THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 53. SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1902.

SHIRER

and . .

HADDON

ANNUAL

Winter Sale

NOW PROCEEDING.

Genuine Bargains in all Departments.

* * *

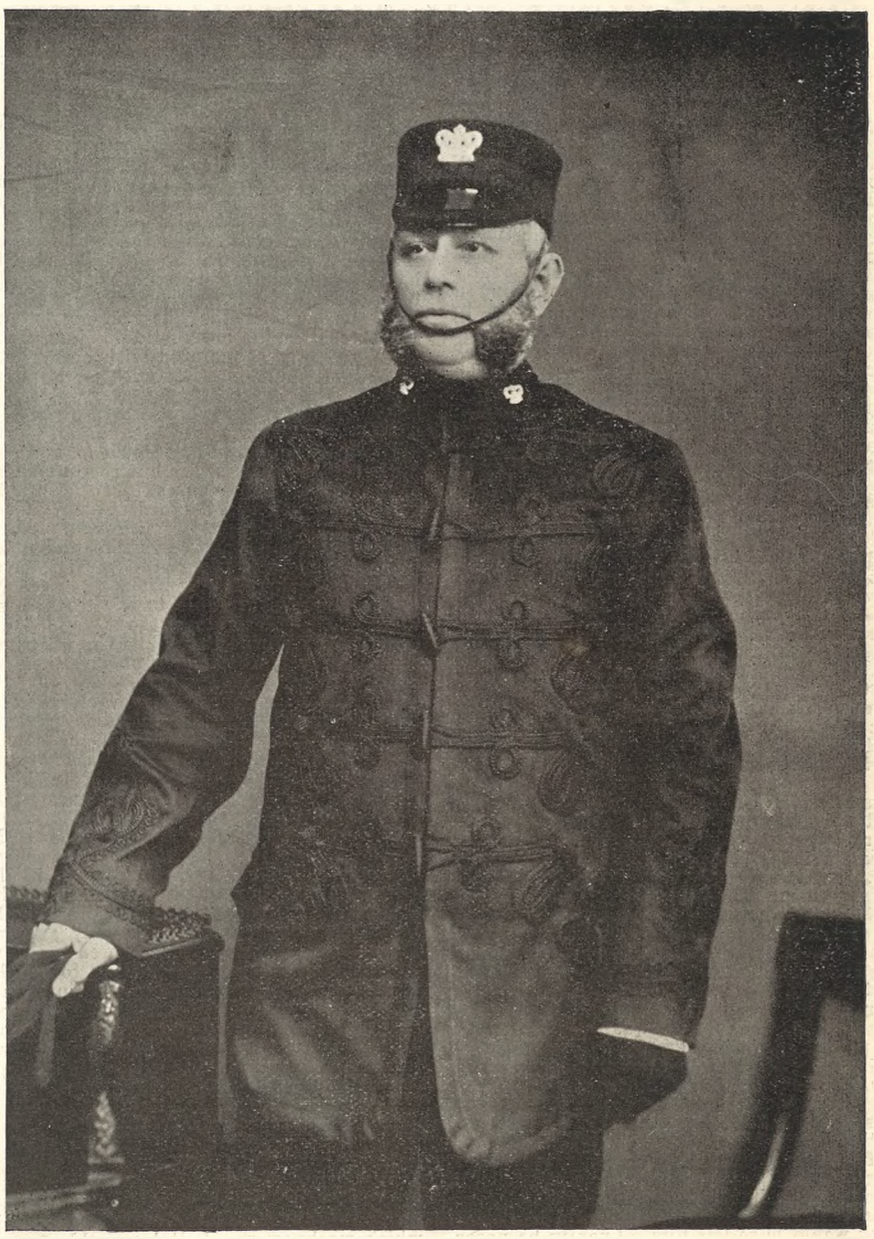
5 PER CENT. DISCOUNT FOR READY MONEY.

* * *

IMPERIAL CIRCUS,

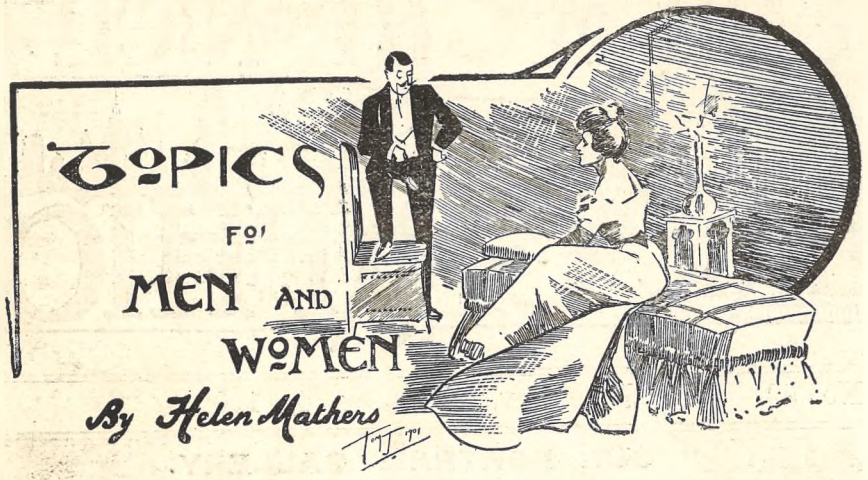
CHELTENHAM.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.



MR. NEHEMIAH PHILPOTT,

Deputy Chief Constable of Gloucestershire, whose resignation was accepted by the County Authority on Dec. 31st and full pension granted him. Mr. Philpott was senior member of the Force, having joined it in 1856. During his highly creditable career he was, in 1860, Sergeant at Bishop's Cleeve; Detective-Inspector, in 1869, at Cheltenham; and Superintendent respectively of the Stow, Stroud, and Gloucester Divisions. Testimony to Mr. Philpott's excellent services was paid last Tuesday, among others, by the Chief Constable, the Chairman of the Standing Joint Committee, and the Lord Lieutenant, the latter testifying that "he was particularly proud of Mr. Philpott because he was born, bred, and raised in Tortworth," (his Lordship's parish .



ON KEEPING UP APPEARANCES.

[*ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

I.

"TO *be* POOR, BAD; TO *look* IT, THE DEVIL."

An old proverb says that to *be* poor is bad, but to *look* it is the devil, so that even in more moral days it was understood that you had a much better chance of getting on if you wore a coat you had not paid for, than if you stood up honestly in your rags. In short, to pretend to be well off when you were really poor, was your only chance of retaining a slippery foothold on respectability, and to this day that rotten law of civilization still holds good. The world takes you at your own and your tailor's valuation, and so long as you do not try to borrow its money, it will never ask to look at your bank-book. You have only to turn up everywhere smiling, either ignorant or oblivious of the woes of all creation, and you will pass into the ranks of the prosperous instead of receiving the oblique glance reserved for the "gone under"—mostly honest.

Appearances! The very word boldly announces a falsehood—not what a thing *is*, but what it *appears* to be, forsooth! And how many people are not judged, and misjudged, on such rotten premises? "A man is received according to his appearance, he is taken leave of according to his deserts," says the old saw, and it is perfectly understood that this does not apply to his physiognomy, or even his charm of distinction of manner, but to the quality and cut of his garments, and the elegance of the minutæ of his toilet. Now while it is true that a man owes it to his self-respect that the temple of his body is not neglected, it is his body, and his brains, and his soul that form his identity, not the mere outward casing of it, and often the rarest minds, the noblest natures, are the most careless of appearances, and cordially despise them. The brute world does not want to know what quality of brain a man's hat covers: the shape of the hat, and its gloss, are all that signify. The less he has to say the better he is understood to say it, and this pretty creature evokes Jove-like laughter from the man of genius who lives as a Bohemian, caring only for the quality of the work he produces, not one groat for how he looks while doing it. The living work of the world has been done by men who never tried to keep up appearances, only by accident some of these great ones became rich; their wives saw to the rest.

If a man with the divine afflatus could once seriously study himself from the tailor's point of view, he might become a very elegant person indeed, but his power to do immortal work would have left him. Luckily he never *does* yearn in that direction, so we may take it for granted that the morality (or immorality) of keeping up appearances does not apply to genius, or even first-rate talent, but to the general mass of people, whose conduct is ruled by their neighbours' opinions, just as *their* opinion is responsible for half the idiotic things done by those same unfortunates.

HOW TO EVADE WORRY.

Take the question of rent, for instance. Many a man lives in a house rented far beyond his means, because his friends, or his wife's friends, live in similar ones, and not to lose caste (as he thinks) the poor wretch deliberately crosses the line that divides ease of mind from constant anxiety, and thenceforward lives the life of a toad under the harrow, till insolvency or death puts a period to his sufferings.

Let us consider the question of servants. In the case of the lower middle class, a mistress perfectly acquainted with every detail of house-keeping puts up with an impudent slut of a girl, ignorant of every elemental household duty, and whose work she has continually to do over again, because not to keep a servant would be to go down in her little world! Now what is this but the immorality of keeping up appearances? To keep a servant when you can't afford it—why not do the work yourself, or, if you have daughters, bring them up from the first to understand every branch of domestic service, more especially cookery?

When women are able to say to their servants, "Go—I can do without you,"—then, and then only, will they have the whip-hand of the servants, who at present have the whip-hand of them.

And to see these poor women, clerks' wives and others, sitting idle in their parlours, while the "girl" makes havoc in the kitchen, is one of the saddest examples of wasted energy, one might almost say of failure to the State on the part of a citizeness, that can possibly be imagined.

The woman stultifies herself because her neighbours do it; she has not the courage of her opinion, or they might have it also, and, admiring her spirit, emulate her when she sends the useless baggage about her business, and herself does capably and well that work of which it has been written—"Who sweeps a room according to the law of God, makes that and the action fine." And what does God's law mean, in this, and in every instance? To work, to economise force—not to let it rust, to do the duty nearest to our hand, and to do it with all our might.

Burns's lament—

"But oh! I backward cast my e'e
On prospects drear!
An' forward though I canna see
I guess an' fear!"—

applies especially to those of us who groan to-day because we neglected our business yesterday, and dread the accumulation with which we know we shall be unable to cope to-morrow.

HIDING OUR MORAL BANKRUPTCY.

On the aspect of keeping up appearances to hide our *moral* deficit or bankruptcy, there is much to be said, for and against.

There is the keeping up appearances before the world by a husband and wife when love has long fled, and respect, and all that makes marriage bearable—and often there are deeper, sadder reasons than mere incompatibility of temper and temperament; but it may be questioned if one life should be starved, sacrificed, to hide the sin of another. The woman may herself so deteriorate under the strain as to almost seem to deserve the fate that has come upon her, for she is in the shadow of the upas-tree, and until you clear away the heavy growth, and give the ground beneath a chance for the sun to strike on, what chance has it of recovery? And often the shield held before his sin by a proud and devoted woman, does but the more confirm a man in it. To some base natures only the bludgeon of the world's opinion carries weight, and the knowledge that "what the eye don't view, the heart don't rue," enables him to carry his head insolently high among his more honest fellow-men.

There is a phase of this "keeping up appearances," beautiful and pathetic, and that is the pride of those gently born and delicately bred women who have come down in the world, and who starve cheerfully on tea and a crust, but who, when they go abroad, must be dainty in their persons, and as much at ease in manner as if they had issued from and were returning to a palace, not the one poor room that shelters their miserable heads.

Are they wise? we ask ourselves. Does not a sturdier spirit in themselves argue, why starve, when the house is open to them; and is it a more dishonourable thing to go there, than to die inch by inch, or harrow the hearts of friends who have all the will, without the power, to help them?

Alas! in almost every man's face over thirty that you see to-day in the street, is that haggard look which tells of rent, family, office expenses, all the combined burdens roped together and secured to his back with the label of "keeping up appearances."

The man (if a professional one) dares not, cannot even, cut down one of his expenses, or he will go under, and so he fights on, waging the unequal war, till ruin or death takes him, unless he stops at that half-way house, known as suicide, at whose shameful portals so many weak, and brave, and good, and bad men have knocked, and not in vain.

THE BETTER WAY.

And as the conditions of life grow harder, as rents become higher and food dearer, when in every trade, in every profession, the struggle for a mere living wage becomes keener, so that only the strong and unscrupulous have a chance of existence, this farce of keeping up appearances must inevitably go to the wall, and a return be made to the old frankness and simplicity of the lives led by our forefathers.

It is the costliness of city life that makes it a false one: if we could get back to the land, and be satisfied with the simple pleasures that cost nothing, we should not pretend to the possession of things we have not.

Not to appear, not to seem, but to be in all honesty and sincerity of life, to answer to our own consciences, not our neighbours, thus satisfying the inward monitor who is our only judge here below, even so shall we draw as near as possible to the golden rule of living, and leave pretension to the stupid and the insincere.

Next Week: "On the Stage—and Behind."

[*Copyright in the United States of America by D. T. Pierce.]

Please Note This.

THE Proprietors of the "Chronicle and Graphic" respectfully solicit a share of your Printing Orders. Their Offices contain Machinery and Type of a most up-to-date style, and any work entrusted to the Firm will be done with every satisfaction to the customer.

A Trial Order, Please!

By the Way.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

SELINA JENKINS ON CHRISTMAS BOXES AND PING-PONG PARTIES.

I don't know what you thinks of it, but meself, I considers as these 'ere Christmas boxes is carried a bit too far, that I does! Wy, my front step is well-nigh ruined with people a-scuffling up and down it after Christmas boxes, and the imperence of some of 'em you never knowed, wich one of these 'ere Gordin boys as come with a message for me from Mary Ann Tompkins to say as she weren't so well as she 'ad been after 'aving a bit of my Christmas pudding, and 'oped it weren't no hoffence to say so—this 'ere Gordin boy wile 'e were a-waiting for me to answer the dore 'e does abstraction sums al hup and down the paint, wich it cost me a pretty penny to 'ave it done down only 2 years ago; hand, you mark my words, hafter destroying the happearance of my front door, hand houtraging the feelin's of a helderly but respectable fieldmale, 'e 'as the face to harsk me for a Christmas box for doin' of it! Then there was a dirty little Hightalian feller, with a monkey and one of these 'ere barrel-horgans as only sounds now and again, wich it's just like a cartwheel a-squeaking, well 'e lets 'is monkey climb hall habout my front railings and make footprints hal over the step as I'd only a-just whitened down for the Sunday, and after that 'e, too, harsks for a Christmas box, and 'e wouldn't go away no-how, but he stopped there a-grinning and a-smiling like a Merry-Andrew till I give 'im a trifle in desperation for fear the neighbours should think as 'e were in the 'abit of visitin' me! I calls it outdacious, meself, that these 'ere foreigners should be allowed to worry a lone widder. Why can't they stop away in furrin parts and play to the heathen and let monkeys run hover their hown Hightalian doorsteps, if they 'as such things, and not come worritting about 'ere?

But, in course, there's Christmas boxes *hand* Christmas boxes, and I never begrudges a trifle to our postman, as is always in a good temper, and never without a kind word, all winds and weathers.

And then, there's the dustmen, they'm a very worthy lot, taking them on the whole, and if you 'as a few extry ashes or maybe a dead cat you wants removed, they'll do it for you without a murmur, hif you remembers 'em at Christmas, and gives a bit to their garding party in the summer. But they draws the line at strong cheese, so I've 'eard! They do say that not very many months ago somebody persuaded the scavengers to relieve him of a good old cheese as were one of these 'ere 10-horse power perfumes, wich the 'orse as were dragging the dustcart fainted long before he reached the ash-constructor, and the two men was struggling for hair hon their two backs, wich w'en this 'ere cheese was put into the ash-constructor the smell put the fire hout, and caused henormous damage to the chimbley, as refused to carry off the haroma, as the do call it! So you can see why they draws the line at old cheeses now, and they do say as that's the reason they 'ad to build a new chimney for the ash-constructor, the hold one 'aving been a-suffocated with the smeech! 'Owever, *that* I can't tell!

From all I 'ears, Christmas boxes is a-running as strong as hever this year, but cards is clean going hout of fashing. Nobody buys cards now: wot they does is to post the hold cards as they 'ave by them 'andy, after a-rubbing hout the name of the sender. Leastways that's wot's 'appened to me, wich I 'ad no less than 3 cards from different individuals as 'as expectations from me some day, wich I could swear to it wos the ones I sent to them only last New Year, as I considers is very stingy, mean behaviour, and such as I wouldn't condescend to stoop to meself (not unless the names was rote in pencil rather faint, in wich case I should call it a sinful waist not to use them again).

But of all the things I hever come across, I considers that there ping-pong fairly takes the biscuit, hus the sayin' is!

The hother hevening I were hinvited hout to a select little party as Mrs. John Timothy Smith were 'olding hunder the name of a Ping-pong hevening, wich I didn't really know whether ping-pong was a new game of dressing-up or whether it were something to heat. 'Owever, I goes along just to see wot it might be, and instead of the good hold games like "Musical chairs" and "'Ere we come gathering nuts in May," and sich like, in hevery room there was tables with a little strip of art-muslin hanging across the middle and people playing shuttledore and battlecock like mad over it, and getting that hegcited it were a caution to see 'em, that it were.

So they says "'Ere, let Mrs. J. have a turn," and they persuades me will-nilly to take the little fan thing, and to 'it the ball somewheres or sometimes. Well, you must know, I don't like to be thought onsociable, so I tried me best, but I couldn't see the pesky little ball wich it 'opped about for all the world like a cat on 'ot bricks, and for about of 5 minutes I were striking away at the hair and never 'it the ball onct. But at last I got me eye on 'im, and I 'it 'im a wonner as would 'ave made W.G. hopen 'is heyes, and that there ball it bounced hoff John Timothy Smith's bald 'ead, as were in close proximity at the time, and dropped hinto the fire were it went hoff like one of these 'ere Gatling guns with a loud report, as made heverybody come running to see who were 'urt.

John Timothy thought is last moment were come for some time, and 'e never properly come to 'is senses till we put a cold key down 'is back, and give 'im about a quart of linseed tea wich was the honly stimulant as could be found 'andy, the Smiths being stanch moderate drunkards—drinkers. I do mean!

Wen we was talking hof it hover afterwards some of the young folks tells me as Ping-pong is spreading like the measles, and that they'm a takin' away the free libraries and sich like, and putting hup Ping-pong towernaments hin their place hall hover the country, wich I can't say as I'm very much gone on it meself, altho there is those as may think different. 'Owever, "every man to his taste," as pore Jenkins said wen some circus feller tried to pursuade him as 'twere a very good pastime swallowing swords and sich like, wich I always said must be very bad for the hinsides.

SELINA JENKINS.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Electricity is to be used in lighting the ancient Egyptian temples of Luxor and Karnak.

Sewing-cotton and pocket knives are the only Britis] made goods that now hold their own in Brazil.

A young whale, fifteen feet long and weighing a ton, has been captured in the River Ouse near Goole.

△△△△△△△△△△△△△△△△△△△△

Christ Church (Cheltenham) First XI.

G. Temple, S. James, W. Woof, C. Humphreys, A. MacVitie, W. Vincent, A. Braine.

Photo by John Davis] [Christ Church Villas, Cheltenham.

P. Mills, B. Juliff, A. Oakley (capt.), B. Lockley, W. Perkins.
R. Yabsley, R. Bourne.

NOW READY. An Edition de Luxe.

VOLUME I.

OF THE

"Gloucestershire Graphic."

Price ONE GUINEA; free by Parcel Post.

Beautifully Bound in Half-Calf, and Printed throughout on Superfine Art Paper.

Over Six Hundred Illustrations.

Circulation strictly limited to One Hundred Copies.

Orders executed in rotation.

Do not be disappointed, but send at once for this Unique Pictorial History of Cheltenham and County for the year 1901.

Chaffing Papers.

* * *

No. I.

Our friend Toddler writes:—This is the time for fun and frolic with young and old, and I therefore send you the following veracious account of how a vegetarian society near London spent their last Christmas:—

VICTORIA'S VEGETARIANS.

A grand meeting of the Vegetarians of England was lately held in Paradise Park for the purpose of testifying approbation of the vegetarian system, and further making known its everlasting advantages. After the company had partaken of a sumptuous repast, from which everything of an animal nature was excluded,

Dr. Allchin was called upon to preside. He said the gratification it afforded him to hold so high an office had so elevated his feelings that he seemed like a feather floating on an evening zephyr, so light, so pure, so free! But the object for which they had assembled was one of *grave* importance, for it *dug* into the *ground*-work of society. What was there so immediately under a man's nose as that which he ate and drank? It was, in fact, the very ground of Man's being; and as everything sprung from the ground, this was not discordant with the Universe-harmonic-law. In order to prove the universality of the vegetable principle, Dr Allchin alluded to a variety of subjects under daily cognisance, beginning with the schoolboy, who, he said, was first made acquainted with the qualities of the cane, which was applied as a sort of *specific* to suppress juvenile *disorders*. He (the schoolboy, not the chairman) was then let into the mysteries of the tingling birch, or rather they were let into him, a practical knowledge of the elasticity of the terminational fibres being strongly *impressed* upon him, eliciting a *marked* acknowledgment. He then came to be acquainted with that more manly persuader, the ropesend, which *struck* many very forcibly. And the learned doctor argued the vegetable origin of all these promoters of action and accelerators of speed, and concluded by calling upon all present to peel themselves of their prejudices and dare the rude scoffs of an insane world (cheers).

Mr. Oldun rose to propose the first resolution:—"Resolved that in the opinion of this meting real vegetables are the only legitimate food of man, and that they ought to be eaten precisely as Nature presents them." Mr. Oldun said the scope of the resolution was infinite, as it embraced the triune operation of mastication, deglutition, and digestion; architecturing the grand psycho-physical phenomenon, Man. The conversion of the human stomach into a burial ground for the dead carcases of our fellow-creatures, who had the misfortune to be less imbued with the Love spirit, and more deficient in the Power-faculties, he considered to be high treason against the Divine mandate of doing unto others as we would be done by. In alluding to a state of nature, which he hoped ere long would generally prevail, Mr. Oldun said he had frequently lain all night on a flower-bed, instead of a feather one, without injury, and the rheumatism he suffered from was the sole result of once having, at the request of a friend, partaken of a beefsteak previous to reposing on this natural couch. He considered cooking an unnatural process. No animal but man cooked its food. The invisible essences which flew off in the culinary process proved it ought not to be applied to Man's food, as it was well known (and could be seen at public dinners) that the best of everything went first; and was further illustrated in the evanescence of the most beautiful flowers, the short stay of the lovely rainbow, and the general brevity of delightful sensations. Raw food might seem repulsive at first, but it was only the vitiated taste which long custom had imparted that caused this impression; for he assured them the keen sense of gratification which was felt by an unsophisticated palate from eating a raw potato or munching a cabbage stump could only be understood by being experienced (cheers).

Professor Twiner seconded the resolution, briefly alluding to the popular notion that they (the vegetarians) were green, but which he proved was without the least foundation.

Mr. Rural Lane proposed the next resolution:—"Resolved that this meeting pledges itself to support the grand idea that Man is a ruminating animal; that the fields and forests should afford him pasture and the streams drink; and that every kind of food approaching the animal nature is low, bestial, and derogatory to his divine destiny." Mr. Lane amazed his auditors by plunging into a maze of profound speculations concerning the origin and destiny of Man. He then endeavoured to prove a new form of human development, involving the curious theory that man was originally a pleasing and graceful plant, and that an evil genius having torn some up, the roots, unable to obtain nutriment from the ground, united themselves into two parts and toddled off in search of food; these formed the legs, terminating in fibrous toes; the stem formed the trunk, which of course contained the *heart* and the various tissues; the branches became the arms; and the leaves, resuming their fibrous character, collected themselves on the head and formed the hair. The speaker then tenderly touched upon the loveful influence of vegetables. Where, he asked, was *heartsease* to be obtained but from the vegetable kingdom? What could equal being in *clover*? It was, of course, important that all should save *thyme*, but it was still more important that they should become *sage*. If we *observed thrift* we should never *rue* it. He argued that everything had a vegetable origin. We called those we admired the *flowers* of the flock. We *rose* every morning in honour of that queen of flowers; and vegetably named the source of our coin, the *Mint*. While in the vegetable world there were the *young shoots*, there were also the *elder branches*. We could either turn to the *sloe(w)* or the *quick*; and as the wind whistled by the *bea(e)ch*, we could have a *rush*, a *hop*, or a *rea(e)d*. He considered the bark of the dog had originated from that animal having in its natural state fed upon the bark of trees. Taking *meals* evidently meant taking such as oatmeal, barleymeal, and peameal. Vegetable pulse made the human pulse beat evenly. The worthy speaker, in conclusion, urgd that it was cruel and absurd to *hide* our feet with the hide of a fellow-creature, in the shape of leather.

Dr. Greyun seconded the resolution, and said the nation at large had acknowledged the omnipotence of vegetables by building the "walls of Old England" of them. He descanted at some length on the amazing amount of strength vegetable food imparted—the arms and trunk becoming similar in durability and firmness to those of oak trees. He thought we should cherish a love for the unlovely, and that that effeminate instrument called a comb should never be allowed to destroy the birch-broomy aspect, or natural flow of the human hair. The eloquent speaker concluded by giving them (the Vegetarians) high hopes of their ultimate triumph—for new light was bursting upon the world, and their glorious principles had taken root, and were branching about in all directions.

Professor Flower was about to make a speech, when symptoms of a thunderstorm appearing, he called upon all present to unrobe themselves, and be purified by the showers of heaven.

The appeal was readily responded to; and our reporter left the auditory in a state of semi-nudity, dancing about in high glee amidst torrents of rain.

△△△△△△△△△△△△△△△△△△△△△△

Sentences amounting in the aggregate to 351 years' penal servitude were passed on 76 criminals in Scotland during 1901.

An interim report of the Royal Commission appointed to enquire into the communication to human beings of tuberculosis from animals is expected to be issued at the commencement of the year. It appears, according to a correspondent, that the laboratory researches of the members of the Commission do not tend to modify the accepted theory, which was undisturbed until Dr. Koch made his startling statement at the Consumption Congress at Queen's Hall.

Mr. H. Oswald Redford,

Manager of Cheltenham Opera House.

△△△△△△△△△△△△△△△△△△△△△△

Gloucestershire Gossip.

November and December, which are just passed, will be months of bad memories to foxhunters, for the fog and frost that so persistently spoilt their sport—such as has not happened for many a year—gave a new lease of life to the vulpine variety, and they were not slow to keep up their reputation as "poultry fanciers." So emboldened have some of the foxes become of late that I hear one of them planted his fowl victims about a village on the North Cotswolds, a fat bird having a billet near the post-office, as if it were intended to be despatched by parcel post. Still, as there are four months yet left in which hounds can settle old scores, I hope the weather will permit them to have killing time. I am not surprised that the Boxing Day fiasco with the Cotswold pack rankled in the breasts of thousands of the public who drew a blank. I can testify by personal knowledge that safe hunting was quite out of the question on that day, yet I cannot for the life of me understand why, Queen's Wood being impracticable, hounds were not walked, if only for exercise, to the Queen's Hotel, as advertised. I can also appreciate the feelings of two or three of the town subscribers to the Hunt whom I heard complain, "We like to see something for our money once a year at all events." While motor-cars are regarded with disfavour in Warwickshire hunting circles, the Duke of Beaufort openly encourages them in his big country, and his Grace has found it necessary to explain that he uses one to get to his meets, not to save horses and oats, but because it saves him quite three-quarters of an hour in his journeys. Seeing that the Duke hunts six days a week, and is a welter weight rider, I think there is a great deal of reason in his motoring expedient. That was a narrow squeak Lord Fitzhardinge's Hounds had of being poisoned at the Kennels. A carcase of a bull sent for their consumption was found to have died of anthrax, and this discovery was happily made before they had touched any of the meat..

* * *

I have been much interested, on reading the chronicles of the last two years of a certain girls' high school not ten miles from Cheltenham, in the record of some of the original answers culled from pupils' examination papers. Venturing to think they will prove

equally interesting to my readers, I give a few herewith. An essay on dress begins:—"Dress suits some people better than others. Some people look nice dressed like mummies, while others look better in ordinary clothes." An explanation of "Sermons in stones and good in everything" ran thus:—"Stones are sermons; they are dull, and some would think good-for-nothing things." Apropos of Joan of Arc:—"She unexpectedly found the Loire rolling before her"; "Owing to a sudden change in the wind, Orleans was supplied with provisions and men." In definitions:—"Charlatanism — Quakerism, Quaking"; "Huguenots were black people, half Spanish"; "He was called Legion because he belonged to a large family, and he was sent to the tombs to avoid giving the infection"; "The greatest kindness David did to Ishbosheth was burying his head"; "The Pharisees were a preserved generation"; "Melchizedek reproved Sarah, saying that she ought to wear a veil in the presence of men."

* * *

History questions brought the following:—"Edward II. was deposed by She"; "In the next year Parliament dissolved the Queen"; "One of the articles of More's Bill was that the Church was to be allowed free trade"; "Ship-money was 1s. a head"; "Judge Jefferies was Kirke's lamb." "Who is the Colonial Secretary?" "Chamberlaine, who has risen to his high position by making screws." F.R.S. was put to mean "Foreign Rule Society"; M.B. "Musical Bachelor"; R.S.O. "Royal Society of Oddfellows"; C.I.V. "One hundred and four"; F.R.I.B.A. "Fellow of the Royal Institution of Bachelors of Art." Quilp was "leading character in Mark Twain's book, 'A Bird Trainer'"; Eton is "noted for collars made there and these are very deep"; Hatfield is "the country residence of Mr. Gladstone, and is noted because it is where the bishop was eaten by the rats"; and Aldershot, "for its shooting." The "Golden Legend" was written by "Grimms," and "Charley's Aunt" by "Keble, who acts in a play of that name as the aunt." Edison "started the 'Spectator' and the first penny paper"; "Napoleon marched against tne Pyramids and defeated them"; and "Under Cromwell every pulpit was filled with ministers of every denomination." R.S.V.P. means "Ring s'il vous plait," M.S. "Messieurs," and V.C. "Veterinary client, or some term used for a Medicine Student." Farrar was "Bishop of Lincoln, burnt for heresy"; "Great electrician, second only to Edison"; "Founded a sect of clergymen to improve the slums of London, and they were not allowed to marry." Spurgeon was "noted for sponges"; and "A sort of clergyman in London"; Balfour, "The great tennis player"; W. H. Smith, "The man who sells books at the stations"; and Knox-Little, "A great confectioner," and "A Cannon." Mark Twain will be amused that he is linked with Milton in the "Excursion"; and Mr. Lee Williams interested that his "Last night at Bethany" is put as by Mendelssohn and Sullivan." And so on, but I must finish.

GLEANER.

△△△△△△△△△△△△△△△△△△△△

Portsmouth is to furnish the first crew of the Good Hope, the war vessel presented by Cape Colony to the Mother-country.

* * *

The tribunal of Versna on Monday ordered the release of Count Trivulzio, charged at the instance of a deputy named Todeschini with the murder of his sweetheart and throwing the body into the river. The court found Todeschini guilty of calumny, and sentenced him to two years' imprisonment.

* * *

Mrs. Mary Lavinia Colebatch, wife of Mr. W. F. H. Colebatch, of Nash Hill Farm, Arley, near Bewdley, on Sunday night, went on a visit to her invalid mother at Nash End Farm, only a short distance away, and took a lantern to light her. She started for home, and had a small pond to pass. Presumably she slipped owing to the state of the ground, for an hour or two later her body was found in the pool.

Our Prize Pictures.

BIRDLIP, LOOKING WEST.

BIRDLIP, LOOKING EAST.

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 52nd competition is Mr. J. R. Waghorne, of 3 Spring Grove-villas, Cheltenham, with the Birdlip pictures.

Entries for the 53rd competition closed this (Saturday) morning, Jan. 4th, 1902, and in subsequent competitions entries will close on the Saturday morning preceding the award, so as to allow time for adjudication and reproduction.

The War Office has decided to send three brigade divisions of Royal Field Artillery to Salisbury Plain at an early date.

* * *

William Barrie, an engineman, of Motherwell, was going home on Saturday night with two other men, when a stranger butted at him with his head. Barrie was knocked over, and his head struck the kerb. He died on Sunday. The police are in search of the stranger.

A Cheltonian's Memoirs.

* * *

CHARTISM.

The sixteenth chapter of Mr. W. E. Adams's "Memoirs of a Social Atom" now appearing in the "Newcastle Weekly Chronicle" is as follows:—

It has already been mentioned that I found myself very early in life whirling and swirling round the political maelstrom. I was a very youthful atom indeed when, fired by the enthusiasm that seemed to impregnate the air, I became a member of the National Chartist Association—the association that was formed to demand the immediate adoption of the People's Charter. The Chartist movement was the only movement of the time that seemed calculated to captivate the imagination of young and earnest politicians. I had not then reached the mature age of seventeen. Before I was two years older I was taking the chair at Chartist meetings and corresponding with members of Parliament concerning the treatment of Chartist prisoners. But even at that time I was "a Chartist and something more," for it appeared to me that the Charter fell far short of the ideal that ought io be sought and must be attained before society could be constituted on a proper basis. And so, while still active in Chartist circles, I was at the age of eighteen years and a half elected president of a Republican Association! Of course I had all the confidence of youth. What did statesmen or philosophers know about the way to manage national affairs or the principles on which Governments should be based compared with what I and my comrades knew? We had generous impulses in those days at all events. We lacked judgment, discretion; every sort of prudent virtue, but we despised all mean and sordid interests. It is perhaps the only excuse that can be offered for the conceit and presumption with which we of the younger race of politicians astounded and outraged our elders.

The Chartist movement was some eight or ten years old when I entered it. The history of the movement—probably the greatest popular movement of the nineteenth century—has yet to be written. Materials for a work worthy of the subject are perhaps not abundant. The "Life of Thomas Cooper," the "Life and Struggles of William Lovett," the sketch published many years ago by R. G. Gammage, will assist the future historian. But the story of that stormy episode in the political life of the working classes could only have been told with effect by a writer who shared in its passions and was a witness of its weaknesses. And one by one all those who possessed the requisite acquaintance with the period have disappeared from the scene. John Arthur Roebuck was the last survivor of the politicians who, meeting in conference in 1837, passed the resolutions which afterwards formed the basis of the People's Charter. But as the most interesting period of the Chartist movement did not commence till after the Charter had been formally approved at a great meeting in Birmingham in 1838, there were others besides Roebuck who could have related as it ought to be related the history of the great agitation. These, too, however, have also disappeared. So it is extremely unlikely that any competent or satisfactory narrative of a stupendous national crisis will ever now be given to the world.

The demand for universal suffrage and other changes in the mode of representation grew out of the natural discontent of the masses of the people with the Reform Bill of 1832. The great measure—for, after all, it was a great measure—satisfied the middle classes; but it made no change whatever in the political position of the bulk of working men. There had been a sort of understanding that the power which would be acquired by the passing of the Reform Bill would be used afterwards for securing still further improvements in the distribution of the franchise. But when the expectations thus formed were not realised, the working classes established associations of their own. One of these had been initiated by a Cornish carpenter named William Lovett. The People's Charter, as intimated above, was the outcome of a conference between representatives of Lovett's association and certain members of Parliament who sympathised with the popular demand. The members of Parliament comprised Daniel O'Connell, Charles Hindley, John Temple Leader, William Sharman Crawford, John Fielden, Thomas Wakley, John Bowring, Daniel Whittle Harvey, Thomas Perronet Thompson, and John Arthur Roebuck. Having agreed to certain principles and propositions, the conference appointed a committee of twelve persons—six members of Parliament and six members of the London Working Men's Association—to draw up a Bill embodying the principles that had been approved. The working men so appointed were Henry Hetherington, John Cleave, James Watson, Richard Moore, William Lovett, and Henry Vincent, while the six members of Parliament were O'Connell, Roebuck, Leader, Hindley, Thompson, and Crawford. The document which was drawn up by the committee, and which came soon to be known as the People's Charter, made formal demand for six points—universal suffrage, vote by ballot, annual Parliaments, equal electoral districts, payment of members, and the abolition of the property qualification. The Charter, adopted at a great meeting held in Birmingham on August 6, 1838, was submitted to a meeting held in Palace Yard, London, in the following month, when one of the resolutions was moved by Ebenezer Elliott, the "Corn-Law Rhymer."

It was resolved at both gatherings to call a Convention of Delegates, and to obtain signatures to a National Petition beseeching Parliament to enact the Charter. The Convention, which consisted of fifty-five delegates, said to have been elected by three millions of persons, met first in London, and subsequently in Birmingham. The meeting in London was held at the British Coffee House, February 4, 1839. A print of the scene, giving portraits of some of the principal members of the Convention, was published at the time. All the members are now dead, George Julian Harney, who died in 1897, being, I believe, the last survivor. The National Petition, bearing, it was alleged, 1,280,000 signatures, was placed in the hands of Mr. Thomas Attwood, then member for Birmingham, the leading spirit of one of the Political Unions which had been chiefly instrumental in carrying the Reform Bill. There were probably exaggerations as to the numbers which took part in the election of delegates; but the rapidity with which the movement spread to every part of the country, and the enthusiasm with which it was received in all the great centres of population, could not be exaggerated. The portentous agitation was viewed with some alarm by the Government, which set about an attempt to arrest it. Unfortunately, the purposes of the Government were assisted by the Chartists themselves; for they indulged in foolish language, resorted to foolish threats, and commenced preparations for still more foolish proceedings. Arms were bought; bands were drilled; the "sacred month" was suggested. But the Convention disolved in the autumn of 1839, and the Charter was as far off as ever.

The popular power which the movement had developed, however, did not dissolve with the Convention. Many men of mark and vigour, besides the originators of the Charter, joined the agitation. Not the least eloquent of these was Henry Vincent, and not the least energetic George Julian Harney. But the most prominent of them all was an Irishman—Feargus O'Connor. Gifted with great talents for winning the favour and applause of the populace, O'Connor was then and for long afterwards the idol of the day. Hundreds of thousands of working men were almost as devoted to him as the better spirits of Italy at a later date were devoted to Joseph Mazzini. When he addressed in the rich brogue of his native country "the blistered hands and unshorn chins of the working classes," he appeared to touch a cord which vibrated from one end of the kingdom to the other. Wherever he went he was sure of a vast and appreciative audience. The popularity of the "Northern Star," which O'Connor had established as the organ of the movement, was almost equal to his own. But powerful as O'Connor was, and vast as was the circulation of the "Northern Star," no great progress seemed to be made in influencing either the Ministry or the Parliament. A new Convention was consequently summoned in London—John Frost having in the meantime made his abortive attempt at Newport—and a new association was projected by Lovett. Bitter feuds, however, broke out between O'Connor and the rest of the Chartist leaders, so that much of the strength of the agitation was wasted in personal squabbles. Moreover, the most absurd schemes were proposed for forcing the Government to yield to the popular demands. I have alluded to the "sacred month." This was a proposition that the working classes should enter upon a strike for that period throughout the whole country. Thomas Cooper tells up how an old Chartist, who had been a member of the first Convention, proposed at a meeting in the Potteries "that all labour cease till the People's Charter becomes the law of the land." The same wild scheme, not long subsequently, was submitted to Dr. McDouall, who had then become a prominent leader of the movement, to a meeting of the Chartist Executive in Manchester. Another notable device was that the people should abstain from consuming excisable articles, so as to paralyse the financial arrangements of the Government. There were partial strikes in Lancashire; Chartist families here and there (my own included) abstained for a time from using tea, coffee, sugar, spirits, and tobacco; but the attempt to obtain the Charter by these means failed as utterly as the attempt of Frost to promote an insurrection of the labouring classes in Wales.

The aims and claims of the Chartists were, to a certain extent, shared and approved by middle class Radicals. With the view of separating what was reasonable in the movement from what was ridiculous—the principles of the Charter from the violent means which were advocated to enforce them—there had been formed what was called the Complete Suffrage party. Joseph Sturge, an estimable Quaker of Birmingham, was the chief figure in the new party. Associated with Edward Miall, Laurence Heyworth, the Rev. Thomas Spencer, and the Rev. Patrick Brewster, Mr. Sturge had entered into negotiations with Lovett, Collins, Bronterre O'Brien, and other old Chartists who dissented from O'Connor's tactics. The result was another conference—the Birmingham Conference of 1843. Four hundred delegates assembled on tne occasion. The Conference, was, perhaps, the most important—certainly the most influential—gathering of the kind that had been held since the Charter had been promulgated. Thomas Cooper, who was present, informs the readers of the biography "that the best orator in the Conference was a young friend of Lovett's, then a subordinate in the British Museum, but now known to all England as the highly successful barrister, Sergt. Parry." But neither Parry's eloquence nor Sturge's good intentions could evoke harmony out of the discordant elements that had then met together. If there had been anything like union, the political future of England might have been affected. As it was the Conference broke up in confusion.

The divisions which were manifested in Sturge's Conference became more marked in the councils of the Chartists themselves. O'Connor added to these divisions by mixing up with the demand for the suffrage his disastrous and preposterous Land Scheme. Nevertheless, he kept his hold o fthe movement down to the time of the great demonstration on the 10th of April, 1848. Excited by the events which had just taken place in France, the Chartists thought they saw an opportunity of impressing the Government with the etent of their numbers, if not with the justice of their claims. Unfortunately they only succeeded in frightening the Government into acts of trepidation and terror. Nor did the new National Petition they promoted produce any effect on the Legislature. The failure of the demonstration on Kennington Common maked a turning point in the history of Chartism. Down to that time it had at least maintained its position in the

country; but after that time it begun to decline.

The authority and influence of the great Feargus, weakened by the events of the 10th of April, weakened still further by the gradual collapse of his land ventures, rapidly faded away. Other men became prominent in what remained of the movement—Ernest Jones, Gerald Massey, and the founder of "Reynolds's Newspaper." Various attempts were likewise made to resuscitate the movement—notably by Thornton Hunt and George Jacob Holyoake. But Chartism as a political force was beyond redemption. Julian Harney and Ernest Jones helped to keep it alive by means of publications—"Red Republicans," "Friends of the People," "Vanguards," "Notes to the People," "People's Papers," and other periodicals whose very names are now almost forgotten. But the few that continued the struggle quarrelled among themselves. Harney at last abandoned the now hopeless business. Jones, however, supported by a declining number of adherents, maintained the fight down to 1857, when he, too, was starved into surrender. Penury was the lot also of one of the best known of the Chartist officials. For many years during the latter period of the agitation the name of John Arnott as general secretary appeared at the foot of all the official notices of the Chartist Association. Some time about 1865 I was standing at the shop-door of a Radical bookseller in the Strand. A poor, half-starved old man came to the bookseller, according to custom, to beg or borrow a few coppers. It was John Arnott! Chartism was then, as it really had been for a long time before, a matter of history.

Remarks on Dress.

No. 2.

[By Lady Cook, nee Tennessee Claflin.]

The wicked distortion of the feet and vital organs, referred to in our first paper, and which are presumptuously intended to improve upon God's handiwork, are not the only foolish methods employed to gratify human vanity. The aborigines of America were found to be as dissatisfied with their natural appearance as any Belgravian belle to-day. In whatever manner they wore their hair—and the fashion in this respect was very various—the Mexicans, who were the most civilised, were all agreed that none should remain upon their bodies except that of their heads and eyebrows. All the rest was carefully removed by tweezers, so that the Spaniards who discovered them did not find a beard in the whole empire. Many tribes of Indians flatten the noses of their new-born infants; others press the heads between boards until they are perfectly flat; while others mould the skulls into the shape of sugar loaves. There were few Indians who did not disfigure their faces and bodies with paint—usually a gaudy red, blue, or yellow. Frequently they were tattooed with figures of men, birds, beasts, or plants, on every part of the body, especially on the face. The priests of the sun were tattooed with the phallic emblems of their deity. Columbus called the province of Veragua the "Country of Ears," because all the inhabitants stretched their ears to an immoderate length. The women also wear a large ring through the septum of the nose, which by its weight often draws this tender division down to the mouth. In Africa and Asia the rings are put through the nostrils themselves. The Hottentots, like the Indians, flattened the nose by crushing the gristle, and no woman could be deemed beautiful unless the operation had been thoroughly performed—the flatter the handsomer.

Other singular disfigurements, which need no further notice, have been fashionable with various races. Some of the most extraordinary have a profound sexual signification which cannot be discussed here. But none of which there is any record are so injurious to health or so opposed to symmetry as the monstrous custom of tight lacing.

The most useful clothing is that which best preserves health. The most comfortable is that which incommodes least and sits most easily on the body. The most beautiful is that which accords best with the individual appearance or most improves it. This last question is naturally the most debatable of the three.

In a climate like ours, light woollen clothing has been proved to be certainly the best, and, indeed, we believe it is the best for all climates—warm in winter and cool in summer. When our ancestors lived in wooden houses and wore leathern or woollen clothing they were far less subject to chills and colds, rheumatism and neuralgia, than we are now, because their garments were low conductors of heat. The use of cotton has conduced to cleanliness and variety, but on the whole has been detrimental to health on account of its high conducting power. Wool, therefore, ought to be the staple article of wear.

It is also the most pleasant, and because we need less of it than of any other material, it is the most comfortable in itself. All that is required is that the garments should be cut in the most convenient forms for bodily exercise. Nothing should be allowed to impede free movement or the play of the limbs. The garments also should be as few as possible, and easy to put on and off. Nor is there any lack of ingenuity at hand to invent such if we could be sensible enough to wear them.

What accords best with individual appearance, or most improves it, has ever been a point on which mankind have been divided in opinion. Hence the various costumes of various countries, and even of the same people, at different periods. In nature, evolution leads to improvement, but this is not always so in art, and to dress well may be considered a fine art, and one to which few have attained. The perfection or imperfection of any style may be proved by the combined tests of health, comfort, and beauty. By so much as it fails to fulfil these conditions it is manifestly defective.

The eccentricities, excesses, and needless extravagance of dress have formed a favourite theme o the satirists and divines from the earliest times. In the Old Testament we find the Prophets denouncing terribly against the pride and luxury of the women of Israel: "Because the daughters of Zion are haughty, and walk with stretched forth necks and wanton eyes, walking and mincing as they go, and making a tinkling with their feet: therefore the Lord will smite," etc. . . . "In that day the Lord will take away the bravery of their tinkling ornaments about their feet, and their sauls, and their round tires like the moon, the chains and the bracelets, and the mufflers, the bonnets, and the ornaments of the legs, and the headbands, and the tablets, and the earrings, the rings, and nose jewels, the changeable suits of apparel, and the mantles, and the wimples, and the crisping pins, the looking-glasses, and the fine linen, and the hoods, and the veils." From this enumeration by Isaiah we see that the Jewish ladies in that ancient period were as vain and fashionable as women are to-day, and utterly regardless of the prophetic punishment in store for them.

Our own old writers were also very severe on this topic. The Bishop of Paris—a poet at the close of the 13th century, satirised the indecency of the open robes of the fashionable ladies of the period, and the other enormities of their costume, especially the horned head-dresses, and promised a pardon to all who insulted the wearers. He says: "We may well be afraid of such a beast; there is neither thunder nor tempest which I fear so much, when she fumes and pricks, and strikes and pushes. . . . . But I believe well that a woman wishes to make a harvest of herself, and offer herself for sale, who is thus employed in making herself gay to catch the attention of him who sees her. These quaint fashions decive people, and seduce a man's heart; then he wavers, and he thinks, I will love her, although she may not be handsome, yet she is gay. Thus the foolish man joins himself to the foolish woman, and thus beauty gets the better of his reason." John Lydgate, the chief poet of the reign of Henry V., also wrote a "Ballad on the Forked Head-dresses of Ladies," and one Thomas Conecte, a friar, travelled through Flanders preaching against them and inciting the boys to attack and shout after those who wore them. "Many altered their head-tire, and others gave them to the preacher to burn before his pulpit; but this reform lasted not long, for like as snails, when anyone passes by them, draw in their horns, and when all danger seems over put them forth again, so these ladies, shortly after the preacher had quitted their country, forgetful of his doctrine and abuse, began to resume their former colossal head-dresses, and wore them even higher than before."

Another song, "Against the Pride of the Ladies," and the tendency of the middle and lower classes to ape them in dress, appeared in the time of Edward I. Modernised, part of it runs: "Now pride hath the prize in every play; of many unwise women I say my saw—for if a lady's linen is laid after law—every strumpet that there is such draughts will draw."

Each age onward furnished the satirists of the day with cause of ridicule. There were the shoes with long peaked toes which came into fashion in the reign of Richard II. and continued to the middle of Edward IV. These were originally imported from Cracow, and were, therefore, called cracowes. The points were stuffed with tow and moss, curled upwards, and often fastened to the garters with chains of gold and silver. They were long enough to reach to the knees, and were sarcastically named "Devil's claws." These long-toed shoes gave rise to long-toed pattens, in which the exquisites of the time hobbled about in dirty weather. Then there was the Baselard, a foppish knife in an ornamented sheath, worn in front in the centre of the girdle, and used down to Elizabeth's reign. These were forbidden to priests, but were worn by many of them notwithstanding. An old song begins:—

"Lestenit, lordlyngs, I you beseke,
Ther is non man worth a leke,
Be he sturdy, be he meke,
But he bere a baselard."

Another craze attacked Englishmen of the fifteenth century: "They suffered their hair to grow after the Nararene fashion, and to such a length as to obstruct their sight, and cover the greater part of the face."

The next change in shoes was to wear them very broad at the toes, pleated and slashed, to show the coloured hose under. Other freaks of fashion will be noticed in our final paper.

A CHELTENHAM TOKEN.

The first is somewhat indistinct. It represents the old Royal Well Walk and Parish Church.

* * *

A COMMEMORATIVE MEDAL.

Presented by Mr. W. W. Burrows to the Cheltenham Parish School Museum.

The inscription reads thus—"Cheltenham Proprietary College. The building was commenced 1842, and opened in August, 1843."

Children's Witticisms.

* * *

Last Christmas I was distributing the prizes at the Upper Kennington Lane Board School. I wound up with an exhortation to the boys to be good during the coming year. Said I:—"Now, boys, see that when I come again next Christmas I shall hear an excellent account of you, and shall not have to be told that you have got into any trouble or mischief." "Same to you, sir," shouted the whole school with one accord. Whether this was quiet humour or a mechanical reply to the time-honoured "Merry Christmas, boys," which they had taken my final words to imply, I cannot say. But I am trying to live up to the injunction. But no doubt, unhappily, rests over the answer of the little chap who was being examined in mental arithmetic by an inspector of schools. "If," said the inspector, "I had three glasses of beer on this table, and your father came in and drunk one, how many would be left?" "None, sir," at once replied the youthful Babbage. "But you don't understand my question," retorted the inspector, proceeding to repeat it. This he did several times, always receiving the same unwavering assurance. "None, sir." At last he said, "Ah, my boy, it is clear you don't know mental arithmetic." "But I know my father," answered the boy.

• • •

The little son of a Wesleyan minister once volunteered this startling information to a visitor. "Do you know that the swallows go away in winter, but the sparrows belong to this circuit?" My assistant in charge of Standard III., to please the little ones (writes a teacher to me), gave each a sheet of notepaper just before Christmas, telling them to write a letter to father and mother, which they might take home. One little girl of nine, with doubtless lively recollection of the past three or four years, concluded:—"And please, Ma, don't have a baby this Christmas, I do so want to have a happy time." "With what weapons did David slay the Philistines?" asked the examiner. "With the axe of the Apostles," replied a small pupil. "What would you say was the general character of Moses?" asked the teacher. "He was meek," said one boy; "Brave," answered a second; "Good," answered a third; "Please, sir, he was a gentleman," said a fourth. "Gentleman!" repeated the teacher, "what do you mean?" The little boy replied, "Please, sir, when the daughters of Jethro went to the well to draw water the shepherds came and drove them away; and Moses helped the daughters of Jethro, and said to the shepherds, Ladies first, please, gentlemen."

• • •

Inspector: "What is a noun?" Boy: "Name of an animal, person, place, or thing." Inspector: "Am I a noun?" Boy: "Yes, sir." Inspector: "Are you a noun?" Boy: "Yes, sir." Inspector: "Are all the boys in the class nouns?" Boy (doubtfully): "Yes, sir." Inspector: "Are all the boys running about the playground nouns?" Boy (brightening up): "Please, sir, no, sir. When they're running about they're verbs." "Now, John, what did Moses do for a living while he was staying with Jethro?" "Please, sir, he married one of his daughters," was John's reply. "Where," asked H.M. Inspector, "does the ostrich lay its eggs?" "In our school museum," answered the little one. "Give directions for sweeping a room," was the question in the domestic economy class. The answer was, "Cover up the furniture with dust sheets, scatter damp tealeaves over the carpet, then carefully sweep the room into the dust-pan and throw it out of the window." "Why were you away, yesterday?" asked the teacher. "Please, ma'am, mother's ill," replied the little girl. "What does the doctor say it is?" continued the teacher. "Please, ma'am, a little girl," was the reply. Away back in the early eighties, when a distinguished Radical statesman was Vice-President of the Committee of Council, I remember a pupil writing of the "Medulla Oblongata" as the "Mundella Oblongata."

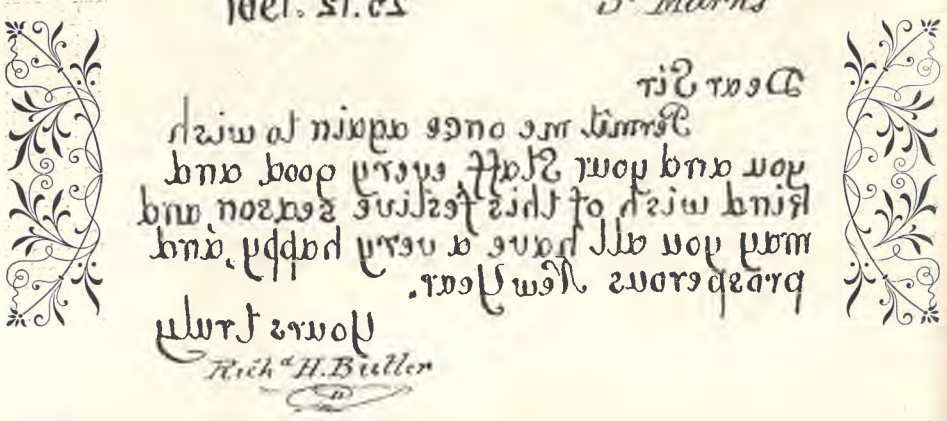
Photo by W. A. Lusty] [Montpellier Villas, Cheltenham.

Village of Tirley near Tewkesbury.

Photo by Mr. Ornsby] [2 Brunswick-street, Cheltenham.

View at Bishop's Cleeve.

CURIOUS CHRISTMAS POSTCARD.



Facsimile of a postcard wishing the Editor and Staff "Every good and kind wish of this Festive Season." It is from an occasional and versatile correspondent, Mr. R. H. Butler, who kindly gave the "Graphic" a gratuitous advertisement on his big blank black board at Lansdown Junction. We most cordially reciprocate his kind compliments.

Printed and Published as a Gratis Supplement by the Cheltenham Newspaper Co.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 54. SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1902.

SHIRER

and . .

HADDON

ANNUAL

Winter Sale

NOW PROCEEDING.

Genuine Bargains in all Departments.

* * *

5 PER CENT. DISCOUNT FOR READY MONEY.

* * *

IMPERIAL CIRCUS,

CHELTENHAM.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

Photo by J. H. Elliott,] [Stroud.

Mr. William Harrison,

THE NEWLY-APPOINTED DEPUTY CHIEF CONSTABLE OF GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

He joined the Police Force at Cheltenham in September, 1865, and subsequently served at Kingscote, Berkeley, Newnham, Lydney, and Hanham. He has been sergeant at Stroud, and superintendent at Dursley. In August, 1892, he became superintendent at Stroud, and he now goes to Gloucester as D.C.C.

[All Rights Reserved.]*

On the Stage—and Behind.

II.

Not so long ago, and well within the memory of the present older generation, a vicious play was as absolutely unknown before the footlights as virtue was expected behind them; but we have changed all that, and nowadays we go to the theatre to see immoral characters and scenes pourtrayed by blameless ladies and gentlemen, whom later in the evening we meet as honoured guests in th best private houses and to whom we are expected to give place.

Our grandparents, healthy-minded people, who called a spade a spade, did not look for niceness of conduct in those whose conditions of life, propinquity, and a thousand other inevitable circumstances encouraged an easy morality, and even went so far as to refuse to play-actors and play-actresses the rights of Christian burial. This seems like vindictiveness on our ancestors' part, but it may have been only their way of showing that you cannot have your cake and eat it, and that if you have a rattling good time in this world while good people have a dull one, things must be levelled up somehow and the frisky ones denied those honours that the virtuous dead, alas! could only enjoy by anticipation.

YESTERDAY—AND TO-DAY.

And if our dead mummers could revisit earth, and, as ghosts, throng one of the present-day theatres when one of our newest society plays was going forward, how they would rub their eyes and stare and disbelieve their ears, for had any one of them—even dare-devil Peg Woffington—ventured on such talk, such situations, he or she would assuredly have been hissed off the stage.

As it is, the young person can hear the cause of Wife v. Mistress and Mistress v. Wife pleaded in the open court of half the play-houses in London!

Plays of virtue, plays of tragedy (with the masses these two are almost identical), with now and then light comedy, or a harmless farce, such was the material out of which actors and actresses made their hits, and not one line must be uttered that the "unco' guid" must not hear, or the play, the manager, and incidentally themselves would be damned.

Alas! poor ghosts! What of that play in which women lie hard against each other to hide their intrigues, where not a man is faithful to his wife, not a woman but has her "friend"? It is all so clever, so bright, it sparkles like blown bubbles of iridescent glass; but when we calmly think it over, how immoral it all is, what a nasty taste it leaves in the mouth! It almost shocks us to hear the (more or less) blameless persons we are privileged to meet off the stage saying such dreadful things! Vaguely we feel that they are sacrificing themselves to our improper desires, and that when they return to their virtuous dressing-rooms they purge themselves of their sinful incarnations, even as they do of their masks of powder and make-up before they condescend to meet us later on in the evening!

THE ESSENCE OF THE MODERN PLAY.

"We do it to please *you*," they seem to say to us with downcast, modest eyes, and if we dare to protest, we are promptly snubbed; but we seldom dare, for never did the stage hold such glamour as at the present day—it is not only in the eyes of the actors, but also in those of the beholders. Yet it may sometimes occur to us that we talk less through our noses, and wear out clothes more naturally than these ladies and gentlemen who are mostly sprung from a class that is never really at home in a drawing-room, and suspect it is only the cleverness of the cut of their unaccustomed garments that saves the situation. For take away the scene-painter's art, the exquisite furniture, and the genius of the *modiste*, and in nineteen plays out of twenty, what do we get? Talkee-talkee, and nothing lese but talkee-talkee, and when we have minutely examined the frocks on the stage (and half of us go to the play to see what is worn, and the other half ask the actresses to their houses to show them how to wear them), and have noted any new wrinkles in the house decoration or bric-a-bac, are we not quite ready to go home, and quickly, lest we forget the valuable hints we have picked up? The play is emphatically *not* the thing, and poor Robert Buchanan's mordant remark that there are plenty of virtuous women on the stage, and only half-a-dozen actresses, inevitably recurs to one's mind.

The furniture and dresses are the thing, and in one instance where a certain play was put on the stage, and there was literally nothing in it, either of wit or incident from beginning to end, the manager frankly admitted that his public liked "something light." But for once, in replying solely on good looks, clothes, and perhaps the most perfect *mise-en-scene* ever seen on the modern stage, in this instance he was wrong, for even his feather-headed public rebelled, and the piece, though backed by great interest, only ran six weeks.

And so we come back to my thesis, that absolutely immoral society plays, acted by persons who are accepted as rather more moral than the audience that goes to see and hear them, now-a-days hold the stage, and it is perhaps only in keeping with the general topsy-turveydom of the times, that what used to be at the back is now in front, and vice versa.

The divinity that was formerly the sole prerogative of kings accompanies these actors and actresses into society, and if now and then a blot appears on them, we rub our eyes and say "Impossible!" It is the fault of that confounded lime-light man who is not up to his work, and the world grovels again at the feet of these condescending autocrats, whose accent and talents may sometimes be in doubt, but their tailors and dressmakers, never.

"WHEN THE DROP SCENE HAS FALLEN."

Occasionally, when the drop scene has fallen, they bid the world to supper on the stage, and even the husband of one's wife is proud to be seen with her there, and "to the pure all things are pure," he murmurs when the extraordinary prevalent habit of every man taking about his neighbour's better half, and cherishing her as his own, forces itself unduly on his attention.

The best born women in England are there (their men do not display a like eagerness to be patronised, at least openly, by Thespia); they go frankly to be amused, and possibly are tickled by the airs and graces of those ladies and gentlemen who have so long played the parts of King and Queen, and a few carefully selected samples of the peerage, that they actually believe themselves to be the people they think they represent.

The clear address, the level glance that is the birthright of the true aristocrat, the air of having had, as a matter of course, the very best of everything the earth affords, belong to the people whose manners we never have a chance of studying on the stage, and their owners do not write plays; what they know and practice they never tell; thus our society plays are written from the outside, never by those "in the know," as only the aristocrats themselves could accurately represent them. The persons who know how to write never have the material—those who are past-masters on certain subjects have not the literary knack, and often they must smile at the stage nobles who cannot even wear their evening clothes like gentlemen, and at the women who pose as Lady Vere de Vere, speaking in a tongue that certainly Lady Clare never used, and at every turn and gesture display their ignorance of usages that to her are as a second nature!

Sometimes these poor ladies, who wear imitation coronets on the stage, step down from it to wear real ones (their influence over the peerage is less after marriage than before it), and in actual life have an opportunity of enacting in private the part through which they strutted in play. But do they ever fit the occasion, ever behave as to the manner born, do they ever advance any further than the *entresol* of Debrett's, or see unbarred, no matter how long they wait, that inner door ever closed upon them? They are not "born," and even a tiara, and a bored husband isolated from his own class, will not offer to their lips the unadulterated cup of bliss they expected.

Now and again we get a woman who has really been in society, in a society play, and then she is in the picture, not outside it, but even then she is not a born aristocrat. It is for the great middle class that these plays of "*le* high life" are produced, and between the actors and actresses, totally ignorant of what they wish to pourtray, and the equally ignorant audience that accepts what it beholds as the real thing, there is usually such complete accord that the Box Office becomes a veritable House of Rejoicing.

A WORD OF PRAISE.

It would be unfair to say that no plays are produced that do not aim at being "smart," or that all actors and actresses are bitten with the mania of society, and of posing there as the great lords and ladies that it has become their habit to travesty. Earnest workers there are in plenty, intent only on improving their art, not their social position, and the increased attention given to plays by Maeterlinck and Ibsen is a most promising sign of activity in that direction.

But the fact remains that serious plays are at a discount, and do not draw good houses; that, however well written and staged, the one-man, two-women dramas (and all human nature underlies this *motif*), unless frankly immoral, are more or less failures; that we insist on being amused and not instructed when we go to the play; and that a screaming Palais Royal farce sends us hame at peace with our neighbours and ourselves, having pleasantly relieved us of the necessity of thinking. We like to leave our minds outside with our coachmen when we settle ourselves in our stalls; and to the question, are we fit to enjoy a really great play if one were set before us I should answer "No." Probably the struggle for life, growing each day fiercer and keener, has much to do with our impatient attitude towards things disagreeable or brain-exacting on the stage. Our forefathers, who lived easy lives, with long intervals for refreshment and rest, enjoyed being made to weep when they went to a play; nowadays the finest tragedy you

could put on the stage has not a chance of even being read by a manager who knows his business—and ours.

Well—perhaps this is as it should be, and after all, we should be grateful to those mummers who furnish us with so much amusement on the stage—and off it.

Next week:

"SOCIETY SINS."

[*Copyright in the United States of America by D. T. Pierce.]

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Gloucestershire Gossip.

County and Hunt balls are now in full swing in Gloucestershire, and if Cheltenham is dull in this respect, owing to the adverse influence of the war and not for lack of a large and suitable dancing-room, Terpsichore is by no means snuffed out this season in the land of the Severn. The County Ball at Glouces ter last week established a record for attendance in recent years, there being nearly 350 guests present. The centre of the old city was unusually animated at night, owing to the lights and bustle of many carriages, not a few of which are never seen there except on an occasion like that one. I was glad that the "cloth" was again represented in the ball-room, and that there was a fair number of debutantes. If the floor was crowded that night, by the law of compensation it was quite the other way next night, when the Charity Ball, which has always followed of late years, came off. This seems a declining function, and sadly misses the organising force that used to be put into it by Miss Brooke-Hunt when she lived in the Cathedral city. Comparatively few Gloucestrians put in an appearaince this year, but I was pleased to observe there was a fair leavening of Cheltonians over for the occasion. So that it was not altogether a case of charity beginning at home. I have been amused at a few of the reasons offered by persons for not going to the Charity Ball, and their "iffs" were certainly ingenious. But one practised waltzer said he went because Iff's band was engaged.

*

The hunting element, which was strongly represented at both balls, had something congenial and good to talk about in the runs of the Berkeley and the Ledbury Hounds on the afternoons of the two days on which the dances were held. An hour and fifty minutes' run constituted the season's record with Lord Fitzhardinge's and two and a half hours with the Ledbury, but no kill in either case resulted. I regret to hear there is "birdcage hunting" rife in the neighbourhood of Chosen Hill, and that when the Cotswold Hounds went there on New Year's Day one fox saved his brush by bolting through a barbed wired hedge, through which the hounds, then right upon him, could not quickly creep. One riderless horse, and a good one, too, was also badly and cruelly gashed by contact with this bane of hunting. "Ware! wire" is often heard too late in the land.

*

I must congratulate the "Echo" on again smartly scoring off its contemporaries. Alone it correctly foreshadowed in detail the police changes consequent on the retirement of Mr. Philpott as Deputy Chief Constable. Indeed, it has become almost a proverb—"That what the 'Echo' says to-day other papers will follow suit and copy to-morrow." While I am aware that imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, I think an occasional acknowledgment of the source of origin of the lifted news would show but a spark of fairness on the part of the laggards. Referring to the D.C.C., it is noteworthy that again a Stroud superintendent, this time Mr. Harrison, obtains this appointment, which is at present regarded as the blue riband of their profession by the men in blue in this county. That Mr. Harrison may make as good and popular a Deputy as Mr. Philpott is my confident wish.

PITTVILLE GARDENS.

Winter Foliage, December, 1901.

Photos by R. B. Joyner, C.I.E.] [Cheltenham

The retirement of Canon Sheringham as Archdeacon of Gloucester, announced by him at his last Visitation, is now within measureable distance of becoming an accomplished fact. Speculation has been going on in clerical circles for some time past as to who will be the successor of this estimable dignitary, who has certainly not allowed the office to lose any of its importance during his term. The probable successors are narrowed down by gossip to two—Canon Bowers, the chief Diocesan Missioner, and Canon Scobell, rural dean of Gloucester. Whichever of these clerics is appointed to perform "archidiaconal functions," as Lord Palmerston once put it, I certainly think it will be an anachronism to associate the correct style of "venerable" with his name for some years to come.

GLEANER.

* * *

Vesuvius is showing signs of activity, and is erupting masses of flame and scoriæ.

NOW READY. An Edition de Luxe.

VOLUME I.

OF THE

"Gloucestershire Graphic."

Price ONE GUINEA; free by Parcel Post.

Beautifully Bound in Half-Calf, and Printed throughout on Superfine Art Paper.

Over Six Hundred Illustrations.

Circulation strictly limited to One Hundred Copies.

Orders executed in rotation.

Do not be disappointed, but send at once for this Unique Pictorial History of Cheltenham and County for the year 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.

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 53rd competition is Mr. J. Price, of Bank House, Tewkesbury, with his picture of Tewkesbury Abbey.

Entries for the 54th competition closed this (Saturday) morning, Jan. 11th, 1902, 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.

Tewkesbury Abbey—The Choir, looking West.

CHILDREN'S WITTICISMS.

In the December number of the "New Liberal Review," Dr. Macnamara, M.P., has an article on "Children's Witticisms." In the course of it he writes: I knew that the late Bishop of London, before handing a girl a prize book entitled "Our Feathered Friends," asked the asembled school who our feathered friends were. One girl timidly suggested "the Angels," and another "the Red Indians." There is an amusing and, I believe, a true story concerning that wonderful dream of Jacob's and the angels going up the ladder to heaven. "Please, sir," asked one of the boys in the class to which the story was being rehearsed, "why did the angels want to go up the ladder when they had wings?" This nonplussed the teacher, who took a strategic movement to the rear by saying, "Ah, yes! Why? Perhaps one of the boys can answer that." And one did. "Please, sir," said he, "because they was a-moulting."

Please Note This.

THE Proprietors of the "Chronicle and Graphic" respectfully solicit a share of your Printing Orders. Their Offices contain Machinery and Type of a most up-to-date style, and any work entrusted to the Firm will be done with every satisfaction to the customer.

A Trial Order, Please!

By the Way.

SELINA JENKINS ATTENDS A TOWN COUNCIL MEETING.

And I will say, Mr. Editor, as I considers fieldmales oughter take more interest in public matters wich they'll never get their rightful jew till they does, that I feels certain of.

'Owsomdever, last Monday afternoon I puts on my best alpaca, and I goes down to the public picture gallery where our gallant Corporation's on view free of charge once a month reg'lar. I 'adn't never been in the place before, and as a general sort of a rule I don't agree with these 'ere picture galleries meself, wich wen I were a young gal I were took over the Natural Gallery at London in connection with a Choir Houting, and there was such goings on as you never see on the walls of that there place; if I 'ad my way I'd put 'alf of them pictures on the fire, as would 'ave been took up at onct by the police (and quite right 2) if they'd been real flesh and blood instead of only paintings in frames! But, I will say, there was nothing as would make the most virtoous young fieldmale turn a hare, as the sayin' is, at our select picturgallery, wich shows 'ow much more refined and helevated we are than them Londoners, as is well-known to be a den of iniquity.

Well, as you must know, I walks in, and wipes me shoes on the mat as I were kindly asked to do onto a printed card, and so into a hinner room where there was a lot of tables arranged like a 'orse-shoe (for luck I s'pose) with papers and books, and bottles of water and things strown about regardless, as the sayin' is. The room were very nicely papered, 'ceps that the red colour 'ad faded off one side where the sun 'ad struck it, and the 'ole place would 'ave paid for just passin' the duster round it, in my hapynion!

Hof course, all the British public is welcome to these 'ere monthly meetings, but it seems that the accommodation isn't what you may call hover and above, for there was only 2 little forms for me and the others to sit on, the others being Mr. Nevins (looking like some Russian Hearl in a great furry hovercoat), and 6 or 7 individuals as mite 'ave been anything so far as I could tell from a member of Parliament up to a broker, or "vices verses," as the French do say.

'Owever, I will say the seats was the very 'ardest and most 'oncomfortablest I ever set eyes on, and I consider as its fair houtdacious to give them as we've helected hover our 'eads nice cane-bottomed chairs, and to make the likes of us to sit on forms like a pack of schoolboys. I only wish General Babbage would take them seats hup, and hexpose the oufairness of the whole thing in the papers, that I does!

Well, after a bit the mace thing come in, followed by the Mare (as looked very 'andsome in his gold necklace), and every body stood hup like they does in church when the passon enters.

Wen things 'ad settled a bit young Mr. Brydges read a few chapters out of a book, wich it mite 'ave been a prayer for more rain for all I could 'ear, seein' as ow 'e read it rather quick, and there was people a-shufflng about all the time, and another thing, I 'adn't brought me glasses with me, wich I never can't 'ear anybody talking properly unless I've got me spectacles on, wich is wot the doctors calls a hoptical delusion!

'Owever, that I don't know; but the first business as 'ad to be talked over was about some farm bailiff as someone said it were necessary for the benefit of the Public Health that this 'ere farm bailiff should 'ave the sack, as they do call it. But Alderman Mr. Parsonage didn't mention nary a reason why the man should be sent off, so for about of a hour all them men were a-squabbling away at one another, and sayin' as 'ow it was disgraceful to dismiss a man without cause, and making spesshul points for the reporters to scribble down, in the corse of wich Mr. Davis got 'is 'air off several times following and returned thanks to 'Eaven "as 'e wasn't hinter-

ested in slaughter-'ouses, not 'im 'imself, wotever 'is son mite be," and Mr. George Bence stated that Doctor Councillor Davies was "habsolutely untrue" and sich like, and so forth, and so on, wich it were all waste of valleyble time, as it appeared to me, being only a fieldmale, wich if that there Alderman Mr. Parsonage 'ad took the trouble to 'ave hegsplained wot the charges against the man was at first, well—we should 'ave lost a lot of extry fine heloquence, but, as I was a-sayin', we should 'ave gained a lot of valleyble time, besides not 'aving to sit so long on them oncomfortable forms.

The next business were something from Councillor Mr. Baker, but 'e speaks down in 'is boots, as the sayin' is, and I couldn't make 'ead nor tail of 'is remarks, wich they do say that you can honly 'ear wot 'e says clear when 'e's in a temper, wich isn't very often, hunfortunately!

After this, hup gets Mr. Crowner Waghorne, and I could 'ear a bit of wot 'e said, wich it were all about the electric tramlines, and sayin' as 'ow it were one of the most badly konstructed lines in the town, and that if there was any extension allowed it was to be a "shiney key not" that all the old lines should be picked hup and put down again reglar and level and free from mud and things, wich seemed rather rough on Mr. Nevins. 'Owever, Councillor Mr. Bence then harose and said there were nothing else to be said, and then proceeded to say it as follows: that the materials was shoddy, the workmanship shoddy, and the running of the cars ridiculous, and we must make the proprietor mend 'is ways by refusing to grant extensions.

At this, Mr. C. and D. L. R. Nevins got up and sat down several times to relieve 'is feelings. But 'e 'ad one champion in Skoolmaster Hayward, wich 'e turned around on 'is fellows and says 'twas hall their fault, wich it were the Corporation bricks as was bad ones, and the Borough Surveyor was looking on wen the line was made, and ought to have seen to it (wich made the Borough Surveyor pull 'is 'air a bit, and look very grave up at the back), and said as Mr. C. and D. L. R. Nevins was payin' us millions of pounds a month for electric light to run 'is cars, and koncluded by saying "Gentlemen, let us not damn 'is enterprise thus," wich I was quite surprised at Mr. Hayward a-using such language, altho' I will say as Mr. Crowner Waghorne used the same hegspression hearlier in the entertainment, and Mr. 'Enery Waghorne used it directly afterwards, wich the Mayor must have been asleep, or 'e would 'ave 'urled the mace at their 'eads for such impoliteness, and egspecially afore me, a lady!

There was hothers that spoke, but they were all down on Mr. C. and D. L. R. Nevins, and 'e 'ad a very warm time of it, wot with the remarks as wos let drop respecting his lines and leaning posts and things, and also the times as 'is cars don't keep to.

Councillor Mr. Lawrence got up and 'ad a lot to say about Acts of Parliament and settery, wich the Mayor asked him if 'e would be so good as to allow 'im to rule 'im hout of horder, but that there Mr. Lawrence 'e wouldn't stop talking nor sit down no-how—in fact, 'e wanted to tell the Mayor what 'e ought to say and do, and 'ow to manage the meeting better than 'e was doing it at present, but eventually 'e was persuaded to get down from 'is feet muttering something about steam engines and coal-trucks in the 'Ighstreet.

Well, there was a lot of hother talk, without much 'ead or tale to it, and then the vote was took, and you believe me, there was only one as voted to let Mr. C. and D. L. R. Nevins extend, and that were Skoolmaster Hayward.

Hafter this heppisode was hover, all them as 'ad been quarrelling went in and 'ad a friendly dish o' tea together at the Mare's expense, so I've 'eard, just to show there was no hill-feeling, and I wends me way 'omewards, a sadder and a wiser woman, wich I always thought before as men didn't waste no time in idle talk, but was hall business, and I've 'ad me fond 'opes shattered.

So no more from yours,

SELINA JENKINS.

P.S.—Hall the same, if Mr. Nevins don't extend the tramways wot I ask meself is who's a-going to do it?

MR. BENJAMIN BROADHURST.

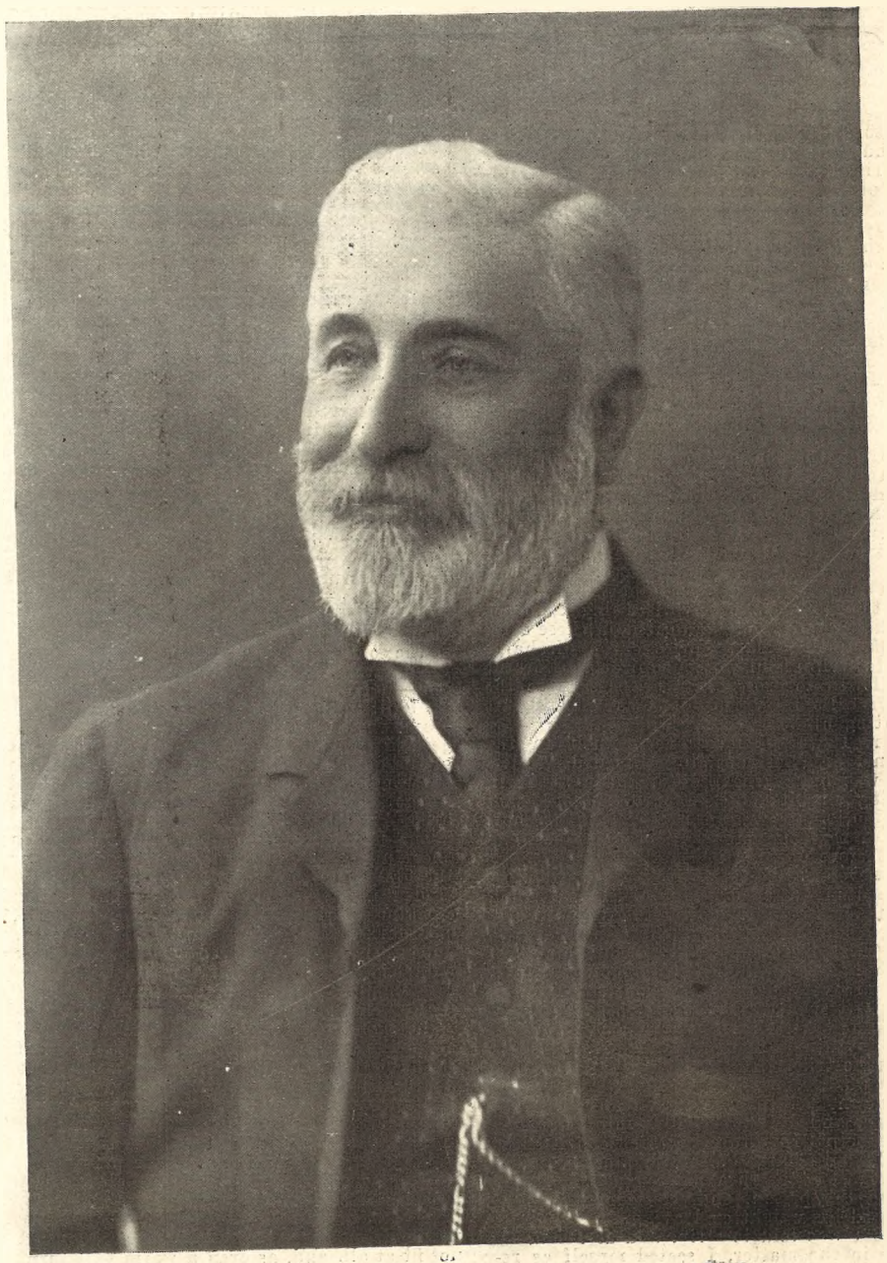


Photo by Norman May & Co., Ltd.,] [Cheltenham.

MR. BROADHURST was for 52 years a Midland Railway official and the last 17 years of these were spent at Cheltenham as the Company's genial Goods Agent. He retired from the service on December 31st, 1901, under the maximum age clause of the Company's Regulations.

PREHISTORIC REMAINS.

*

THREE THOUSAND YEARS OLD.

Extensive remains of prehistoric lake dwellings exist in the bed of the River Save, near Dolina, in Northern Bosnia, which fall in no way behind the better-known remains in Switzerland. The excavations made during the year now ending have surpassed all expectations in regard to the wealth of material obtained for the Bosnian Museum at Saravejo. Four dwelling-houses built on piles—three of which are well preserved, while one has been buried—have been laid bare, as well as the burying place belonging to the settlement, containing a number of fine bronzes and urns. Numerous products of the potter's art, utensils of staghorn, weapons of bronze and iron, ornaments of bronze, silver, gold, and amber, seeds and bones, compose the chief discoveries made so far. The results of these researches have a special value, in that they have determined the architectural construction of the pile dwellings with an accuracy which has seldom been attainable.

One of the most valuable discoveries is a boat five metres long, hollowed out of the trunk of an oak. This was found lying nine metres below the platform of a pile dwelling, and must have lain there nearly three thousand years. The work of digging out this unique object, which can be matched in no museum of Europe, took six days, and was so successfully carried out that the boat was brought uninjured to the Saravejo Museum. The pile dwellings of Dolina belong to two different periods, and were in existence during the bronze and iron ages throughout the first millenium before Christ. They were probably destroyed by a sudden inundation in the Third Century before Christ.—"Standard."

(Copyright.)

PRISON LIFE.

*

A TRUE NARRATIVE BY AN EX-PRISONER.

*

CHAPTER II.

Prison Preliminaries—Searched, Weighed, and Questioned—Convicts' Clothes—in a Prison Cell—the First Night in Gaol—Morning Duties—How "Lags" Communicate—the Chaplain and the Doctor.

Presently another officer came to me and led the way along the lower portion of C Ward into a lobby, which not only connects the two wards, but also leads to the exercise yard, and the shed containing the gallows.

Passing through the lobby we entered D Division, and the warder, having unlocked the first door on the right with one of the two large keys which he carried at his belt, marched me into another portion of the prison, which I soon found out was the "reception" ward. This ward consists of only three landings, the bottom floor having on one side a number of large cells, each of which is subdivided at the back into two smaller compartments, whilst on the other side of the passage there are a number of small open brick closets of about the size of a sentry-box, with a narrow wooden seat. In these open closets the men who have just come into the gaol are placed whilst being examined by the medical officer, and it is in these same compartments that a prisoner on discharge has to strip off his prison uniform before he is allowed to cross over the passage to the larger cells in which his own clothing is awaiting him.

Here I was handed over, much in the manner of a lost dog, to a bearded warder, who was busily engaged for the moment in writing on bits of cardboard. I could not help noticing, even in my excitement, how careful my conductor had been to lock one door before opening another.

However, the officer with the beard now claimed my attention, and, with a strong "Cockney" accent, told me to give up everything I had in my pockets; but I had already done this, except one or two loose matches, which had got into the lining of my coat. They are very particular about no matches being left in a man's clothes, because every article he takes off is put into a hot room, to cook anything which has the breath of life in its nostrils.

The warder, after looking me carefully up and down, led the way down an adjoining passage, and I followed him into an office, the principal furniture of which consisted of a table and a large Salter's balance, capable of weighing the heaviest man that ever entered the prison, and, consequently, able to record his weight on leaving.

Here I was told to strip, and as I had no choice in the matter, I seated myself as requested, and commenced to unrobe. I was now told to stand on the large scale, and at the same time was given a good-sized bundle, which contained a complete suit of prison clothing, minus the cap and boots, and which I had to hold under my arm whilst being weighed.

My weight and height were then taken down in a book, and the warder proceeded to enter particulars of my teeth, hair, colour of eyes, build, and any marks on my face and body which might lead to future identification. I was glad when he had completed this examination, which rather offended my ideas of modesty, and wrapping a towel round my unclothed loins, waited for him to complete the "record," with the particlars of the offences charged against me, the sentence, and such details as my age, name, address, and profession; whether I was in the militia or the reserve; if I had a wife or was single; if I had been taught the three R's, and the "faith" which I professed to believe in. They also took the address of my nearest relative, which gave me such an unpleasant suggestion of the probable necessity of their having to communicate to him the fact that I was in Heaven or elsewhere that if the officer had laid me down and taken my measurements for a coffin I should neither have objected nor been surprised. As it was, however, he contented himself with the other particulars, and beyond securing my relative's address took no further steps to anticipate my illness or decease.

As soon as the warder had finished writing, I was conducted to the bath, carrying my bundle of new clothes. A good deal has been said about the prisoners "catching cold" after a bath, but this is totally absurd, and, as usual with most ideas concerning the gaol, is altogether untrue. There are hot-water pipes all round the bathrooms, and if the weather is at all cold these are always going full steam, so that there is less risk of taking cold in prison than in the ordinary public baths. Every man during his confinement has to have a bath every fortnight in the summer, and once a month in winter, to ensure cleanliness; but these bathings take place in another large lavatory next to the kitchen, the baths in the reception ward being reserved for fresh arrivals, which average about thirty a day. It is also generally supposed by the public that the gaol is terribly cold in the winter; but the very opposite is the fact. On the first day of October the hot-air flues are set going all over the prison, and most of the inhabitants are a lot warmer whilst inside than they are when outside its precincts. The hot-air flues are kept going until May 1st, and even after that date if the various thermometers, which are regularly examined by the medical officer, show that the temperature is below 50deg., so the cold scare has its foundation only in the imagination. The bath I was in was a large one—in fact, they are all the regulation size (as built in the better-class private dwellings)—and was full of clean warm water. I was getting very fagged after the tiring events of of the day, but the warm bath freshened me up wonderfully, and I felt strengthened and invigorated when I had finished with a good brisk "rub down."

The next proceeding was nothing like so cheerful, as it consisted in putting on, for the first time, the prison uniform. This included flannel shirt and drawers, woollen stockings, thick warm coat and waistcoat, of a dark-drab cloth, and moleskin trousers; and when I had arrayed myself in these wretched garments I felt for the moment as if I should break down, and make a bigger fool of myself. But I pulled myself together, and determined to "buck-up" and make the best of everything; so stepped out of the bath-room and joined the warder who was patiently waiting on the landing for my reappearance. I noticed a grim smile flit for a moment across his face as he contrasted my present dress with the expensive suit which I had worn a few minutes previously, but, of course, he said nothing, although I think he resembled the ancient parrot, who, if he didn't speak, thought a lot. The officer now gave me a pair of old boots which would not fit at all, and, as even a worm will turn, I drew the line at those boots. The officer good-naturedly agreed that it was impossible for me to walk about in such understandings, and accordingly took me into the store-room, where he provided me not only with a new pair of boots, but a complete new rig-out altogether, so that if the clothes were coarse I had, at all events, the satisfaction of knowing that they had not previously been worn by any other prisoner.

I was now marched back to the desk. The list of things taken from me, including my clothes, pipe, cash, etc., was read over to me, and I had to sign it as being correct, so that there could be no dispute when the articles were returned to me on my discharge. There is only one thing which is not returned to a prisoner when he leaves the gaol. This is tobacco. The officials say it is all burnt by order of the Commissioners; but the prisoners supplement this assertion by the qualifying suggestion that it is burnt in very small quantities. Well, it might be so, for all I know to the contrary; although I don't credit the suggestion; but if it is, it's only carrying out the popular saying, "It's a pity to waste it."

"Here you are, this way," said the warder as soon as I had signed the book. I meekly followed him, and found myself again in a cell, this time not only a prisoner, but wearing the prison clothes, with the hateful broad arrow conspicuous on every article.

Shortly afterwards another officer appeared on the scene and unlocked by door, being accompanied by a prisoner who was carrying a basket of bread and some gruel. I was given a pint of the latter, one six-ounce loaf of brown bread, and a can of water. This was meant for my supper; and several blankets and a rough pillow being pushed into the cell by another prisoner, who brought them from a store-room at the end of the landing, I was left to solitude and my own misery.

The furniture of the temporary cell in which I was now confined consisted of a bed-board, a wooden stool, a can to wash in, and a tin bucket. The bed-board was composed of three long thick planks, each being about 6ft. 6in. long and 11in. wide, with a space of about ½in. between the boards. These planks were nailed across three supports or beams, each about 3ft. by 3in., which were placed transversely at the top, middle, and foot of the bed-board, and served to raise it a few inches from the ground, when placed in position for sleeping purposes. At all other times the bed-board stands on its end against the wall, and must not be interfered with during the daytime. The cell itself was nothing like as clean as the ordinary cells in the other parts of the prison; the white-wash on the walls was dirty, the paint all scratched, particularly on the door, and altogether the place looked as bare and comfortless as can be imagined. The small grated window, with the strong iron bars set in the thickness of the walls, was in keeping with the rest of the cell, and only gave sufficient light to make one feel his misery more acutely. It was impossible to see any object outside, through the thick-ground glass, so that a prisoner at that time was even denied the privilege of seeing God's sky, or the stars in the heavens, although I am pleased to be able to say this state of things has been modified since then, and a few clear panes of glass put into each window. At the same time there is still a great deal to be done in this direction, and I trust the time is not far distant when every man will at least be allowed a sight of the firmament, with its attendant ennobling thoughts, and the serious reflection to which its unfathomable space must give rise.

After I had made the bed, by laying the plank bed-board on the floor, and covering it over with the blankets, I essayed to lay down; but a few minutes on the hard boards was quite sufficient to convince me that rest was out of the question. However, I was afraid of getting into trouble if I sat up all night, so I folded up my clothes, and fitting them under the small of my back attempted to lie down again. This, however, though an improvement, was still unbearable, so I folded two of the blankets several times, and using them as a cushion for my shoulders and back, I managed, by pulling my clothes under my legs and feet, to make myself a little more comfortable, and as it was a hot night the other two blankets were ample covering.

About two hours after supper, when everything was quiet and still, I was suddenly startled by hearing a key tried in the lock of my door, whilst a coarse voice inquired if I was all right. I answered in the affirmative and heard the warder, who wore soft list slippers, repeat the inquiry at the next cell. This, called "Going the Rounds," is done at eight o'clock every night, before the officers knock off duty, when all the doors in the prison are tested to see that they are double-locked, or, as it is called, "on the double," and that all the prisoners are safe and sound.

At six o'clock the next morning my weary vigil came to an end; the door was flung open, and I was told, in an unpleasantly sharp and authoritative manner, to put out my bucket and can, which were immediately taken away and emptied by the "cleaners," as the two prisoners who accompanied the warder with the supper-basket on the previous evening were styled. The post of

"cleaner" to the reception ward is one much sought after by the old hands, as they see every man who comes in the gaol, and get a lot of extra food or "toke," as scarcely anyone eats his dry bread either when first brought in, or when waiting for discharge; and the loaves or "busters" left behind by those who don't feel equal to eating them are quickly found and secreted by the cleaners, who either eat them with their soup or use them as current coin—to exchange for such treasures as a piece of white paper (for letters or "stiffs"), a half-inch of lead pencil, or a scrap of old "reader," as a newspaper is described in the prison slang. In addition to the above perquisites the reception cleaners get many a bit of "snout" (tobacco) from the men brought in on "remand," who, as I said before, secrete it in their stockings, and have to leave it there when they strip, so that the "old hand," who would give his food any day for a bit of "snout," if he can arrange to get put into the "reception," thinks he is "on velvet," although there is a lot of hard work to be done in this ward. The door of my cell was shortly afterwards opened again by the officer, when I had to take in my slop-bucket, and carry out my pillow and blanket, which were subsequently taken away by one of the "cleaners."

At 7.30 I was served with another pint of gruel and an eight-ounce loaf, but anxiety had taken away my appetite, and I left them behind my bed-board, with the previous night's food, so the "cleaners" would be "all right" for 14oz. of bread and some gruel, unless they threw the latter away—as is more than likely—for your reception men are, as a rule, rather fastidious in their diet, and, whilst they will often eat the extra loaves after soaking them in soup, they regard "skilly" with profound contempt. However, whether they ate my "grub" or gave it away, I neither know nor care. It was left there for them, as I couldn't touch it.

After breakfast, I was taken downstairs, in company with several other prisoners, and allowed to have a good wash, which freshened me up considerably, after which we were drawn up in a line on the ground floor to await the chaplain's examination.

It is one of the greatest crimes in prison to attempt to convey a message to another man, and yet even now, under the immediate scrutiny of the officer, the prisoners tried to communicate with each other. I had heard something of this sort of thing before, but I was surprised to find how easily it could be carried out by the prisoners without the slightest fear of detection. One man would look straight in front of him at the warder. Then, without moving his head, he would glance at another man out of the corner of his eyes, which some of them seemed to be able to twist almost right round. The slightest upraising of the eyebrows is responded to by the other man scratching his ear, in a nonchalant manner, and raising his foot off the ground. These signs mean, in plain English, "What is your sentence, Mike?" "I've got a year's hard labour." Touching the ear meant a year; raising the foot indicated the tread-wheel. Another man imperceptibly opens his hand for a half-second, signifying, with four outstretched fingers, four months. A third prisoner pretends to adjust the collar of his coat, and, in doing so, draws his finger across his neck, meaning a "stretch," or three months; and a fourth scratching his head, will bring his hand across his face, touching his nose, thus enquiring if the one addressed had been lucky enough to get a bit of "snout," or tobacco. There are scores of other dumb motions—too numerous to mention here—which are well understood by the regular "hands," and serve the same purpose as words, without their attendant risk of being overheard by a warder.

After we had remained standing in a line for some minutes, a gentleman, with a long brown beard and a kindly face, entered the reception ward, and passing quietly in front of us, turned into the office, where I had been weighed and measured on the previous evening. I noticed that he was treated with great respect by the warder, and, as he was dressed in clerical attire, I concluded that I had seen the chaplain of the gaol, a surmise which afterwards proved to be correct.

Soon after the chaplain had entered the office our names were called out by the warder, and we went, one by one, into his presence.

When my turn came to enter the room I found the chaplain seated at the table, with a long list of names on a yellow sheet of paper, and a small memorandum book in which he enters particulars of every prisoner's faith, education, &c. All the men in the gaol, whether Catholic or Protestant, Jew or Gentile, are interviewed by the chaplain on their first entry into the prison. Subsequently the Catholics and Jews are handed over to the religious instruction of their own clergy, but when first brought in they all have to see the Protestant chaplain. A man can describe himself as of any faith he likes; but he has to stick to that faith until his discharge. No conversion is allowed in prison. But a prisoner can come in a fresh faith every fresh conviction if he has a mind that way.

I was asked a number of questions by the kind hearted clergyman, who promised to call and see me in my cell when I was located. Shortly after the chaplain had finished his inquiries we were all turned into those little brick compartments and told to take off our coats, waistcoats, shirts, and those who, like myself, were allowed to wear them, our flannel shirts as well. Almost directly afterwards a short, dapper little gentleman, in a smart cycling suit, went whistling down the passage, with a quick, springy step, altogether different from the regulation footfall of the soldierly warders. This was the medical officer of the gaol, who was accompanied by the hospital warder carrying a ponderous volume under one arm, whilst he had a large bottle, which looked like a pint of wine under the other.

He came to my compartment, examined me all over, especially my legs (a circumstance which puzzled me at the time, but is necessary to prevent a prisoner with varicose veins being put on the "wheel"), and inquired if I was all right. I never gave a thought to the result of my answer, but politely replied that I was "pretty well," with the usual addition of "thank you." But this was no casual inquiry that I had received, and—like an ass—answered in the affirmative. It was meant to elicit from me any statement as to my having been seriously injured in health at any time in my life. Whether it was the ready manner in which I cheerfully stated that I was in good health, or because I was a well-built young fellow, I don't know; but certain it is that the doctor put me down for first-class hard labour, a mistake which was, however, rectified by him the first time I applied for relief, and a good job too, for, as a matter of fact, I had broken a blood-vessel only a few years previously, and anything like first-class hard labour, even for a month, would have put me hors de combat.

When the medical officer had completed his examination we were ordered to dress and resume our places in line, facing the open brick compartments. The warder now examined our clothes, and changed some of the garments of those who had more than usual misfits. He then proceeded to give us each a cap and handkerchief, and a few minutes later supplied us with a couple of clean sheets, a pillow-case, and towel. With these under our arms we were marched through D 2 to the "Centre," where we were drawn up in line to await our location in the regular cells, and I felt very excited whilst waiting my turn, as I knew a great deal of my future work would depend on the portion of the prison in which I was placed on my first entry. This was, indeed, the most exciting moment since my conviction, and I felt very nervous for the next few minutes, as I had heard that I should have at least twelve out of my fifteen months in what is practically solitary confinement if I should be unfortunate enough to be placed in the mat-making section. The most dreaded of all indoor labour is undoubtedly the task of making mats, which I shall describe in a later chapter; but my luck stood in my favour, and I escaped this occupation by a couple of landings, or, to be more explicit, was placed in another section two landings away from those in which the mat-makers were confined. As soon as we reached the "Centre" we were told to turn round and face the wall, this being done to prevent us holding any communication with the other prisoners. If two officers are conveying separate batches of prisoners through the gaol, and they chance to meet on one of the landings, the junior officer has to at once bring his men to a halt, and turn them with their faces to the wall, until the other batch of prisoners has gone past, so as to avoid any signals passing between the men. But a good deal of this sort of extra caution is very silly, as two "old hands" can always find means of exchanging communications without being so absurd as to attempt such a thing under the nose of their officer.

(To be continued).

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Winter Homes of Insects.

REMARKABLE INSTINCT.

The myriads of insects which creep and crawl around in the summer time disappear in the autumn of the year (says a writer in the New York "Times"). The mystery of their sudden exit from the scenes which they have conspicuously occupied during the warm months has only in recent years been thoroughly understood, even by scientists. These creatures either pass through another stage of their peculiar metamorphosis or crawl into the ground or under stones and trees to hibernate. The woods and fields are tenanted in winter time with millions of creatures which few know anything about. They are sleping away the cold months, snugly stowed away in warm places. Others, having laid their eggs for future generations, retire to some quiet nook and give up their lives. The mosquito lingers in small numbers until the last of October's warm weather, and then dies, having deposited thousands of eggs along the banks of streams and sluggish ponds, where they will be hatched out by the early spring weather.

The houseflies creep into cracks and crevices, and come forth occasionally even in the middle of winter to flutter around; but it is only the female fly that is thus seen. The males die with the coming of cold weather, and the female hides away in some safe place to hibernate. She sleeps all through the winter, except on a few warm days, when she comes forth to exercise her wings, and when the days of a new summer return she brings forth her brood by the thousand. Likewise the wasps, bees, hornets, and similar insects of the fields and woods have practically died with the coming of winter; but if one goes forth in the middle of January on exceptionally warm days he may occasionally see bees or wasps fluttering around. These are usually the queens, which do not die from the effects of cold weather. Ants, grubs, and worms furnish winter quarters for themselves and their larvæ deep down in the ground. The spiders are half-hibernating creatures. They do sleep a good deal through the very cold weather, but they are easily disturbed in their slumbers and awaken with all their faculties alert. They do not bury themselves in the ground, except the trap-door spider, which merely weaves a silken covering inside of its underground home, and lives there in winter as well as in summer. To most people the caterpillars seem too sensitive and tender to appear abroad in winter, but if one goes forth in the woods and fields on warm winter days, he may not only find a few caterpillars about, but an occasional butterfly. There are several species of common butterflies which come forth in winter and flit around. They hibernate under roofs and in hollow trees, and their slumber is broken every time the temperature increases. They are the first spring insects to appear in numbers, coming forth to sip the nectar from the March flowers. During the winter season they require no food.

* * *

The will of the late Rev. Montague Ellis Viner, of Badgeworth, has been proved at £2,893 3s. 3d.

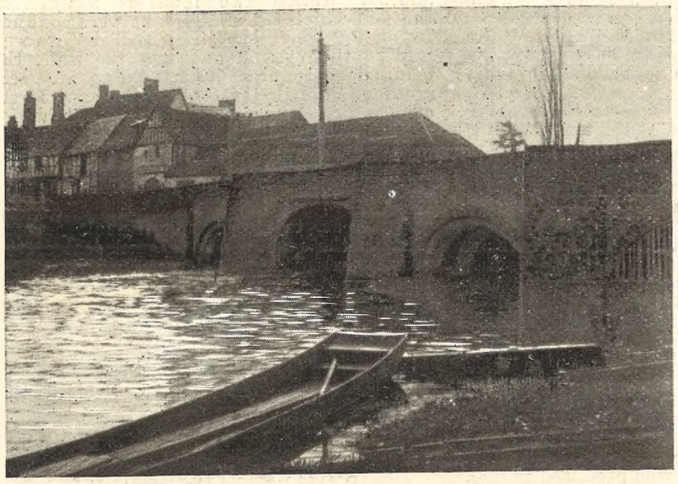


Photo by J. Willis, Prince Edward House, Tewkesbury.

King John's Bridge, Tewkesbury.

Photo by W. Ornsby, 2, Brunswick Street, St. Paul's, Cheltenham.

View on Gloucester Road, nr. Cheltenham.

ROBINS IN A TEAPOT.

*

STARLINGS AMONG THE IRON.

At Crawley, Sussex, the remarkable mildness of the weather is evidenced by the early nesting of birds. On Monday a starling's nest, with five young birds, was found in an engineer's works, and at a farmhouse a robin's nest, with young, was discovered in an old teapot.

* * *

The Marquis of Ripon has intimated that he will be happy to subscribe £200 to the fund which is being raised by subscription for the erection of a Nurses' Home at Ripon, in commemoration of the golden wedding anniversary of himself and Lady Ripon. He says he for some time thought there would be perhaps some incongruity in his contributing to the fund, but on reflection he thinks this an unreasonable scruple.

Poet's Corner

*

"HE LOVES ME NOT!"

He left his home, afar to roam,
One joyous summer morning,
And marched along, with merry song,
All doubts and dangers scorning;
"For lo!" he cried, "the world is wide
Beyond the home I'm leaving,
And no tears flow because I go:
No lass for me is grieving!

"Good-bye to you, sleepy old hollow!
You dream while the moments fly!
Life calls and I must follow;
Good-bye, old home, good-bye!"

She watched him pass, a little lass,
And cried that summer morning—
"He must not know I love him so:
I could not bear his scorning.
With gladsome heart, let him depart,
Old scenes, old neighbours leaving;
But I must stay, alone alway,
And smile while I am grieving!

"My love, he has gone like the swallow,
But he will not homeward fly!
And I—I cannot follow:
Good-bye, dear love, good-bye!"

GEORGE WEATHERLY.

* * *

A MOTHER'S GOOD-BYE.

Go forth, my son, as God's own knight,
Nor hide the standard that you bear;
Fight down the wrong, and serve the right,
And only gain, that you may share.

Be gentle as a brave man must,
Let no lie take you by surprise;
And have no friends, nor deed, nor thought,
Which may not meet your mother's eyes.

Photo by C. A. Johns,] [Commercial Road, Gloucester.

Ancient Archway at Gloucester.

Leading from College Green to St. Mary Square.

Undeb Cerddorol Angladdol Dyffryn Acron is the name of a socity which has been started in Cardiganshire with the object of improving the musical part of funeral services.

*

Miss Alice Roosevelt, daughter of the President, received her formal introduction into American society on Friday evening, the occasion being the most brilliant social function which has taken place at the White House for thirty years. Miss Roosevelt was the first debutante at the Capitol since the time of Miss Nellie Grant during General Grant's Presidential term.

THE OLDEST LIVING PREACHER.

Mr. Robert Chapman, of the Plymouth Brethren, though in his hundredth year, is still hale and hearty. For more than 70 years he has preached without interruption at Barnstaple, and the Brethren make long pilgrimages to hear him. As a young man Mr. Chapman was a solicitor, practising in London.

*

Lieut. Ayton Blake, of the Imperial Yeomanry, brought a toy fox-terrier home with him from South Africa. At Southampton on Monday he was fined 40s. and costs for contravening the Importation of Dogs Order.

Printed and Published as a Gratis Supplement by the Cheltenham Newspaper Co.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 55. SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1902.

SHIRER

and . .

HADDON

ANNUAL

Winter Sale

NOW PROCEEDING.

Genuine Bargains in all Departments.

* * *

5 PER CENT. DISCOUNT FOR READY MONEY.

* * *

IMPERIAL CIRCUS,

CHELTENHAM.

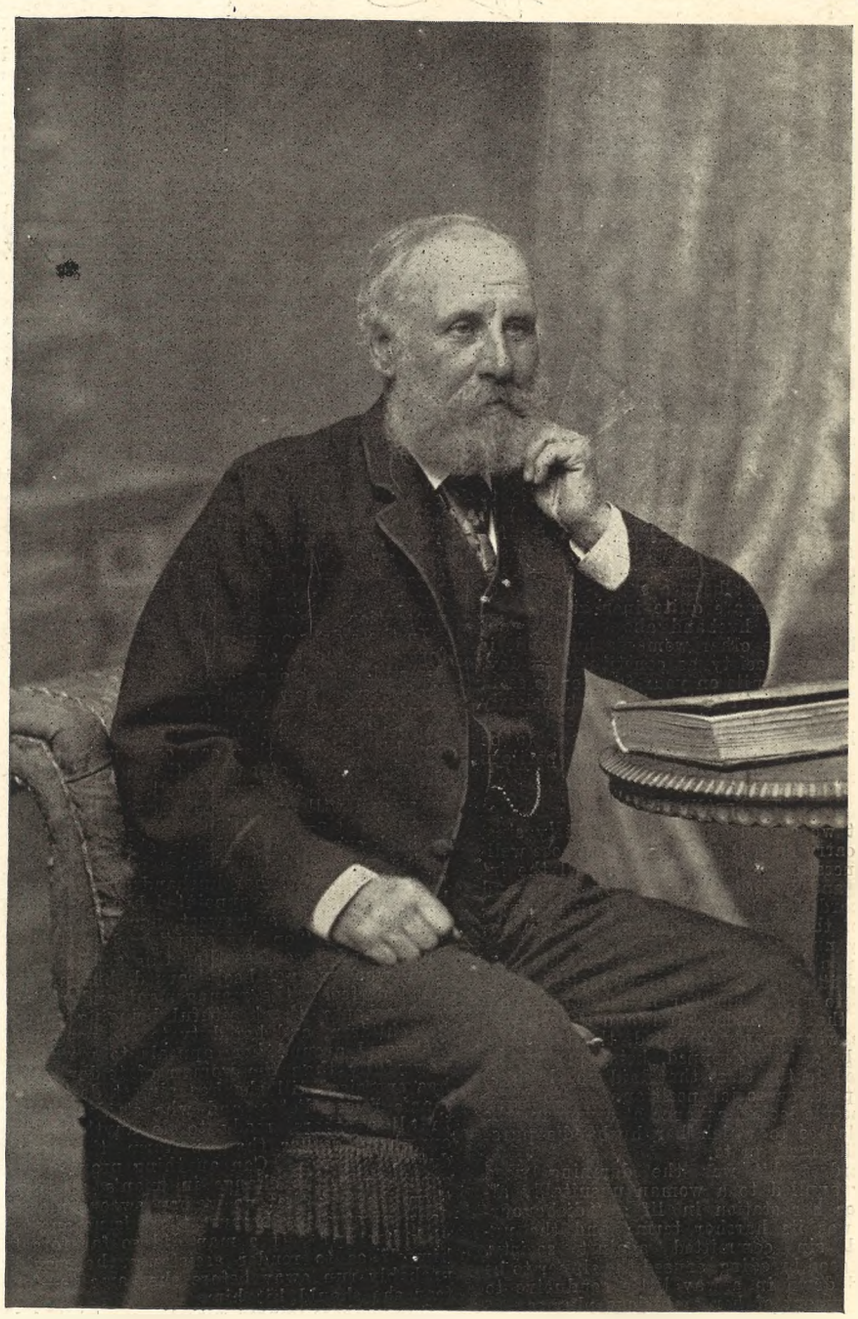
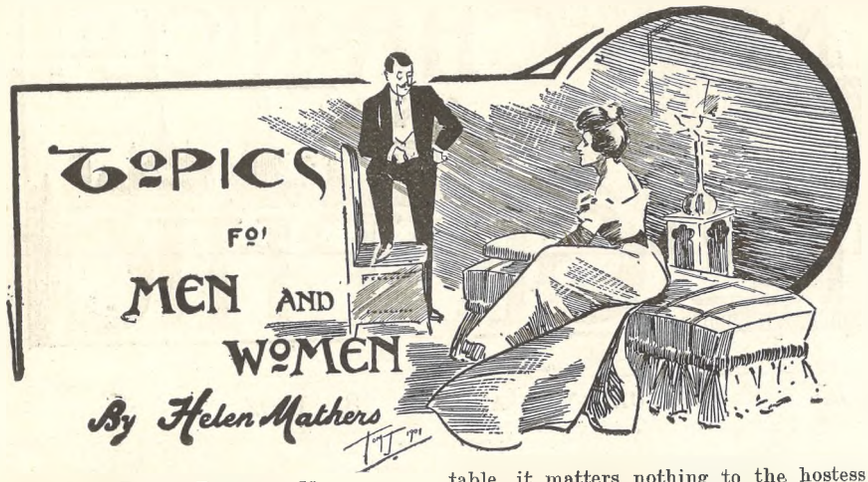


Photo by John Thornbury] [Gloucester.

MR. RICHARD WARNE,

President of the Gloucester Co-operative Society.



[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]*

SOCIETY SINS.

III.

"High breeding is something, but well bred or not,
In the end the one question is, what have you got?"

There is only one big Society Sin nowadays, and that is—to be poor. Not so long ago might have been added the minor one "to be found out," but if you are very rich, you may be gibbeted (in velvet, and a luxurious suspended chair) as often as you like, and no one will think a pin the worse of you; it is the *chef* of a house, not the character of its master or mistress, who determines that master's position nowadays, and decides the quality of the company he keeps.

Of minor sins, or lapses, perhaps one of the worst is to be seen in the company of a nobody; that is to say, a person who has only birth, or brains, or beauty of life to recommend him; another is (for a man) to go to the wrong tailors and bootmakers; for a woman to consult the wrong "modistes," milliners, hairdressers, manicurists—even her masseuse must have a smart *clientele*, or her pommellings are quite ineffectual.

To take your husband about with you, instead of some other woman's husband, is a sin against society as constituted to-day, and to wear a smile on your face, or to seem to think life worth living, is also hopelessly Vulgar; you must carry your head high, half close your eyes, appear *bornee*: to be happy, to blush even, is fatal to the perilous business of being smart.

THEN—AND NOW.

What we are pleased to call society sins, would carry no sort of meaning to those well-bred ancestors of ours, who had all the instincts and habits of the gently born, and who guarded jealously against any infringement of their code of manners and morals, as they understood them.

These old-fashioned persons would have counted it a grave sin against society for a woman to prefer another man's companionship to that of her husband, and if such preference were openly flaunted, the free-lance would be quietly dropped, being practically relegated to the class that laid no claim to self-respect, or social position. Also these plain people looked askance at a woman who wore clothes to which her husband's purse was quite inadequate.

"Overdressed" was the damning word usually applied to a woman unsuitably attired for her station in life; "dishonourable" was its harsher term; and the undoubted sin committed against society, against good breeding, caused the sinner to be frowned down in a way little conducive to the enjoyment of her ambitious plumes.

Nowadays, when a woman is asked out to dinner because she is decorative, and may be trusted not to wear a gown that will disturb the perfect scheme of colour of the dinner table, it matters nothing to the hostess if the woman's husband or her lover have paid for her frock: the social sin would be if the guest came badly dressed, and did not reflect credit to her entertainer.

When formerly healths were largely drunk, and every man's glass was turned upside down when emptied (I always pitied poor Grandmamma's tablecloths), and the males, solemn as judges at table, collapsed later on in the drawing-room, or when they stood up to dance, the women were not greatly shocked—it was only coarse man's "way;" but horror would have reigned if wife, or daughter, or sweetheart, had ever so little exceeded her share of wine, served in those taper, shallow glasses that were called "ladies' wine-glasses," and that no man was ever seen to drink out of.

WOMAN HAS CHANGED.

To do more than sip out of that delicate vessel would have been a social sin of the greatest magnitude, but nowadays a woman's champagne glass is the size of a man's, and no one is surprised if throughout dinner she "drinks fair" with the man beside her. And yet, not without reason were those frail, graceful wine-glasses (now relegated with those for syllabub to the limbo of things obsolete) used by the fair ones of a past generation.

In those days a woman's elegant work, performed without stress and strain, did not demand the strong meat and strong drink that women now require, for if they do a man's work, they must live in a man's way, and as they neither have his solid strength, nor his phlegm, they can only perform by feverish spurts of energy the work he does normally and easily and well. Do it they must and will, yet does the end justify the means? No—a million times—no! Give us back our sweet, feminine, charitable, and loving woman of the slender wineglass age, who did not love her husband any the less because he often disappointed her, who kept his home bright and sweet, never dreaming of going out "on her own" and imitating him. And I confess that this gentle creature, who was not book-learned, but understood perfectly the management and ruling of her house, the healthful bringing up of her children, and her duty to the poor and distressed around her, appeals to me more powerfully than the woman of to-day, who has energised till she has almost destroyed man's raison-d'etre, and who strides about in all weathers, ready to do anything, go anywhere, rather than perform the tame duties of home. Can anything prove more conclusively the change in man's attitude than the fact that no woman swoons nowadays, presumably because there is no one to pick her up? If a man did so far forget himself as to render assistance, he would probably run away before she came to—for fear she should hit him.

Our mothers fainted with the most blissful and absolute confidence, certain of some devoted man to pick them up, and be good to them, by his masculine tenderness and strength soothing those vain alarms to which the dear souls succumbed, and did not men cherish women far more then than they do now, and treat them with infinitely greater respect? For woman in the home is adorable, in the muddy street, in the mart, an anachronism, and it is no wonder that she sometimes gets the hard knocks formerly reserved by men for one another.

THE ONE UNPARDONABLE SIN.

Roughly speaking, then, we may assume that the most unforgivable sins committed against society fifty years ago, are not reckoned even as peccadilloes to-day, and that the last generation did not count poverty as the one unpardonable sin, as now, when the world sees only the stream of gold that flows from a man's hand—not whether that hand be clean or dirty.

For it is the age of gold, and the lust of gold and greed of gain is the real madness with which society is now afflicted. Acquisition, not benevolence, is encouraged, and those who hold to the spiritual above the material, who think there are higher things in life than costly food and soft lying, position and power, are reckoned mad, though it would be well for the world if there were more of these mad people in it.

Next to the sin of being poor, is the deadly one of being in earnest, and taking serious things seriously. Not to discuss everything in a flippant spirit, not to find comedy in tragedy, and the ruin or heart-break of a fellow human the subject of an epigram, is to be a prig and a bore, and you are quickly cold shouldered and put outside on the door mat with other old-fashioned people.

Precisely as the jester in former days ruled the court, the man or woman who most successfully hides any signs of brains or principle has the greatest success to-day; and to have mastered the art of double-entendre, to talk in a jargon of allusion and inference not to be comprehended of the uninitiated, to secretly bend every energy to amuse, gathering up with marvellous quickness and reproducing in a phrase the subject of the moment, that is all that is required, and society will rapturously welcome even the old, the ugly, and the ill bred, if only the knack of talking cheery nonsense be theirs.

There is something to be said on the side of laughter, of this persistent effort of the rich and idle to laugh at all times, and in all seasons, and they are certainly far pleasanter to deal with, for instance, than the Puritans, who err deeply from the very opposite reason—for was not "Cultivate cheerfulness" one of the most strenuously preached of brilliant Dr. Momeries' doctrines? But there is a wide difference between the cheerfulness that has its root in a good heart and a great desire to encourage and make happier less fortunate people, and the "crackling of thorns beneath the pot" that society calls mirth. Profanity and levity would better describe it, and a general topsy-turveydom of ideas and principles, in which vice alone is gay and amusing, virtue a dull dog for whom everyone has a kick.

Society does not want to be instructed, preached at, or taught the way it should go; it even bitterly resents the passive object lessons displayed by beautiful, unworldly lives, that, highly placed in the world, carefully eschew it, and who find their happiness in home and books and nature.

Not contempt, but only pity, do the emancipated feel for the poor flocks of sheep who jump one after the other over the hedge, only to find they have left the green fields of Hope and Content and Self-respect to light on a stubble that yields to them no sustenance, for many generations of gleaners have gone by; yea, so many that even the husks are gone. But, herded together, the shrieking, exclaiming, greedy, Comus rout dances gaily on its way to the grave, never for one moment alone, all leaning on, propping up each other, till the last hour of all comes, and face to face they stand with their own stranger souls and with that unknown company depart—who shall say whither?

And though they have lived for society, yet never in its real sense have they known what society means. The word is a misnomer: what it really signifies is companionship or congenial company, and we do not find that in the world, nor could we enjoy it even if we did find it.

Not to "establish ourselves in Bedlam," as the young Teufelsdroch tried to do, as daily half the world is trying to do, but to dwell in content with our own souls and the few whose company we love, is to live guiltless of committing sins against the only legitimate society on earth, and which alone is worthy of the name.

Next week: "The New Love and The Old."

[*Copyright in the United States of America by D. T. Pierce.]

* * *

BY THE WAY.

*

SELINA JENKINS IS VACCINATED.

In responds to your kind enquiries, Mr. Heditor, I am a trifle better, although I finds it very worritting indeed to keep me arm hup in a sling thing, and to 'ave to tell everybody as they musn't run against me arm or anythink as would bring on the hinformation, wich I 'ave 'eard tell it might be very serious, that it mite!

You see, 'twas like this 'ere:—I've been a-reading a good deal about the small-pox in London, and seein' as 'ow there's a good deal of traffic hup and down 'atween this here place and London (wich I thought of paying a week-end visit to a maiden sister of mine at Stroud, as we all knows is on the road to London), I considered it were only right I should 'ave me arm vaccinated.

'Owever, my brother-in-law, John 'Enery Gaskins, 'e's one of these 'ere "anti-vacks.," as the saying is, and 'e run me down right and left for thinking of sich a thing—said as 'ow it were cruelty to the calves as they gets the vaccination from, and 'ow I should never 'ave me 'ealth afterwards, and 'ow 'e'd 'eard cases of men as took to drink, and went on the Town Council, and all manner of mad things after they was vaccinated, wich before it 'appened they was as sober a lot of men as could be found anywhere!

And then 'e telled me about a friend of 'is as was took hoff to prison for refusing to 'ave 'is children's arms done, and 'ow when he come hout there was a brass band, and that there was Mr. Councillor Lenthal and the Lord knows who waiting for 'im, as drove of 'im round the town in a brake like a circus, and give 'im a good tea with a bit of 'am and chicken afterwards, without a farthen to pay hout of 'is pocket, 'e bein' a 'ero as the saying is; and then 'e told me as it do make the calves quite limp like when they'm taken hill, and that's why they calls it limp!

Well, of course, I never knowed hall this afore; I ain't no great scholard, and when I were a young gal we used to consider as it were going again Providence to try to get hout of our share of illnesses—none of your disinfectants and sanctification and sich like then! What we was goin' to 'ave we was goin' to 'ave, and you 'ad to grin and bear it; although I will say there weren't much grinning about small-pox, although that there vaccination do serve you hout, that it do!

I don't think I should 'ave 'ad meself did, only Mary Ann Tompkins, her's always running in to see me when she wants a bit of gossip, wich she says I'm a regular "Local and District Newsbag," as isn't very perlite of her, I will say, seein' as *she* ain't over pertickler 'erself as to 'ow 'er tongue wags when she's 'ad a drop of strong tea, and is a warmin' 'er knees over my fire. Well, as I was a-sayin', this 'ere Mary Ann Tompkins, she's one of them folk as catches everythink as is goin', and wot she don't 'ave her imagines her've a-got, wich is about the same thing, I s'pose! You mark my words, if the scarlet fevers or the catching consumptions was to come within 20 mile of Mary Ann, she'd manage to get both of 'em, one over the other, if she 'ad to stop up every night for a week for to do it!

And then they do say as rats carries it about their persons with them, and you never knows—perhaps as I rites this there may be a rat a-lurking behind the wainscoating seeking whom 'e may devour, as the sayin' is, not but wot I think they oughter vaccinate them rats, but I s'pose they can't, wich they 'aven't got no fleshy part to their arms to do it on!

But, of course, that I can't tell; 'owsomdever, last week I went up to the doctor's "studdio," and asked 'im to vaccinate me as nicely as 'e could, so as not to spoil me beauty, wich, if you'll believe me, 'e were very nice about it, and said as 'e wished everybody was as thoughtful and careful as me, and as 'ow I were a brave old lady, wich were all bunkum, in my hapynion (although, mind you, I liked to 'ear 'im say them nice things). He could see my nerves was a bit up-shook, so 'e told me a very funny hincident to bring me sperrits back, as 'appened to a aged lady as 'e knowed, wich her went by mistake to a dentist instead of a doctor to be vaccinated, as pulled out three of the best teeth she 'ad afore she knowed where she were, she 'aving what they do call a hexpediment in 'er speech! The doctor laughed a good one at his tale, but as for me, I felt very sorry for the old lady, wich it mite 'ave 'appened to me, that it mite!

'Owever, after a bit I got myself ready for the hoperation in "dishabille," as the French call it, and then the doctor 'e just called my attention to a bird as were 'opping about outside the winder, and before you could say "Pop goes the weezle" it were all done—just two or three little pin-pricks on me arm, and 'e were putting away the hinstrument (wich I 'adn't seen it at all) and 'elping me on with me body. Hof course, this would 'ave been alright if that was hall I were to feel of the limp; but, bless your soul, that were nothing to wot I felt wen it took. It were a sort of a mixture of the rheumatics and the agues and the growing pains, as made me that ill, wich for the first time in me life I didn't relish me tea, as never 'appened to me afore.

Then me arm was such a size as I had to spoil the sleeve of my best body to get it hon at all, and it were a fair koff-drop, that it were. Everybody as come anighst me seemed to run up against me arm, and if there was anything in the 'ouse as I knocked meself against it halways come just on that there vaccination spot.

'Owever, I've a kept meself very quiet, and refoosed to see no company this week, and I think I shall live over it, all being well; only you must excuse me, Mr. Heditor, if my spelling isn't quite so good as it generally is, wich I've only got the use of one arm to rite with, and that one I broke in two places 17 years ago come next March through falling into a place as they wos letting down beer-barrelis into unbeknownst in me 'aste, wich they squared it hup with me by sending along one of the barrels of ale as went down with me. 'Owever, I've give up ale this long time with me meals—I finds Kops a sight stronger and more stimulatinger.

So no more, from yours (in slings) as ever,

SELINA JENKINS.

* * *

In view of the pending election at Hampstead, the Executive Committee of the Navy League on Monday afternoon unanimously decided to do its best to secure the election of Rear-Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, C.B., in the interests of naval efficiency, and totally irrespective of party. This action has been taken without any communication with Lord Charles Beresford. The Hon. Robert Guinness, the Unionist candidate, has written to Mr. Arnold White withdrawing from his candidature for the vacancy in favour of Lord Charles Beresford.

Photo by W. R. Routh, Cheltenham.

SOUTHAM CHAPEL.

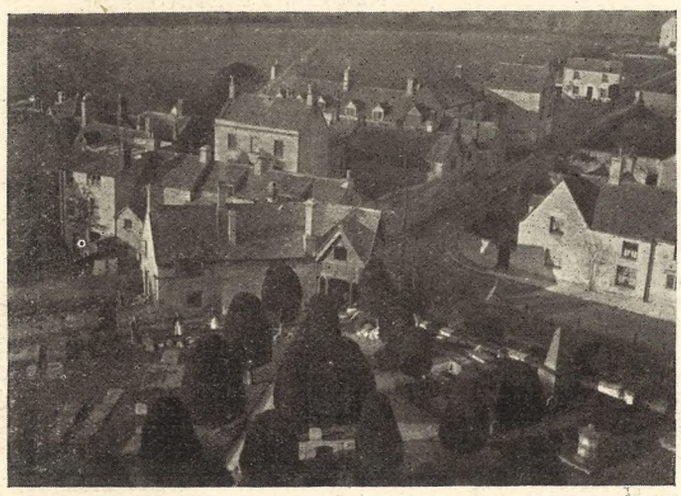
Norman chapel, about a quarter of a mile from Southam terminus of electric tramway. Restored and fitted up by the late Lord Ellenborough at a cost of several thousand pounds. Within living memory it was used by a farmer, who lived next door, as a cider store and cider press.

Photo by Sidney Sheen, The Ivies, Waterloo- street, Cheltenham.

ELMSTONE HARDWICKE CHURCH.

Two and a half miles from Cheltenham, on the right of the Tewkesbury-road. Is said to have been built and endowed by the Benedictine monks of Deerhurst. Two square pillars in arcade are of a primitive type, and are assigned to the year 941. The base of church cross (preserved in baptistry) is said to be of same date, the "rope-work" being similar to that of early Cornish crosses. On the interior of arch of priests' door leading into chancel there are remnants of Saxon "ribbon-work." There is a piscina and traces of the ancient stone altar. The parish was formed subsequent to 1290.—Vide "Norman May's Guide."

Bird's-eye Views of Painswick, Taken from the Church Tower



View of "Paradise," taken from Cheltenham-Road, and showing "Adam and Eve" Public-house.

"THE SEVEN SISTERS,"
Situate at entrance to "Paradise," one mile from Painswick.

Photos by R. H. Cook, Upper Park-street, London-road, Cheltenham.

POPLAR AVENUE AT NAUNTON PARK, CHELTENHAM.

Photo by F. H. Beddard, Bath-road, Cheltenham.

Russia now possesses a school of military ballooning.

*

On Monday night a fire broke out at the saw mills in Messrs. Vickers, Son, and Maxim's naval construction works at Barrow, and at one time threatened the shed in which the new submarines are being built.

John Richard Goss, a telegraphist, was at the Westminster Police-court on Monday charged with assaulting the Rev. George Frederick Holder, of St. John's, Wilton-road, S.W. Defendant's brother declared that the accused, who was remanded, was suffering from religious mania brought on by "extremely High Church Jesuitical doctrine."

Antoine Bricourt first learned that he was the heir to £800 from the police who arrested him in Paris for vagabondage.

*

Owing to the indisposition of Sir F. Darley, the Lieutenant-Governor of New South Wales, Mr. Justice Owen has been appointed Deputy-Lieutenant-Governor.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

*

Now that the Primrose Leaguers and the *beau monde* of Cheltenham have set the ball of dancing rolling in the "Crystal Palace" of the town, and made it go very smoothly, too, it is fervently to be hoped that it will not be allowed to stop altogether, certainly until Lent comes. The two fashionable functions held there last week have entirely rehabilitated, or rather established, the much-derided Winter Garden in the estimation of the classes as a capital place for the demonstration of the poetry of motion. Certain it was that the "spring-board" floor, on spiral columns, was all that could be desired by those who footed it so adeptly in the many valses programmed. The only complaint I have heard is that at the Fancy Dress Ball the vibration caused a big Kentia palm placed in a pot on a pedestal to capsize, a lady, happily, narrowly escaping injury. That ball, however, will rank, and deservedly too, high among the legion that have been held in the Garden Town for brilliancy, variety, and "go." I can only express my regret, in common with many others, that the Winter Garden was not fit a twelvemonth ago to take the balls. What a "sight" of trouble and expense it might have thus saved over the town-hall business. I hope it is not too late now to act on the suggestion of Col. Thoyts in last Monday's "Echo." While on balls, I must mention an amusing *contretemps* that happened after the Volunteer Ball at Stow last week: A party intended for Chipping Norton got into the wrong carriage and found themselves at four o'clock in the morning at Longborough, instead. Their faces were very long, indeed.

*

The air of Central Gloucestershire is heavy with light railway matters and schemes. The block to the extension of the Cheltenham boon and blessing to thousands is so well known that I will not trust myself to speak of it further than to say that I hope, if Mr. Nevins finds the Town Council determined to pursue a dog-in-the-manger policy, he will not abandon his right of appeal to the Light Railway Commissioners. The "wise men of Gotham" are willing to trust him, despite the Cheltenham bogey, for after a free exchange of confidences between Mr. Nevins and a number of Stroud manufacturers at a public meeting held a few days ago, he was cordially assured that he could rely upon their good wishes in his scheme for a light railway in that district. At that meeting he had mentioned that he had had made nice little goods trucks about 8ft. long at Cheltenham, and he was desirous to put on the Stroud line whatever class of carriage or wagon is most serviceable. And when Mr. Nevins was asked if he would submit a draft of his bye-laws for local approval before they are legalised ,he replied, in typical American parlance, "Why, certainly; that is just what I should like." The Gloucester Corporation in committee have determined to buy at what I consider the excessive price of £26,000 the present undertaking, "lock, stock, and barrel," of the Tramways Company, and to convert it, with extensions beyond the city, into an electric railway. The matter is practically settled in so far as the Corporation and Tramways Company are concerned, and no difficulty is apprehended with the Commissioners in transferring to the Corporation the powers at present possessed by the company. I am delighted that the "Echo" signally defeated the deep-laid scheme to boycott it with the news of the committee's decision. In fact, it gave simultaneously a well-digested and much more intelligible report than was contained in the prolix and involved document which it was announced by its reader would be handed to *the* Press because of its importance. I would commend to the boycotter these words of Bobby Burns:

"The best laid schemes of mice and men
Oft gang agley."

*

While on Gloucester, I hear that the authorities there, in common with those of all boroughs that have quarter sessions, have received a letter dated the 1st inst., from the Lord Chancellor, stating that he is frequently petitioned to appoint magistrates in boroughs on the ground that those who are the commission take no part in judicial work, and his lordship therefore desires a return of the number of sessions during the past year. I imagine that Gloucester will come out badly, as there are 26 magistrates, two of whom have left the city for years past, and eight or nine others are seldom, if ever, seen on the bench. I think that magistrates should be put in the same category as elected councillors—be disqualified if they don't act in a period covering six months. Then willing citizens would have a chance of getting the coveted "J.P.-ship."

Photo by C. E. Rainger, 9 Bath-place, Cheltenham.

NORMAN DOORWAY AT BISHOP'S CLEEVE CHURCH, NEAR CHELTENHAM.

*

An interviewer has got a very interesting column or two of copy out of Mr. James Peter, the hard-headed agent of Lord Fitzhardinge. It appears that when a young man he was recalled to England from Chili, by cablegram, to take up the agency for the late lord of Berkeley Castle. He founded the famous herd of shorthorns there and purchased the highest-priced bull ever known, namely the "Duke of Connaught," for 4,500 guineas, and made the animal pay well, too. Having recently visited Chicago, Mr Peter is astonished at the immenseity of things there, and, alluding to the pork-packing houses, he says, "I saw pigs at the rate of 1,060 per hour being killed; they gave a squeak at one end and in 25 minutes the carcases were in the cooling-room beside 3,000 others. The whole process was wonderfully quick and clean, and everything in the pig was utilised but its squeak and the curl in its tail." Prettily put, Mr. Peter.

It does not seem a year ago that I referred to the entrance at the Royal Military College of Guy Marsland Darell, one of the younger sons of the worthy baronet of Fretherne Court, but it is so; and I have now the pleasure of recording his rapid success in recently passing the qualifying examination for the Army. He will be the third son that Sir Lionel Darell has dedicated to the military service of his Sovereign and country. One of them, Mr. Willie Darell, of the 2nd Coldstreams, among the tallest officers in the Army, has been all through the Boer War and in several bloody battles, happily unscathed. I am glad to hear that Sir Lionel has got the better of his recent shake-up in the hunting field, and has been to Bath for a change of air.

GLEANER.

* * *

An annual subscription of fifty guineas has been received at the Bank of England from her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales for King Edward's Hospital Fund for London.

*

New Zealand's revenue returns for the last nine months of last year show a total of £4,212,000, as against £4,030,626 for the corresponding period of 1900. The greatest increase is shown in the railways revenue, this being £103,975 in excess of that for the nine months of 1900.

*

An insurance agent named John Bucknill, of Kingsdown-road, Holloway, was convicted on Monday at the Guildhall Police-court of assisting in the management of a common gaming-house, known as the Compositors' Club, Shoe-lane. A fine of £50, with £5 5s. costs, was imposed.

(Copyright.)

PRISON LIFE.

A TRUE NARRATIVE BY AN EX-PRISONER.

CHAPTER III.

A new cell—the furniture and fittings—spy-holes—the master tailor—letter writing—books and reading—the schoolmaster—work and "earnings"—distinctive clothes.

Shortly afterwards I was taken to a cell in C Ward, and was given a badge bearing the figures C 4, 18, which from that day became my distinguishing number. Before leaving me the warder called my attention to a small iron lever, placed inside the cell near the door. This he showed me was to ring a bell when I had occasion to call a warder, and I noticed that when the bell was rung the lever turned an iron plate on the landing, so that this plate, which had the number 18 painted in white letters on a black ground, now stood straight out from the wall, thereby calling the officer's attention to the fact that 18 had rung his bell. At all other times, when the lever is not touched, the plate lies flat against the wall, and as all the levers ring the same bell on that side of the landing, it is only by the plate standing out that the warders can tell which man has rung his bell. As soon as I was alone I looked about me, and proceeded to make a minute examination of my new abode. I was at once very agreeably surprised to find what a difference there was between the present cell and the one I had temporarily occupied in the "Reception Ward." That cell had been bare and comfortless in the extreme, and I had imagined that all the other cells would be the same, but the one now assigned to me was a very great improvement on the other. There are about four hundred and ninety-four ordinary cells in the prison, exclusive of the "Reception" and Hospital"; that is on the "Male" side, and I believe about another hundred in the "Female" wing.

Of this large number only a few (less than a dozen) have boarded floors, the remainder having brick flooring, or asphalte. The cell which had been allotted to me was one of the few with boarded floors, and the white planks gave it a very clean appearance. Then, again, the cell had been evidently newly painted and whitewashed, and, altogether, it looked infinitely better than I had expected. The decoration consisted of a coat of drab paint all round the cell to the height of about 4ft. 6in. from the floor, the rest of the walls and ceiling were whitewashed, and at the junction of the paint and whitewash a dark chocolate dado, about 3in. deep, ran all round the cell, which was about 12ft. 6in. by 7ft. 6in., and some 9ft. high. The door and window frames were painted the same colour as the walls.

The furniture consisted of a small white deal table about 2ft. 3in. wide, by 15in. deep, and the usual height. This stood behind the door, and immediately above it was a small gas-bracket, about 6in. long, with bright brass mounts. This gas-bracket gave a fairly good light, though nothing brilliant, being sufficient for reading or working purposes. By the side of the table stood a strong deal stool, which I found on investigation was a new one, and in the far corner, reared up against the wall, stood the bed-board, all scrubbed as clean as freshly-planed wood. In the opposite corner, on the other side of the window, was a small shelf, about 3ft. 6in. off the ground.

On this were placed a slate and pencil, comb and brush, wooden spoon, salt-cellar filled with salt, several small sheets of brown paper for sanitary purposes, a small square piece of soap, and a pint tin can, which was polished till it reflected like a looking-glass. A second shelf, raised a few inches from the floor, was fixed directly under the first one, and on it, rolled *a la militaire*, were the bed-clothes, consisting of the counterpane and two blankets. The sheets I had brought with me, and I now placed them with the other clothes, at the same time hanging up my towel on a peg provided for that purpose. The pillow stood on end at the top of the bed board, and when I had placed it inside the clean pillow-case, which I had been given in the reception room, I returned it to the proper position. There were three ventilators in the cell. One, for hot air, was immediately above the door; the second, for cold air, was fixed under the window, near the floor; whilst the window itself had a third ventilator, which opened several inches and let in the fresh air. On the one side of the lower ventilator I found a large can of clean water, for drinking purposes. This can held about a gallon or so, and was made of bright tin, whilst the tin plate which covered it, when not otherwise in use, was so very highly polished that I could see my face quite distinctly, and in fact "did my hair" in front of it. On the other side was a large tin washing bowl and a slop-bucket. About half-way along the sides of the cell, opposite each other, were four iron staples built into the wall. These were used for the old hammock beds, which have now been abandoned in favour of the plank bed-board. But what I enjoyed most of all was the fact that some of the panes of glass in the grated window were clear and transparent, so that I could see the clouds moving swiftly across the sky. The cell itself was very much lighter than I had expected, and, after the bare, dreary place in the "Reception," I felt almost content; such a long way does a little comfort go when a man is miserable.

When I had been in the cell a few minutes I heard a little click at the door, and, turning sharply round, saw a man's eye looking through a small round disc of glass, which was let into the door about 5ft. 6in. from the ground, the door being cut away round the spy-hole, so that a warder outside can see everything that is going on in the cell without his presence being known to the inmate inside. A new prisoner very seldom notices these little spy-holes, as it is impossible to see through them from inside, owing to a small lid or cover which hangs on a rivet and covers the glass disc outside. This is, of course, inaccessible to the man inside the cell, but is easily and quietly pushed aside by the inquisitive officer on the landing. A prisoner who thinks, like the ostrich, that because he can't see, therefore he can't be seen, is sometimes led into giving vent to his grievances by a childish outburst of passion. But there is a Nemesis on his track, and he soon realises that he is being watched, even when the door is shut and he is alone in his cell. No sooner has he completed his idiotic performance, which the warder generally allows him to finish to his liking, then the door is again suddenly flung open, and his astonished, frightened gaze encounters the grave looks of the gaoler, who sternly informs him that he will be "reported" for misbehaviour in his cell.

This threat is not always carried out, unless some serious damage has been done, as the mere mention of a "report" has terrors for the first-offender; but, if nothing else, it teaches a prisoner a salutary lesson, and makes him much more careful in the future.

The spy-holes are dreaded even by the regular hands, as they are constantly used to detect a man who is suspected of having any improper articles in his possession. As a rule, a prisoner is not pounced upon until the officers have ascertained, by keeping him under regular surveillance, the whereabouts of his secret hiding-place. If the article is a bit of "twist" tobacco, a prisoner's cell may be "turned over" a dozen times without its being discovered, unless the warder watches him secrete it. As may be imagined, this watching takes up a lot of a warder's time, but they consider themselves repaid if they can find out the whereabouts of a man's store. Sometimes a prisoner will keep his twist in a hole of his boot, between the heel and the upper, or in his coat-collar, between the bands (a favourite hiding-place). Some fellows secrete it in a small nick by the doorpost, which they contrive to hide with a little piece of loose plaster, and one man I knew used to keep his in his badge. He had only to undo two or three stitches, and then push the "quid" between two of the thicknesses of cloth which compose the badge, and he had no fear of detection, for who would have suspected such a hiding-place? The backs of books come in handy also for the same purpose, and if a decent-sized crack can be discovered, or enlarged, in a bedboard, it is appropriated by the successful discoverer, who will spend hours in working a hole in the interior which will not show too much on the outside. It is astonishing what some men will do to secure a bit of tobacco, and their agony is intense when discovered, not for the punishment, but for the loss of the loved "quid."

A few seconds after I heard the click of the spyhole the door was flung open with a jerk, and an officer entered my cell. Before he came inside he double-locked the open door, or, in other words, turned the key so that the latch shot out to double its ordinary length. This is done to prevent the door being shut whilst the officer is inside, and is a very necessary precaution. Many cases might be instanced in various gaols where the prisoner has taken advantage of an officer's carelessness and closed the door, thus having the warder, if he is anything of a weakly fellow, entirely at his mercy. The locks are so constructed that they can only be opened from the outside, and an officer is as powerless to get out of the cell when the door is shut as a prisoner himself. There is only one thing to be done in this case—that is to ring the bell violently to attract another warder's attention; but if the prisoner is a powerful fellow, with a grudge against his officer, he may half kill him before help arrives. Instances have also been known where a man has suddenly darted out of his cell and closed the door, thus entrapping the warder whilst he endeavoured to effect an escape. Such a proceeding brings a very severe punishment; but liberty is dear to all, and a man will risk a good deal if he thinks there is the slightest chance of getting clear off.

The officer who now entered the cell was Mr. Ray, the master tailor, who had charge of all the men engaged in tailoring, mail and coal-bag making, and the manufacture and repairs of the prisoners' shoes. He was quite as ready to give a man praise if he had done his work well as to give blame when there was cause, which is more than can be said of all the officers. Mr. Ray told me what I should have to do, and called my attention to several large cards of rules and regulations which hung on a peg on one side of the cell. He advised me to read them carefully, and bear them always in mind, concluding with the remark that it rested with myself as to how I got on in the prison—a statement which I was beginning to realise was correct. I inquired if I might be allowed to write home, and, having first ascertained that I had been out on bail ever since my arrest, he brought me pen, ink, and paper, and left me to my correspondence.

It may surprise the public to learn that a prisoner is allowed to write a letter home as soon as he has been convicted, and I may say that this is only done in cases where a man has been "bailed out" from the Court. The authorities consider that a "Remand" who has been kept in prison has had plenty of opportunities to communicate this fact to his friends, as he is allowed to write and receive a letter each day whilst he is waiting trial. When, however, a man is first brought in, after being "out on bail," the case is different, and he is permitted to write a special letter to his relatives—as I was now doing—informing them of his conviction. Other letters are only allowed to men under sentence once in three months, when a prisoner—always providing he has earned the requisite 672 marks—is permitted to write one letter and receive one reply. If more than one letter is sent into the gaol for a man, he can choose which he will receive, and the others are returned unread to the senders, or kept in the lodge until his discharge, providing that is to take place within a reasonable time. All letters are read by the authorities before being sent out of the prison, or handed to the prisoners.

Nothing is allowed to appear in the letters which may infringe the rules laid down by the Commissioners, such as reflections on the conduct of officers, or the management of the gaol, which must be made to the authorities

themselves. In the event of anything serious happening to a prisoner's family, or a matter of great importance to the man himself, a letter may be addressed to the Governor of the gaol where he is confined. In that case, if the matter is deemed of sufficient importance, its contents are communicated verbally to the prisoner, and, if necessary, he is granted permission to make a special reply. I allude to such matters as a death in the family or bequests to prisoners, which may need immediate attention. The Governor is allowed considerable latitude in granting special permission with regard to these extra letters, and no reasonable application is ever refused.

Just as I had finished my corerspondence the door was again opened, but this time in a much more gentle manner, and a little old gentleman, about seventy, in civilian dress, entered the cell. His short, neatly-trimmed beard was rapidly turning white, but his hair yet retained its original colour, whilst one could see under his glasses that his eyes were still bright and clear. This was the schoolmaster of the prison, to whom I was subsequently indebted to many instances of kindly thoughtfulness. He asked me several questions with regard to my education, and I quickly found out that he was an unusually well-read man himself. When I had satisfied his inquiries he very kindly promised to see that I had higher-class books, so that I could continue my study of foreign languages, mathematics, shorthand, etc., a promise which he fulfilled—as he always did every other promise—some few weeks later, when I became entitled to the use of educational books.

A man on first entering the prison is only entitled to devotional books. If he is a Protestant he receives a Book of Common Prayer, Bible, hymn-book, and a volume of tracts, or Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." A Roman Catholic is given a hymn-book, Garden of the Soul, New Testament, and the Working Man's Catechism, with a Catholic tract or devotional essay. At the end of the first month, if he has earned 224 marks, a prisoner receives an arithmetic and standard reading-book, which are issued to Protestant and Catholic alike. In the case of illiterates, they are provided with books containing the A B C, &c., and the schoolmaster gives each man who is confined for four months and upwards a quarter of an hour's separate instruction each week. And a difficult task it is to make some of the worthies understand the difference between A and B. It is the same as a case of "meum and tuum" outside. They can't see any difference at all. After the second month, if a man has earned 448 marks, he is allowed the privilege of a library book, which is changed once a week, and is a source of great consolation to a man after he has done his day's work. There are also special books, with raised type, for the use of the blind, which are much appreciated by this class of prisoners.

All the inmates of the gaol are allotted certain tasks for each day, and according to the result of their labours they receive a certain number of marks. These may be six, seven, or eight, according to the satisfaction of the officer in charge of each division. If a man works hard, and earns eight marks a day, he will receive a total of fifty-six in a week, as Sunday marks are averaged from those earned during the rest of the week. In that case he will complete his first month's marks in four weeks. If, however, he is lazy and only earns six marks a day, he will take thirty-eight days to get through his month's marks, and this means greater hardship for himself, as every calculation in the prison is based on these marks. Where one man would be released from the stoneyard in twenty-eight days, the other would have to continue breaking stones for another ten days, so that it pays a man in the long run to work hard whilst he is at it. The same thing applies to his books. One man may get his library book in fifty-six days by earning full marks—that is, 448; and another man in the same time may only have a total of 336 to his credit, thereby having to wait another nineteen days. It is just the same with writing letters, when one man may have to wait twenty-eight days longer than another in consequence of short marks. Everything in the management of prisoners depends on this system. One of the usual punishments consists of making a man forfeit fifty-six marks, or 112, as the case may be. When this happens, even if a prisoner is in the fourth stage, he has to go back to the first stage until he has earned the marks which were forfeited; after which he is restored to his old position, unless a special order is made for a lower stage. The forfeited marks are generally in the first stage, though occasionally they may be deducted from the second or third, if the punishment is not so severe.

The stages of imprisonment are comprised in the following abstract of the regulations, as laid down by the Prison Commissioners. A prisoner sentenced to hard labour is kept in the first stage until he has earned 224 marks. This stage consists of "stone-breaking," "treadmill," etc., which is a terrible punishment to a first offender, as will be gathered from my subsequent description of these departments. At the end of the first month a man (always providing he has earned his full marks) is placed in the second stage. This consists of "wheeling" and "stacking" stones, etc., or, in the event of his being employed on indoor tasks, of making mats and bags, or picking "oakum," &c., for at least ten hours a day in separate confinement.

In the third stage one is employed at similar work as in the second; but the money he may earn is slightly increased.

A prisoner usually earns from 10d. to 1s. in the second stage, and from 1s. to 1s. 6d. in the third. This depends entirely on the number of marks he receives, counting as a rule about twenty for a penny in the second, and twelve for a penny in the third stages.

The fourth, or last, stage is reached when a man has received 672 marks; but if he is detected at any subsequent time breaking the rules of the prison he is liable to be reduced, as I have before stated, to a lower stage. In the last stage a man is allowed to work in the service of the gaol, if required to do so, and generally gets a penny for every ten marks; but in no case can any prisoner earn more than 10s., whether he is sentenced to seven months (in which time he generally earns the half-sovereign) or two years, which is only equivalent to the same amount.

A man in the fourth stage wears a badge, with three blue stripes on his left arm. In the third he has two stripes, and in the second only one, whilst those in the first are easily recognisable by wearing no badge at all. A prisoner without hard labour has to do practically the same work as the man in the second stage, except that he is not allowed to work in the stone-yard, which some of those who are used to a wheelbarrow seem to regret, as they say they don't mind hard work if they can only get fresh air, which is not usually found to any great extent of purity in the interior of the cells.

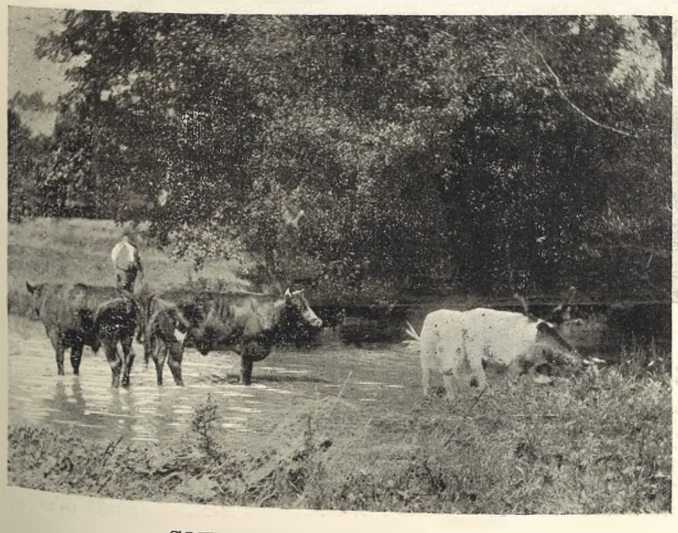
The schoolmaster had not been gone many minutes when I heard a bell (evidently a large one by the sound) rung loudly for a few seconds. This bell is hung outside the prison, and its ringing was the signal for all out-door labour to cease. A few minutes later it rang again, and was immediately followed by the trampling and shuffling of many feet in all parts of the prison. There was also a great slamming of doors as the prisoners returned from their labour in the stone-yard, wheelhouse, workshop, or garden, and went to their cells.

As the men pass in from the yard to their various landings, they are compelled to walk at a distance of about five yards apart, and woebetide those who venture too close to the men in front of them, probably to exchange a word as they are going upstairs. "Keep back there! That man!" "Are you trying to bite his ear off?" "Will you keep back?" "Keep your distance!" "Shut that door!" "Keep back!" "Steady in front!" "Keep back! Keep back!" and so on, are cries heard every day from the warders, who are stationed on each landing, on the staircases, and in the "centre," to see that nothing is passed between the prisoners. It sounded awful to me, as I leant against my door and listened to the sounds outside; but in a very short time the officers had their men safely under lock and key, and all was comparatively silent.

(To be continued).

* * *

A motor-car race in which the cars are to run backwards is being organised in Belgium.



COWS IN A POND AT SHIPTON.
Photo by Mrs. Ernest Turner, Shipton Oliffe Manor.

Group of Primulas (seven months plants) grown at "Thorncliffe" (Mrs. Reynolds's), Lansdown-road; gardener, Mr. Davey.
Photo by J. W. A. Roylance, Cheltenham.

Poet's Corner.

*

"IT COULD NOT HAPPEN NOW."

"Ere country ways had turned to street,
And long ere we were born,
A lad and lass would chance to meet,
Some merry April morn;
The willows bowed to nudge the brook,
The cowslips nodded gay,
And he would look, and she would look,
And both would look away.
Yet each—and this is so absurd—
Would dream about the other,
And she would never breathe a word
To that good dame her mother.

Our girls are wiser now.

'Twas very quaint, 'twas very strange,
Extremely strange, you must allow.
Dear me! how modes and customs change;
It could not happen now.

"Next day that idle, naughty lass
Would re-arrange her hair,
And ponder long before the glass
Which bow she ought to wear;
And often she'd neglect her task,
And seldom care to chat,
And make her mother frown, and ask,
'Why do you blush like that?'
And now she'd haunt with footsteps slow
That mead with cowslips yellow.
Down which she'd met a week ago
That stupid, staring fellow.

Our girls are wiser now.

'Twas very quaint, 'twas very strange,
Extremely strange, you must allow.
Dear me! how modes and customs change;
It could not happen now.

"And as for him, that foolish lad,
He'd hardly close an eye,
And look so woe-begone and sad,
He'd make his mother cry,
'He goes,' she'd say, 'from bad to worse,
My boy, so blithe and brave.
Last night I found him writing verse
About a lonely grave!'
And, lo! next day her nerves he'd shock
With laugh and song, and caper;
And there!—she'd find a golden lock
Wrapped up in tissue paper.

Our boys are wiser now.

'Twas very quaint, 'twas very strange,
Extremely strange, you must allow,
Dear me! how modes and customs change;
It could not happen now."

"Good Words."

* * *

Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman left the Lord Warden Hotel, Dover, on Saturday, for London. He has now completely recovered from his indisposition.

Lady Helen Stewart was presented on Saturday, at Newtonards, with a diamond cluster bracelet from the tenantry and other friends on the Marquis of Londonderry's estate in North Down on the occasion of her approaching marriage with Lord Stavordale.

The body of Sir James T. Chance, who died at Hove, was cremated on Saturday afternoon at Woking. A special service was held at the Crematorium private chapel, and was conducted by the Rev. W. Covington. Simultaneously with the funeral a service was also held in Birmingham.

Please Note This.

THE Proprietors of the "Chronicle and Graphic" respectfully solicit a share of your Printing Orders. Their Offices contain Machinery and Type of a most up-to-date style, and any work entrusted to the Firm will be done with every satisfaction to the customer.

A Trial Order, Please!

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 54th competition is Mr. J. W. A. Roylance, Alexandra-street, Cheltenham, with his picture of Tintern Abbey.

Entries for the 55th competition closed this (Saturday) morning, Jan. 18th, 1902, 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.

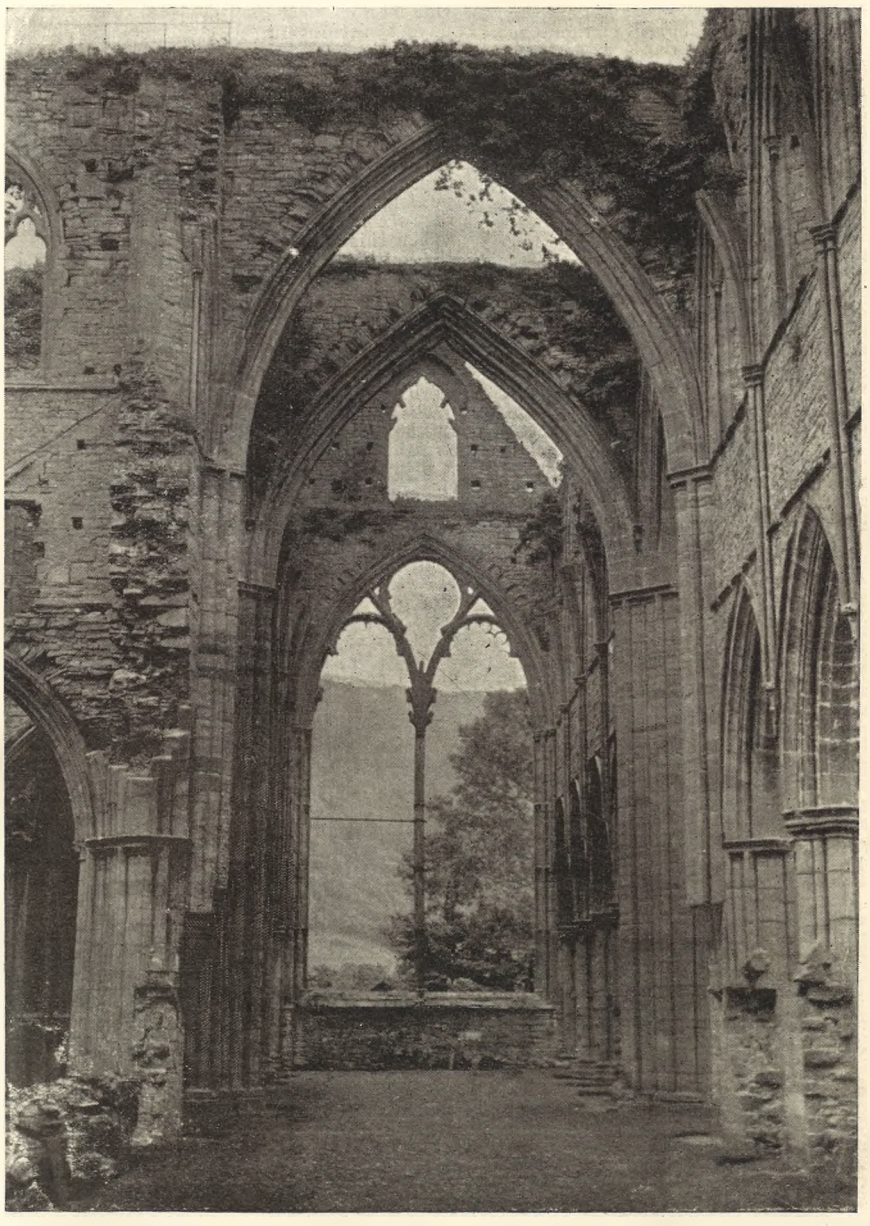


Photo by J. W. A. Roylance] [Alexandra-street, Cheltenham.

RUINS OF TINTERN ABBEY.

The German Emperor has telegraphed to Mr. Roosevelt informing him that the Imperial yacht Hohenzollern will cross the Atlantic to take part in the ceremony of launching his Majesty's new racing yacht, and that Prince Henry will be present as the Emperor's representative.

The death is announced as having taken place on Sunday, at the age of 85, of Mr. Edward Strick, for nearly forty years a member of the Swansea Harbour Board. The deceased, who was a solicitor, was formerly borough and district coroner and solicitor to the Rhondda and Swansea Bay Railway Co. He celebrated his legal jubilee in 1889.

Printed and Published as a Gratis Supplement by the Cheltenham Newspaper Co.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 56. SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1902.

GENERAL FRENCH.

*

A very interesting character of the famous cavalry leader, by Captain W. E. Cairnes, appears in the February number of the "Pall Mall Magazine." "What manner of man is he," asks the writer, "this cavalry leader who has done so much to retrieve the waning fortunes of a desperate war? Short, somewhat stout, thick-set, his grizzled moustache sheltering a resolute mouth, his grey-blue eyes holding always a suggestion of mirth, French is, in appearance, by no means the beau-ideal of a dashing hussar. Though not a brilliant horseman, he is yet, strangely enough, the very incarnation of the cavalry spirit, and idolised by his officers and men, where he rides all will wish to follow. In disposition he is frank, generous, somewhat hot tempered (and all the better for it), absolutely regardless of personal danger—when on the march frequently riding ahead of the foremost scouts. Courteous and thoughtful for all under his command, no one could wish to serve a better commander. Though in no respect weak, yet he is remarkable for the readiness with which he will listen to suggestions or advice, though he is always both able and willing to take an instant decision on his own judgment and responsibility when occasion arises. He possesses in addition one quality which is most valuable in a leader of horse—he is almost insensible to bodily fatigue: after the longest day the general is always less tired than any of his staff or other officers, though he has to work under crushing responsibility, in addition to the mere physical fatigue of long hours in the saddle. This was well illustrated at Strydfontein, about ten miles north of Johannesburg, when, after a most exhausting day, the general and his staff found quarters in a small house containing but one bed. This, of course, was reserved for the general, but he insisted on giving it to an officer of his staff, and saying, 'I don't care where I sleep,' rolled his cloak around him and slept on the floor. He shares with the late Mr. Gladstone that enviable quality of being able to dismiss anxiety from his mind at the close of his day's work, thus being able to approach the problems which confront him on the following day with an unclouded mind."

* * *

The will of the late Mrs. Mary Lydia Fanny Larden, Cheltenham, widow of Rev. George H. Larden, has been proved at £4,836 14s. 9d.

*

Capt. the Earl of Guilford, who in October, 1897, transferred from the 4th Battalion the Gloucestershire Regiment, at Cirencester, to the Royal East Kent Mounted Rifles (the Duke of Connaught's Own), was on Saturday promoted to the rank of major in the regiment in which he got his troop less than two years ago.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

THE NEW ARCHDEACON OF GLOUCESTER.

The VEN. CANON J. P. A. BOWERS, M.A.

The new Archdeacon is a native of Portsmouth, having been born there on May 15th, 1854. He graduated at St. John's College, Cambridge (B.A. 1876, M.A. 1880). He was ordained in the Diocese of Rochester in 1877, and he held curacies successively at Coggeshall, St. Giles', Cambridge, and St. Mary Redcliff, Bristol. For three years he was minor Canon of Gloucester Cathedral, and next, in 1885, he became Diocesan Missioner, in which capacity he has been a living force in the diocese. In 1890 he was appointed to the revived Canonry in the Cathedral, endowed by the late Mr. John Walker, M.A., of Cheltenham. Since 1883 he has been Examining and Domestic Chaplain to the Bishop. Archdeacon Bowers married, in 1879, Mary, eldest daughter of the late Mr. J. Beaumont, of The Lawn, Coggeshall, by whom he has a large family, his eldest son, B. A. Bowers, when at Cheltenham College, being a prominent footballer. The Archdeacon is a cultured musician. His many good works include a deep interest in Friendly Societies.

There has not been a single vacancy among the Knights of the Order of the Garter during the past year. Earl Roberts, who was invested by Queen Victoria at Osborne about a fortnight before her Majesty's death, is the junior Knight Companion of this "most ancient and honourable Order." The German Crown Prince was added to the list of extra (Royal) Knights by the King.

Two Burnley ladies, Miss Jane and Miss Catharine Holgate, have bequeathed over £22,000 for charitable purposes.

*

Captain W. H. Houldsworth-Hunt, R.A., whose period of service as adjutant of the 1st Gloucestershire Volunteer Artillery would in the ordinary course expire on February 22nd, will retain his appointment until June next.

[All Rights Reserved.]*

SOCIETY SINS.

IV.

THE NEW LOVE AND THE OLD.

The New Love walks delicately, is inquisitive, is never in a hurry, and it wants to know all about the object of its very tempered affection; it is quite incapable of the self-abandonment and fine frenzies of the Old Love, that honoured and worshipped all women in the abstract, and gladly took the especial one on trust.

The old lover met a pretty girl at a dance, intrigued and almost fought other men to dance with her all night, called on her next day, and did not in the least mind being cold shouldered by Papa, when Papa fell over him at every step. He did not trouble to enquire what her dowry was, being interested only in the state of her heart, and after a hot courtship, in which, if possible, he never let her out of his sight, he worked her up into as boiling a fever as his own, and got her consent before she had even time to find out if she liked some other man better than himself.

THE "ROBUST COCKSUREDNESS" OF THE OLD LOVE.

Love in those days knew his own mind, and rode straight in at the door, instead of giving runaway knocks on it; and what was more, he was ready to take the risks of marriage, and had a robust cock-suredness about the future. He faced a probable shortage in worldly blessings with perfect equanimity, the only thing he was quite sure never to run out of, was love, and this very belief in it kept the flame going for a long time—much longer than nowadays.

There was another reason; that the time was so much shorter for the Old Love to wear out in; girls were girls, and matrons were matrons in those days, and a man's admiration for his slim sweetheart and young wife was warm and genuine, merging with early middle age into a steady affection for his "old Dutch," more convenable in the eyes of the children than youthful transports, but nowadays the woman of fifty who resolutely sets herself to be charming can scarcely expect her husband's supply of histrionics to be as lively as when he was five and twenty! And so I say that perhaps the real reason why the Old Love was so vital, so fresh, so strong, is because it was concentrated over a shorter time, not spread thinly over the many years of an exacting woman who refuses to recognise that her day is over.

The Old Love was always asking "What can I give you, sweet, what can I do to make you happy?" The New says: "What can you give me that I have not got?" It does a sum in addition or subtraction, the girl (or man's) money so much, position and family so much, looks so much—but the amount of love, or faithfulness, or good comradeship to be brought to the contract, is seldom taken into consideration. And perhaps even when the sum comes out on the right side, the man or girl gets "left," because of a fault in the shape of his or her nose, or a timid fear that his full market value as merchandise is not forthcoming. The faith that made lovers of the last generation gaily eager to take the risk of the rough with the smooth, the sick and rainy days with the sunny, has as much departed from us as our belief in a wise Providence, that having planned a beautiful world, and set us in it, must surely have as definite a scheme concerning us, as in the regular rotation of the seasons, and the whole vast machinery of Nature.

And probably then, as now, man was a club, woman was not; her club being home, and richly garnished or empty, just according to what man chose to bring there, and her only weapons were wheedling and flattery—and a good cook. Thus she depended on two excellent things, her good temper and her good housewifery, and was better rewarded in the end, and felt nicer, than the emancipated woman of to-day, whose best weapon is frequently her "best man," he having put a fancy value on a commodity her husband has long ceased to admire or appreciate.

THE TRUE WEALTH OF OLD ENGLAND.

The Old Love contemplated unaffrighted (among other forces not to be reckoned with) the large families that called for great self-sacrifice on the part of the parents, and brought down a great deal of abuse and scorn on their improvident heads; yet where should we be now, but for these overflowing sons, this healthy and happy crew that works for its parents in their old age? How could the little Old Lady have sat secure in her house at home, without her "boys" to fight for her in every quarter of the globe? France perishes for lack of children, and offers a reward for them, but of us, as of older nations, the Scriptural words are proved true of the man who shall "not be ashamed to speak with his enemy in the gate." For it is the masses that have come to the help of England in her hour of peril, not the disciples of the New Love, who look askance at nurseries, and whose many occupations and amusements cause them entirely to lose sight of the grand old role of parenthood. Families limited to one or two children are the rule, and not the exception, in the upper, professional, and middle classes; but there is this to be urged, that nowadays parents have a far greater idea of their responsibilities towards their children than had the last generation, and know that if they do not thoroughly well educate them, they have no chance of holding their own in the deadly, cut-throat competition of present-day life.

And if I have seemed to wander from my text, does not "The Old Love and the New" cover a good deal more than the love between man and woman? Many new ways of looking at things have come to us during the last few years, many still newer ones we are bound to see in this just-born twentieth century, and we may be quite sure that if we cling to the best of the old spirit, and accept the best of the new, life for all of us must be fuller and more catholic; and above all, to be tolerant, to be humane, to keep an open mind always on every subject, is to get as near philosophy, and therefore wisdom, as any human being may.

Mistakes, mainly due to broad-mindedness, are now and then inevitable, as when the Church condescends too far to the Stage, and adopting some of the scenic effects of the latter tries to attract the gay and irreligious, the inevitable result being to alienate those in whom the brath of true religion lives.

Merciful women, incapable of realising the deep wrong done to all womanhood by those who have never even tried to resist temptation, reach over to these unabashed sinners and set them above the passionate ones, who, in spite of betraying hearts, have yet remained pure; and it becomes a question whether an all-enveloping charity does not encourage increased license of conduct to the bad, whether "To the pure all things are pure" may not become an insidious and dangerous conclusion to the good.

There may be too much toleration, too much proneness to set the door ajar for the unrepentant prodigal to slip in, vowing that he has never strayed; the landmarks between the clean-living and the furtive evil-doer are more or less swept away; and the question comes in, do we not wrong our young daughters, and inevitably corrupt their minds, when we throw them into company that in our mother's time would never have been suffered to cross our doorsteps?

But there is this to be said, that the younger generation mostly thinks, and thinks pretty soundly for itself, and, seeing the utter misery of irregular life in either man or woman, elects to run straight itself.

TO THE "BRIGHT, COURAGEOUS GIRL OF TO-DAY."

And if the bright, courageous girl of to-day will add to her charms of health, sincerity, and total absence of humbug, a little more femininity and a little less assurance, she will be quite as, if not more charming than, the girl of the last generation, with her delicacy, her truthfulness, her partial helplessness, and all the dear little "ways" that men so hopelessly adore.

For men love, not to be protected, but to protect, and it is easy enough to understand the endless fascination that loving, silly, tender-handed women have always exercised over strong, masterful men. The man to fight, the woman to bind up his hurts and comfort him when he returns from the fray; such is the only beautiful and inherently right attitude between the sexes, and where nowadays crowds of pretty girls go unwooed, unwed, there were lovers enough and to spare for almost every woman in the last generation.

For if it be true that there are not nearly enough men to go round, and many a matron nowadays regards her spouse with something akin to respect because she at least has annexted a man, the fact remains (as I said before) that men do not take the fever of love hard, as formerly.

They disguise the very first symptoms, as of any other dangerous disease, and promptly try the remedies of absence, or golf, or some counter-excitement; their fingers are always on their pulses, they are vigilantly alive to the moment of danger, and rejoice over the decline of the poison and their slow convalescence, just as any other invalid might. The women are not so wise: mostly they suffer, or they harden, and occasionally become bad, for at the bottom of every true woman's heart must be the rankling conviction that God meant every Jill to have her Jack, and that she has been cheated out of the sun of her existence when no Jack comes to woo and wed her. And it is natural enough that girls should resent the friskiness of women, themselves grandmothers, who refuse to grow old, but study their appearances as they never did at twenty, and enjoy life (and men's attentions) with a zest that may seem natural enough to themselves, but to the young is neither more nor less than ridiculous.

And so, with the old ones scrouging them out, and with the married women taking the cream of the available male society (as these intrigues at least lead to no matrimonial involvements), the lot of the girl of to-day can scarcely be called a happy one. If she have far more liberty and amusement she has not the ardent wooing, the respect, the protecting

care that the girl of the last generation, quite as a matter of course, received from her lovers. And though there may be many ways of love, to me it seems that the Old way is the best.

Next week: "Mothers and Daughters: Fathers and Sons—A Contrast in Generations."

[*Copyright in the United States of America by D. T. PIERCE.]

Gloucestershire Gossip.

Mr. Wilkinson, the general manager of the Great Western Railway Co., is keeping his promise that no undue delay shall occur in the construction of the Cheltenham and Honeybourne Railway, for he has just communicated to Mr. Dent Brocklehurst the welcome intelligence that his directors have given instructions for steps to be taken for the purchase of the required land, and he significantly adds that if unreasonable demands and difficulties are not placed by landowners, the company hopes at an early date to invite tenders for the works. Therefore, I hope that those whom it may concern will not act on the principle too often followed—that "a railway company is fair game," but that they will remember that it very often comes out best in arbitrations. The company undoubtedly mean business, and they have also nearly fulfilled their undertaking to widen the Banbury line from Andoversford to Cheltenham. The doubled section above Charlton Kings only awaits the Board of Trade inspection, and February 2nd is named as the probable day of its being opened for traffic. Heavy engines and bogie carriages have already been sent over the Dowdeswell viaduct and the embankments on which slips had occurred, and these tests, I understand, were quite satisfactory. The doubling of the other section to Lansdown will now be pushed on to completion, and this work will involve the lowering of a portion of the track four feet and the widening of two or three bridges at Hatherley and the depression of the highways underneath.

"Sugar" was an euphemistic term for money in the good old electioneering days of Gloucester, and so it is there now, though in a different sense. It was a revelation to me to read in the "Echo" (and that paper alone) that the duty of a halfpenny per pound on the sugar imported into Gloucester between April 19th and December 31st last realised the magnificent sum of £120,000, or about six-sevenths of the entire Customs Revenue of the port. The Bristol Steam Navigation Co. have fostered the sugar trade from Hamburg for years past, and as their tonnage is quite 50,000 per annum into Gloucester Docks, the halfpenny duty, representing £4 13s. 4d. per ton, would in ordinary circumstances yield £233,333 6s. 8d. There is a talk of the duty being doubled, and I say all the better for the revenue. I think, too, it would be very fair if some of the duties recently advocated by Sir Robert Giffen, an erstwhile Free Trade champion, such as on imported wheat, timber, and petroleum, were imposed. According to official figures, there were 179,913 loads of timber imported last year, so that a shilling duty per load would have yielded almost £9,000. I have not a return handy of the quantities of wheat and petroleum recently imported, but the proposed shilling duty per quarter and gallon there would undoubtedly bring in large sums. The country wants revenue urgently, and from sources other than those which are now taxed up to the hilt. Therefore, I hope the Chancellor of the Exchequer (who is also High Steward of the city) will not hesitate to follow the lead given him in various quarters and by attaching wheat and oil for a small duty still further swell the Gloucester Customs for the benefit of the country.

I am pleased, for the sake of the Churchmen of the Archdeaconry of Gloucester, that Canon Bowers, whom I placed a fortnight ago as first favourite for the reversion of Archdeacon Sheringham's appointment, has been appointed to succeed that dignitary. I have reason to believe that while the choice is quite acceptable to the retiring Archdeacon, it will be hailed with intense satisfaction by Churchmen generally. I confess I look forward with more than ordinary interest to the first Charge of Archdeacon Bowers, for it will doubtless be a reflex of his stirring practical Christianity. Cheltonians have a special interest in him by reason of the fact that he has held with credit the canonry in the Cathedral which was revived in 1890 through a munificent endowment by the late Mr. John Walker, M.A., one of their townsmen. I can hardly associate with Archdeacon Bowers, in his early prime and vigour of life, the correct style of "Venerable," but then "What's in a name?"

Many people in the Cathedral city at first wondered at the end of last week whether the knots of black crape sported on the whips of the drivers of the Tramways Co. betokened the passing and incorporation into the hands of the Corporation of the undertaking of that concern. But it soon transpired that it was a symbol of exultation at the supposed driving off the routes covered by the company of a keen competitor with 'buses and char-a-bancs, because he was selling the bulk of his horses. I have heard nothing but reprobation of this flaunting of victory. Certain it is that the "Pioneer" was determined to go out with flying colours, for he spiritedly answered the arrogant challenge by still running vehicles, the drivers of which had their whips tied with the national colours.

GLEANER.

OUR PRIZE PICTURES.

BROOK BETWEEN SHEPSCOMBE AND PAINSWICK.

BROOK WITH ICE AT EDGES AND SNOW.

Photos by George Jolly. Shepscombe, Stroud.

BY THE WAY.

*

SELINA JENKINS AT THE PRESENTATION TO THE EX-MAYORESS

'Tisn't often as I cares to henter my name down for a superscription to anythink, wich I considers they comes on a poor body like me rather frequent for donations to this, that, and t'other, but w'en it turns out to be to the 'onner and glory of one of me own sect, being a fieldmale, I daps down me name with pleasure, that I do! For, you mark my words! that there lady Mayoress, as is now retired into 'umble life again, as the sayin' is, she've a-done credit to 'er post, that she 'ave, wich I can't tell you 'ow many hundreds of thousands of 'ands she 'aven't shook in the 3 years as Alderman Mr. Norman was at the 'ead of affairs, as they do say she were very middlin' for days after the British Medical Doctors Conversation at Pittville, wot with the muscular exercise of standin' hup and shakin' 'ands with so many folk. And I can quite believe it, too, seein' as 'ow I were put to shake 'ands with hall the young folk as come out of a prayer-meeting in me young days, as give me the roomatics in me harm summat hawful, most of 'em being them vigorous kinds of shakers, as nearly pulls yer harm out by the roots, just to show there's no ill-feeling!

'Owever, me bein' a superscriber, I were hinvited to the prize-giving ceremony down to the Fine Art Library on Tuesday afternoon, as said on the ticket that there was Tea and Coffee and R.S.V.P.'s to be 'ad for the askin', wich was very kind of somebody, I'm sure. Any'ow, I knowed it would be a "sassiety function," as they do say in the sassiety papers, so I hups and I puts on me best black silk, as rustles well, and me best brokade mantel, with a fur tippet and all jined on, and a real Honiton lace tie, as were left me by a great aunt of mine, that 'ad 'ad it in 'er family for generations; not but wot it were a very dirty yellow sort of colour and nearly come to bits in me 'ands with age; but, Lor' bless yer soul! that makes it all the more valley'ble, and nothink's more fashionabler now than a bit of real Honiton! 'Owsomdever, when I sallied 4th down to the Free Art Library, I can assure you I looked like a reglar Duchess of Devonshire or somewhere.

When I gets down to the dore, carridges was a-rolling hup, and all the creme of the haristocracy was a-rolling in, so as there was 'ardly room to swing a cat (even if you'd a wanted to do sich a remarkable thing) in the hentrance 'all. There were a great scuffle going on, with 3 young men perspiring and a-looking very worritted, seein' as 'ow they 'ad about 150 top-hats and top-coats to put on a little table as wouldn't 'old more than 20 at the outside. 'Owever, wot wouldn't go on the table went on the floor, wich I only just missed putting me foot through a silk hat lying about permiscus like near the door (as would 'ave been very hawful if I 'ad, wouldn't it now?). As I walks through the inner dore a man takes me ticket, and roars hout me name in a voice like thunder, "Mrs. Selina Jenkins," wich fairly took me breath away for a time or two, and I only come to meself by somebody shaking me 'ands, very affable like, and sayin' "Glad to see you, Mrs. J.." and you believe me it were our Gracious Mare, Kurnel Mr. Rogers, D.V., with 'is gold chain on, and the Mayoress smiling away at me like a sunbeam! After that I feels better, and wen I looks about me I sees as heverybody as counts is in the room, waiting for the prize-giving to commence. There was Mr. M. P. Agg-Gardner talking to Mr. Winterbotham as if there weren't no sich things as politicks, and town councillors 'obb-nobbing with ordinary people as if they was on a perfect equality; and the crush there was you can't think! There really weren't room to live, let alone moving and 'aving yer being, and somebody said the 'eat were about 120 degrees in the shade. Of course, that I can't tell; but after the clock had played a few variations on the time of day, Kurnel Mr. Rogers took 'is seat behind

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.]

Comic Football Match in Cheltenham,

WEDNESDAY, 8th JANUARY, 1902.

* * *

THE PROCESSION THROUGH THE STREETS.

* * *

SOME OF THE PLAYERS IN COSTUME.

"GRACE DARLING AND HER CREW."

COMIC FOOTBALL MATCH.

MORE PLAYERS, OFFICIALS, &c.

Photos by Mr. Ernest E. White, Dighton's Art Studio, Weston Villa, Cheltenham.

Memorial to a Gloucester Reservist.

Photo by W. G. Coles. Burton Street, Gloucester.

Monument in Gloucester Cemetery to John E. Postill, driver R.F.A., who died at Gloucester October 29th, 1901, "erected by the citizens in recognition of his services as a Gloucester Reservist." The subscription was initiated by Mr. E. J. C. Palmer, and the memorial was dedicated on December 14th.

a table, as was covered with a blue cloth, and the speeches began. Wot Kurnel Mr. Rogers said were very much to the point, namely "'Onner to whom 'onner is jew, and so says all of us," with which he gently unveils a glittering heap of solid silver salvers, tea sets, diamond brooches, and sich like, as made me eyes water to look at it. Mr. Agg-Gardner, he follows on, being the "empy" for the borough, as the sayin' is, and says 'e can't add nothink to wot the gallant Mare 'as said, and then 'e goes on very nicely to add it, without more to do, sayin' as 'ow "these 'ere tea pots and trays and things is a cymbal of gratitude from us as 'as hegsperienced the ex-Mayoress's kind manners," and settery, every word of wich I agreed upon.

Then Alderman Mr. James Winterbotham seconded the vote of thanks with one of his nice heloquencies, especially sayin' as 'ow Mrs. Norman had done the town a great service by taking care of 'er 'usband (wich 'e isn't as strong as some of us), and it 'ad been a most anxious thing looking after the Mare; and I will say 'e were very sensible, and throwed out a 'int to the batchelors present to enter into lawful wedlock as soon as possible after seein' wot they 'ad missed, and wot a loving helpmeet and helpmate could do for a man. 'Ear, ear, Alderman Mr. James B. Winterbotham! I know pore Jenkins always said as I were the savin' of 'is life, as were nearly poisoned thro' living in lodgings before 'e were married to me, and 'aving to eat under-done pastry or none at all, wich, 'aving a sweet tooth, 'e took wot 'e could get, and spoilt his indigestion for life!

We all wanted to 'ear Mrs. Norman say thankyou, and a bit beside with 'er own lips, but she were much too overcome, so er 'usband 'ad to return thanks for 'er and 'im; 'owever, we could see that she were pleased, and in fact both of them was, and I know I didn't begrudge my little superscription and I don't spose nobody else did, she 'aving done so well, and set such a good example to them as follows 'er in the family circle edition of the Mayor's office, as you mite say!

After this was over there was a fair scramble to the table to see the presents as we 'ad just presented to the ex-Mayoress, and I were fair swept off me pins, as the sayin' is, for a bit, the current was so strong. 'Owsomdever, I managed just to get a peep, as I were carried wholesale past the table by the pressure, and it was as nice a little gift as any woman could lay 'er eyes on. For me, I liked the diamond brooch best, because a body could wear that and then people would say, as the glitter struck them in the eye, "That's the brooch as was presented by the grateful town" wich the silver salver and the tea service—well, you mite scratch it if you used it for ordinary tea-times, and you can't invite everybody in to see it, can you now? There was a book there too, with the names of all us folk wrote in very nice, with flowers and things in and out and hup and down the leaves, "lest she forget," as that there muddied hoof of a R. Kiplin' puts it! It were now so 'ot, that I carefully wends me way amongst the top 'ats towards the dore, without waiting for a cup of tea, wich I'm always afraid of me 'ead in these 'ere 'ot places, hapileptic fits bein' in the family. In conclusion, I thinks that the Ex-Mayoress deserved a splendid prize-giving, and she's 'ad it, that she 'as.

SELINA JENKINS.

P.S.—That there Free Art Library comes in very useful just now, don't it? 'Owever, wen it was bilt they forgot to put in the ventilations!

The Prince Regent of Gotha, instead of giving a ball at the ducal palace this winter, has decided to devote the money usually spent on such a festivity to the relief of the unemployed in Gotha.

*

The death occurred on Sunday at Las Palmas of Colonel Walter M. Ducat, R.E., who at various times has held many enquiries in this district on behalf of the Local Government Board.

CHARLTON COUNCIL CHAMBER.

Photo by W. T. Musgrove. 11 Moreton Terrace, Charlton Kings.

Chaffing Papers.

* * *

No. III.

*

[By Joseph Merrin.]

Still drawing from the original budgets sent to the head office by the country correspondent, we shall continue to find something to wonder at, and we will hope much to laugh at. This it is which prompts their rescue from the oblivion of the waste-paper basket. The country correspondent, especially if he is paid by "lineage," too often acts upon the idea that length is the measure of merit, and condensation is to him an unknown art. We will start to the accompaniment of a little music.

"GRAND CONCERT.

The Penny Readings and Amateur Concerts given here were this week quite cut out by a Grand Concert under the highest patronage. None of the dry readings, with temperance or moral lessons in perspective, but the musical element flowing tip top. The pieces performed (fancy-printed programme enclosed) will speak for themselves all through the chromatic scale. Without wasting space in detail it was generally admitted that the whole was rendered with artistic finish, and the pieces given lost none of the effect aimed at by their composers in their brilliant reproduction. Such vocalization and instrumentation are seldom heard beyond the metropolis. The comedy element, moreover, without descending to farce, was not forgotten, for young Perkins's song of "The Crossing Sweeper" in character was fine fun. But the crown of his shocking bad hat was sound enough to retain all the coins thrown into it (duly labelled "To be devoted to a local charity"). Encored it was right heartily, and was accompanied by the merry jingle of the contributions. The next item brought on Miss Pimpernel, all smiles in a cloud of muslin and dancing ringlets, who sang a lovely air all about dreaming by moonlight on blue lonely waters. Didn't the Squire show us how to clap! But he is hearty, and we all like him—so good to the poor in winter.

[To Ed.—Please give us a good report. No time to touch up copy. We shall sell a spanking lot of papers.]

A VILLAGE FETE.

The neighbourhood of Bramblebury is very charming at this season of the year, and the "Valley of Flowers," for it is literally nothing else, was never more in the zenith of beauty and perfection. The rich herbage of the meadows, the floral hedgerows, the luxuriant foliage of giant oaks and pretty elms, the music of rippling streams, and the sweet notes of the feathery tribe that perch amid the foliage, make up quite a paradisical scene. The village bells are also put in merry motion, and the little children hailed the happy day with noisy and reiterated demonstrations of hilarious merriment. The great event of the year was about to take place, to which all had looked forward with fondest anticipations—the Anniversary Procession and Dinner of the Benevolent Brothers Benefit Society. Old and young were early on the *qui vive*, and the decorations in the village grew up as if by magic. Ever and anon could be seen an arch of evergreens growing into festal form under the busy hands of the villagers, ably directed by the Taste of the ubiquitous secretary and the aid of the Rector and his accomplished daughters. There was true taste and adornment in its proper effigy, topped with fluttering flags, and the sun seemed to smile in gladness on their labours. All united in making it a day of merry-making. The Rockington brass band was afoot betimes, and the big drum resounded with its musical cannonade, joined anon by the ear piercing pipe, the echoing horn, the terrible trumpet, and the clanging cornet, whose mellow ringings rent the morning air (Leader, Brother Benjamin). These indeed formed a noble galaxy, heading the gay procession with the gorgeous silk banner of the Club. Then followed the grandees of the Society duly robed in their paraffine-alia (Mr. Editor, I'm not sure this is right, please put it) and insignia of dignity of office, consisting of hatchets and swords and spears, etc., all glittering in the sunshine and dazzling every beholder, and mingling with the gay sashes and aprons of the Brothers in their full official costume and decoration, each symbolical of some virtue or some noble occupation our meedy-evil fourfathers indulged in the simple days of old when Nature came natural to us and Art was unknown, and the simple Fancy was allowed to go astray in search of the beautiful and the picturesque, now happily preserved even in these prosaic times by the beautiful Machinery of a dazzling procession on a midsummer day! Here was at once a treat for the eye and a feast for the ear—gay colours and gay music. But see, the procession now enters the venerable church. The music is hushed, the colours are dipped, heads are uncovered and reverently bent forward, the Organ bursts forth its song of praise, and the service proceeds, which is too sacred a theme for newspaper reporting, but it must be said the eloquent sermon was heard with wrapt attention, and then again issued forth the flaunting banner aloft, and the sounding music heard in echoing peals along the quiet valleys of the District, until it subsided into silence on reaching the dining tent of the Society, where all the brethren with good honest appetites partook of an abundant dinner, followed by speeches of true patriotism and brotherly regard for the true principles of thrift and the providing for the proverbially preached of rainy day which will no doubt come when least expected.

I enclose you speech of our energetic secretary cracking up the sy. he has handed me, if you can please find room for the same.

MERRY-MAKING AT GUTTLETON.

Most appropriate at this joyous season have been two events here this week, first, the custom from time immemorial of celebrating the annual Court Leet and View of Frankpledge of the Right Hon. Earl Doubleyou, our respected Lord of the Manor, at the good old Wheatsheaf Inn. Proper suit and service having been duly tendered in the ancient customary form, and declared to be satisfactory, the Court adjourned, and upwards of 30 sat down to partake of the good things provided, which they did one and all with the utmost satisfaction. After the toast of Earl Doubleyou with good hip-hip-hoorays came the Town and Trade of Guttleton. A pleasant evening was spent, being much enlivened by the singing of Misters Scales, Sharpe, and Howler. The next event of notable consequence has been marking the annual troll of times with regret and gladness in the choosing of a Bailiff for the present year, Squire Broadlands, with the usual accompanying social banquet, in which several soups and other rarer delicacies figured with emphasis, notably snipes, and many good game birds rarely seen, much less tasted. It is readily to be imagined that with such a programme justice was fully done to everything, an extra two hours being granted for the benefit of the house and the special fine vintages which were brought to light and rapidly disappeared. After the inner man had been comfortably disposed of in recherche style came come capital speeches, and then the liquors and good harmony prevailed, such as true Englishmen are proud to see. It is needless to say that a more pleasant evening of a public character has never been spent than this annual reunion in the good little town of Guttleton.

AMAZING MUSINGS.

Let the Editor curb the Country Correspondent as much as he may, the ready penman seldom fails to exceed the bounds laid down for him when he thinks such many win approval. He is sure to get out of his depth when he allows his pen to run away with him, as this rescued tit-bit describing a church opening shows:—

"No doubt in times long past this remote district, now smiling under the sunshine of industry, and cheered by the sounds of village church bells, was little better than waste and forest, where roamed the antlered deer in wild freedom, even over the spot where a holy temple has now been raised. Here pranced and skipped Nature's wildlings beneath the foliage of the sturdy oak, where, perhaps—

Bold Robin Hood and his brave merry men
Tootled the horn, and galloped the glen;
Of good things no doubt laying in a fine store,
In robbing the rich, while befriending the poor.

Very different now smiles the country-side, with pictures for the artist, golden fields of corn, cottages and gardens, and willow-bordered streams. The peaceful browsing stock, with the singing milkmaid and whistling shepherd has superseded the ancient wolves for whose heads rewards were offered, and the fox alone is left to be hunted for sport,

And to train our Yeomen
To meet our foemen
In serried ranks on the tented field.

But we have wandered somewhat from our pleasing task, though this may be excused when we mention that the company which were assembling to do honour to the occasion were compelled to bring their great coats into requisition, as well as umbrellas, unless they were able to take shelter in neighbouring buildings, for a heavy Storm poured its contents upon the devoted spot. Towards the appointed time (2 o'clock) the storm ceased, the masses of dark leaden coloured clouds flitted across the horizon. The sun shone out,

and lighted up in sombre beauty the throne of hills and the forest foliage around, but it was vain to delude ones-self of the death blow that had already been given to the rich and varied summer tints. It was vain to flatter oneself that the more matured and golden hues of Autumn were other than in the throes of dissolution, and that stern winter with its chilling blasts was not near at hand. The brown and withered leaves of the forest giants crackled under our feet, blown down with the autumn winds, and though the sun did shine we were sensibly reminded that that which but a few weeks ago gave pleasure to the soul was now rapidly returning to Mother Earth."

Please Note This.

THE Proprietors of the "Chronicle and Graphic" respectfully solicit a share of your Printing Orders. Their Offices contain Machinery and Type of a most up-to-date style, and any work entrusted to the Firm will be done with every satisfaction to the customer.

A Trial Order, Please!

Poet's Corner.

AN IDEAL.

She was not fair, but in her face
There was a purity of soul
That gave each feature perfect grace,
Lit up and purified the whole.

Her hand was not the "lily-flower"
Or "drifted snow" that poets sing;
But in its touch, so firm and kind,
There was a strength most comforting.

And little children clung to it,
And all the poor she clothed and fed
Knew what a cool and soothing touch
It laid upon the aching head.

Her laugh was low and seldom heard;
Her smile, soon woke, most passing sweet;
Her sympathies went quickly forth
Another's joy or woe to meet.

Her creed? Ah me! she was not one
Who thought her own the only way,
And thanked her God, like him of old
Who "went up" in his pride to pray.

But, pressing on her upward road,
She strove to win all hearts for Heaven,
And counted no man wholly lost
Who lived, so yet might be forgiven.

She knew Heaven's Gate was opened wide,
She knew how great the joy within;
And, in her perfect charity,
She would have had *all* "enter in!"

TWO ANGELS.

A little maiden said,
"I'm weary, mother, let me rest"—
The mother stroked the golden head,
And pressed it to her breast.
And soon the drowsy lid
Curtained the throne of earthly light,
And sleep, the angel, touched and hid
The weariness that night.

Once more the maiden said,
"I'm weary, mother, let me rest"—
The mother, weeping at the bed,
Kissed the pale face, and blest.
And soon the tranquil lid
Closed on the light of earthly day,
And Death, the angel, touched and hid
The weariness for aye.

The Presentation to the Ex-Mayoress of Cheltenham (Mrs. Norman).

* * *

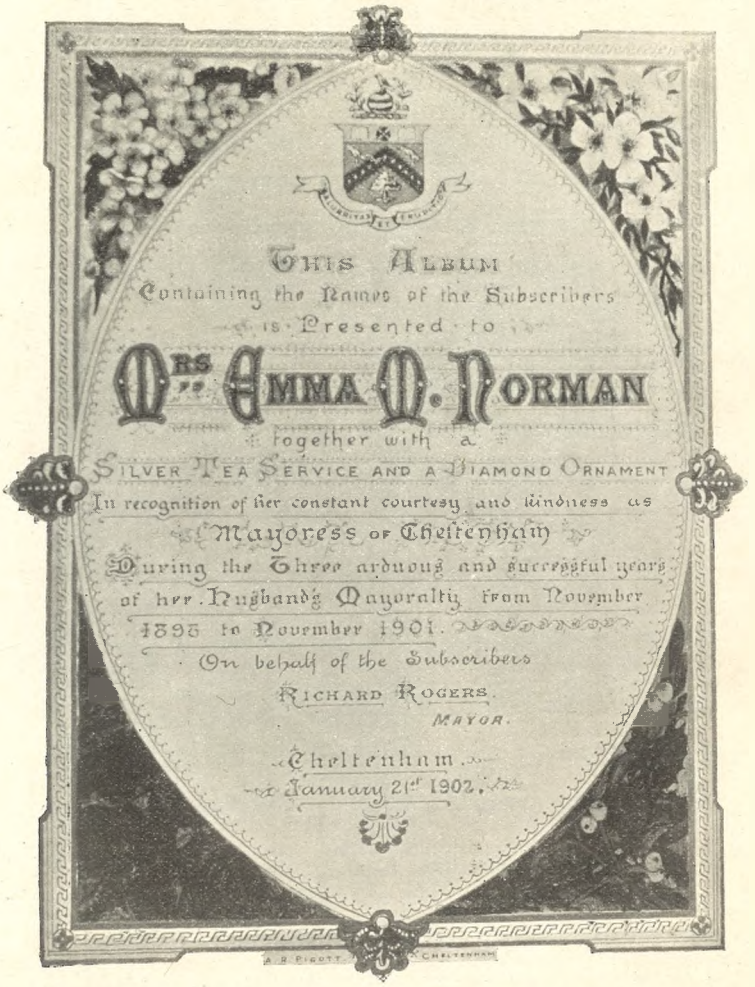


Photo by Maurice Hack. Cheltenham.

The REV. R. GORDON FAIRBAIRN, B.A.

(who in March will relinquish the pastorate of Salem Baptist Church, Cheltenham, for that of King's Road Baptist Church, Reading).

* * *

A SKETCH OF MR. FAIRBAIRN'S MINISTERIAL CAREER.

The "Baptist Magazine" of April, 1900, published a sketch of Mr. Fairbairn's career, written by Mr. Thomas Whittard. From this we gather that the rev. gentleman was born of Presbyterian parents at Camberwell in April of 1865; at the age of eight years was placed under the care of the Rev. J. E. Bennett, Principal of Rye College, Peckham; and entered the Baptist College, Bristol, in the year 1887. The College (says the writer) was then under the direction of Dr. Culross, whose saintly character seemed to diffuse a holy fragrance throughout the place, and, while the young student set himself successfully to reap the intellectual advantages there offered him, he derived great spiritual benefit from the faithful and loving counsels of the honoured President. His school training, joined with attendance upon classes in University College, London, had sufficed to qualify him for passing the preliminary examinations of the Royal University, Ireland, and in 1889, after two years' study in Bristol, he proceeded to take the degree of B.A. About this time the Rev. Horatio Wilkins, after a lingering illness, during which his people waited with sympathetic interest, in the hope of his restoration, thought it his duty to resign the pastorate of Salem Church, Cheltenham; and soon after the Rev. James Butlin, M.A., a man of excellent attainments and experience, was asked to take the oversight of the church, which, however, he declined, believing that his feeble health ill fitted him for so laborious a charge. Then it was that Mr. Fairbairn, who was now at the end of his academic course, gained the ear of the congregation, and secured so wide an acceptance that it was deemed right to allow the church an opportunity of declaring its wishes in regard to inviting him to the pastorate. Mr. Fairbairn was twenty-five years of age, but, being short of stature, of fresh complexion, and still showing in mobility of features the buoyancy of early enthusiasm, he was taken to be younger than he really was. Hence it was through doubt and trembling of heart that some of the more aged members of the church, desiderating, as they naturally would do, the maturity of judgment which age is supposed to bring, came at last to see that He who chose the stripling David and qualified him for the high position to which he was destined, might, in like manner, have marked out this youthful preacher for the responsible office of pastor, and would most certainly, if His grace and wisdom were trusted, endow him with every gift necessary for the work to which He called him. The invitation was given and accepted, and, entering upon his charge, Mr. Fairbairn preached for the first time as the appointed pastor on Sunday, September 21st, 1890, and was publicly recognised on the Wednesday following. Nor have the hopes of the church been disappointed. Prosperity has attended his ministry. The congregations have steadily increased, conversions have been numerous, harmony among the members has remained unbroken, the mutual love that had sprung up between the pastor and the people grows ever stronger, new methods of extending the knowledge of Christ have been devised, a monthly magazine started, the Sunday schools have been well maintained, and the branch causes have been kept in touch with the home church.

Four years after Mr. Fairbairn's settlement the spacious chapel, which will easily hold 1,200 people, underwent a thorough renovation, which, together with the installation of the electric light, cost about £1,200. It does one good to see the handsome chapel, with its ample galleries, crowded in every part with hearers listening to the words of life as they fall from the pastor's lips. For Mr. Fairbairn is highly popular, and that not in Cheltenham only. He is much sought after for occasional services elsewhere, and is very generous in the help he renders to other churches. During his ten years' ministry at Salem he has come to be widely known, and, as a consequence, has had invitations to other important churches. More than once have spheres, perhaps more eligible in some respects than he now occupies, been thus opened to him, but hitherto these tempting opportunities have failed to draw him away from the people of his first choice; and it may be added that the unselfish spirit in which such advances have been met by him have tended to deepen the esteem and affection in which he was held.

In June, 1891, he married Miss Emily Grange, of Wigginton, Tring. Her singular vivacity and sound sense have served to lighten the cares of her husband and to methodise his engagements, while her untiring energy has contributed much to the smooth working of the choir and to the good management of the Christian Endeavour and other societies existing at Salem.

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 55th competition is Mr. George Jolly, of Shepscombe, Stroud, with Shepscombe scenes.

Entries for the 56th competition closed this (Saturday) morning, Jan. 25th, 1902, and in subsequent competitions entries will close on the Saturday morning preceding the award, so as to allow time for adjudication and reproduction.

* * *

The King has approved of the appointment of Mr. Archibald John Scott Milman, C.B., to be a Knight Commander of the Bath on his retirement from the office of Clerk of the House of Commons.

Printed and Published as a Gratis Supplement by the Cheltenham Newspaper Co.