and those of the little congregation who had long walks to the distant parts of the parish were furnished with food for reflection on their way home.

LAYMAN.

THE OLDEST CLERGYMAN.

Who is the oldest clergyman still at his work in the Church of England? For the Rev. the Earl of Devon, Prebendary of Exeter, who has been rector of Powderham since 1877, and was born on July 15, 1811, that honour was recently claimed. His seniority is, however, contested by the Rev. C. B. Lowe, rector of Tydd St. Mary, Wisbech, who attained his ninetieth year on July 2 last, and is, therefore, by a fortnight the elder of the two. Despite his patriarchal years the rector of Tydd St. Mary preaches once each Sunday, and also reads the four lessons.

* * *

The beautiful statue erected by the ladies of Salzburg to the memory of the Empress Elizabeth has just been unveiled in that city by the Emperor of Austria. His two daughters, accompanied by their children, were present at the ceremony.

* * *

The "Court Circular" announces that Count von Waldersee was received in audience at Homburg by the King, who invested him with the Grand Cross of the Bath.



Tug of War—Black v. White.



Ye Olde Hatt Shoppe, Church Street, Tewkesbury.

BAD FOR FARMERS.

According to the "Agricultural Gazette," which bases its conclusions on the reports received from its own correspondents, this year's harvest has on the whole been of a disappointing character, though the estimates of the wheat crop are better, on the whole, than was anticipated. No other corn crop, however, is as nearly up to the mark as wheat is. The barley crop comes out much under average, but the oat crop is unquestionably the worst of the cereals, while the meadow hay crop was one of the lightest ever grown.

Fortunately the returns from Scotland and Ireland will do much to heighten the averages for the United Kingdom; but, bearing in mind the predominating acreage of the largest division, the first year of the new century must be accounted one of meagre productiveness.

* * *

A correspondent reports the death of Prince Edmond de Polignac, aged 67 years. He was a member of a well-known French family, and a musical composer.

General Colville, who left South Africa a strong man, has utterly broken down in health. He is now undergoing a cure at Kissingen under the regime of "silence and no letters."

* * *

Four sons of the late Bishop of Durham have all become missionaries and gone to India. This is probably the only case on record of four brothers who are all in the mission field.

* * *

Sir William Ingram, who formed one of a party shooting on Greta Moor, Stainmere, Westmoreland, was accidentally shot in the face on Monday afternoon. A doctor, who was one of the party, attended to the injuries, which were not serious.

* * *

The Glasgow Corporation on Monday agreed to confer the freedom of the city on Mr. Andrew Carnegie in recognition of his gift to Scottish University students, and his generosity in endowing free libraries. The Corporation also resolved to confer the freedom upon Lord Balfour of Burleigh and the Right Hon. R. W. Hanbury.



Boer prisoners at St. Helena in charge of the British. The soldier with the rifle is a Gloucester militiaman (4th Batt. Glos. Regt.).

By the Way.

CRICKET WEEK RAIN.

What a dreary, common-place concern the Cricket Week would be without a drop of rain! That special variety of extra-soaking Cricket Week rain has come to be quite an annual fixture; for does not the announcement in the local papers contain the pregnant line—"Should rain stop play, no money returned?" Query—would not this read better?—"When the rain stops play no extra charge is made!"

With a laudable British desire to see fair play,—sorry, I mean good play—between Gloucestershire and Kent, I dodged between the storms to the College Ground on Monday last. Generally speaking, I can take in (and be taken in, so I am told) things as well as other people; but I must confess I was a bit bewildered at the show-card exhibition hanging on the railings in common with a large number of errand-boys and other sightseers of the "free" variety. The legends on the cards I sampled as follow:—

NO MONEY RETURNED.

SUBSCRIBERS ONLY.

PAY HERE.

NO CYCLES ALLOWED ON THE GROUND.

ALL CYCLES HERE.

CHANGE GIVEN HERE.

NO CHANGE GIVEN HERE.

Etc., and so forth, and so on.

It was impossible to follow all these directions to the letter at one and the same time, so I decided to ignore the lot, and walked through, only to be stopped by an individual who, behind the safe shelter of a table, demanded a shilling or my life! As this gentleman had no change, and all my small change had found its way into the lining of my coat, I was obliged to carry on all sorts of acrobatic feats to fish it up. All this took time, much to the indignation and suppressed excitement of those waiting to plunk their shilling at my rear. However, "time is the great healer," and after ten minutes' delay I was supplied with a ticket, and sailed on to the field expecting to see a cricket match.

"But a change came o'er the spirit of my dream" of bliss and—cricket. Down came the rain, in the usual Cricket Week style, before I had taken out a pennyworth of sight-seeing, so to speak, and there was a general handicap rush for the refreshment tents and other places of shelter, a rush in which I was willy-nipt swept off my feet until I found myself brought up against the refreshment buffet wildly ordering lemon squashes for twice as many

people as I could ever expect to pay for. An unanimous vote of censure was passed on the tantalising weather by the crowded congregation assembled in the tent, and, in the intervals of liquid refreshment, was endorsed in various emphatic ways. A heavy gentleman in front stamped on my toes by way of applause, and this so impressed me with the value I was getting for my shilling outlay that I decided to try another shelter-tent, where there chanced to be more square yards and fewer clumsy feet about!

So, with another wild rush, I made for a small circular tent at one end of the water course—I mean cricket pitch—and tumbled through an aperture into a free seat at a Press representatives' scratch match, which was in full swing during the interval in the county match.

I don't exactly know the rules of Press representative cricket, but the idea seems to be to slog wildly at the ball with a cricket stump, and if you miss you are out; if you happen to catch the ball broadside on, and you are a fair slogger, it means certain death to the occupants of the reserved seats! The number of "duck's eggs" run up in the space of five minutes would be reckoned quite an achievement in a county match! The pen may be mightier than the sword, but the stump is only a base apology for the bat. Mighty hits innumerable were made by the "Gloucestershire Echo," but most of them, sad to say, were mere windcutters; but there was one boundary hit which made a serious bulge in the side of the tent, and narrowly escaped annihilating the Mayor, who happened to be taking a peep through a hole in the canvas at the moment.

I couldn't see that any score was kept in this side show, although, as no runs were made, it might have been superfluous to take the trouble. But there was great and soul-stirring excitement, and immense roars of laughter echoed over the ground from this lively corner. The rain did not cease, and I had already seen more than 500 runs made (to shelter), so I considered it was unseemly to expect much more for my shilling, and withdrew my patronage from the Press match and made for the shore—I mean exit. (The reader will excuse my partiality for nautical terms on the "score"—cricket score—of the general dampness of the atmosphere, which tended to make me select "watery" terms as most suitable to express my feelings.) Of course, this sort of thing (the wetting, I mean) suits some individuals very well; some "infatuosi"—to coin a word—stuck to their benches like cobbler's-wax (or cricket pitch) with the determination to see something, even if they only stared at the empty field all day! And there is much to be said in their favour, I suppose, for after you have saved a shilling out of your hard-earned cash you don't feel inclined to waste it by sloping through the

exit before you have seen Jessop make one slog or Roberts take one of those hundred wickets which he is safely in for.

But, personally, I didn't feel justified in braving the elements to this extent, even to redeem my shilling, not being a blotting-pad or a soft-water tank by nature.

Next year I shall expect the county matches to be played in a tent, like Lord George's Circus, or shall withdraw my patronage and ls.!

On consideration, as a shower bath I consider the section of the Gloucester v. Kent match, which I did not see, a brilliant success; as a display of cricket it was a dead failure. There was one hugely consoling thought for the crowd, however—that they were all occupied in the now recognised national pastime of "dodging De Wet."

TOUCHSTONE.

CANCER.

At every stage of the world's history man's powers have been limited by his tools; in all the arts what a man effects is largely determined by the appliances to which he has access, and it is not to be wondered at that with the new bacteriology to hand as a means of investigation, and with the new surgery available as a means of treatment, the men of to-day should have applied these "tools" to the great problem of cancer. Thus it is that investigators are just now chiefly engaged in hammering out the question of infection, and that extirpation is the keynote of all that concerns the treatment of the disease. At the present moment these are the lines along which progress is being chiefly made; but that is because it is along these lines that the new means now at our disposal make it most easy to advance. We must now, then, speak with positiveness, or assert that this will be the direction which the great discovery will take—when at last the man shall arise to point the way.

That cancer is infective within the body of the patient who is attacked by the disease is obvious enough; in fact, it is from its well recognised tendency to eat its way into surrounding tissues and to infect distant organs that it has gained its name as a "malignant" disease, and for a long time men have suspected that cancer might be infectious from man to man. During recent years a number of observations have been collected which go to show not only that cancer is far more prevalent in some districts than in others, but that the disease so persistently haunts certain houses as to give "infectionists" a strong basis for their faith. It is to be noted, however, that all these well-authenticated cases of "cancer houses" or "cancer localities," and all the instances in which successive cases of cancer have occurred among people living together, would be equally well explained on the hypothesis which has been put forward by Mr. D'Arcy Power to the effect that the germ of the disease is not a thing transferable directed from man to man, but is a *contagium vivum* which lives in some intermediate host, be it animal or vegetable, from which under certain favouring conditions it finds its way to a spot suitable for its growth in the body of its human victim.

As for treatment the pointing hand of science is much more certain. Whether the stimulus to that epithelial overgrowth and invasion which is the characteristic feature of cancer be a parasite of some other irritation, or indeed be merely a defect of the tissues by which epithelial intrusion ought to be prevented, the fact remains that it is a local affair at first. What modern surgery teaches is that, if the local mischief can be removed early enough and thoroughly enough the patient may live on without recurrence to the term of his natural life; and thus, pending the time when the pathologists shall throw more light on the nature of cancer, our sole and whole duty as practitioners in regard to it is to discover the disease as early as we can and then remove it without delay.—"The Hospital."

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 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—particularly the former—are preferred.

The Proprietors also offer a WEEKLY PRIZE of HALF-A-GUINEA TO PROFESSIONALS for the BEST PHOTOGRAPH OF A LOCAL CURRENT EVENT.

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.

The competitions are 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 of the 33rd amateur competition is Mr. Frank Webley, of 22 Sun-street, Cheltenham, and the prize picture is that of "The Glen."

Entries for the 34th amateur competition and 2nd professional competition closed this (Saturday) morning, August 24th, 1901, and in subsequent competitions entries will close on the Saturday morning preceding the award, so as to allow time for adjudication and reproduction.

AMATEUR PRIZE PICTURE.



The Glen, "The Glenfall," Cheltenham.

SANATORIA FOR CONSUMPTION.

But, in the meanwhile, and during the existence of a period of excited public hopefulness as to the curability of consumption, we are confronted with a rapid springing up of "sanatoria" for paying patients as institutions owned by medical practitioners and conducted by them for the sake of gain, and this may well cause some anxiety as to the ethical problems involved. The first Lord Lytton many years ago aptly described one of the early "hydropathic" establishments as constituting "an ill-assorted union betwixt medicine and hotel-keeping." Now, the hotel keeper is exposed to temptations from which the physician would gladly be exempt, and may fairly claim to be judged by a different standard and from a different point of view. The physician should not only not be venal, but, like Caesar's wife, he should not be exposed even to the suspicion of venality. At present, it may be truly said that no such suspicion exists. The institutions are few in number, they are owned by gentlemen of considerable professional distinction, and the eagerness to enter them is such that would-be patients are compelled to wait their turn. Is it reasonable to expect that these conditions will be permanent? Is it not more likely that the success of the institutions now existing will lead to the establishment of more, that these may be set up by men whose minds are directed rather toward realised profit than toward sound pathology, and that the subsidence of the present rush may lead to a general reduction of terms under the influence of competition, and to a state in which a few vacant beds may convert the expected profit into loss. Under such circumstances one may admit that the medical proprietors of such establishments might be exposed to many temptations. But so also would be the medical director of a sanatorium owned by non-medical proprietors. With the dread of dismissal, unless he could earn a dividend, constantly before him, he would be in an even worse plight. The real protection of the public against that insidious tendency to quackery which so often lurks under highly specialised modes of treatment lies in the honour of those members of our profession by whom such methods are applied; and to this we must trust it. It is by maintaining a high standard of science and of ethics that we shall best save the sanatorium treatment of consumption, and all other special methods which require a considerable capital expenditure, from the abyss of quackery into which they might so readily fall if run on purely commercial principles.—"The Hospital."



A Dutch farmer went to Eck-en-Wiel (a village in Holland) the other day in search of a black fowl, which he said he wanted "to sacrifice in order to exorcise the fiend from his bewitched wife."

GLOUCESTERSHIRE ARCHAEOLOGICAL SOCIETY



THE SUMMER MEETING.



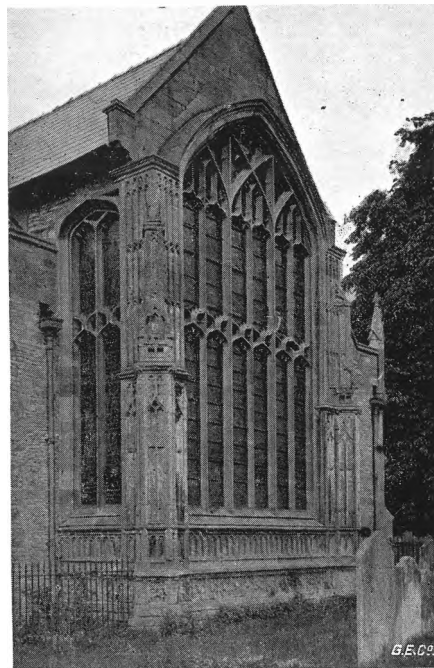
Having in their summer meeting last year visited the southern part of the county of Gloucester, and made an incursion into Wilts, the members of the Bristol and Gloucestershire Archaeological Society have now their headquarters in the eastern portion of their own county, and in their excursions take in a district of Worcestershire. Chipping Campden, the town where the party are located, itself contains objects of interest, and the places visited in the course of the meeting well repay inspection. The president of the meeting is the Earl of Gainsborough; the president of the council Sir Brook Kay; the local secretary, Mr. Louis G. Dease; the general treasurer, Mr. G. M. Currie; the hon. secretary for Bristol, Mr. John E. Pritchard; and the hon. general secretary, Rev. Canon Bazeley. The local committee consist of the following:—Mr. Edgar Flower (chairman), Rev. C. O. Bartleet, Mr. W. S. Barrett, Rev. A. M. Coxwell-Rogers, Rev. T. Carrington, Commander Carrow, Mr. A. H. Gordon-Duff, Dr. A. A. Grosvenor, Dr. A. V. Grohegan, Rev. W. J. Guerrier, Rev. Canon E. J. Houghton, Mr. Philip Howard (of Corby), Viscount Lifford, Rev. Philip Lewis, Mr. F. D. Millet, Rev. G. M. Nason, Mr. J. R. Neve, Mr. F. B. Osborne, Rev. W. A. Pippet, Mr. F. G. Roberts, Mr. M. Stanley, Mr. C. H. Smith, Major W. Wright, Mr. H. Wixey, Mr. L. G. Dease, (hon. local sec.) Among those present were Bishop Brownlow, Earl Gainsborough, Ald. F. F. Fox, the Revs. Canon Bazeley, W. H. Silvester Davies, M. C. Howell, S. E. Bartleet, R. Smith, J. C. Jennings, H. B. Heberdon, C. S. Taylor, Messrs. F. F. Tuckett, W. St. Clair Baddeley, W. E. Baxter, A. E. Hudd, F. Were, C. H. Dancey, Kennedy Skipton, H. A. Prothero, John E. Pritchard, C. Bowley, F. J. Cullis, C. J. Lowe, C. E. Gael, Louis G. Dease, J. Llewellyn, H. Croke, E. J. Charles, J. W. Adams, J. Parker, E. N. Witchell, T. Dyer Edwardes, T. Sherwood Smith, C. Scears, J. Baker, and W. Stanton.

AT EVESHAM.

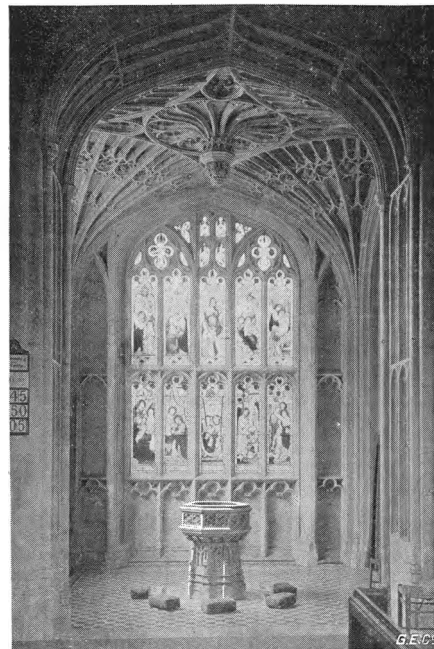
The Bristol contingent and those from the upper part of the county united at Ashchurch on Tuesday morning, and were then conveyed to that most interesting town, Evesham, the name derived from Evoes ham, "the dwelling on the level by a river's side," but traditionally from Eeves, a swineherd, whose marvellous narration led to the foundation of the abbey in 701. He saw, so he related to Egwya, Bishop of Worcester, the vision of a lady, whose glory darkened the sun, and her beauty above that of women, with two female attendants. The bishop went in search of the apparition, and found the lady in a wood, decked with a cross of gold and in robes whiter than the lily and more fragrant than the rose. King Ethelred, when he heard of the vision, gave a site, Egwyn built St. Mary's Minster, and became the first abbot. At the battle of Evesham in 1265 the abbey was desecrated by the massacre of the fugitives who fled for refuge to it. The tourist of to-day is enabled to see a singularly beautiful gate tower, and two churches, standing in the same cemetery, and rising from a gentle elevation sloping to the meadows which skirt the banks of the Avon. The remains form one of the most striking architectural groups in the country. The churches of St. Lawrence and 'All Saints' were both erected by the inmates of the abbey for the inhabitants of the town.

The party were received at All Saints' Church by the Vicar of Evesham (the Rev. J. M. Walker), who drew attention to the historical associations of the place. The sister churches of All Saints' and St. Lawrence, standing with the Bell Tower in one churchyard, and all that remains of the vanished abbey, were inspected with interest. Mr. H. A. Prothero gave a description of the

buildings, and said the cloister arch was one of the most magnificent specimens in England.



EAST END OF ST. LAWRENCE'S CHURCH, EVESHAM.

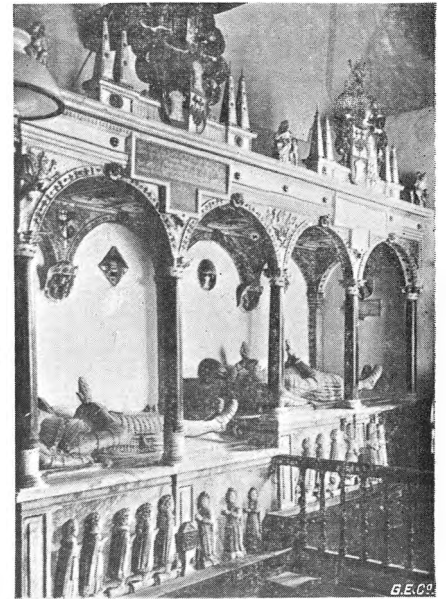


ABBOT LICHFIELD'S CHAPEL, ST. LAWRENCE'S CHURCH.

AT WICKHAMFORD.

The members afterwards drove to the old church at Wickhamford, which has lately been undergoing restoration. Here the Vicar (the Rev. W. H. Price) gave an interesting description of the building, with its ancient features and monuments of the Sandys family. On the north side of the sanctuary is a flat stone to the memory of Penelope Washington, bearing the family arms which are said to be the original of the stars and stripes on the flag of the United States. Penelope Washington was a daughter of Col. Henry Washington, who died in 1643. On the death of Col. Washington the widow married one of the Sandys. Though it had been disputed, the Vicar said he was satisfied that

George Washington, the first President, was connected with the English family of Washington, and therefore with that parish. The Vicar drew attention to the remains of a pre-Reformation fresco, which was recently discovered, and to the interesting churchwardens' accounts of Badsey dating from 1525.



SANDYS MONUMENT, WICKHAMFORD CHURCH.

The Church is the one for the restoration of which the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour opened on Aug. 21st a bazaar.

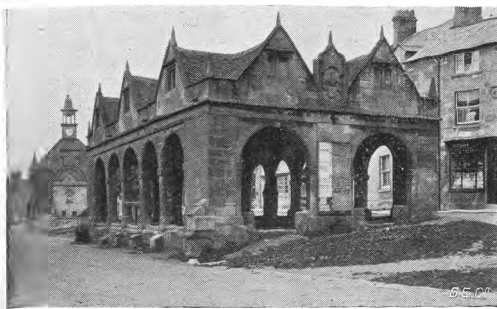


THE GRANGE, WICKHAMFORD.

A beautiful half-timbered mansion, well restored by the owner, Lord Sandys.

AT CHIPPING CAMPDEN.

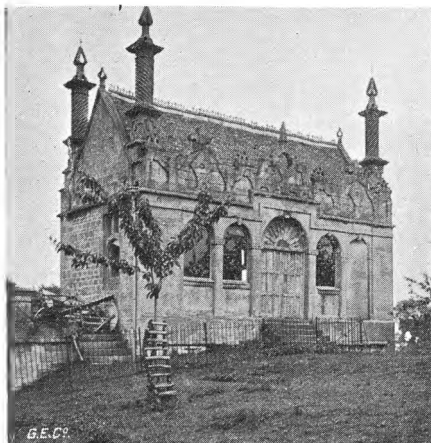
Chipping Campden was the next place in the route, and through lovely rural scenery the party were conveyed thither. The town derived its name from Ceapan, to buy, and, like Chipping Sodbury and Chipping Norton, was a market town of some importance, and a trading centre for Cotteswold and Welsh wool. It had a charter from Henry III. and James I., and grants of fairs, etc., from the early lords of the manor. The Corporation was abolished in 1883. Baptist Hicks built Campden House at Kensington in 1612, and commenced the construction of a splendid mansion at Campden in the following year. In 1620 he was created Lord Hicks of Ilmington, and in 1628 Viscount Campden. He died in 1629, and was succeeded as lord of the manor and Viscount Campden by his son-in-law, Sir Edward Noel, who died at Oxford in 1642. During the Civil War, Campden House was occupied in turn by the Puritans and Royalists, and in 1645 it was destroyed by Sir Henry Bard, who had held it for the King.



MARKET HOUSE AND TOWN HALL, CAMPDEN.



HICKS AND NOEL TOMBS, CAMPDEN CHURCH.



LOGIA, CAMPDEN HOUSE.
(Known locally as the Banqueting Hall).



NAVE OF CAMPDEN CHURCH.



TOMB IN CAMPDEN CHURCH OF THOMAS SMITH, LORD OF THE MANOR OF CAMPDEN IN 1593.

THE BUSINESS MEETING.

There was a meeting at the Town-hall, and the Rev. T. Carrington, the vicar, was voted to the chair. He said he hoped the society would have pleasant memories of their quaint old town, and vacated the chair in favour of Ald. Fox.

The annual report was read by the Rev. Canon Bazeley, and stated that there were at present 385 annual members, 82 life members, and three honorary members on the society's list, giving a total of 470 members, as against 409 in July, 1900. The income of the society for the year ending December, 1900, including a balance of £416 11s. 3½d., was £664 12s. 6½d., and the expenditure for the same period was £238 4s. 9d., leaving a balance at the society's bankers of £426 7s. 9½d. on December 31st, 1900. From that balance, however, should be deducted the cost of the society's transactions for 1900, the first part of which had been issued to the members, and the second part would be in their hands in October. Volume xxiv., part I., for 1901, would, it was hoped, be issued before the end of the year. Besides the balance of £426 7s. 9½d. the society had a funded capital of £632 3s. 10d. The investigations which were commenced on the site of the Cistercian Abbey of St. Mary, Hayles, in 1899 were continued in 1900, and the abbey church was carefully excavated under the superintendence of Mr. St. Clair Baddeley and the general secretary. The excavation had been temporarily suspended owing to the sale of the Toddington estate, but it was hoped that they would be recommenced next year. The purchaser, Mr. H. Andrews, had assured the secretary and Mr. Baddeley of his lively interest in the work, and had led them to believe that they would have his valuable assistance and sympathy. Lord Sherborne had presented to the society a calendar of deeds in his possession, and Mr. F. F. Fox had presented the Little Red Book of Bristol, two handsome quarto volumes. The council had purchased "Dugdale's Extinct Barony" and several similar works. The council had gladly adopted the suggestion of the Congress of Archæological Societies that a list of the monumental effigies in Bristol and Gloucestershire should be compiled under the direction of that society. The committee would be glad to receive offers of help in the rural deaneries of Winchcombe, Campden, and the Forest. Mr. Latimer, who had ably represented the society as secretary in Bristol for some years, had resigned his post, and the council had appointed Mr. J. E. Pritchard, F.S.A., in his room. Mr. Pritchard had already greatly strengthened the position of the society at Bristol, having proposed 55 new members during the last nine months. The committee had to deplore the loss by death of Canon Bourne, Mr. Rhys Wingfield, and Mr. S. H. Swayne. Among those members who had passed away the loss of none would be more felt than that of the Rev. E. A. Fuller, who contributed no fewer than 16 papers to the society's transactions. The council wished to acknowledge the courtesy of the committee of the Clifton Antiquarian Club in permitting the society to print several papers contributed to that club simultaneously with the transactions of that society. The committee nominated the re-election of the president of the council, the vice-presidents, and other officers. Among the new vice-presidents was the Bishop of Clifton.

The retiring members of the council were re-elected. On the motion of the Bishop of Clifton, Mr. Fox was thanked for his courteous and able leadership during the past year.

The Earl of Gainsborough, the new president, addressed the meeting, and touched upon the interesting history of the quaint old town of Campden, which reached the summit of its prosperity in the Middle Ages, when it was the wool mart of the Cotswold Hills, which must now be regarded as in its decay. It was of great interest to note the old Anglo-Saxon language which existed throughout the line of the Cotswold Hills from Campden to Stroud in its original purity perhaps more than in any other part of England.

THE AFTERNOON PROGRAMME.

Afterwards the society were received at Campden Church by the Vicar (the Rev. T. Carrington), and the church, with its interesting monumental effigies, was examined. Later the members were received in the grounds of Old Campden House by the Earl and Countess of Gainsborough, who offered afternoon tea, and at the Grammar School by the Headmaster (Mr. F. B. Osborne).

After dinner at the Noel Arms, a conversation was held at the Town Hall, when papers were read on the domestic architecture of Campden by Mr. E. Guy Dawber, on the Grammar School by Mr. F. B. Osborne, and on the brasses in Campden Church by Mr. Cecil T. Davis.

*

SECOND DAY'S EXCURSION.

It was with pleasant anticipations the members of the Archæological Society, who are assembled at Chipping Campden, set off on Wednesday morning with their president, the Earl of Gainsborough, for another excursion. The weather was gloriously fine. The vehicles were drawn up in line in the long street which comprises the greater part of Campden, and from outside the Technical School, a structure in which the majority had breakfast, a start was made, the first locality set down for notice being Ebrington. As the brakes quitted Campden the glorious tower of the church stood out finely amidst the sunny landscape.

AT EBRINGTON.

The village of Ebrington, with its quaint houses, was seen to advantage, and the party lost no time in inspecting its picturesque features. In the churchyard the Rev. W. Bazeley directed their attention to a stone coffin, the lid of which is charged with a cross fleury. He said that through a paragraph in the programme calling attention to the coffin, it had been dug out so that they could examine it. He found the stone when he last visited the spot and made note of it. The good vicar, who was away on his holiday, had been kind enough to have the earth cleared for them. The party entered the church, and learned that in lieu of more exact statements which might be made there was the recollection of Mr. Taylor, the clerk, who had seen six rectors. The Rev. W. Barclay read particulars respecting the structure. It is stated that the name Ebrington is derived from the patron saint, St. Eadburgha. The place appears to have been the scene of a battle, as in a field not far from the vicarage, human skeletons, shields, and spear heads of Saxon manufacture have been found. The church consists of a nave with south chapel, chancel, and western tower. The north wall of the nave has been re-built. The south window of the chancel and the east window of the south chapel contain some painted glass, given by Sir William Keyt, representing the life of Joseph, also the arms of Keyt of Coventry, &c. On the north side of the altar the effigy of Sir John Fortescue, Lord Chancellor in the time of Henry VI., lies on a handsome 15th century tomb, with a tablet erected to his memory by Robert Fortescue in 1677 and repaired in 1765 by Matthew Lord Fortescue. On the south wall are the busts of Sir John Keyt, who died in 1662, and his wife Margaret, daughter and heir of William Taylor of Brixworth, who died in 1669.

During the time in which the interior of the church was examined the subject of the stone so prominently referred to in the earlier

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 6.]

By the Way.



Oak Trees in The Park, Cheltenham, and entrance to Oakley.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Mr. Charles Boyd, who has brought Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Mr. Rhodes into combat on the floor of the "Spectator" office, is not the first of his family to see his name prominently in print. He began his "Spectator" correspondence under his initials, "C. B.," which might stand equally well for Commander of the Bath or Campbell-Bannerman for that matter. But Mr. Boyd's father was fortunately distinctive in his initials, "A. K. H. B.," and several title-pages bear them. Mr. Charles Boyd, who has a neat pen of his own, and has practised it in a good many papers, was at one time private secretary to Mr. George Wyndham, M.P., and has since been connected in South Africa and at home with the Chartered Company. He was one of the group of friends who greeted Mr. Rhodes on his last landing in England; so that he may be supposed, in the matter now in hand, to speak by the book—or the letter.

* * *

GIFT TO SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL THEATRE.

Sir Henry Irving has just presented to the Shakespeare Memorial, Stratford-on-Avon, a beautifully executed bust of Miss Ellen Terry, executed by Mr. W. Brodie, R.S.A. The bust is in white Carrara marble, with the hair and drapery delicately tinted. The portrait is said to be an excellent one. The bust stands on a pedestal of black marble, and is placed in the loggia of the theatre opposite those of Miss Mary Anderson and Miss Ada Rehan. Another valuable acquisition to the memorial is a large oil painting of "Hamlet," by Mr. Frank Richards, a well known Birmingham artist, now residing in the South of England. The picture is a striking one. The Danish Prince is represented seated, brooding over his misfortunes. A representative committee, chiefly of London actor-managers, of whom Mr. Forbes Robertson is chairman, has been formed for the purpose of purchasing the painting and presenting it to the memorial. Sir Henry Irving, Mr. Lawrence Irving, Mr. Norman Forbes, and others are interesting themselves in the matter.

SIR JOSEPH PAXTON AND TRAILING SKIRTS.

Perhaps it may be thought that enough has already been said and written against this present prevailing and objectionable fashion (trailing skirts), but it may be of interest to state, says a correspondent of the "Times," that it is not an entirely modern one, but was known to many of us 50 years ago. When the first great glass house was built in Hyde Park, Sir Joseph Paxton was asked how he intended to have the flooring swept and cleaned. He replied that no arrangements for this purpose were needed, as the ladies' skirts would do all this, spaces being left between the planks expressly for this purpose, and the result proved the truth of his anticipations, little foreseen by the wearers. Till this all-prevailing and disgusting custom is abolished (which cannot be in a day), may I suggest that if trains are desired in the house, why should not dresses be looped up by buttons when out of doors, by which simple process much of the danger would be prevented?

* * *

CYCLING ACROSS NIAGARA.

It seems to be the correct thing nowadays to cross Niagara by every available method. From Toronto comes the news that one G. H. Farrell is about to attempt the feat of cycling across the famous Falls on a specially built bicycle. This machine will be fitted with grooved wheels to ride on a wire cable, and the American journalist, with his inborn affection for detail, tells us that the said cable is to cost £60, while the bicycle will involve the rider in another £20. What earthly good will be achieved by such a performance it is difficult to realise, but perhaps a reason may be found in the statement that Farrell's a circus rider. In these days great are the uses of advertisement.

* * *

The Earl and Countess of Chesterfield have returned to Holme Lacy, the family seat near Hereford, which is famous for its beautiful old-fashioned gardens and its large and picturesque park.

TRAM-WEEK.

At last the trams are here; round the corners comes the huge mass like a small town-hall on wheels, and the quiet respectability of Cheltenham is challenged by the sharp "ting-tang" of the gong and the grinding of the wheels in the rail grooves, together with that curious "singing" of the wires as the trolley runs along them—all of them quite new features to "sleepy hollow." But enough of this prosiness; let us rhapsodise awhile!

Under a spreading net of wires
The electric tram-car stands;
The car a mighty mass is he
(she, or it, as the case may be)
With huge metallic bands.
The people coming home from church
Look up at the crowded car,
And frown to see the glittering lights
And to hear the passengers roar,
As they watch the burning sparks which fly
When the trolley runs off the wire!
The "Nevins" brow is wet with sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole town in the face,
For he owes not any man!
Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You will hear his tram-cars roar;
You will hear him clang his warning gong
With measured beat and slow;
Like a sexton ringing the village bell
When the evening sun is low.

He goes on Sunday to the tram
And sits amongst his boys;
He sees the money rolling in,
And it makes his heart rejoice;
Its jingle sounds like an angel's voice
Singing in Paradise.

Toiling, rejoicing, smiling,
On through the streets he clanks;
Each morning there's a tram to run
And no o'er-turning pranks;
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a—nice little sum.

The above poetical rhapsody is after Long-fellow—very long after, I should say! It is not often that I get bitten with this particular form of "parodic" fever; but everything is so electrified and trammed this week that, in the classic words of Chevalier, "We don't know where we are!" Personally, I think I shall let things and people simmer down a little before I take my place on the car. The idea up to the time of writing appears to be to get on and stop on as long as the car keeps running, and a "standing room only" notice might just as well be painted up at the entrance. But in the dim and distant future there will be a time when it will be possible to actually get a seat outside, without any advance in price, so I am told!

North-street on Sunday night last was beautifully lively. When you get two immense trams, an open-air meeting, an extensive variety of Lower High-street gentry, and—sad to say—people coming out of church attracted by curiosity, crammed into a space which is only licensed to contain one-half the number, you can see that there is no space to live or move or have any decent sort of a being.

I saw Mr. Nevins, looking as cool (but not as green) as a cucumber amidst all the uproar, *Deus ex machina* like, calmly reclining on the front buffers of the tram, except when he was engaged in the very Jove-like occupation of extracting lightning flashes from the retractory trolley and wire. The "unco" guid folk looked on in blank dismay, for was it not written in the book of the minutes of the Free Church Council that there would be no Sunday trams, yet here they were as huge as life.

I see Mr. Nevins is getting his conductors and drivers from Bristol. Thereby hangs a tale! There has been chaos and war at

Bristol between the Electric Tramway Company and their men. Some of the men wished to join a union—not the workhouse variety—and to be represented in their disputes by the union officials. The directors would not agree to this; so there has been a strike, and, unfortunately for the men, the company have been able to do without them. That explains those posters advertising for electric tram drivers and conductors which have been on the Cheltenham hoardings lately. There is a comic side even to this grim strike and its sequel, for the directors decided to do all sorts of nice things for the "loyalists," which, being interpreted, means the men who stuck to their posts; one of these rewards takes the shape of a silver medal to each man. This is quite a new idea, but of doubtful expediency, for, seeing that two out of every three working men belong to trades unions, the wearer of such a medal will be in a very unenviable position amongst his fellows. People in Bristol are not decided which are in the right—masters or men—but it's an "ill wind that blows no one any good," for by the above set of circumstances Mr. Nevins gets experienced men with ease, and so we shall be saved the risk of being overturned or run off the line by amateur motor-men.

Some "Touchstone" answers to correspondents:—

Anxious Enquirer: No. I do not think it is wrong to use electricity for trade purposes.

Visitor: Yes; they do these things better in America. But if you will buy a penny atlas you will find Cheltenham is in England. Hence the difference.

A Constant Reader: Yes; I expect the Hospitals will take the money in spite of what you say. Put yourself in their place.

Another Enquirer: No. The gentleman you speak of is a Catholic, and his favourite amusement (according to "Who's Who") is making money.

Scotsman: No! If you stop the current from the tramline, you must logically refuse to supply to any consumers on the "Sabbath."

Uncle Sam: Many thanks for hint. But what the gentleman referred to does not know about electric trams isn't of much account.

Sunday School Teacher: If you can't make your class as interesting as a tram-ride, you's better give up. Try again.

Free Churchman: Wrong end of the stick! You can't stop the cars, but you can stop the people from wishing to go on them on Sundays.

Outsider: Yes! Driving to church employs more Sunday labour than the production of 70 horse-power on the trams. But that is an established custom, and so cannot be improper.

Burgess: No. You are quite wrong there! The town councillors are representatives, not individuals; but if half the constituents in a ward think one thing and half think the opposite, the representative ceases to exist, and becomes an individual again.

Selina Jenkins: Don't ask silly questions—at your age, too.

TOUCHSTONE.

THE COST OF BECOMING A BISHOP.

Dr. Winnington Ingram, in writing to the "Sun," mentions incidentally the cost of taking up the position of Bishop of London. The "Sun" has accused him of hypocrisy in sending a letter of sympathy to an old man without pecuniary aid. His Lordship says:—"The answer is that while the letter of sympathy could be sent at once, the cheque could not be forwarded until the quarterly salary was paid into my account, which in my case is not done until August." Dr. Winnington Ingram adds:—"It is a popular delusion that Bishops are rich men; the payment of £8,000 during the last two months in entering on the see of London and its two great see houses is a strain upon a comparatively poor man. It is, however, some days now that I have sent a cheque for £5 to the vicar of the parish who is my natural almoner in such cases, but who may himself be away for his annual holiday."



A Pretty Bit in The Park, Cheltenham,

STRANGE MOURNING CUSTOMS.

If a son, on receiving information of the death of his father or mother, or a wife, in China, suppresses such intelligence and omits to go into lawful mourning for the deceased, such neglect will be punished with sixty blows and one year's banishment. If a son or wife enters into mourning in a lawful manner, but, previous to the expiration of the term, discards the mourning habit and forgetful of the loss sustained plays upon musical instruments and participates in festivities, the punishment amounts for such offence to eighty blows. Whoever, on receiving information of the death of any relative in the first degree than the above-mentioned, suppresses the notice of it, and omits to mourn, is punished with eighty blows; if, previous to the expiration of the legal period of mourning for such relative, any person casts away the mourning habit and resumes his wonted amusements, he will be punished with sixty blows. When an officer or other person in the employ of the Government has received intelligence of the death of his father or mother, in consequence of which intelligence he is bound to retire from the office during the period of mourning, if, in order to avoid such retirement, he falsely represents the deceased to have been his grandfather, grandmother, uncle, aunt, or cousin, he suffers punishment of 100 blows, is deposed from office, and rendered incapable of again entering into the public service.

FLUTES FOR SCHOOLBOYS.

The Halifax School Board on Monday discussed a proposal to purchase flutes for one of the boys' schools. A member objected that they were establishing a dangerous precedent. It was flutes to-day, he said, but who could say it would not be brass bands tomorrow? Another member urged that as the school was approached by flights of stairs, the music would enable the lads to march comfortably. The purchase of flutes was agreed to.

It is said that the King has already decided upon the erection of an English memorial to the Empress Frederick. The memorial will probably be placed at Frogmore.

SINGING FOR HIS CLOTHES.

While journeying in the Holy Land a traveller was beset by a band of Arabs near Damascus, who not only relieved him of his cash and other valuables, but also insisted upon possessing his essentials—i.e. his clothes. This was, of course, a serious predicament, but as he watched them dividing the spoil, it occurred to him that music might melt the savage heart. The owner of a good tenor voice, his effort had some effect upon the robbers, for they generously presented him with his own hat as a mark of appreciation. Thus encouraged, the traveller began another song, hoping eventually to sing back his raiment. This time they presented him with his boots, but on essaying another ditty he found he had reached the limit of Bedouin generosity, and at dark he was obliged to make his way into Damascus with what secrecy he could.

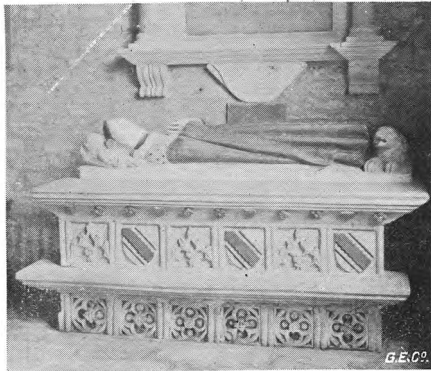
Colonel Edward Roden Cottingham, retired, Royal Artillery, son of the late Major Edward Cottingham, of the 28th (Gloucester) and 85th Foot, died on Saturday at Hermit Hill, Burghfield, Berkshire, aged 67. Colonel Cottingham entered the Army in 1856, and first saw service in the suppression of the Indian Mutiny, during which he was present at the action of Pandora and the action and capture of Tiroul, and was mentioned in despatches. He also served in the Egyptian War, in 1882, and took part in the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, receiving the brevet of lieutenant-colonel for his conduct in the operations. Colonel Cottingham was A.A. and Q.M.G. on the Staff of Sir Charles Warren during the Bechuanaland Expedition of 1884-85.

A marriage has been arranged between Mr. J. F. Studholme, of Ruanui, New Zealand, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. John Studholme, of Merevale, Canterbury, New Zealand, and Hersey, second daughter of the late Major-General R. A. Wauchope.

The tapestry apartments at Windsor Castle, hitherto reserved for the late Empress Frederick, will now be devoted solely to the use of visitors of the highest rank.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3.]

part of the visit by the archæologists was discussed. A stone coffin had been found outside the church at the north-west, and it was believed that the stone was really the lid of the coffin. The Rev. W. Bazeley said he would write to the rector so that steps might be taken to replace the lid and the coffin together, and have them so arranged that they should not be damaged by damp.



TOMB OF SIR JOHN FORTESCUE,
EBRINGTON CHURCH.

AT HIDCOTE.

Hidcote House, about two miles from Campden, was the next halting place, permission to examine the mansion being readily extended by Major Wright. When his auditors were assembled on the green sward in front of the house, Canon Bazeley read some notes on the structure by Mr. E. Guy Dawber. The writer said Hidcote House stood on high ground and was a picturesque example of the 17th century architecture. It was built entirely of stone in the not uncommon "L" shape. The plan was entirely self-contained, there being no porch or bay-window, or other projection. The house was dated 1663.

AT QUINTON.

After leaving Hidcote the party were conveyed to Quinton, and on the way, through the steepness of the gradients, obtained some magnificent views, especially in the direction of Coventry. Having spent a quarter of an hour in surveying the outside of the church, they entered the edifice to listen to some particulars from the Rev. W. Bazeley. Quinton, which appears in the Domesday Survey as Quenintune, was held in 1086 by Hugh de Grentmaisnil, of Lisieux in Normandy, one of the companions of the Conqueror. Hugh died in 1093, leaving a son, Robert. In the reign of Stephen, Robert Marmion, Lord of Tamworth, in Warwickshire, gave the church of Quinton to the nuns of Polesworth, and they held it till their convent was dissolved. The arches of the south arcade have capitals with scalloped edges and truncated cone mouldings, and short round piers cut square on the south side, but hollowed with a square set-off on the north side. The arcade is no doubt part of the original Norman Church. The north arcade, with its pointed arches and small circular moulded caps, is Transitional Norman, and was probably added after the nuns of Polesworth obtained the church. The chancel is Early English, with characteristic moulding below the windows continued along the east wall. There are two deeply-sprayed hooded windows, and one beautiful 15th century window on the north side. The windows on the south side are of the 14th century style. The east window was walled up until the recent restoration. The effigy of Sir William Clopton lies on an altar tomb under the south arcade. The brass effigy of Joan Lady Clopton lies on an altar tomb in the Radbrook chapel. The lady wears a veil headdress and wimple. She has a long kirtle with tight sleeves and fur cuffs; over this is a mantle fastened by a cord passing through two metal loops. The figure is within an arched canopy.

AT MICKLETON.

There are some men who are able to impart an interest to a locality which but for their memory would be wanting. The Rev. Richard Graves, rector of Mickleton, will be remembered as the author of "The Spiritual Quixote, or the Summer Rambles of Mr. Geoffrey Wildgoose," a novel which may be occasionally picked up at a secondhand book-stall. It was published in 1773, and was to a great extent a satire upon Whitfield and his followers. The archæologists did not, however, care much for Graves or his imitation of the style of Cervantes, and heard with satisfaction details respecting the history of Mickleton. Edgar is said to have given the manor A.D. 960 to Earl Brithnote. Brithnote gave it to Ethelhere, Earl of Devonshire, who conferred it on Eynsham Abbey, near Oxford. At the dissolution it came to the Crown, and was granted to Richard Lukenore. In 1594 it was sold to Edward Grevil, of Melcote, who three years later sold it to Edward Fisher. In 1656 Sir Edward Fisher, Knight, sold it to Richard Graves. Richard Graves, lord of the manor, who died in 1729, was a distinguished antiquary. When the ladies and gentlemen had taken their seats in the church, Canon Bazeley invited them to read it, as every church should be like a book, capable of being read. He concluded that the building was late twelfth century work. The career of the author of "Spiritual Quixote" was adverted to by the speaker. The Vicar (the Rev. A. M. Coxwell Rogers) delivered an address, in which he spiritualised archæology, and reminded them that the time would come when one stone would not remain upon another, but those who had reared them would live. When the excursionists had satisfied themselves by the inspection of Mickleton Church, they repaired to Long Marston, where they saw the church, and Commander Carrow invited them to tea, and then left for Chipping Campden via Burnt Norton. This completed the day's excursion.

INTERESTING PAPERS.

At the conversazione held in the Town-hall there was a good attendance, and papers were read. The Earl of Gainsborough presided. A paper had been prepared by Mr. E. Guy Dawber on the "Domestic Architecture of Campden," but as he was unable to be present, Canon Bazeley read it. The writer stated that Campden was almost unique amongst the many interesting towns of the Cotswolds, and within its small limits contained some beautiful examples of domestic architecture. It lay in the heart of the stone district, and that material was used to the exclusion almost of all others, and they found there the genuine Cotswold commonsense stone building brought almost to perfection. Apart from the picturesqueness of the long street with the somewhat unusual arrangement of groups of isolated buildings, and the strong and sturdy character of its architecture, it was singular in presenting a group of buildings, designed evidently by one hand and erected within a few years of each other. Thus possessing all the charm and variety of the local work, they were stamped with a scholarly feeling and grasp of design and composition that imparted an air of distinction, apart from the other buildings of the town.

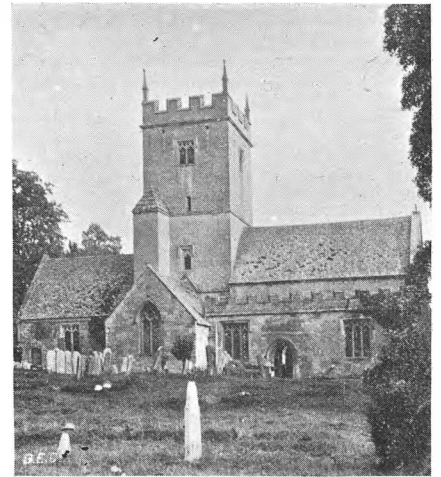
Mr. F. B. Osborne read a paper on the local grammar school, the early history of which was meagre. Some singular details were given by the writer, and mention was made of Dr. Payne Smith, Dean of Canterbury, who had been a scholar.

Mr. W. St. Clair Baddeley referred to the monuments at Miserden Church to Sir Wm. and Lady Sandys. He said the sculptor was an Englishman, Nicholas Stone, and the work was not Italian, as often stated.



[All the above pictures are reproduced from photos by Rev. W. T. Alston, of Gloucester, and we are indebted to that gentleman and the Rev. Canon Bazeley for permission to use them.]

BROADWAY.



OLD CHURCH, BROADWAY.



MIDDLE HILL, BROADWAY.



ANCIENT GRANGE OF PERSHORE ABBEY,
BROADWAY.

The proceedings of the last day (Thursday) will be found in the "Chronicle."

AN EVANGELIST'S ADVICE.

When the Rev. John M'Neill was holding revival services at Cardiff, he announced that he would answer any question about the Bible. At once a note was sent to him reading as follows:—"Dear Mr. M'Neill,—If you are seeking to help young men, kindly tell me who was Cain's wife." That seemed a poser, and the audience waited with intense interest, tempered with amusement, to see how the good man would extricate himself. After a pause, he said: "I love young men, especially young inquirers for light, and I would give this young man a word of advice. It is this: Don't lose your soul's salvation looking after other people's wives."



General Baden-Powell, if his health permits, will leave England again for South Africa towards the end of September.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

I calculate that August 15th was a proud day for Messrs. T. Nevins and Son, for it was then that they got the word of mouth approval of Col. von Donop, R.E., the Government Inspector, to their electric railway between Cheltenham and Cleve Hill, with the intimation that the formal certificate of the Board of Trade would follow in due course. They themselves had worked like Trojans to fix up the line ready for traffic by the early summer, but their energy was handicapped by delay in the delivery of certain materials and a scarcity of efficient electricians. And, when everything seemed in working order, the misadventure on Cleve Hill, resulting in the loss of two workmen's lives, almost on the eve of the official inspection, set back that function for a time. But this cloud was speedily dispelled, and a fortnight later, on a beautiful summer's day, following upon a series of dismal wet ones, the track and plant were duly passed by the able and alert Board of Trade Inspector, who was not content to discharge his duty in a more perfunctory manner, as is too often the case with Government officials.

I think that the official party, numbering a baker's dozen, that took the trial trip on No. 5 car deserve the warm thanks of the community for the confidence that they undoubtedly inspired among the public in the undertaking, whose reputation had been seriously shaken by the misadventure. I verily believe, from the observations I heard from bystanders and the anxious look on many of their faces, that they thought the party was going to certain destruction. The attendant procession of cycles and vehicles lent a suspicion to the assumption that the riders were determined to be in at the death. But all dismal forebodings were upset by the results achieved, and the wooden slipper-brake, absent on the ill-fated car, now worked wonders on No. 5. And even the girls of Prestbury could scarce forbear a cheer as the car glided triumphantly back through the village. There was an anti-climax to the trip in the incident of an overturned wagon of straw on the track barring effectually the progress of No. 5. At all events, we can now truly say:—

The August days were waning fast
As through the streets of Cheltenham passed
Electric cars, all spruce and nice,
Bearing aloft the same device—
"We ply for hire."

And they have plied for hire to some tune, for on the two first half-days that they ran they carried 5,400 and 9,700 paying passengers respectively. Thus the cars are already drawing dollars quickly into the coffers of the promoters.

There has just been published the list of subscriptions to the Gloucestershire Imperial Yeomanry welcome at Gloucester, and the amounts tot up to £406 12s. from 185 subscribers, chiefly county magistrates and members of the Gloucestershire County Council. I observe that from Cheltenham and vicinity about a tithe of the money came. The welcome was, as I have before noted, a great success, with the exception that the Yeomen did not get their silver tobacco boxes personally handed to them. This £406 12s. will, I imagine, go much farther than defraying the cost of a crown dinner to 85 Yeomen and a tobacco box to each and the incidental expenses. And in regard to the surplus, I would venture to suggest that it should be applied in providing a tablet of honour containing all the names of the men who went to the front, to be placed in the County County Chamber in the Shirehall; and also in the furnishing and fixing in the Cathedral of a memorial brass tablet to the some dozen gallant fellows who fell in action or died of disease in South Africa. We want permanent memorials of Gloucestershire's brave men.

North-east Gloucestershire and its Worcestershire environs have had a friendly invasion this week by the members of the Bristol and

Gloucestershire Archæological Society, who from their headquarters at Chipping Campden have made very pleasant and instructive pilgrimages to various ancient churches and buildings. The well thought out arrangements reflected, as usual, great credit upon the energetic and indispensable hon. secretary, the Rev. Canon Bazeley. I am glad to hear that the "Graphic" has been able to secure for reproduction photographs of some of the interesting places visited, as it would be a pity if they were confined to a limited circle. The region explored is also one of superstition and tradition. I imagine the society did not hear the siren Mickleton "hooter" when there. They went to Ebrington, a village about two miles from Campden. Ebrington, or Yubberton as it is commonly called, is the butt of the local wits. According to Campden people it was the Ebrington men who fenced a field with hurdles to keep the cuckoo in, and who tried to rake out of a pond the reflection of the moon in the belief that it was a cheese. The stories are, however, told of other places, notably of Stroud and Wiltshire. Then, there is the poet who sings—

"Two Yubberton yawnies to Campden went,
To buy a wheelbarrow was their intent;
They carried the barrow from town to town
For fear the wheel should bruise the ground."
It was at Yubberton, likewise, that the parishioners, who thought it beneath their dignity that the church tower should be less high than that at Campden, carefully manured the tower with farmyard manure (this was of course before the days of artificials) to make it grow.

Antiquity and archæological hunting has not been the only quest in the above regions, for the gallant General Baden-Powell has been up at Broadway on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Flower, and he has taken a turn or two at cub-hunting with the North Cotswold Hounds, which, under their new master, Mr. C. McNeill, have commenced the season right early. It would have been quite in the fitness of things if Lord Charles Bentinck could have come up from the lower end of the county and joined his fellow hero of Mafeking in "the sport of kings."

GLEANER.

THE TOOTHsome SAUSAGE.

August is certainly not the month in which sausages would appeal to us as a wholesome and dainty kind of food. The very seasoning by which these delicacies are made tempting to certain palates is capable of much in the way of covering up those tastes and odours by aid of which commencing putrefaction is made obvious to the senses. A tale has lately been going round the papers which illustrates at once the baseness of human nature and the infinite capacity possessed by an ordinary sausage skin for covering up the nature of things. At the best of times, and with the most honourable of butchers, sausages are but a conglomeration of bits and scraps, mingled sometimes with joints which, to say the least of it, are approaching the borderland of freshness. But it seems to have been discovered by some astute manufacturers in the east of London that it is a waste of good sausage skins to fill them with good meat when cat's meat is available. So a little trade has grown up between the cat's meat man and the sausage maker. The sausage machine is to these good people as the melting pot is to the receiver of stolen spoons. Good meat and bad, beef mutton, and pork, cat's meat, dog's meat and perhaps even dogs themselves may go in, but all comes out alike, and, by the aid of a little condiment, is made food for man. A great cry has lately arisen for a far more complete inspection of butcher's meat than is possible under present conditions of slaughter. But after all a judicious purchaser can tell something about the nature of the joints he buys. About the sausages (granting that a judicious purchaser ever does buy sausages) he can tell nothing, and it would be easy to maintain that of all

things the making of which requires inspection, sausages ought to stand *facile princeps*. To condemn a whole carcass of good, sound-looking meat because there happen to be some bits of tuberculous matter here and there is an admirable proceeding, and shows how far we are willing to go in maintaining at any cost a high standard of wholesomeness in the food of the people. But it is rather hard after all this to find that our sausages are stuffed with cat's meat.—"The Hospital."

THE WORLD'S COAL OUTPUT.

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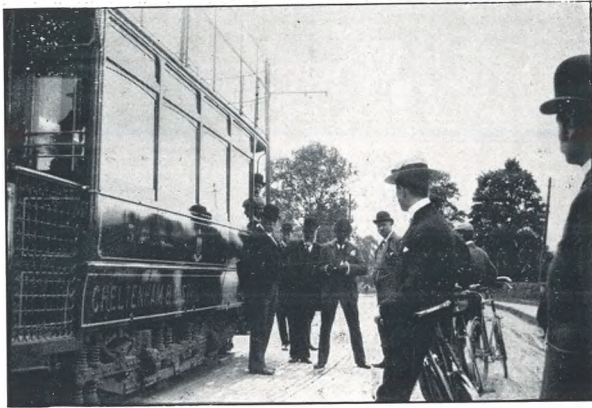
Treating on the statement issued by the Board of Trade relative to the output of coal, the "Science and Art of Mining" says:—The struggle for supremacy between country and country in the matter of production may be said to continue no longer, the United States having rushed into first place in 1899 with 226,554,000 tons, against 220,095,000 tons for the United Kingdom, a position which they more than sustained last year. This, of course, is due in no small measure to the important fact that in America a considerably greater quantity of coal is got by coal-cutting machines than in the United Kingdom, this class of machinery being employed much more extensively by Uncle Sam, who is not nearly so conservative in this as in other matters as coal producers at home. There is perhaps a growing tendency in this country to use machinery, but we can never hope, however favourably coal producers may regard such like methods of mining in the future, to again overtake our American cousins. It is not their nature, once having established a commanding lead in production, to sacrifice pride of place. Besides, an abnormal output, in our opinion, does not necessarily bespeak a healthy condition of the industry. Sweating prices are not to be recommended, and it is preferable to regulate the output by the demand. One point at least is made very clear by the publication of the statistics, namely that the command of this important source of industry and commercial prosperity and power is in no immediate danger of passing away from the "English-speaking world." At the present day the total known coal production of the world is about 650 million tons per annum, of which the United Kingdom produces rather more than one-third, and the United States close upon two-fifths; the combined product of these two countries exceeding seven-tenths of the total. According to many of the pronouncements in the general press, the question of volume fascinates and interests the writers thereof more than actual prosperity influenced by demand, and it may serve a purpose to state that, although the rate of expansion of the industry in the United States is so much in excess of that of the United Kingdom, the progress reported from the British Colonies and dependencies must not be overlooked. The Colonies are an ever-increasing factor in the maintenance of the supremacy of Greater Britain, and as there is a tendency to carry into effect measures which it is hoped will knit the Colonies in closer union with the Mother Country in such a manner as to permit independence of control, we are confident that this and other important industrial matters will come to be regarded in the not distant future not separately, as indicating say the advance of so many units, but collectively, representing the progress and supremacy of Greater Britain.

BEATEN AGAIN BY YANKEES.

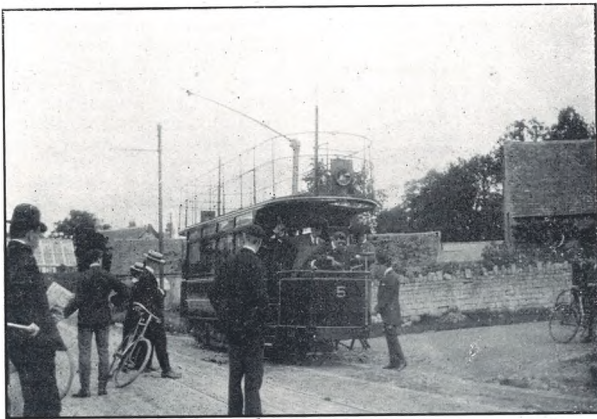
English fruit-growers are being beaten by Californian rivals in the price and the quality of plums. From California plums arrive—they have been for sale in London for some days—which, in spite of their long journey, can undersell the English plum and vastly exceed it in appearance. The Californian plum is so carefully packed that it arrives with the bloom as fresh as at its first picking. Such trifles do not concern the English grower, whose fruit, except it be of the most expensive kind, comes battered and bruised to market.

Tramway Official Inspection, August 15th, 1901.

SNAPSHOTS AT CLEEVE HILL.



Col. von Donop, R.E. (inspector), taking notes on the Hill, with Mr. Nevins on his left, Mr. R. Phillips (county surveyor) and Mr. J. Hall (Cheltenham surveyor) on his right, and Mr. Nevins, Junr., in the rear.



Mr. H. McCormick (acting as driver) talking to Mr. Nevins, Junr., on foot, at the bottom of the Hill, after the descent.

TRAINING OF RECRUITS.

I have reason to believe (writes the military correspondent of the "Scotsman") that the matter of the training of recruits to which I referred some time back has been advanced a stage, and it is probable that on Mr. Brodric's resumption of his duties at the War Office action will be taken in this important direction. It is likely that such modification as will be approved will take the shape of a new departure at the regimental depots, where, in the opinion of all thinking military circles, considerable changes are badly wanted. The present system is utterly faulty, and is proved to be so by the fact that in most cases a recruit who joins a line battalion after a course of so-called training at the depot is treated as if he were still a raw recruit, at any rate so far as barrack-square instruction in drill is concerned. This, of course, is a very serious matter, being tantamount to an admission that the depot barrack-square training is worthless, which, in point of fact, it commonly is. The weak point is the drill instructors, who, instead of being, like the gymnastic instructors, carefully picked, highly qualified, and specially trained men, are only too often those non-commissioned officers who are not regarded as valuable acquisitions by the officers commanding the line battalions. Such men, however, fluent in their reproduction of drill-book instructions and explanations, are poorly qualified to make trained soldiers of recruits, and it is probable that at no distant date they will be replaced by drill instructors specially selected and trained at some central school. A tentative step in this direction appears to have been taken by the recent introduction of a new system at the Aldershot gymnasium, under which non-commissioned officers who are being trained as gymnastic instructors are being simultaneously trained to give skilled instruction in the simpler forms of drill. If this system could be extended and perfected the gain to the Army would be incalculable. An instructor who could both attend to the recruit's physical education in the gymnasium and teach him his drill as it ought to be taught on the barrack square would indeed be a pearl of price, and the presence of a small staff of such instructors at a depot would soon bring about a much-needed improvement. Incidentally other changes are desirable, and may be in contemplation, but this matter of placing the barrack square and gymnasium instruction of recruits on a level and practical basis is regarded as of pressing and primary importance.

THE CRITIC AND HIS CONSCIENCE.

To the September number of the "Pall Mall Magazine" Mr. A. B. Walkley, the distinguished dramatic critic, contributes an entertaining "seaside examination" of his conscience. The critic, he says, will, if he be modest, admit at once that there are of necessity defects in his culture, and that his taste cannot in the nature of things be impeccable. That reflection will make him sorry for some of his trenchant judgments. It will incline him as far as possible to avoid the judicial attitude as nothing better than a pose. Such definite epithets as "good" and "bad," "right" and "wrong," even "successful" and "unsuccessful," will become suspect to him. Far be it from me to say that there is no good and bad, right and wrong, success and failure, in art. That position would be the blank negation of all criticism. But criticism is one thing; the critic's mind is another, and a very fallible thing. It is good for critics to cry aloud (in the dead season, at the seaside, with no players or playwrights within earshot): "We are all miserable sinners."

The appointment of Col. Cseda Milykovich as Minister of War was gazetted at Belgrade on Saturday.

It was stated in Berlin on Saturday that the Kaiser and Czar will shortly have an interview at Carlsruhe.

CLOAKS OF SEAGULLS' WINGS.

"Murderous Millinery"—that is what a man whispered, writes a lady correspondent, when I passed him, wearing my opera-cloak of seagulls' wings. It is a wrap so beautiful in colour and so exquisite in texture as to excite the admiration of any artist. It is light, yet warm, and is really useful. Many gulls were shot that it might be made, as many other animals and birds are killed for the use of man. In that scientific attention to sea-fisheries which must shortly come, one of the first moves will be the diminution of the number of seagulls. They exact a deadly toll of edible fish in the aggregate. Why then should I be blamed for the judicious use of the feathers of a predatory bird, who has a strong appetite, for instance, for baby turbot? I wear the cloak because it is useful and becoming; but incidentally, in a small way, it increases the supply of fish.

THE LAST OF THE 4½d. STAMP.

No new issue is to be made of the 4½d. postage stamp, and as stocks in the hands of postmasters are almost exhausted the stamp will in a few weeks be a thing of the past. Since the introduction of the present parcel post rates in 1897 there has been practically no need for a stamp of that denomination.

PING-PONG AT GARDEN PARTIES.

Ping-pong tables have made their appearance at many of the recent garden parties, and have been a great addition to the enjoyment of the occasion. Four or five ping-pong tables can be placed on one lawn, so that entertainment is provided for a good many guests at one time. Ping-pong can be played when the grass is too damp for tennis, so it is a great resource for bad weather. There are two kinds of ping-pong tables made especially for out-door use. One kind is made with legs to screw on, and the other is simply a folding table top marked with the court, which can be placed on any ordinary table.

* * *

An anonymous donor has sent a gift of £2,000 for the improvement of Breeze-hill Presbyterian Church, Walton, Liverpool.

The Queen of Sweden is again seriously ill, and her condition is described as critical owing to the fact that her resisting power is but small.

Very ingenious was the Brooklyn parson who recently cleared his church of debt by means of a shoe social, tickets for which were priced according to the size of the purchaser's foot.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1901.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

A satirical German once libelled the English as being "A nation of asses who talk of nothing but horses." I don't think I shall be doing those Cheltonians at present at home an injustice in describing them as "Thousands of townfolk whose topical talk is of trams and nothing but the trams." And it does not end in talk, for in the two half-days and five whole days of the first week's working of the C. and D.L. Railway, forty thousand of these townfolk did not wait for the wagon, but all took a ride on the cars, and paid for it too. The returns must have exceeded the wildest dreams of Messrs. Nevins and Co. These enterprising promoters did the thing well to their representative guests (as might be expected of them) at the formal opening and christening of the line on the 22nd inst. And I think it ought to be mentioned, as further showing the kindly spirits of the hosts, that when their guests had been well attended to at Southam they went out into the highways and byeways and called in the stragglers, including a ginger-beer vendor, to take a glass of the sparkling. "Mumm" should not be the word in regard to this incident.

I take it that the early and somewhat feeble agitation against the Sunday running of the cars has been squelched by the firm attitude of the "Echo" and the no uncertain voices of the speakers at the Winter Garden banquet. After all, it will be purely a question of supply and demand, and I believe that will exist in more or less degree throughout the year. I am a strong believer in the elevation of the masses, even if it be on the top of a tram-car as the vehicle to cheaply and quickly convey them to fresh fields and pastures new, where they can revel in fresh air and sunlight. The more the denizens of our crowded and stuffy back streets can be got to commune with nature, the more likely are they to become better and healthier citizens, and therefore good Christians. "Doctor Freshair" and "Parson Greenfields" are powerful teachers for the body and mind. I am also strongly of opinion that the cars will, in annihilating distances, be found of great convenience and advantage to church and chapel goes pure and simple. An occasional change of service and minister is not to be despised, and the car will be the thing to bring this about. Those who want High Church can get it at Prestbury, and service can be got even "higher" at the new Evangelical Church on Cleeve Hill.

A correspondence has been going on in the columns of a London contemporary as to the whereabouts of the largest oak in this

country, and the honour is claimed for the one at Cowthorpe, Yorkshire, which measures 60ft. in girth. Sir Charles Dilke has very properly pushed to the front the merits of the Newlands oak, which is in his constituency of the Forest of Dean. But this tree, as will be seen in the highly interesting series of articles on "Old Trees and Older Stones of Gloucestershire," which recently appeared in the "Graphic," has a girth only of 47½ft., measured five feet from the ground, but its antiquity is undeniable, as it is said to be mentioned in the Domesday Book. The famous Lassington Oak, which looks the biggest thing in the arboreal creation to Gloucester folk, is only 29ft. in circumference. But it's high treason to say anything disparaging of it over that way.

To Earl Bathurst and Mr. Ben Bathurst belongs the unique distinction of being not only brothers by birth, but brothers in arms—each elected to a public elective office in the same division of the county when engaged abroad on military duty in connection with the Boer War. It is well known that in his absence Mr. Ben Bathurst was re-elected, without opposition, as M.P. for the Cirencester Division. But it is not a matter of general knowledge that Lord Bathurst was re-elected last March, when also in St. Helena, County Councillor for North Cerney, in the Cirencester Division. It seems that a legal difficulty has arisen over his lordship's election, and he had to apply to the High Court for relief, because, by reason of his absence from England, he could not send in within the prescribed time the necessary return and declaration of expenses incurred by him or his agent in respect of the said election. Of course, the noble Earl got relieved from penalties, but the application is another reminder that the law must be rigidly observed, even in County Council elections.

Cheltenham is interested in the death of Mr. Charles Richards, of Worthbury, Flintshire, at the great age of 102 years, by reason of the fact that it is recorded that "one of the proudest incidents of his life was that he had the honour of shaking hands with the Duke of Wellington at Cheltenham." I wonder if this occasion was when the Iron Duke was taking the mineral waters here, and if this centenarian's name appears in the records from Williams's Library, dating from 1815, with the autographs of famous persons (including the Duke and Blucher), together with their weights before and after taking the waters. By-the-by, the association of the heroes of Waterloo with Cheltenham did not serve a certain large and substantially-built house in which they once stayed in good stead when it was offered for sale by auction a few months ago, for there was not a bid for it. It is other times other houses.

That big black board by the railside at Lansdown is a decided eyesore to me, as it must be to many other regular passengers on the line, now that the white letters are be-

coming obliterated by the action of the wind and wet. I cannot in all conscience ask my friend at the "Cosy" to renew his kind gratuitous advertisement for the "Graphic," but if he is not disposed to act on my previous suggestion to put up "No School Board for Cheltenham," I would ask him to do a good turn for the C. and D.L.R., now that they are neighbours of his, and invite alighting passengers at the Midland Station to "Take trams to the town." That would be both alliterative and appreciative. [Since the above was in type I saw, as I was whirled by on Thursday afternoon, the genial proprietor of the board renewing the old letters. "Many, many thanks" is all I can say].

GLEANER.

MR. HERBERT GLADSTONE.

Since Miss Dorothy Drew succeeded in spoiling the Egyptians by winning a Primrose League prize, new perils have been detected in Mr. Herbert Gladstone's prospective matrimonial alliance. The Chief Liberal Whip, it is hinted, intends to offer up his official position as a sacrifice to the Conservatism of his fiancée. The rumour has sprung up in Mr. Gladstone's absence, and in the meantime it is generally discredited. Politicians of the first rank are not in the habit of making their brides a present of their political opinions. Otherwise Mr. Gladstone's illustrious parents might have remained old-fashioned Tories. Lord Tweedmouth might now be a leading light of Conservatism, and Mr. Chamberlain a restored pillar of Republicanism.

NO BARMAIDS IN CALCUTTA.

The Simla correspondent of the "Daily Mail" says that Sir John Woodburn, Lieut.-Governor of Bengal, in response to the representations of a number of the local religious and charitable associations, has issued orders prohibiting the employment of European barmaids in Calcutta. Those already engaged will be allowed to serve out their term of agreement, but no new ones are to be imported. A similar regulation has already been put into force in Rangoon.

A CAPITAL PUN.

One of the best puns on record—and a classical one—(says "Senex Cantabrigiensis") was perpetrated by the famous scholar Shillets. Be it premised that, whereas the Latin word "dedit" means "gave," "dono dedit" might be rendered "made a present of." Both expressions are frequently found on college plate the accumulation of centuries. One day Shillets was dining at my own college, when, during a brief interval spent on a scrutiny of the spoons and forks, the college tutor observed, "Shillets, what is the exact shade of difference between "dedit" and "dono dedit"? "Don' know," was the reply.

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—particularly the former—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.

The competition is open to the county, and the name of the successful competitor will

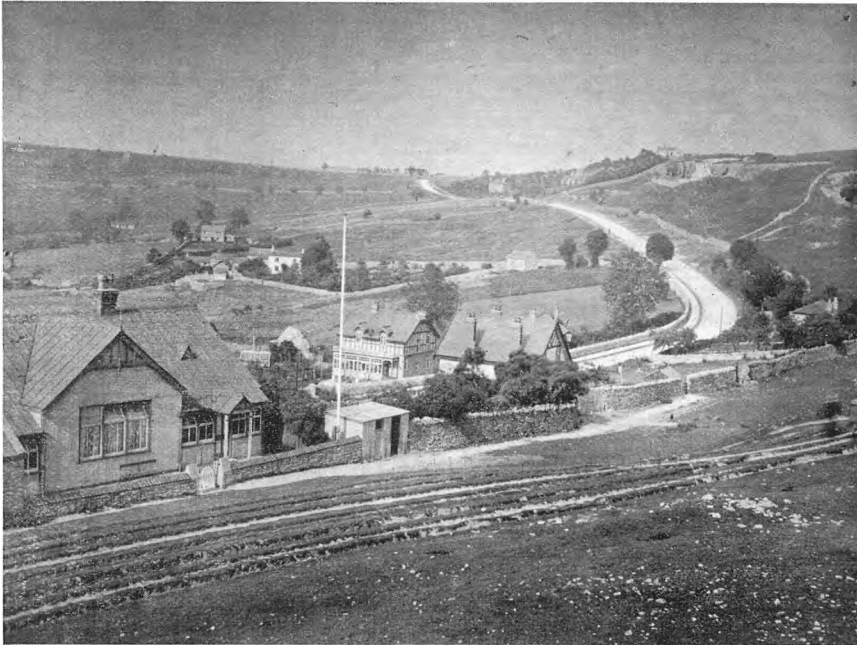
be announced weekly in the Art Supplement.

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 of the 34th competition is Mr. S. A. Isles, 5 Grange-crescent, Gloucester-road, Cheltenham, and the prize picture is the view from the top of Cleeve Hill.

Entries for the 35th competition closed this (Saturday) morning, August 31st, 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.



VIEW FROM THE TOP OF CLEEVE HILL.

EARL RUSSELL NO LONGER J.P.

The name of Earl Russell, it is officially stated, who was recently convicted of bigamy, is no longer on the Commission of the Peace for Berkshire. His Lordship sat on the bench for the Maidenhead division.

* * *

THE HEIGHT OF IMPUDENCE.

Among the claims brought before the South African Compensation Commission on Tuesday was that of a man named Bakker. Sir John Ardagh said this was the most scandalous case that had come before them. The man had declined to take the oath of neutrality, had taken full burgher rights, and had fought against us in the war, and yet he had the supreme impudence to claim compensation. He suggested to the Dutch representative that it was unnecessary to comment on such cases.

* * *

A MILLIONAIRE CARPENTER.

Mr. W. Scott Stratton, of Colorado Springs, Col., U.S.A., can claim the distinction of being the richest carpenter in the world. Not so many years ago, he worked with a plane and saw, making doors, fashioning windows, shaping up tables, and rounding out chair rungs, while to-day he is declared to be worth £5,000,000. Stratton has made his fortune not out of carpentering, but through mining. His luck came in the discovery of the now famous Independence Mine. After he had taken £900,000 out of the mine, he sold it to a company for £2,000,000. Although a rich mine-owner, Stratton is still a carpenter. He is said to be the only millionaire who belongs to a trade union.

CROWN PRINCE OF PRUSSIA.

The Crown Prince of Prussia left Drummond Castle, near Crieff, on Monday forenoon, having concluded his visit to the Earl and Countess of Ancaster. He received an enthusiastic welcome from Crieff, from which station he departed en route to Dunrobin Castle on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland.

* * *

A TINY CUMBERLAND CHURCH.

What is the smallest church in England has always been a moot question, but the Bishop of Carlisle, in consecrating the churchyard of Wasdale Head last week—from which parish the dead have hitherto had to be carried by road from six to ten miles for interment—expressed his belief that Wasdale Head was the smallest. He had visited several which claimed to be the smallest, but he could not remember one so small or picturesque in its surroundings. The beautiful description of the poet Southey of a church near a running stream with sheep coming to nibble the grass would apply to it.

* * *

The death is announced in Rome of Signor Michele Coppino, formerly President of the Chamber and Minister of Public Instruction in several Italian Governments.

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All music-lovers will be delighted to learn that the reports circulated in certain quarters of the ill-health of Madame Christine Nilsson (Countess de Casa-Miranda) are entirely baseless.

THE 100 MILES AN HOUR RAILWAYS.

The contemplated electric express service between Berlin and Hamburg continues to attract much attention, and deservedly so (says "Engineering"). Experts hold that it will have to be carried above or below existing railways, streets, roads, and canals. This, however, is easier with an electric railway, as the gradients give less trouble here than with a locomotive railway. As the trains will have to run in rapid succession, three sets of rails will be necessary, so that there can always be two lines available whilst the third is being repaired. The calculated costs comprise £900,000 for expropriation of land, about £1,500,000 for earthwork, £550,000 for under, and £1,600,000 for upper works, £75,000 for stations and shops, £900,000 for electric installations, £300,000 for motors, £200,000 for preliminary work, etc., £900,000 for various expenses, making a total of some £7,000,000. The traffic is, at least in the beginning, intended to commence at 6 a.m. from both ends, and to be continued with trains up to nine o'clock. Then there is to be a three hours' break, and the traffic will be resumed at twelve o'clock, in order to stop for another three hours at three o'clock. At six o'clock it is to be resumed, and continued till midnight. Each car is intended to carry sixty passengers, which with one car gives 360 passengers per hour, or with 16 traffic hours 5,760 passengers in each direction, making a daily total of 11,530 passengers with one car service, and ten minutes between the trains. With eight minutes' interval the figure reaches about 14,400, and with only five minutes' interval about 23,000 passengers. With three-car trains the aggregate would consequently amount to 69,000 passengers in 16 hours.

The advocates of the new mono-rail high-speed railway are trying to refer its opponents to the parallel case, as they consider it, of the opposition made to the first railways on the ground that it was dangerous and unhealthy for people to be hurried along at the rate of twenty miles an hour. But (asks the "Builder") are the cases parallel? Objectors to the twenty miles an hour railway were foolish even from the point of view of that day, for they might have reflected that people could ride a galloping horse at that speed without suffering from the effects. But the human body is, after all, a delicate machine, and there must be some limit to the speed of transport which it will endure without ill effects. We do not know how near we have come to the limit, but we know there must be a limit. Then there is also the balance of risks and advantages to be considered. However ingeniously the mono-rail railway may be planned and however carefully constructed, no human means can guard absolutely against the chances of accident from some unforeseen cause, and the consequences of an accident at the rate of speed proposed are fearful to contemplate. Is there any advantage in covering the ground at that speed which balances the risk? That is the point for future mono-rail travellers to continue.

* * *

Mr. Justice Day will remain at Bath with Lady Day for some weeks longer. He is out driving daily.

At Chester Castle on Sunday Major-General Swaine, commanding the North-Western Division, presented war medals to the special service company of the Cheshire Volunteers.

Major Alan R. Hill, of the 1st Battalion Northamptonshire Regiment, who served in the Zulu War of 1879 and the Boer War of 1881, where, for his services at Laing's Nek, he was awarded the V.C., is being retired after a service of 20 years.

A curious find is reported from one of the Chincha Islands, off the coast of Peru. In a bed of guano an old ship's compass was lately dug up, which, when cleaned, was found to be in working order. The case of the instrument is of brass, and it bears the engraved inscription: "Jno Warren, Chepeside, City of London. Maker. 1699." The compass has been sent to a museum in Lima.

A Tour of our Churches

*

SS. PHILIP AND JAMES'S CHURCH.

"As sure as God's in Gloucestershire" was the trite saying of monkish days. The abbeys are dismantled or turned to other forms of worship, the cathedrals no longer cherish the ceremonies of the Roman Catholic religion, but the saying has still force and application. If you doubt this, good reader, do as I have done—perambulate the part of Gloucestershire which is included within the boundaries of the Parliamentary borough of Cheltenham, and you will be surprised at the vast number of places of worship—churches, chapels, modest meeting-houses, and upper rooms—passed en route. Were all these "temples of worship" filled every Sunday, there would be very few of the population left to ride tram-cars or to commit any other breaches of the Sabbatarian etiquette.

As I made my way through Great Norwood-street on a recent Sunday evening towards the church which has so long been identified with the memory of the late Canon Hutchinson, the air was full of the "clang, clang" of bells from unseen towers over the house-tops; from a little chapel on my left came the familiar strains of the old hymn, "Art thou weary, art thou languid, art thou sore distressed," and, if I may venture to say it, there seemed to be a keen competition to draw the would-be worshipper within the walls of the rival churches.

Arrived at the entrance to the church of SS. Philip and James, which stands at the corner where two streets join, I found a good number of people entering; I was conducted by a portly black-robed verger or sidesman to a seat between two ladies, and had a few minutes in which I could admire the stately proportions of the interior before the service commenced. And, indeed, the interior of SS. Philip and James' Church is admirably designed, giving an appearance of loftiness and solemnity which is often lacking in modern ecclesiastical architecture. Above the altar stands a finely-executed reredos of white stone, which serves to concentrate the attention in that place—and it is curious to note how disappointing is the general appearance of a church without such a focus of richness, however beautiful the rest of the building may be. From the vestry at the side of the chancel came the sound of the choir's responses, loud and almost startling, breaking in on the soft and dreamy notes of the organist's voluntary, and soon the choir and clergy entered, the congregation standing meanwhile.

During the service I noted the choir acquitted themselves well, although there was no anthem to exercise their skill upon. Organist and choir were well together, and the singing was everything that could be desired for a simple form of service.

One peculiarity I noted—the officiating priest recited each sentence of the "General Confession" before the people, instead of saying it with the congregation, as usual in other churches, thus apparently following out the exact instructions of the Prayer Book, "To be said by the whole congregation, after the minister, all kneeling."

I happened to be in a particularly unfortunate position as regards the hymns; in every other church I have been supplied, or have found a hymn book in the pew, but on this occasion I was less fortunate, and was obliged to do without the words of the three hymns sung during the evening. My neighbours in the pew no doubt would have obliged, but the one on my left had brought the wrong book, and could not find the hymns there, while the lady on my right was in the same bookless condition as myself. In some churches the sidesmen endeavour to furnish hymnbooks to those in want. This, by the way!

But one must do something during the hymns, and my survey of the congregation quickly showed that this church is no exception to the rule in the great preponderance

of the fairer (and more religious) sex. By the comparatively easy process of counting heads and hats, I was able to calculate that there were six hats to every head in the church—in other words, six women to every man, an almost abnormal proportion, as it seemed to me.

The sermon was read from manuscript, and was a farewell discourse, noteworthy for many original thoughts, and even more for the "public school" accent of the preacher, which was very marked.

The text selected was I. John iii., 23.—"This is His commandment, that we should believe on the name of His Son Jesus Christ." Referring to the writer of the Epistle, St. John, we were told that "the Apostle was here speaking straight from his heart and in the light of the Spirit of the Most High God. Alone and in exile St. John was engaged in the triple duty of:—(1) Enforcing Holy duties; (2) unveiling the sacred secrets and mysteries of a better world; (3) alleviating the sorrows of his time. In every age there have been and will be burning questions; in St. John's time knowledge was the greatest quest; some men believed then that immortal life could only be obtained through knowledge. And there is a thirst for knowledge to-day—to educate the people and train the mind. We often refer to secular education, which means that we are to train our boys and girls in every branch of thought save religion. But the most important thing of all is not to know about God and His works, but to know God! and it is more important to be a man than to know man. How are we to know God? To know Him is to keep His commandments.

"What would the belief in the Holy Name mean to John? It would be the blessed recollection of a dear, dead friend. He would remember the morning dawn in Jerusalem, the lonely congress, the quiet walks on the uplands of Gennesaret.

"Once, only once, and once for all, there swept across the platform of time, a great, a good, a Holy Man! He left behind Him an example, not only to be admired, but to be imitated in the after ages.

"Every life, the life of the boy who sells you a match in the street, or the life of the princess who stands on the throne, may follow His great example. Thus to follow the holy example of Jesus is to have faith in His Holy Name. And to believe in the Holy Name is not only to follow His example, but to bring forth the fruits of that example."

The preacher then went on to plead for that quiet frame of mind which fitted one to receive spiritual impressions, and urged that there was one thing we must not fail in—the science of goodness, the duty of doing right because it is right, cost what it may; and stated that there was consolation in the fact that many who do not hold the faith of the Church were yet trying to do good—hidden Christians whom God alone sees, who do not name the name of Christ, perhaps, but who are known to God.

We should bring our boys and girls up in a religion which should be a real belief in the Holy Name. "Thank God, religion is the backbone of the English people, and it is that which has made England so great. Why are Englishmen with all their faults so strong and yet so tender? Why do they love so deeply, and yet scorn to carry their hearts on their sleeves? It is only through the belief in this Holy Name."

The conclusion of the sermon, which was somewhat long as Church of England sermons go, was occupied with a few feelingly-expressed sentences of farewell to the congregation, and thanks for kindness and help received.

LAYMAN.

Mr. Bignold, M.P., is presenting a park of 28 acres for the use of the inhabitants of Wick and Pulteneytown.

A News Agency states that the Hon. T. A. Brasseu has resigned his position as a member of the Imperial Liberal Council.



Corpl. Percy Botting,

9th Lancers.

Dangerously wounded at Krugersdorp. He is a son of the verger of Cheltenham Parish Church, and is a Devonshire-street School "Old Boy."

A lady who was visiting the cavern grotto in a Rhone glacier near Letsch was killed by the fall of a block of ice from the vault of the cavern.

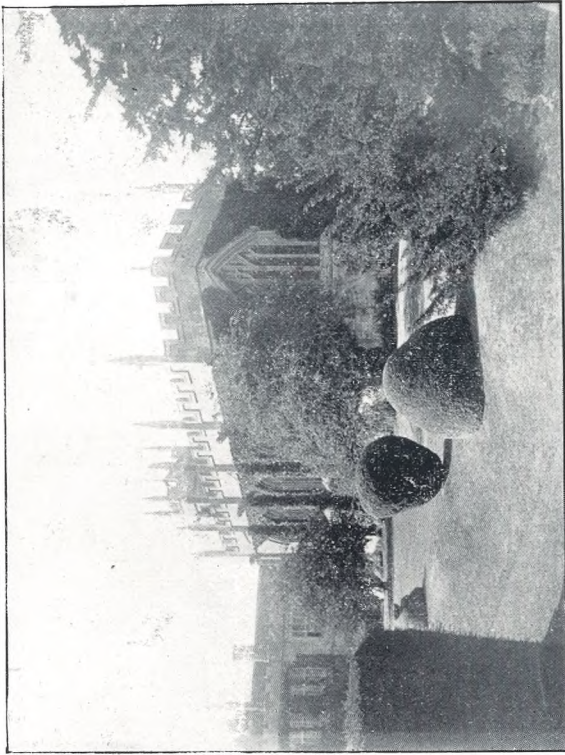
Two fatal accidents have taken place in the Alps during the past week, and for the first time in the annals of climbing a Frenchman has scaled the Weisshorn.

Colonel Crole Wyndham, who commands the 21st Lancers, has been appointed a member of the Committee on Army Dress, which assembles this week with Sir Archibald Hunter as president.

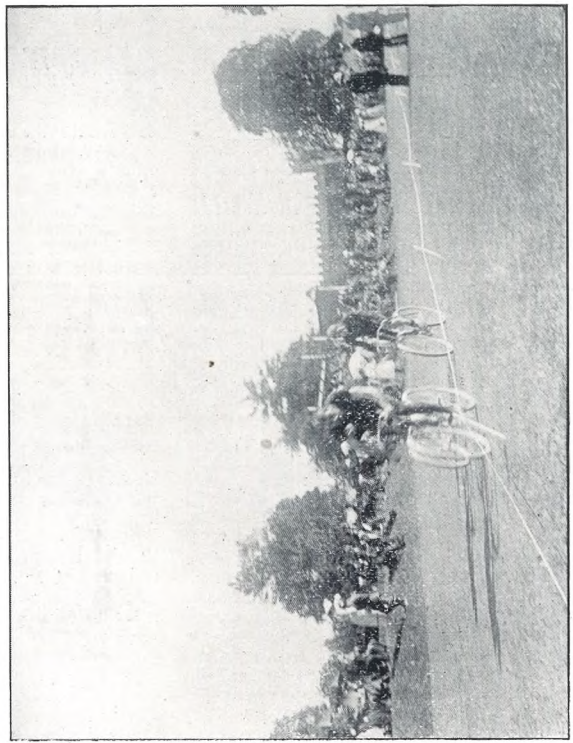
Dr. Rutherford Harris, who has been asked to contest the county of Brecon in the Conservative interest at the next election, has written to express his regret that he cannot see his way to accept the invitation with which he has been honoured.

The Archbishop of Canterbury and Mrs. Temple celebrated their silver wedding-day on Saturday, at the Old Palace, Canterbury, in a very quiet and homely manner. After attending morning service at the Cathedral, they and their two sons were photographed on the Palace lawn for the first time as a family group. Among the messages of congratulation was an address from the Canterbury Town Council. The Archbishop and Mrs. Temple express themselves much touched and very grateful for the many kind letters, telegrams, and gifts received.

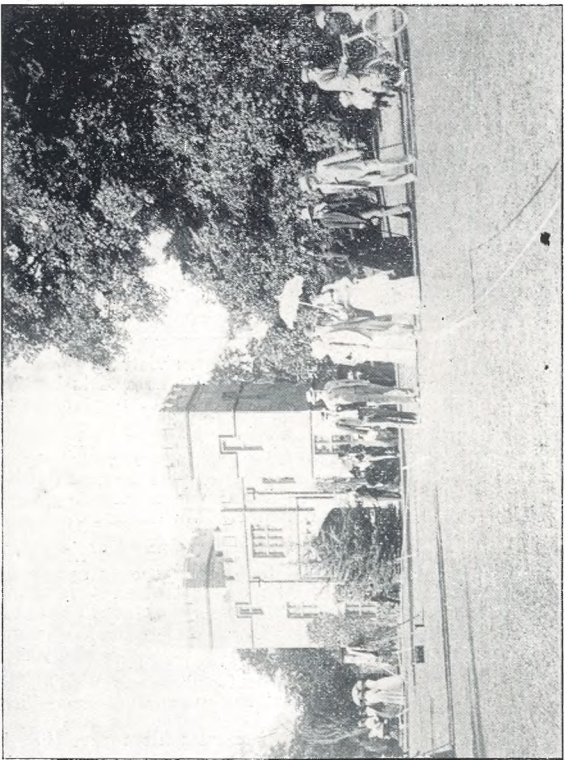
Winchcombe and Sudeley Flower Show.



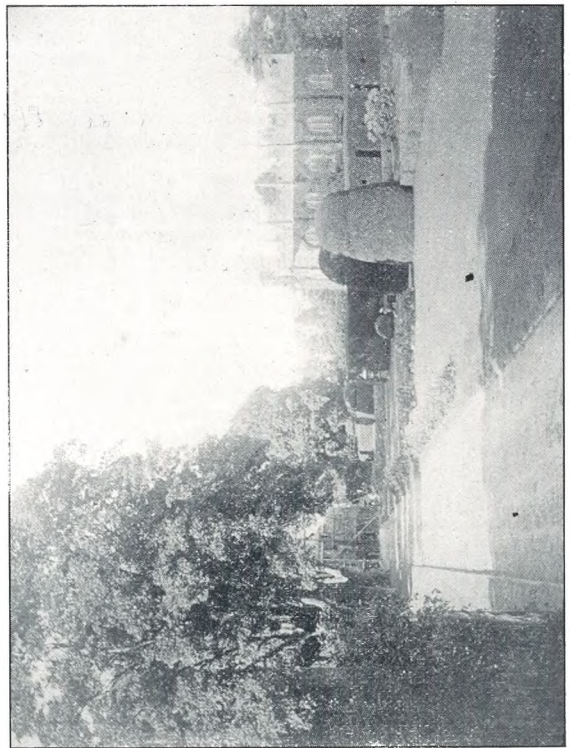
Sudeley Church.



The Sports.



Entrance Lodge, Sudeley Castle.



The Castle Grounds.

The St. Petersburg journal "Viedomosti" announces the approaching arrival at Krasnoarsk, the capital of Yeniseisk, of 20,000 Cossacks, who are to colonise the territories on the Amur.

Mgr. Victor Doutreloux, Bishop of Liege, died suddenly on Saturday, aged 64. The deceased prelate, who held office since 1875, was distinguished for his wide culture and liberal tendencies.

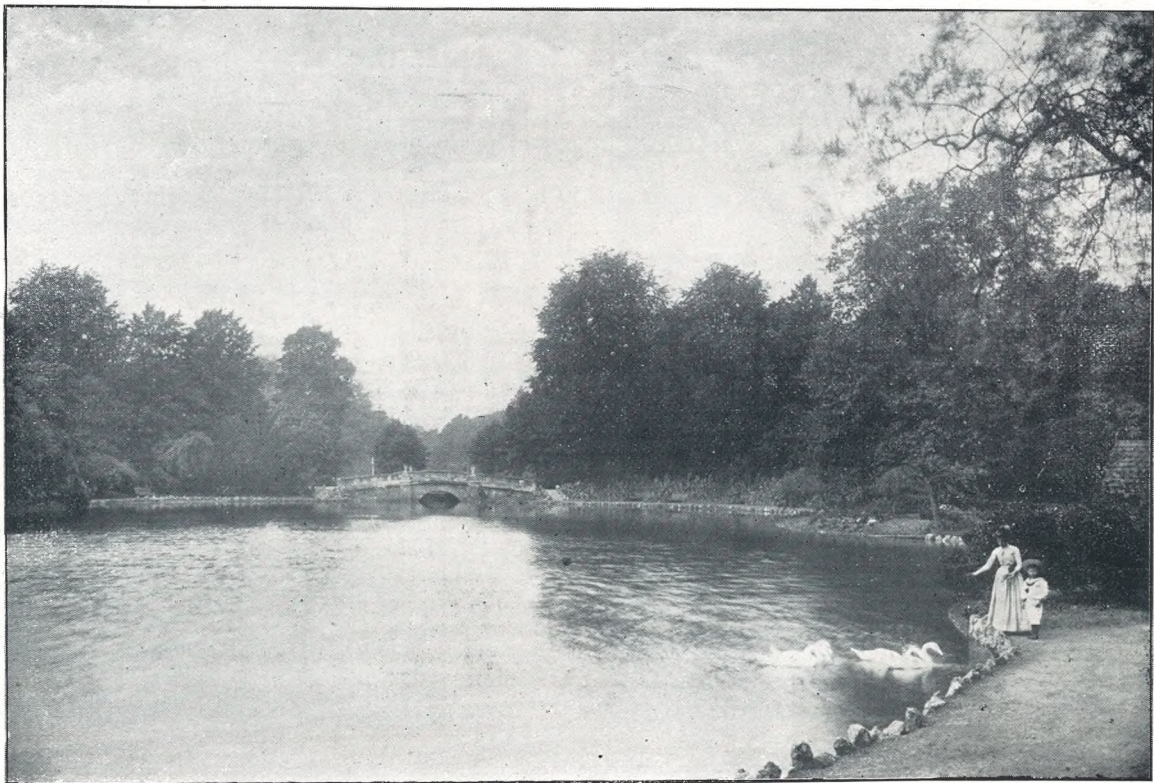
A Glasgow woman, Mary Martin, drank carbolic acid on Sunday, mistaking it for whisky, and died in great agony.

During a terrible storm at Vigo the church of St. Andres was struck by lightning during the celebration of Mass. A portion of the structure fell in, killing one woman on the spot and injuring several others. The officiating priest fainted and great excitement prevailed.

It is proposed to still further perpetuate the memory of the Rev. Urijah R. Thomas by raising £5,000 to place on a firm financial basis the Ministers' Seaside Home at Morfhoë, North Devon, in which he took so deep an interest.

Last week the amount of meat condemned in the metropolis reached a record. Out of the total of 117 tons, more than eighty consisted of Australian bunnies.

TWO PRETTY VIEWS OF PITTVILLE LAKE.



THE SECRETS OF THE VIPER.

Some 2,500 pounds of guncotton were required to remove the last traces of the Viper. The authorities had completely to demolish the craft in order to preserve secrets in connection with her machinery and equipment. Torpedo-boat 81, which came to grief about the same time, is now flaunting herself at Portsmouth, looking as grim and as serviceable as if she had not been playing the part of an involuntary submarine.

Sir Henry Brackenbury, Director-General of Ordnance, is suffering from the effects of overwork. Sir Henry has been ordered by his medical advisers to abstain from all business and correspondence.

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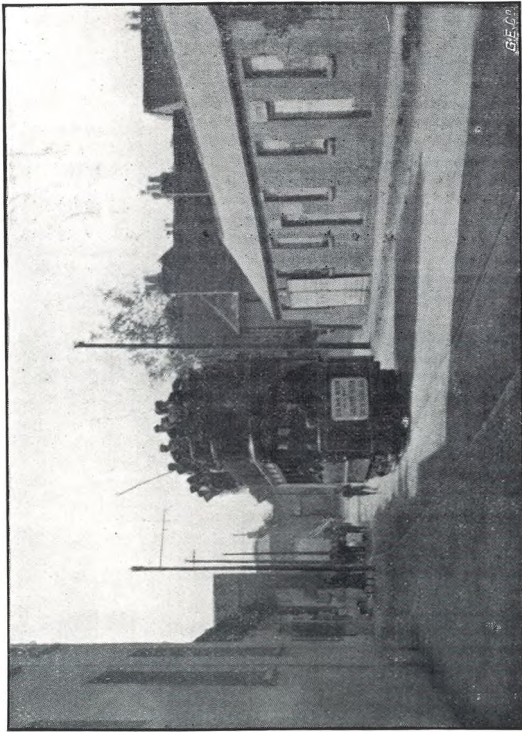
A Paris correspondent announces the death at Boulogne-sur-Seine, at the age of 86, of Mr. Charles Coran, whose poems 60 years ago were very popular, but have long been forgotten.

The Mayor of Rochester on Monday presented each local member of the West Kent Yeomanry, recently returned from the front, with a silver cigar box, suitably inscribed.

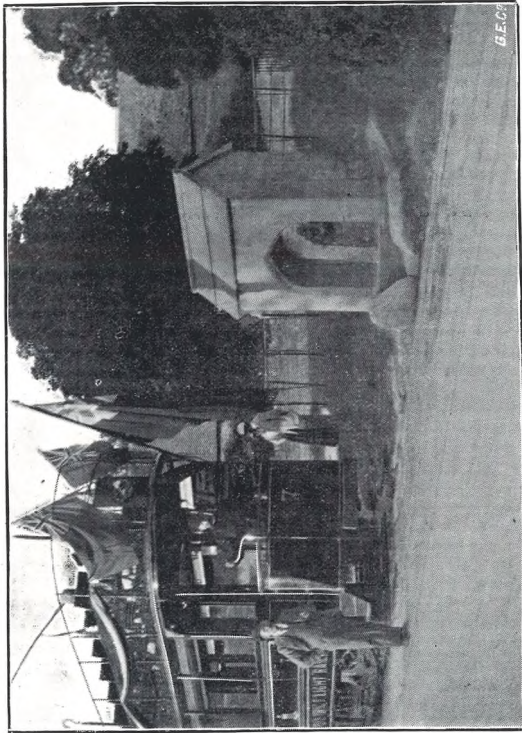
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A Criccieth tradesman, named Griffith G. Owen, well known amongst the Welsh Bardic fraternity as Geraint, was drowned on Monday morning at Criccieth while bathing. It is believed he was seized with cramp.

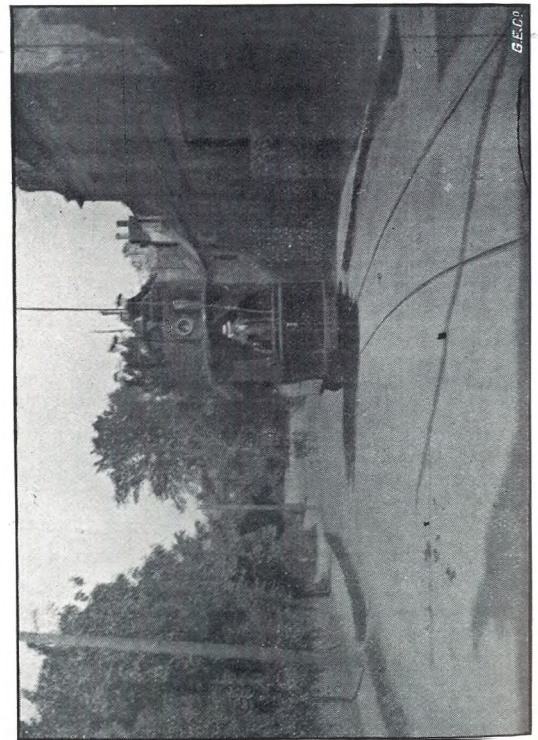
Cheltenham Light Railway.



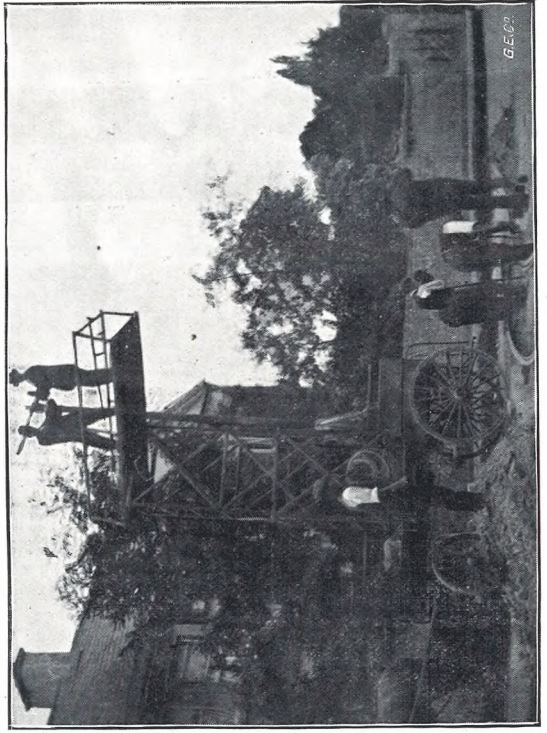
Car passing through Prestbury.



Car at foot of Cleeve Hill decorated for the Opening.



Car passing through Prestbury.



The Troublesome Turn at Prestbury Court.

The Stockport Corporation electric tramways were on Monday formally opened for the conveyance of passengers. The tramways will cost £180,000 in the borough alone, in which no less than nine miles of line will be eventually laid. The corporation anticipates handsome profits from its latest enterprise.

Mr. Maskelyne has spoken out freely against the Spiritualists' society, which he denounces as existing by fraud. A member of the circle in the recent test seances has died from excitement caused by the absence of phenomena.

Lord Strathcona left Euston on Saturday for Liverpool, where he embarked on the Campania on his way to Montreal.

The Hon. Arthur Annesley, eldest son of Viscount Valentia, the popular Government Whip and member of the King's Household, came of age on Saturday.

Dr. Calmette, of the Pasteur Institute, has had to use his own serum for snake-bite. His finger was bitten while he was collecting the venom, and he attributes to the serum his escape with simple inflammation only.

The number of visitors to the Glasgow Exhibition last week was 453,179, bringing the total attendance since the opening to over 6,000,000, this beating the entire attendance at the Exhibition in 1888. The cash taken at the turnstiles has averaged over £1,000 daily.

New doctrines in bacteriology seem to be sapping the simple faith which has hitherto been the characteristic of our Sunday schools. A youngster stoutly refused to believe that Gehazi became a leper on account of his sins. "No," said he, "there were germs in the clothes."

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THE FREE TRADE OUTLOOK FOR THE 20TH CENTURY.

BY ERNEST E. WILLIAMS.

(Author of "Made in Germany," etc.)

The Twentieth Century opened gloomily for English industry. The closing years of the Nineteenth Century had been years of prosperity and "boom"—'99 being particularly prosperous, and 1900 being more illustrative of the "boom" than of the prosperity. But before the old century went out signs of change had become too apparent to be ignored. The iron and steel trades, which, owing to the exorbitant price of coal, had got more and more unprofitable during 1900, were the first to indicate the change. The century opened with damped furnaces and dwindling orders. Later came depression in the textile trades, though in cotton it had begun before the close of the year.

To the superstitious and pessimistic the condition of English industry at the dawn of the twentieth century is an uncomfortable omen. Nor should the omen be smiled away by those who are not superstitious, and who disclaim pessimism. For there are circumstances attaching to the present depression in our national industry which do give a reasonable basis for apprehension. We may expect the present depression to pass away, though probably not until it has sunk still further; but can we justifiably look forward to a return of the old conditions? Are we justified in regarding present depression as solely the swing of the pendulum? I fear not.

We have had depressions before, but our trade has rebounded upwards from them afterwards into blazing prosperity. Such rebounds were natural and to be expected. The depressions in the past were caused largely by production in this country outrunning temporarily the world's powers of consumption; this being the result either of reckless production or some unfortunate series of events—famine, war, pestilence, and the like—which contracted the markets in which our wares normally found a sale. There were other and more obscure factors, but these we need not discuss now; it will suffice to bear in mind that the depressions of the past were temporary afflictions which were removed with the disappearance of the temporary evils which caused them.

But a special glance should be given to the last trade depression—that of the middle Nineties—because in this depression we find, for the first time, the active influence of another factor. It was then that our industry first made practical acquaintance, to its cost, with the growth of foreign, and especially of German, industrialism. Foreigners, and Germans in particular, seriously commenced their industrial competition during the last quarter of the Nineteenth Century. And their power of competition, particularly Germany's, grew at a rapid pace after about the year 1885. When the conditions which made for a general trade depression appeared, after the close of the boom in 1890, Englishmen found that they had not only to put up with the periodical contraction of the world's purchasing power, but that such markets as were opened were being eagerly contested by foreign rivals, thus accentuating the effects upon English industry of the depression.

It was towards the close of this period that the "Made in Germany" cry was sounded, and though at the moment it awakened plenty of echo the echo was only momentary, since the depression was already passing away, and with the renewed expansion of trade men put aside the foreign competition topic as an idle scare. To the man who troubled to think carefully the prospective conditions of international industry, there was no reason for this optimistic indifference; but the number of men, in England especially, who trouble to think out a problem for themselves is small; and, though there was no reason for it, there was an excuse for indifference in the steady expansion which marked the last lustrum of the old century.

Some of the causes of this great expansion are obscure, but others are sufficiently plain to be mentioned briefly. There was the lack of disturbance to purchasing power owing to the absence of any great war; there was the notable increase in gold production, the action of which is not easy to track out in its ramifications, but which is nevertheless a well-observed factor in the expansion of industry; there was the outburst of electrical invention, founding new industries, which in turn aided old industries by drawing upon them for material; there was a notable extension of railway and ship-building; there was the great extension in the use of steel for all kinds of construction; there was the general trend all over the world towards more lavish expenditure upon material wants. Without searching farther we may be content to see, in this list of causes, a sufficient genesis of the wonderful expansion of trade which marked the closing years of the last century; though we may perhaps add to the list the great development, culminating in rashness, of joint stock enterprise and company promotion, which was also characteristic of the period.

So tremendous was the combined motive force of these various factors, that the gathering menace of foreign competition was lost to sight. It was not that foreign competitive industrialism had declined; it was not that the German "bogey" had really vanished after the manner of bogeys; nor was it, as certain writers upon the subject maintained, an illustration of their doctrine that the prosperity of foreign nations necessarily involves corresponding prosperity for England; it was simply that the consumptive power of the world's markets had suddenly expanded to such a degree that all the productive capacity of the world was needed to satisfy it. The surprising thing, or at any rate the significant thing, is rather that English industry did not during this period expand to a greater extent than was actually the case.

For our share in the expansion was after all comparatively limited. In 1889 we bought 1,470 million lbs. of American cotton, and in '99 1,804 million lbs.; whereas the total exports of American cotton rose from 2,384 to 3,773 million lbs. Our make of pig iron was 8,322,000 tons in '89, and 9,305,000 tons in '99, but that of the United States rose from 7,603,000 to 13,620,000 tons. Our steel production increased between 1890 and 1899 from 3,679,000 tons to 5,000,000 tons; but Germany's increased from 2,232,000 to 6,250,000 metric tons, and that of the United States from 4,277,000 to 10,640,000 gross tons. Our exports were worth 263½ millions in 1890, and 264½ millions in '99; those of the United States grew in the same period from 176 millions to 245½ millions. And I may add that certain of our industries, such as agriculture, our greatest industry, and sugar refining, which used to be one of our most important industries, did not share at all in the expansion, but went back during the decade.

Though, therefore, foreign competition, except in particular trades, ceased to trouble us during the recent expansion, it was not because the menace of that competition was withdrawn, but solely because a great and sudden expansion in consumption had for the moment made room for all competitors. But what of the influence of that foreign competition during the slack period now coming upon us?

The sample figures I have just given should serve to indicate the industrial position abroad. That position may be summed up as an enormous and most rapid increase in production; and this production has now to seek an outlet in markets which have for the time ceased to expand, and in some directions are shrinking. A great deal of this production is what is known as surplus production—that is to say, production from mills and factories of certain articles after the ordinary requirements of the home market have been satisfied. By putting the cost of production upon the first part of the output, the surplus part can be produced at very little cost and can be sold if necessary at rates which would not otherwise pay. This is what is happening abroad. Our rivals have their home markets protected, and by that means

they are able to make and sell at a profit in them. But the conditions of modern industry leave room for production over and above this, and that production is thrown upon any markets open to it. This process is followed at all times, but in a time of trade depression it is pursued with special vigour. A larger proportion than before is surplus, and is sold for almost anything it will fetch. This hits England with special force.

Here we have no protected home market in which our manufacturers may make sure of their profit, and the openness of our markets admits free into competition with our products the surplus production of our rivals. Similarly, in the neutral markets of the world the competition we are already beginning to feel from foreign nations will be rendered more severe when those foreign nations have, through the general contraction of trade, a larger surplus to dispose of at any cost. Gradually, during the course of the depression, there will be a general shrinkage in production, but manufacturers always, for obvious reasons, fight against reduced output as long as possible; they prefer to keep their works employed, and preserve their footing in the markets, by continuing production as long as there is the barest profit left, and often longer. Our rivals, with their splendid cost-lesening plant and organisation, and with their protected home markets, are in a position to play this game longer than we are, and, during the time, to undersell us. This factor will obviously accentuate the acuteness of the depression in England. And this is the new factor in our industrial history with which we must reckon.

Now as to the future, when, in the normal course of things, the depression shall have lifted. Shall we swing back in the old fashion to a period of bounding prosperity, or will the new factor of foreign competition affect the motion of the pendulum? It is hateful to be pessimistic, but one is perforce obliged sometimes to face a disconcerting view. And unless some very great change takes place in our commercial relations I do not see how it is possible to avoid the conclusion that full recovery from a trade depression will be for us both long delayed and partial in its operation. The effects of the depression upon our foreign rivals will be to make them guard more vigorously their markets against outside competition, and to struggle more vigorously for export markets. These exertions will surely issue in a permanent increase in their power of competition with us.

But, it might be said, will not the stress brace us up in like manner? I am afraid it will not, and for the reason I have already given, namely, that English producers have no protected home markets upon which to live, and, having to meet with their first, full-cost production the competition of other nations' cheap surplus production, will be weakened rather than strengthened in the struggle, and that their industries will emerge from it perceptibly and permanently shrunken. The contest will be too unequal; one by one factories will be shut down; little by little production will be reduced, and that will weaken productive capacity, so that when the expanding period comes we shall be in poor condition to avail ourselves of it, more particularly as in the meantime our rivals will have obtained a firmer hold of the world's markets.

Is, then, the prospect hopeless? Are we destined to decay? Not necessarily. There is a way out for us if we will take advantage of it. If even at this eleventh hour we will reverse our fiscal system, protect our home markets, and include in that protection our homes beyond the seas, federating the Empire commercially into a Customs Union, so preserving to ourselves our great and growing Imperial markets, we may yet maintain a degree of industrial power and prosperity which will keep us in the first rank of the world's industrial Powers—even though we may never regain that actual supremacy for these Islands which passed away with the Nineteenth Century.

ERNEST E. WILLIAMS.

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LADY AND THE TIGERS.

MILLIONAIRE LANDLORDS.

SIR THOMAS LIPTON ON BETTING.

HER RECORD BAG OF THREE IN THREE DAYS.

A record performance for a lady is described by a correspondent in last week's "Field."

Miss Pole, niece of Lieutenant-General Sir George Luck, was the lady, and as the object of the shoot was solely to get her a tiger, the party assembled was a small one—namely Sir George Luck, Lieutenant-Colonel Ellis, R.E., Captain Cook, A. D. C., and two Indian friends.

"The shoot was to last four days, from a camp about ten miles north of Purnapur, on the Rohilkhand and Kumaon Railway. Thirty-six elephants were collected to form the line, and it was evident on our arrival in camp that our hosts had left nothing undone to ensure success."

First day:—"On approaching the River Sardah we spied an alligator basking on the sands on the opposite bank. Miss Pole killed it with the first shot. Arriving at the beat, and 'khubber' being vague, we formed line for swamp deer, and before long one fell, like the alligator, to the lady's rifle."

Second day:—"Towards 1 p.m. out came a topping tiger, making straight for Miss Pole. Bang went her .303, and 'stripes' was a corpse. One shot, no more, and he never judged. Almost at the same time another came out to Sir George, which shared the same fate, and yet another, but this one was too cunning and got off unharmed."

"Needless to say the excitement and rejoicings were great. Mahouts shrieked 'Shabask,' and clapped their hands, coolies stared in blank astonishment. All seemed mad with delight. Luncheon followed, and then a start for No. 2, the wily one. The first beat proved too much for him; with all his craft he could not escape Miss Pole, who bowled him over when going at full speed at 130 yards. This was not my first experience of tiger shooting, but I can safely affirm that it was the prettiest piece of shooting I have ever witnessed."

Third day:—"Sir George Luck killed the first tiger of the day. Then, out came a grand beast, who crossed Miss Pole to her left, and plunged into a small stream in the hope of escape, but this was not to be permitted. On reaching the further bank he received a bullet which struck him full in the body. He thereupon threw himself into the stream again, and endeavoured to regain the bank, but only just managed to scramble up the bank, where he collapsed, and was stone dead before any of us could get up to him."

And yet we read that the modern woman is neurotic!

* * *

WOMAN'S GOOD COMRADESHIP.

We hear a good deal about the "emancipated woman," and we are not always sure that we like her (says the "Free Lance"). But here is a true story of an "un-emancipated woman," and we are not quite sure that we like her much better! Two ladies got into an omnibus in Regent-street after doing some shopping, and one of them leaned her umbrella against her knee, while she showed her friend a letter. It happened to be a particularly nice one, with a beautiful chased handle of Indian workmanship. A man on the other side, evidently appreciative of things beautiful, got up to leave the car, and as he brushed past the lady deliberately exchanged his umbrella for hers, apologising for knocking against her by the jolting of the car. At her destination she stood up to leave, and, picking up the umbrella, discovered how she had been victimised. "Oh, my umbrella has gone," she exclaimed. "The lady sitting opposite said quite calmly, 'Oh, yes, I saw the man that was sitting in that corner change his for yours as he went out. I didn't know you, you see, and I was afraid you might think me forward if I spoke without an introduction!'"

The dislike with which the extreme Radicals regard the great landlords has always been to us something of a perplexity. No doubt those who originally acquired the great estates obtained them at first by conquest, but then so did "the Saxon people," as Lord Beaconsfield delighted to call the agricultural population on whose behalf the Radical plea is urged. If a just title cannot spring from conquest, England belongs to the Buskari, whose heirs, even in Wales, it might be difficult to discover. Nor can it be objected to the great landlords that they are oppressors, for they are, as a rule, decidedly more lenient than the smaller owners, needing the money less, and being more influenced by a tradition so strong that, in spite of the rapid changes of our time and the general flight of farmers from the soil, there are still thousands of tenants whose forebears have lived for centuries on the same farms, and no more dread eviction by the freeholders than freeholders dread eviction by the King. Even the abstract right of the community to the land—which nobody ever questions except as regards the great districts reclaimed from the fens, in which the title springs, like the title to a picture, originally from creation—hardly affects the owners, for as by our English system they put up the buildings they must be entitled to some rent, and the claim to rent once granted, only competition can settle its amount. Nor can it reasonably be alleged that the great landlords stand in the way of improvement, such, for instance, as the foundation of new cities. On the contrary, they usually promote it heartily, first, because it pays them very well, and secondly, because they are moved by a feeling, that of duty to their property and tenants, which must be closely akin to that which has always influenced the better Kings. It is an odd variety of local patriotism, for "the estate" is neither a country, nor a city, nor very often even a locality, but so strong is it that owners will sometimes pledge their fortunes to its expression, and that even the worst of them, the men whose aim in life is distraction, and who seek that aim by the most selfish methods, never plainly deny even to themselves that they ought to build and repair and drain, and foster the growth of towns. They avoid doing it too often, as most of us avoid other irksome duties, but they acknowledge that this would be the better part.

Take the late Duke of Devonshire as an example of the better sort. Inheriting two great fortunes, and himself a man with the tastes of a student and man of science, he devoted himself to the dull work of "developing" his great territorial acreage as heartily as any prince ever devoted himself to the improvement of his country, doing every week as much work as is usually done by a professional. He repaired all farmhouses, made all cottages safe and pleasant, renewed the glories of Chatsworth—which is rather a white elephant, a magnificent burden even to a Duke of Devonshire—and so promoted the growth of two towns, Barrow and Eastbourne, that the former looks to him as its founder, and the latter ten years after his death and when a large proportion of the residents are independent freeholders, has put up a statue to his honour. Now, why is a man of that kind to be considered a nuisance? We are not making any claim for him as a benefactor of his species any more than his intensely reasonable son did the other week in his speech of thanks to the townsmen, for the duke's hard work paid him well, and had probably become a habit, while he was clearing off obligations contracted by his improvident predecessor; but why is he to be condemned for his position? It is very easy to say that not he but the people made Barrow and Eastbourne, and it is perfectly reasonable to say it; but every crowd requires a leader, and to every other kind of leader in good work when he is successful some credit is assigned. Why then should the great landlord be the only one to whom it is denied? Because he is paid? So is everybody, from the Emperor downwards, who does good work. Because he was in the way? Well, he took himself out of it with decision. We venture to say that if the land on which Eastbourne and Barrow stand had belonged to little freeholders, or to fishermen, or to a municipality ruled by such men, neither Eastbourne nor Barrow would ever have existed. So much the better? Conceivably. We have some respect, though not much, for the argument that a city is often, as Lord Rosebery, quoting Cobbett, said of London, "a wen"; but, then, what becomes of the civilisation and progress which carping Radicals hold dear? They will not get much of either out of foreshores, however picturesque, or downs, however breezy.—"The Spectator."

At Oxford on Monday an inquest was held on the wife of a cab driver, who, while undergoing imprisonment for drunkenness, took her life by forcing a wooden prison spoon down her throat. Verdict of suicide during temporary insanity.

In an interview with Sir Thomas Lipton, which appears in the September number of the "Windsor Magazine," it is interesting to learn that Sir Thomas is a sportsman who does not bet. Speaking of recreations in general, Sir Thomas says:—

"It is hardly necessary to ask me if I am a believer in Saturday's half holiday and Sunday's rest. It is a mistake, mentally and physically, for any man to work seven days without ceasing, however young and strong he may be, and however ardent to make strides in business. Off hours from my business I spend, as far as possible, in the open air; I leave behind me the city at night. Even now, when of necessity I dine frequently in London, I drive ten miles into the country to sleep; the extra trouble and the loss of time are well repaid by the pure air. That is my opinion, and I leave others to smile at the suburbs. Gardening I agree with Lord Tennyson in thinking the most perfect of recreations; it gives you just enough to think about to be a complete distraction, yet not enough to worry you; and it is work-play done under delightful conditions. The hour in the garden at the beginning of the day or at its close is worthy many sacrifices in the winning. Though I have never been able to get to bed before midnight, I am always up at seven—an allowance of sleep that is less by an hour than Lord Palmerston gave out as indispensable—at any rate, for a statesman. Other spare half-hours at home go to outdoor games—cricket, golf, tennis, and bowls. If one must be indoors, a game of billiards I find to be a grand exercise. You walk miles, to begin with, and a private table is a great attraction to keep together the young members of a household in the evenings. From all this it follows I am not a great theatre-goer. I do not think I sat out a play more than twelve times in my life, and never did I do so till the last very few years. My parents, being old-fashioned and church-going, had never seen the glare of the footlights, and I felt that I could not properly allow the time to give myself up to being amused for so long by other people—in a vitiated atmosphere. I felt I could do better for myself. Half an hour in a music-hall seemed to be a different matter—you could hear the song you wished to hear and then come away. All the same, some of the nicest people I have ever known belonged to the stage. Sport and gambling are often supposed to be inseparable. Many millions of dollars are put upon yacht-racing, but never a dollar by me. I have yet to make my first bet. I race purely for the pleasure of the sport; and I would not bet on my own boat or any other."

MR. BARRIE'S DOWNFALL.

Where anonymity lends weight to an opinion which would suffer in authority if the identity of the writer were revealed, it is of course a mistaken policy from his point of view to unveil the secret. Instead of dignifying him, the revelation will rather destroy the influence of the published statement. Mr. J. M. Barrie found this out early, according to one of his Edinburgh reminiscences. An article of his had been accepted by a daily paper, and he found the student who sat next to him in class reading it with interest and chuckling over its witty points. At last he could restrain himself no longer and remarked to his neighbour, "I wrote that leader." "You?" exclaimed the man, looking at him with mingled scorn and incredulity. "I didn't think it was fellows like you that wrote the 'Telegraph' leaders," and threw the paper contemptuously under the desk.—"The Young Man."

Mr. T. A. Goodwin, a foreman at the Wandsworth Gas Works, has received a certificate from the Royal Humane Society in recognition of a heroic attempt to save the life of a fellow workman during an outbreak of fire.