

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 61.

SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1902.

A WEDDING ON COMMANDO.

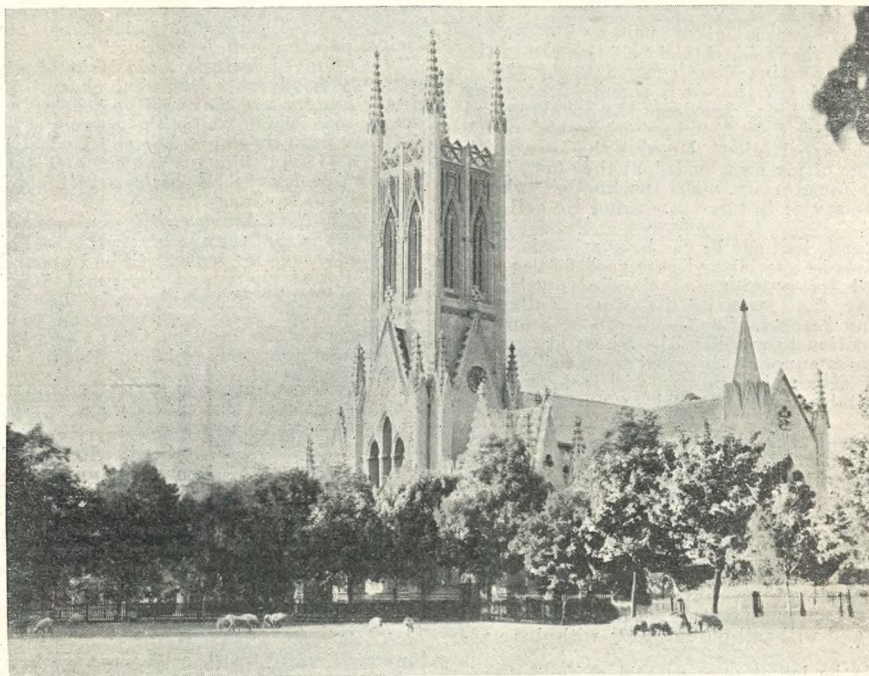
The Amsterdam correspondent of the London "Mail" gives an interesting story which is attributed to Dr. Albrecht, a Boer doctor, who, by the way, has just arrived from South Africa, and is reputed to have been entrusted with a special mission to Mr. Kruger, whom he saw on Sunday. This describes a Boer wedding at Lindley. A young Boer went to the narrator, and borrowed all the available medical safety pins for his bride's costume, as she had no thread. They were to be married the next morning. The narrator says:—"You should have seen that wedding! The young couple were 'sitting for joy' among the ruins of a homestead. The bride wore a white gown pieced together with safety-pins. The groom was apparelled in an ancient suit of broadcloth (probably looted from a smaller man, and that a loyal Britisher); his trousers and sleeves were quite three inches too short, but a pair of dancing pumps and a red tie made up for all shortcomings. The nuptial banquet consisted of a fried pig dressed with 'mealie pap,' and Kaffir beer was the wine. During the meal our people were fighting fiercely two miles off, but a veldt harmonium drowned the more distant music. Suddenly the merry assembly was interrupted by a messenger from De Wet, who came with the summons 'that every available man was to go out as reinforcement.' The groom obeyed with alacrity, and went out as 'a reinforcement.' Next morning, however, when he came to reclaim his bride he found, much to his chagrin, that the British had called at the farm overnight and removed her for 'concentration.'"

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FROM PRIVATE TO GENERAL.

TRUE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

The death was on Monday announced, at his residence in Paris, of General Jeanningros. Born in 1816, he commenced his career as a private soldier in an Infantry Regiment, obtained his commission in 1840, and, going to Africa, rapidly obtained promotion and the Cross of the Legion of Honour. He returned to France in 1854 on being promoted Major, and the following year took part in the Crimean Campaign. He was appointed a Brigadier General in 1865, and as such went through the Franco-Prussian War, in which campaign he again distinguished himself. In 1877 he was made a Divisional General, and subsequently the Thirteenth, and subsequently the Eighth, Infantry Division. He was made Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour in 1877, and in 1891 entered the Reserves, and finally retired the following year. The "Times" says that he is remembered in the Army as a true soldier of fortune, who had seen at the point of the sword, and who in later years, better than anyone, knew how to present fine, admirably-trained troops.



Christ Church, Cheltenham.

Photo. by J. W. A. Roylance,

Cheltenham.

ELDEST SONS OF PEERS.

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COMING-OF-AGE FESTIVITIES.

Some brilliant coming-of-age festivities are likely to be witnessed both before and after the Coronation in connection with the dozen or so eldest sons of peers who attain their majority in the course of the present year. Viscount Lewisham, the eldest son of the Earl of Dartmouth, was 21 last Saturday, while among the others may be mentioned Lord Bruce, the eldest son of the Earl of Elgin, who reaches his twenty-first birthday about a fortnight before the Coronation; Mr. H. L. Bruce, the eldest son of Lord Aberdare, who is twenty-one in May; Mr. J. C. Lyttelton, eldest son of Lord Cobham; Mr. Oliver Brett, whose father, Viscount Esher, is Secretary to the Office of Works; Mr. E. F. L. Wood, the son of Lord Halifax; Mr. J. R. Vesey, eldest son of Lord de Vesci; and Mr. T. McClintock-Bushbury, whose father is Lord Rathdonnell. An even more interesting coming-of-age is that of the Marquis of Bute, whose birthday is only six days prior to the actual Coronation, a circumstance which will doubtless enable his lordship to witness that historic ceremony as a peer of Parliament.

The Volunteer Officers' Decoration for long service has been conferred on Captain the Hon. Major Charles Holland King, 1st G.R.E.V., of Cheltenham.

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The will of the late Major-Gen. Frederick Hime, of 8 Lower Sloane-street, S.W., son-in-law of Mr. William Gardner, J.P., of Prestwich Lodge, Cheltenham, who died on Jan. 3 last, has been proved at £3,073 10s. 9d.

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The Earl of Minto, the Viceroy of Canada, has received a unique distinction. He has been given the title of Honorary Grand Chief of the Huron Indians, and has been acclaimed in that position with great enthusiasm.

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The Mayor of Chippenham has received a communication from Sir Arthur Bigge stating that the Prince and Princess of Wales will be pleased to have an address of welcome handed to them on their arrival at Chippenham at the beginning of this month on their way to Badminton. It was pointed out that the visit was a private one, and there could therefore be no ceremony.

Chaffing Papers.

No. VII.

[BY JOSEPH MERRIN.]

SOME UNADORNED ADVERTISEMENTS.

Much cudgelling of brains went on behind the old country bureau in the drawing up of advertisements for the local papers by small country tradesmen and pushing rustics anxious to meet increasing competition, before the days of "Stores" and "Branch establishments," and parcel post trading. And the aid of the editor or publisher was often asked to put the announcements into "proper shape." In the publication of some of these in their original form certainly "truth appears stranger than fiction."

"A Milk Supply for sail. Cows warranted creamy and kept in good meadows. Genuine article daily every day. Brought to your door by the cow herself."

"Billy Loftus gives nobby Lessons in gloves in the Noble Art of Self Defence in the Finchley Market Place every Saturday."

"Sur—I say, here's a chance—Ime going into a New Line. Ive dropt the Snobbing and turned Boot Lace Merchant wholesale, retail, and for exportation. I makes the Laces with a dodge of my own, and dont they last, thats all. Females or mans no matter which. Please say so in your paper and Ile call and pay."

"Bands lent out by the hour or week. New drumsticks special and rare good fiddles well drilled for popular and classical music, including the cream of the Music Halls and London Seances. Specimens can be heard on application to my daughter whose always in. So please announce in usual manner."

"A respectable purson wishes to mete a respectable pursons child to nurs. Turms low."

"Sur—Put my Dog in, I loose him a Friday night, unlucky day, and aint seen him since. Black—white below. Tale short. Nose his own name Sam. Good dog for rats. License already paid for. A Shillin reward for information. He's got my entrails on his collar so youl no him."

"Now be parrticular please, cos the school-masters drawn up draft and I certify to the enclosed enouncement which I want published wide and will call on Saturday with due payment."

"To be let at once or sold a Neat House with windows well lit containing several rooms pleasantly sittiuated commanding fine scenery. No. of rooms 6 and out and out cubbards made special and stairs easy. Garden all round planted with curleys and no weeds. Possession immediate. Terms moderate."

"Ime setting up Photographing in our village and wants it announced—about 18 penorth of space for three months. Bill dooly settled at end of time. Good expectations of custom."

"Private—I took our old Nancy tother day—more than 90. She was pleased. Her rinkles come up fine, sheel make a slap up Specimen for show."

"Mebbe you wont mind printing as I'm determined to stick to the country and that I lets first class lodgings for quiet people who can enjoy fine prospects, a little fishing on the quiet and grand sunsets behind the hill. Eggs and ham ad lib. I think they call it. with the sty a good way off. Terms extra ordinary moderate. Your old schoolfellow Ben Buckle. You remember them Sprees we had."

"Dear Sir. Theres that Poll Parrott of mine my uncle geve me, youve heard him. I likes the bird for the sake of old friends, but he does kick u. such a row specially mornings when I want a bit of sleep and I must give him up though with sorrow. Please announce in yr. obituary I mean the usual columns that a fine Parrot of the Cockatwo breed gray with scarlet dash is to be parted with with regret thro unavoidable circumenses. Talks clear and strong and wissels a good un and asks the time of day. A great bargain."

"Again I warn those Sunday loafers out of my Orchard a seeing how the fruit looks—which it aint for them, if I know it. I keep My eye on them. Please say this in a paragraph, but dont charge me much, as times are so bad, particular for fruit growers, as when theres a heavy crop down goes the price, and when theres a poor crop there is of course a very poor return."

"Notice not to sport on my Preserves with either guns or snares or fish tackle, as my rights are reserved. Trespassers prosecuted with utmost rigour especially if old offenders. Extraordinary traps set, so if injured take what you get, but leave the Game to Me."

"Sir,—Advertise above and charge to me prompt."

"Please put this Top Col."

"Tantivy—When you hear this coming along the road bring out yr. Old Bottles and worn out Dresses, Boots, hats, and rabbit skins, and setterer and get them turned into cash by Timothy Binns, General Tradesman."

"I'm known by complimentary people as the Handy Man of the Village. I want to advertise this in full terms. General Work undertook in all its branches. Well known for smoky chimnies, roof leakings, stopt drains, painting and decorating."

"He's strayed asain that old Moke of mine, and I must advertise him—but cheap. He's always hungry and plays old gooseberry with vouns crops, which I oitys the growers of 'em. But they must drive him out and I wish they would, as I want him to take out arthstones. 6d. must do for the Notice for which stamps enclosed.—John Jones."

"I am in for it heavy again, so please make it beknown that any one's cattle or pigs straying through my fences will be Impounded in the Pound sharp and the usual fine inflicted and double if possible, as Ive been long suffering from these trespassers on to my grounds, which Im night and day at work on. So please let everybody look out. Put in above as per usual and Ile call.—T.T."

"A jerneman Shoemaker is whonting as quick as possible, with several jobs waiting. A good Tradesman and for regularity anly to Will Trusty—Leatherhead. Sir put this advt. Ime known all about here, and can pay your amount."

"Sir My wife isnt got to be Trusted no more. Please sav it in your peaper by me. She is a troble with Drink and I now turned her out. But the publiccans might trust her. I wont—nor pay em. Please tell em so by your advertising collums and Ile settle up soon. Yours in trobble R. Trueman."

"To be seen alive. Be in time. A most Curcous Creature with 5 legs and no Pawse, is hed is off on one side, and is eres apoears downside Up. hese got wiskers and 1 tooth, but hese armless."

"Admission to the Wunder onely A penny at the Thunderbolt Inn. Wurtlebery Common."

"Yore Nuseman Weel pay when He brings our Pepper and oblige Tom Smith propriater as Above."

"This is Advertised for Sale immediately a Large quantity of good Wood and Timber suteable and servisable, may be had cheap. Apply at the Woodside Mills. Sir, youll please advertise according and if you dont mind and will have a load in payment ittle be sent and obleeg your Old Subscriber J.J."

"I wants a Place, wanted A Situation immedevit. Can make himselfe genrelly usefull, and Im willing to tend to a Horse and garden. Im a vone Man age 23 and nott Marreyd. You Might sav Ive Nobjection to 2 Maden Ladvs. Yores obedently A. Smith, with a gud carryctere from his last situation were I was 3½ yeares."

"Sir, please put my House in your Advt. collums. A House to let or Sold. Its situat-ion is plesently sittiuated dry with 7 rooms and all offices andcetterer near the Mills nott the saw Mills in the Golden Valley and will renow Inspektion or for Investment free old for a Party suteing with a larg garden aply on the Premises for a view."

"Sir I want a pretense for a Cooper putt him in, when I get him Ill see you when I can call as I cant now cause I want the pretense. Apply to me. Not more than 16 yrs age respektble."

"I beg to an ounce in yore paper and please Ask others to Copy that Im not John Jones as is menshund there a week afore last as committed the Fence of Larsenny up hear near my Place. He was a Tramp not Native here. Do put this rite, as Im taken for He when Im a innercent Man and yours Truly John Jones the hounest rat payer and Tailor."

LADIES' LETTERS.

Now we come to a different class of communications, and give the ladies a turn:—

"Sir—The school here is a regular nuisance. Every day and almost every hour the brats are let out in their playground, as a relief, it is pretended, to their severe studies, and these even they can't quietly engage in, but they must all shout out or sing together, and such singing, everyone out of tune with the one next him. And of course the school windows are open to let the poor dears have plenty of fresh air to expand their lungs in, and to let out the noise the better, which 's often like Bedlam let loose. O don't those Inspectors who insist on all these capers being carried out want educating themselves. They want a special code they ought to be required to work at to qualify them to earn their high salaries, instead of driving schoolmasters mad by heaping work upon them in tabulating every little incident of school work, instead of their being encouraged to make the children truthful and with feeling for each other, and fit them for doing honest work in after life.—Yours obedently, Maria Makepeace."

"P.S.—The result of all this is that the children are brought up without any feeling or fitness for the work they have to be put to, and what they learn is the result of parrot repetition, instead of interest being excited, and thought aroused."

AN INFLAMED COOK.—"Deer sir my Missis Crump she come home suddently last night after wed'd a thought she'd a gone for at laced 2 hours, and she see my Toms hat on the hook and that was enough. Tom was soon off tho he finished his game pie and beer fust and he offen comes to to our fine feastes. But she keeps a routing us up and is awful nasty, so i ats her and give her nottis. so I shall wont another missis and i hope a Better One. ples put it in advertise as you did for me afore, enclos is the usual price. Yors abeedyntly Hanner Sparks, a good cook."

A FEMALE SCRIBE.

"The female element," as the fair sex have been sometimes slightly called, occasionally enter the lists as Newspaper Correspondents; and in particularising some matters, if prolix details and strong adjectives are indications of merit, plodding men are a long way behind them, as would seem from the following:—

"The whole of this neighbourhood has been on the move for some time past providing objects for a Grand Exhibition and Bazaar for the Benefit of the Parish Room which has just come off with unbounded Success from the endless Variety of Articles presented and the number of smart young ladies who entered into it *con amore* and worked day and night in preparing Knitting Needlework Painting Knick-naes *et hoc genus omnes* of all shapes sizes and values from a threepenny bit to a sov so as to suit all pockets and positions from the Squire in his easy chair in want of a dressing-gown to the Cobbler on his 3 legged stool in want of a bootlace so necessary in root Villages like ours whose Meetingroom is sought to be renovated by the most interesting Fancy Fair which has been going on all the week with varying results according to the weather and whether the Visitors found themselves in possession of sufficient Cash to make purchases at the Unique Emporium which was presented for their admiration opening up as it does a vista to look back upon of curious Funmakers Bargain-gettings and Takingsin of the silly folk who thought to have a treat in the Art Gallery but who soon found what were the real Points of a View of the Needle in the Darning Pair lent by Granny Grimes with big eyes to suit her sight and the Fishponds where the only fish caught were Gudgeon i.e. Men easily cheated the said pond being wholly innocent of the Finny tribe but the goodness of the cause justified any amount of such deception practised upon those styled Superior Beings known as Men who

Gloucestershire Gossip.

Skating at Pittville.

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Frosty February, the nearest approach within the last seven years to the protracted late winter of 1895, is past and over, thank goodness. While it was not bad for the land and lambs and skaters, it was decidedly trying for mere mortals. Sportsmen more particularly have cause to anathematise the shortest month, which must be added to the other two of this season that the weather has spoilt in regard to hunting. Only in the last few days, when the frost, which had gone nearly a foot into the ground, has disappeared, had hunters that had been eating their heads off at home (a good phrase for the exercise of aspirates) a chance of seeing hounds. Horse dealing has had a complete stopper put on it. In fact, the only run of importance locally was that on the 4th of February, when the Croome Hounds were after a fox for three hours, most of the time being in the Ledbury country, but there was no kill. "May March and April make up for the arrears of sport," say I.

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So we are to have another "C.C.C." in our midst, namely Cheltenham Chamber of Commerce. This seems at first sight an anomaly in a fashionable town, but, happily, in Cheltenham the old sentiment of the Young England Party of 60 years ago does not prevail:—"Let laws and learning, commerce die, But spare us our nobility."

I have read the speeches which ushered in the new chamber, and I am bound to say that a very good case was made out for its formation. I like the candid way in which one tradesman went in for the more dignified title of Chamber of Commerce to that of Traders' Association. There is a great deal in a name, after all, and even commercial travellers now-a-days do not object to be called "ambassadors of commerce." I note there was some badinage as to reducing the number of lawyers in Parliament (not the local one), and replacing them by commercial men. As it is, the Chamber is now one of Cheltenham's quasi-official institutions, and if it can protect and extend its trade and commerce it will do well. Might I suggest that it should devote some attention to the question of new industries. Could not a jam factory, fed with fruit from the neighbourhood, sugar by rail from Gloucester, and plenty of available female labour in the town, be started somewhere in the Lower High street district? I hope no one will say "Jam sats" to this.

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I see that it is claimed for Mr. W. Spreckley, of Gloucester, that he introduced ping-pong to a gentleman at Cardiff 12 years ago, but I confess I have never heard of him. Gloucester, however, generally puts in a claim for something, and I know a late citizen of there alleged that he invented the safety bicycle, of the bone-shaker type. But as a matter of fact, some nine or ten years ago I played at a game with inflated small bladders kept going with the hands across a table, and this was invented by Mr. H. O. Roberts, of that city. And I am delighted to find that so successful has he been in the exploitation of his drawing-room games all over the country that he and his brother are building a large manufactory in the St. James's district in which to make their sets, for which there is a large demand.

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The paucity of marriage announcements and the long lists of deaths in the newspapers tell their own tale. It is, of course, Lent season that stops the giving in marriage to a great extent. I was very much amused the other day in hearing several of the fair sex gossiping in public about a wedding that had just taken place in Chosen Church within the unorthodox time. Said one mature dame, with whom matrimony had evidently been a failure, "They say that immediately you come out of church you commence to go down hill, and so it was with



Photo. by F. S. Aldridge,

Cheltenham.



THE BULLER TESTIMONIAL.

them. No daughter of mine shall ever be married with my consent." A younger dame expressed surprise at this determination, but added that she would never have taken the trouble to go up the hill to get married. I ventured to remark that there would soon be a chapel of ease provided down in the village, and then all would go as merry as a marriage bell. But I am afraid they were unconvinced.

The amount collected for the Buller Fund to date amounts to something over 26,000 shillings, the great bulk of which has been subscribed in small sums, with one notable exception. A special meeting of the committee will be held at an early date to determine what form the permanent memorial shall take. It is proposed to close the fund, so far as the United Kingdom is concerned, on March 25 next.

* * *

Reference to Churchdown has jogged my memory that the inhabitants of the Chosen place are to be favoured with an extra postal facility this month. One of the drawbacks to up-to-date people of residence there is the necessity of posting letters early, and the services of friends going into Gloucester or Cheltenham are frequently availed of by those who have missed the post in the parish to mail their correspondence in one of those places. The "mailed fist" has been at work, and a box in which letters can be posted up to 9 p.m. will now be placed at the railway station. I understand the "man of letters" has instructions to count how many are there posted in March, and he makes no secret of his anxiety that the Chosen people should write as many as possible. What a pity St. Valentine's Day is not this month.

By the death in his sixty-fifth year of Captain Francis Pavy, of Markham Wroughton, Wilts, and Portland-place, London, the ranks of veteran officers who have deserved well of their country lose a respected member whose company will be greatly missed by many friends. He had been ill for some months, and only recently returned from the South of France. Captain Pavy joined the 74th Highlanders when he was only eighteen, went through the Crimean war, and served in India during the Mutiny.

Poet's Corner.

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EARNEST THOUGHTS.

GLEANER.

The words of the song "Sing Me to Sleep," which we print, have been set to music by Edwin Greene—and in his best style. It has become very popular, and is selling in large numbers. Mr. Woodward is the Cheltenham agent, and tells us he has a great demand for it.

Not unto every heart is God's good gift
Of love and tenderness allowed; we meet
With love in many aspects when we left
First to our lips life's waters, bitter-sweet.
Love comes upon one with resistless power
Of curbless passion, oft with headstrong will;
It plays around like April's breeze and shower,
Or calmly flows, a rapid stream and still.
It comes with soothing power unto the heart
That welcomes it aright, or, sadder fate,
It wings our being with so fierce a smart
That love, we say, more cruel is than hate.
And then, perchance, when love has ceased to bless,
Our longing hearts cry out for tenderness.
I long for tenderness like that which hung
About me lying on my mother's breast;
A selfless feeling that no pen or tongue
Can e'er portray—for silence sings it best;
A love as far removed from passion's heat
As from the embers of its dying fire;
A love to lean on when my weary feet
Begin to tremble and my eyes to tire.
In youth's brief hey-day fiercest love you seek,
The reddest rose you grasp; but when it dies
God grant that later blossoms, violets meek,
May spring for you beneath life's autumn skies!
Then may some loving ones be near to bless
Your weary way with love and tenderness.

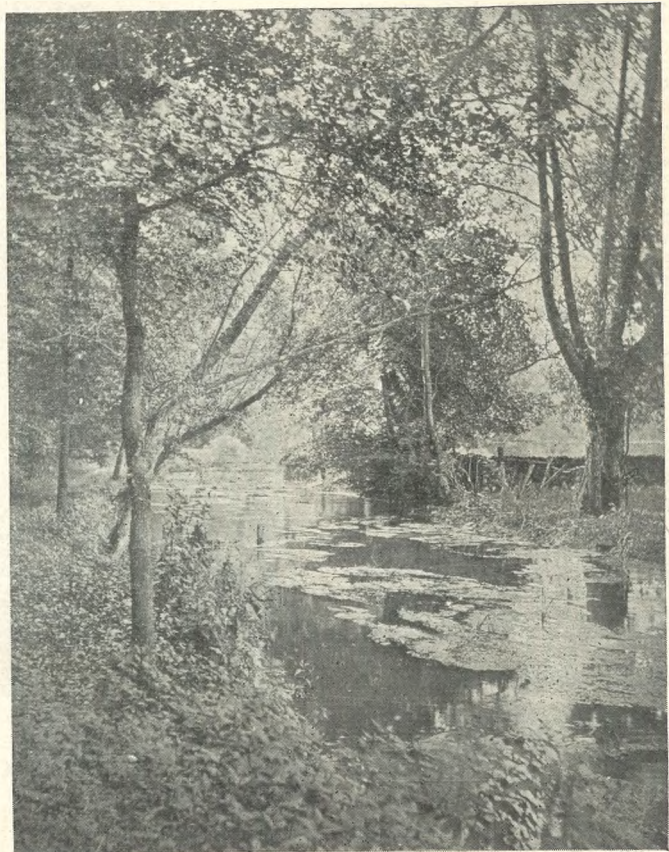
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At the annual meeting of the West Monmouth Liberal Association, at Tredegar, Alderman G. R. Harris announced that he had written Sir William Harcourt respecting a rumour that he (Sir William) would probably be shortly elevated to the peerage. Sir William had replied to the effect that his one wish and object in the House of Commons was to support the Liberal leader, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. His love and loyalty to his West Monmouthshire friends induced him to offer the remaining portion of his political life to them. He intended sticking to West Monmouthshire.

BY THE WAY.

SELINA JENKINS ON "THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE"
(MORE OR LESS).

Someone told me the other day that they was going to ask me to serve on the committee of the new Chamber of Commercials as has recently been formed to "do all such lawful things as may be conducive to the extension or improvement of trade and commerce incidental to the attainment of the above objects," wotever that do mean, wich it says so on the circulars as wos sent to all the principal residents, asking of them to come and hear the names of the Executive Committee, wich 'ad been already elected before the meeting were called, so as to save a great deal of valleyble time. But, in coorse, I declined with thanks (R.S.V.P., as I put it for short), seein' as 'ow I'm only a fieldmale, and I don't know much about this 'ere Commerce, 'ceps it may be just doing a deal, by the way like, with the chaps as comes and exchanges ferns for old boots at the area door, wich I will say I never 'eard the like of their imperence! Why, only to-day, there wos one come along as said 'e would be very grateful if I wos to exchange a pair of shoes for a 'and-some calve's-foot fern (so 'e called it), 'e being very subjec' to happileptic fits and not able to earn a honest living. Well, I fetches a very tidy pair of shoes, wich cost me 5s. at a sale only 2 years ago, and 'ad plenty of wear left about the huppers, altho' I will say they wos rather holy about the souls and heals, wich, when this young Shylock 'ad pocketed my shoes, you believe me, if 'e didn't want to clear off without 'anding me no calve's-foot fern, nor nothink, and when I threatened to give 'im in charge if 'e didn't disgorge the plunder, as the sayin' is, why—'e' just said that if I didn't be quiet 'e'd 'ave a happileptic fit there in my area, and say as 'ow I drove 'im to it! These 'ere men as sneaks down areas a-selling ferns, and sewing machines, and watches, and all manner of unnecessary articles ought to be put down—they ain't no good of to anybody, that they ain't, wich one of the villians persuaded Mary Tompkins's little maid, next dore but one, as only gets one-and-six a week and 'er washing, to superscribe 'er name for a sewing machine, to be paid for in weekly numbers at 2s. 6d. a week; and 'e told her in the soft-soapy way, wich is them chaps' chief stock-in-trade, that this 'ere sewing machine would be very useful wen she 'ad a 'ome of 'er own, she being 14 years of age and only just put 'er 'air up, as is very redicklous and didn't ought to be allowed. Then there wos my nephew, James, wich 'e were put to the grocery at 3s. a week to begin with, and 'e signed 'is name to a gold watch (with a chain given in free), a talking phonograph thing, and a "History of Religion," in 42 monthly parts, all in about a week, 'e bein' rather soft in the hintellect, altho' a very trustworthy fellow, I will say that, as would rather be taken in hisself than see somebody else ataken in, anyday. I think there ought to be a buy-law passed to abstain everybody from going down areas and lurking about round back doors to capture the hunwary for a superscription, wich I've nearly been 'ad meself before now, and if I 'adn't been pretty smart I should 'ave been landed with a lot of things as I didn't want, and so much a week to pay for years and years, as generally tots up to 2 or 3 times so much as if you wos to pay cash down on the nail, as the sayin' is. And all you young folks as reads this, you mark my words, as 'aving lived in the world a long time and 'aving learnt a thing or 2—if you sets your eyes on something you wants to get, and you can't quite afford it, don't you get it in this 'ere higher purchase system, as ain't no system at all, but just a way of payin' a higher figger for the same article as it says. No, I'll tell you wot to do! You jest set to work to put by the money, and if you really wants the article—well, you'll get it more cheaper by payin' down the cash, wich, if it's only a passin' fancy you've a-got, before



THE COLN AT ABLINGTON.

The river Coln rises a few miles from Cheltenham, and enters the Isis near Lechlade. During its course the stream beautifies some very pretty scenery, passing through the old-fashioned villages of Foss Bridge, Coln St.

Dennis, Bibury, and Coln St. Aldwyns, and thence on through Fairford—famous for its church windows—till it reaches the Thames. The stream is some fifteen miles long, and contains some very fine trout.

you 'alf saved the required amount the fancy'll be gone off, and you'll 'ave all the cash you've saved in hand. If this ain't right, you can do as George Vth says in Shakespere (as everybody says were wrote by a man called Bacon along now), "rite me down an ass," wich it isn't very perlite language, I will admit that, but that there Shakespere (or Bacon) weren't hover pertickler as to gentlemanly language in some of his pomes.

But, bless me soul, 'ere's the "Chronicle" boy come to say as the press is a-waiting for me bit of 'riting, as usual, and I've a-wandered away and quite forgot wot it was I were talking about w'en I started. Let me see, wot was it? Why, of course, this 'ere new Chamber of Commercials, and I will say I'm very pleased to see as their going to do away with bankruptcy proceedings, railway rates (and borough rates, I s'pose), and going to take hup housing the poor, licensing laws, municipal trading, and sich like and so forth and so on to the bitter end, as the sayin' is, wich, meself, I considers as this Chamber of Commercials ought to be a sight more good to the town than that there Ratepayers' Association, as were only a lot of grumbling old captins and people as wouldn't go on the Council themselves nor wouldn't let the Council do anythink unless it 'ad their full consent and auspices. Pore old Jenkins, 'e used to know wot were wot in sich matters, and 'e said to me, says 'e, "Depend upon it, Selina, you can't run any sort of sassiety, if it be a Baptist Chapel or a Ratepayers' Association, on grumbling lines only, 'cos, for why—when there ain't anythink to grumble at the whole thing falls to pieces, and you've got to start it fresh every time a new grievance comes along." And Jenkins was right, for that's wot's been the cause of so many revivals and re-starting-agains of the Rate-

payers' Association—the stock of grievances wasn't always equal to the demand, and so the grumblin' market was very slack, as you mite say. 'Aving said wich, I wishes the Chamber of Commerce every success.

SELINA JENKINS.

P.S.—N.B.—In reply to "A Visitor" last week, I always goes in the pit at the theaytre, where drafts isn't allowed to play about; and, as to the mud on the pavements—well, I'll look hup a few hadjectives to use for a speshul article on this hentertaining and slippery subject.

The Earl of Denbigh, who is a Roman Catholic, has been selected by the King to represent his Majesty at the Pope's Jubilee, which will take place in Rome in the first week in March.

His Majesty has given permission for the general use of the Royal Standard on the occasion of the Coronation. It is intimated that the subsequent employment of the flag will not be proper.

Prince Henry of Prussia arrived at New York in the Kronprinz Wilhelm at noon on Saturday. The vessel was so delayed by bad weather that she arrived a day late, and Saturday's programme—postponed to Sunday—which included visits to the Irving Theatre and the City Hall, had to be shorn of these two features. The intended visit to Grant's tomb, fixed for Sunday, had also to be abandoned, as well as the entertainment at the Duetscher Verein.



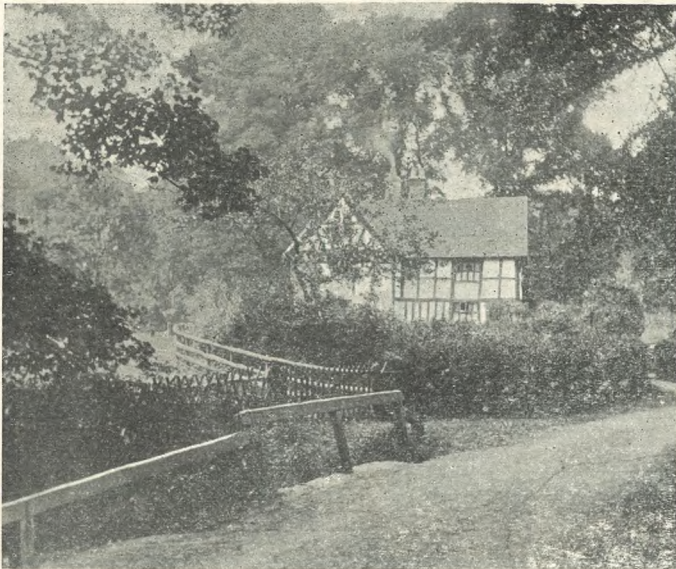
ON BROOKLANDS POND, SHEPSCOMBE

Photos. by George Jolly,



VILLAGE YOUTH AT PLAY.

Shepscombe.



AN UPTON ST. LEONARDS SCENE.

Photo. by T. Carey,

Gloucester.

HOW VACCINE IS OBTAINED.

A physician, writing in the "Church Family Newspaper" on Small-pox, Inoculation, and Vaccination, says: In order to at once set at rest any embryonic fears as to whether the vaccine we use to-day is obtained from calves by first of all giving them small-pox by inoculation, we may go on to briefly explain how the vaccine is obtained and how the supply is kept up. Our readers will remember that in the old days of arm-to-arm vaccination one child was vaccinated from another, and a third one from that, and so on *ad infinitum*. Very much the same thing occurs in the production of animal or calf "lymph" as it is called. Young, healthy calves of three or four months old are used, after the most careful selection and examination, and are kept amidst the strictest hygienic surroundings. They are fed upon sterilised milk and every precaution is taken to keep them in the highest state of health. As a rule, milk calves are more satisfactory than those which have been weaned early and fed on meal and other substitutes, and it is found that females and light-coloured or, if possible, white calves are preferable to others, as their skin is more delicate than that of dark

calves, and because they "take better than do dark ones.

Before being vaccinated the parts of the calf's body at which it is intended to introduce the vaccine are shaved, washed, and sterilised with the greatest care. After the use of soap, hot water, and the nailbrush, the parts are disinfected with carbolic acid, tyso, or some other disinfectant, and then all traces of the disinfectant are removed from the skin, or the vaccine may run the risk of being sterilised too. As to the parts selected for vaccination, this differs with different operators. Usually they comprise the abdomen and sides as well as one or two other portions of the body, whilst the buttock is not considered at all a good part. The vaccine is inserted by puncture or by scarifying, and the number and extent of the insertions vary. As a rule, the vaccine is taken from the calf on the fifth day and used for further propagation in other calves, or for ordinary human vaccination; but before being so taken the skin is again washed and sterilised.

The vaccine, being too thick to flow into ordinary capillary tubes, is collected either in larger tubes or in suitable receptacles in which it is allowed to settle, the fibrinous

floculi being then removed and the fluid run into tubes. In order to cause the thick vaccine to flow from the pocks, recourse is had to compression by means of specially-constructed forceps. After all the fluid has been compressed, the pocks still contain a considerable quantity of extremely active virus in their tissues, and in order to obtain this the pock itself is scraped, the resultant material reduced to a creamy consistence in specially-constructed machines, and mixed with trebly-distilled and sterilised glycerine.

This "glycerinated calf lymph," as it is termed, is the most reliable and best known, for not only it is thoroughly active, but the glycerine incorporated has the power of destroying all extraneous micro-organisms which may be accidentally present, or usually found in calf vaccine when taken from the calf. It is thus the purest form of vaccine, and does not produce nearly as much local inflammatory action as does the vaccine taken from the calf and vaccinated direct on the child. This vaccine is exclusively employed in Germany and in our own Navy and Army, and is to a very great extent the only vaccine used by the ordinary medical practitioner.

SING ME TO SLEEP.

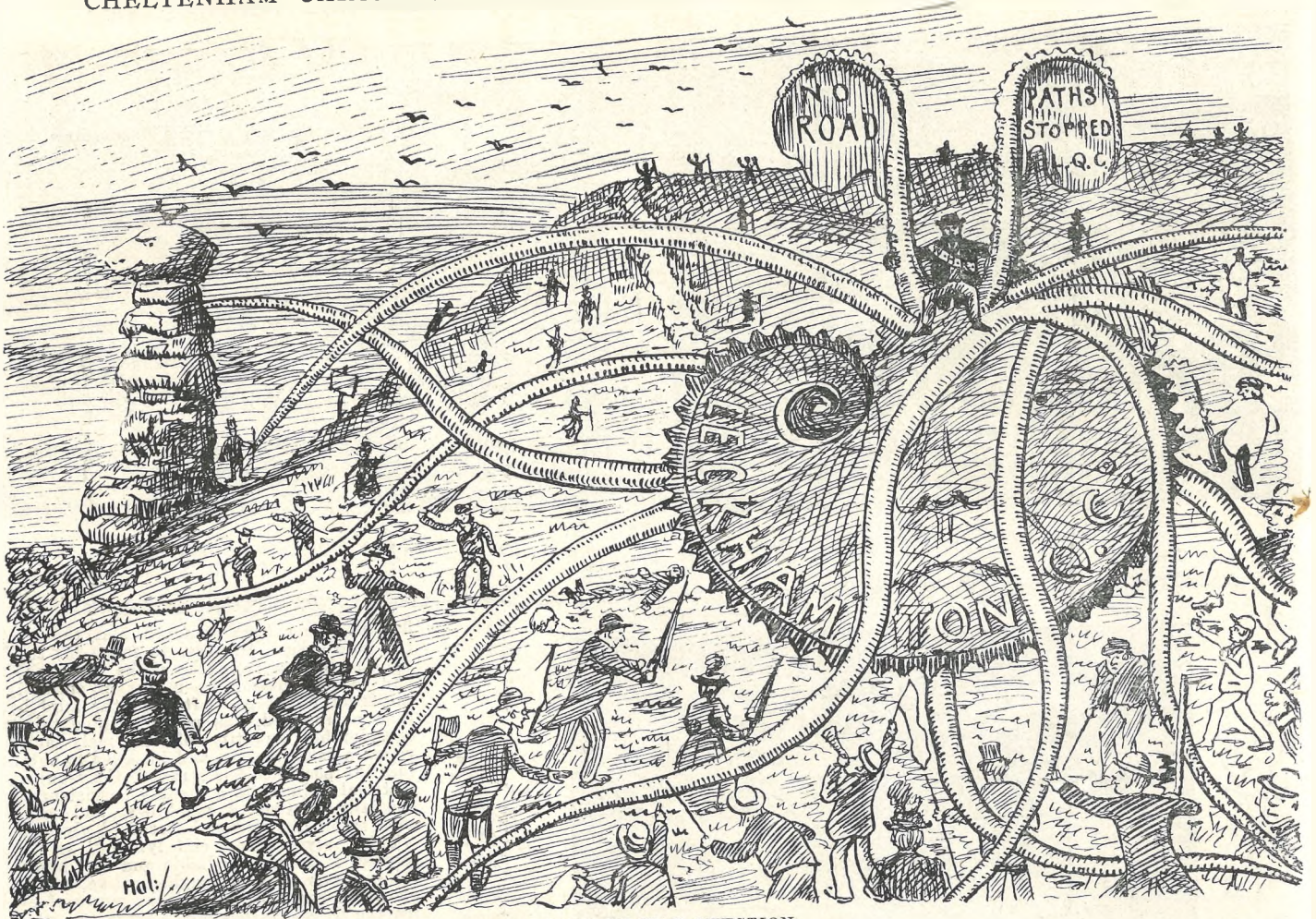
Sing me to sleep, the shadows fall;
Let me forget the world and all;
Tired is my heart, the day is long;
Would it were come to evensong.
Sing me to sleep, your hand in mine,
Our fingers as in prayer entwine;
Only your voice, love, let me hear,
Singing to tell me you are near.

Love, I am lonely,
Years are so long;
I want you only,
You and your song.
Dark is life's shore, love,
Night is so deep;
Leave me no more, love,
Sing me to sleep.

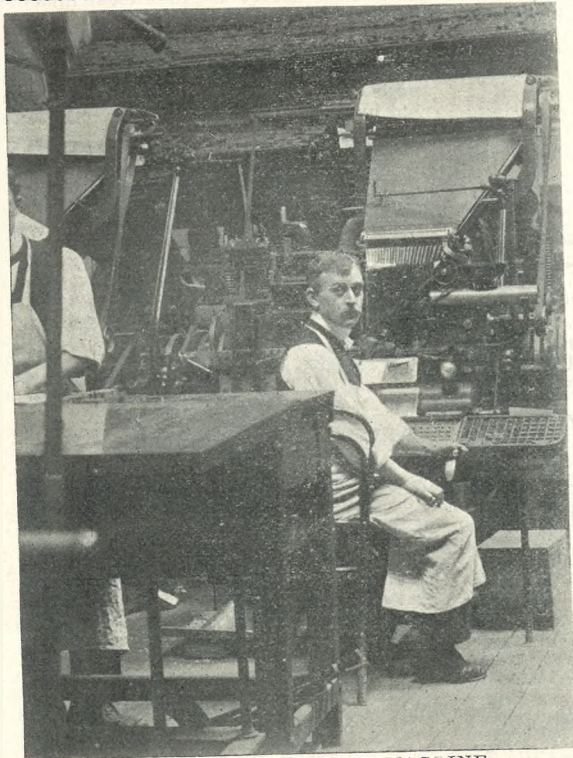
Sing me to sleep, love, you alone
Seem to be left me for mine own;
Haply my heart will know no pain
When I awake from sleep again.
Sing me to sleep and let me rest;
Of all the world I love you best;
Nothing is faithful, nothing true,
In heaven or earth, but God and you.

Love, I am lonely,
Years are so long;
I want you only,
You and your song.
Dark is life's shore, love,
Night is so deep;
Leave me no more, love,
Sing me to sleep.

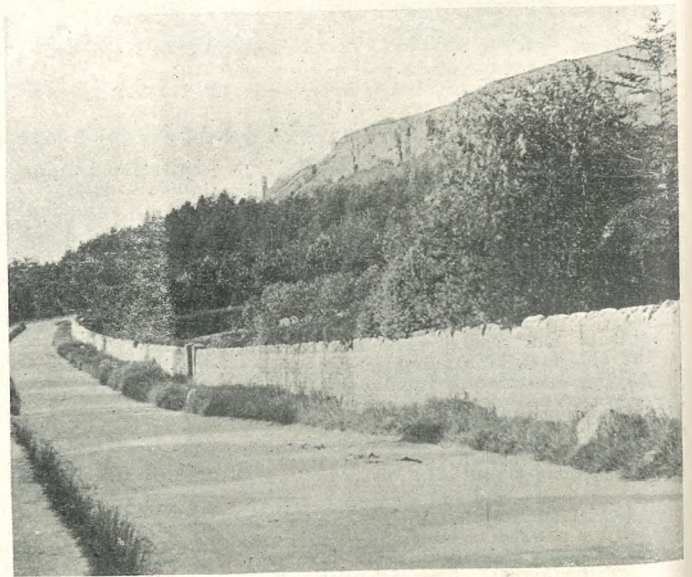
CLIFTON BINGHAM.



THE RIGHT OF WAY QUESTION.
A VIGOROUS ATTACK ON THE LOCKHAMPTOPUS.



AN "ECHO" LINOTYPE MACHINE.
Cheltenham.
Photo, by G. V. Bright.



ON THE BIRDLIP ROAD—BEYOND THE DEVIL'S CHIMNEY.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 62.

SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1902.

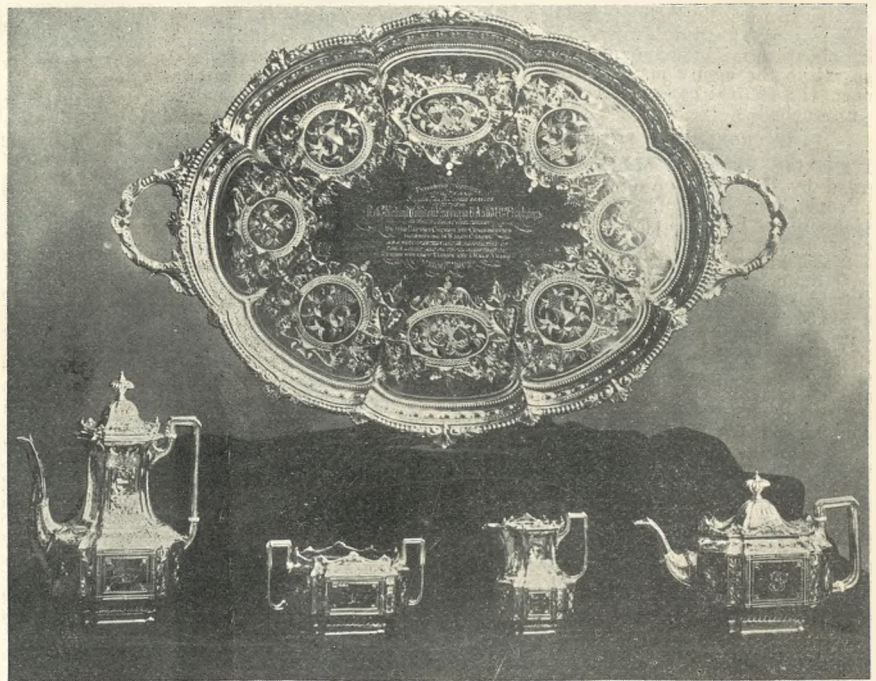
CHARLTON KINGS PARISH CHURCH.

DEDICATION OF AN ORGAN.

The dedication of the new organ at Charlton Church took place on Tuesday morning. The service opened with the dedication prayer by the Rev. T. Hodson (vicar). The hymns were of an appropriate character, and the choir sang in good taste. An address was delivered by the Ven. Archdeacon of Dorset, the Rev. C. L. Dundas, a former vicar of Charlton Kings, who took as his text the 6th verse of the 12th chapter of St. Paul to the Romans: "Having then gifts differing according to the grace that is given to us, whether prophecy, let us prophesy according to the proportion of faith." The preacher said it was nearly 27 years since God called him to his first responsible office which he ever held in His Church, and that was to be vicar of Charlton parish, and it was a great joy to him that God having called him to another responsible office the very first words he should speak in that capacity should be spoken in that old church which was so dear to them all. It was also a great joy that it should be in connection with such a service as that, viz. the dedication of a new organ, the beauty of which had been exemplified that morning in accompanying the highest act of worship that man could render here upon earth to God when in celebration of the Holy Eucharist. He was thankful that the work which God had given him to begin in that parish had reached the point witnessed that day. Now they could, with all outward accompaniment in the way of beautiful music, do all that lay in their power to express outwardly all the forms of beauty that were their spiritual joy and the light that was in their hearts. Much progress had evidently been made during the 19 years since he left them. He enlarged upon St. Paul's advice in the text, and urged them to abide by it. Whatever their convictions might be, let them not forget the mighty vastness of the truth. Each one had his work to do, and let him do it according to his own belief. They must restrain themselves and guard against exaggerations and extremes. All the beautiful music and ritual which was associated with their worship was of no avail unless their inner faith was penetrated, permeated, and inspired through and through with the Spirit of God.—The organ is a very fine one, of sweet tone. At the conclusion of the service Mr. W. H. Brasher, F.G.C.M. (the organist), played the "Andante" from Mendelssohn's Sonata No. 1 and the "Gloria" from Mozart's Twelfth Mass.—The Holy Communion was celebrated by the Rev. T. Hodson and the Rev. F. W. Parkinson, the Sacrament being administered to a large number of communicants.

* * *

The marriage arranged between the Hon. Ben. Bathurst, M.P., and Miss Spencer Churchill will take place on Tuesday, the 22nd of April, at St. Peter's, Eaton-square, at half-past two o'clock.



Testimonial presented to the Rev. R. G. Fairbairn, B.A., and Mrs. Fairbairn, on their leaving Cheltenham.

The presentation plate consists of a handsome massive oval tray, with elaborately-embossed and engraved border, together with a tea and coffee service of very elegant design, all in solid silver, supplied by Messrs. Waite and Son, silversmiths, High-street, Cheltenham.

The tray bears the following inscription:—"Presented, together with a silver tea and coffee service, to the Rev. Robert Gordon Fairbairn, B.A., and Mrs. Fairbairn, on their leaving Cheltenham, by the Baptist Church and Congregation worshipping in Salem Chapel, as a mark of esteem, and in recognition of their loving and faithful ministrations during the past eleven and a half years.—March 5th, 1902."

Photo by Waite and Pettitt,

College Studio, Cheltenham.



THE POPE'S JUBILEE.

The celebration of the pontifical jubilee of Leo XIII. was inaugurated on Monday by solemn celebration of Mass in the Papal Chapel of St. Peter's, at which his Holiness was present. There was a large assembly, including a number of Royal and other exalted personages. The Pope was received with acclamation, both before and after the service.

* * *

Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, the well-known millionaire and president of the Steel Trust, has given £400,000 to a Southern University in the United States.

A marriage will take place in the middle of April between the Rev. Frederick de Paravicini, rector of Grateley, younger son of the late Rev. the Baron F. de Paravicini, rector of Avening, Gloucestershire, and Harriet Ella, third daughter of the Rev. J. B. Fenwick, of Abbots Ann Rectory, Andover.

* * *

Lord Rosebery is to be presented with the honorary freedom of the Borough of Colchester on May 15. The distinction has hitherto been conferred only on Alderman Sir George Faudel-Phillips.

Problems of Town Life.

By The Hon. LIONEL HOLLAND.

[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]*

The absence of thoroughness and decision, which for several years past has characterised the work and policy of the British Parliament, is, perhaps, well in harmony with the prevailing temper of the times. Members of the House of Commons may none the less be fair representatives of their constituents, because they lack application to study the larger problems that beset the social advance of the labouring classes, or the purpose and conviction requisite seriously to attempt their solution. They are contented to prescribe palliatives for deep-seated ailments. Physicians who allow themselves no leisure to diagnose a disease can have little confidence in any treatment that they recommend for its cure. Similarly our ministers and politicians, fearfully conscious of their inadequate research into the nature of some social malady, fain have recourse to tentative remedies, which they hope may afford a measure of relief, and which they are fairly confident are innocuous. Thus, while the agony may be alleviated for a space, the genital causes of the malady are left untouched.

THE PROBLEM OF THE DAY.

A striking example of this method is afforded by the question of the Housing of the People, and by the manner with which Parliament has handled it. The gravity and urgency of the problem are beyond dispute. Over 26,000 human beings in London live six or more in one room; more than 215,000 people inhabit 56,000 single-roomed tenements; more than 330,000 live in 55,000 two-roomed dwellings—an average of four and three persons in a single room—and so on, in diminishing degrees of squalid discomfort and ascending degrees of spacious luxury, till we arrive at the airy magnificence of a millionaire's palace in Park-lane. In Glasgow, out of a population of some 700,000, over 400,000 dwell in single or two-roomed apartments. Dr. Russell, the Public Officer of Health in Glasgow, has informed us how in the crowded quarters of this city the death rate is 38 per 1,000, while in the less crowded parts it is 18. This heightened death rate is only an indication of yet more noxious results, which may go far to sap the tranquillity, and to vitiate the manhood and morality of our nation. What dignity of life, what chance of healthy development or content, much less of intellectual growth, can subsist with these conditions of existence, in a home where father and mother, girls and boys, family and lodgers, are thus herded together in one or a couple of rooms, from which, almost of necessity, quiet, fresh air, and cleanliness must be banished? Small wonder the saloon of the public-house has its attractions to people who have only this stamp of home to return to.

I know of no political circumstances more discouraging than the manner in which those responsible for dealing with this problem, who cannot be unaware of its consequences and magnitude, evade its permanent issues, and shift to silence the evil, without exorcising it. The incidental consideration of the demolition of insanitary areas has alone been approached with any show of reality. To diminish, however, the number of such superlatively squalid districts, without providing dwelling-places for dispossessed tenants, without, in fact, dealing simultaneously and systematically with the whole question of the insufficiency of house accommodation for the wage-earning classes, is in nowise to relieve, and in some respects even to aggravate, the mischief.

OTHER SIDES OF THE PROBLEM.

For the problem is a manifold one. In various forms it has been the subject of investigation by more than one Commission and Parliamentary Committee. It involves not only the subject of overcrowding, the presence in any one house of an excessive number of inmates. There are neighbourhoods where no spare house accommodation whatever seems to be available. We have in evidence,

for instance, the case of an East London carman, in regular employment at a wage of 26s. a week, who, ejected from one cottage, searched in vain for another, his family sleeping meanwhile in passages and stables, until he had to sue admission to the Poplar Workhouse. Again, a working man with a family cannot properly be called upon to pay away more than a tenth of his income for rent. Yet in some parts of London, and in certain industrial centres, a labourer may deem himself fortunate if he is not obliged to devote a fifth of his earnings to secure for his family even tolerable accommodation. In Whitechapel some small speculators have attempted to establish a kind of "corner" in weekly lettings, and a famous profit is made by pitting one anxious competitor for a vacant cottage against another. Rents have been run up from 7s. 6d. to 15s. for some of these modest houses. And, further, there is the consideration of transit. Whether it be, as in the West End of London, that powerful landlords have found it to their pecuniary advantage to displace working-class quarters in favour of mansions of a superior kind, or from whatever cause artisans may be compelled to reside at a distance from their places of employment, in the suburbs or outskirts of a town, it is to the industrial advantage and convenience of the community, as it is the obvious duty of our legislators, to ensure that the whole area and neighbourhood of each considerable city is covered with swift, cheap, and ready means of intercommunication.

Seldom has a problem presented itself with grave and complex social and financial issues more manifestly demanding methodical, vigorous, and comprehensive treatment; never has one of equal magnitude received more haphazard and hesitating handling. In place of the readjustment of policy which alone can offer the prospect of a solution, there is substituted some flattering amendment of a previous Act. I have not room to set forth in detail the evils with which they treat, or to do more than indicate their possible remedies. I must content myself with an expression of my opinion, that no mere amendment of existing laws can, in this instance, be of much avail, unless it is accompanied by a substantial alteration of social policy. I am persuaded that no sensible progress can be made towards the solution of this problem of the Housing of the People, as of several other of the subjects which perplex the endeavours of the reformer in our great cities, until a vastly wider measure of initiative and control, both administrative and fiscal, of dignity, and of independence, is conferred upon the municipal authorities of our nation, its Councils and Corporations.

It becomes every session more manifest how the Imperial Parliament is unable to deal sufficiently with Housing question, and with kindred matters that clamour for attention. It lacks the time, the understanding, and the will. Nevertheless, the House of Commons clings to its privileges, with all the jealousy of feeble motherhood towards a full-grown son. Although once it had the foresight and wisdom to install and elaborate the machinery capable of supplying its deficiencies, it now dreads to see those engines of progress productive.

LONDON'S OBJECT LESSON.

London supplies the most striking example of the pernicious consequences of Parliament's jealous dread of rivalry from subordinate assemblies; for to give London the advantages of any real degree of self-government were longest denied, and Parliamentary interference has been most frequent in its affairs. We find the supply of water to the immense metropolitan community still managed by boards of directors for the profit of individuals, with varying efficiency, and varying rates of charge. The supply of gas and electric light is controlled by a number of private companies. We have rival promoters disputing over the possession of underground railways lying almost wholly within the metropolitan area, while the tramway system is crassly inadequate, nor even yet in the entire ownership of the central authority. Ground landlords are at liberty to plan out the reconstruction of their properties, destroying streets of working-class dwellings, with

a single regard for their personal enrichment, but a total disregard of the necessities of the industrial population of the capital. An intelligent citizen of Germany or France would scarcely credit the statement that such a negation of all progress should be tolerated in any English town. Nevertheless so Parliament has willed it, even denying to the central authority the right to equip the city with public markets, or to lay a tram-line along the wide embankment of the Thames, which the ratepayers are compelled to maintain, yet are forbidden the privilege of using in the manner that they prefer. London has become, under Parliamentary regime, the happy sleeping ground of vested interests, where water and railway monopolies, ground landlords and house speculators, dock and market trusts, luxuriate under the dispensing power of the Imperial Legislature. Moreover, Parliament has forged fetters round municipal enterprise that effectually impede its successful activity. The stringent conditions attached to the erection of working-men's dwellings render—in the case of London in particular—their construction for the class that most needs accommodation impossible. Although the value of a site may be certain to appreciate, its original cost cannot be reckoned as a capital asset, but must be liquidated within the narrow limit of years decreed by the Local Government Board. Then, while the ratepayers have to bear the cost of clearing an insanitary area, any opportunity of recouping themselves out of the enhanced value of the surrounding property, and the many advantages of ownership are refused to them.

MUNICIPAL TRADING AND ADVANTAGES.

On the other hand, the House of Commons lends a ready ear to any suggestion that emanates from a member who is desirous of restricting still further the scope of municipal enterprise. The subject is even now under investigation upon the plea that municipal trading entails injurious competition with private industry, results in jobbery and undue influence, and in financial loss. This last supposition is sufficiently disproved by the record of Continental cities, and by our experience at home. The lowest rated towns in this country nearly all owe their good fortune to profits upon municipal trading. The objection that jobbery is consequential upon any large expenditure in municipal undertakings, or that favouritism or extravagance must accompany the direct control of a quantity of employees, are gratuitous hypotheses resting on slight foundations. For security against these abuses we must rely upon the same influence that alone killed jobbery in Parliament—upon the force of public opinion; and the fuller the powers and authority, and the more weighty the duties of a public body, the fuller the stream of criticism that will be directed towards its proceedings. Those, finally, who contend that municipal trading trenches upon the proper sphere of individual enterprise betray a singular want of the faculty of discrimination. There is a class of undertakings which inevitably tend to become monopolies, when the public loses the advantage of competition, the great merit of private enterprise; which concern the satisfaction of wants common to the community, when, by resigning their supply to private speculators, the community is deprived of effective control over matters vital to its convenience; whose functions are of a semi-public nature, and require the sanction of the law to be put into operation. Such undertakings are clearly differentiated from the ordinary operations of private traders; they can only with justice and advantage to the community be vested in a representative body, to be conducted for the profit and convenience of the public.

Mr. Chamberlain once expressed his belief how, through the development of municipal activity, the community as a whole might share in every pleasure and advantage which a rich man possesses as an individual. Certainly an active municipality should be able to do much to relieve the evil monotony of town life, and to provide easy opportunities for diversion and instruction. For the wealthy man's country estate, the poor citizen would share in the enjoyment of public parks and open spaces, and easy access to the en-

FOOTBALL SCENES.—Cheltenham v. Cwmbran, March 1st, 1902.



CHELTENHAM TAKING THE FIELD.

Photos. by G. Hailing]



A WELL-FORMED SCRUM.

[Cheltenham.



virons of his town. For the rich man's galleries of pictures and books, there would be the municipal museums and libraries. Much more remains to be done in the way of providing well-cared-for recreation grounds, swimming baths, public concerts, technical schools—to afford every citizen a chance of physical and intellectual distraction. Nor do I doubt that a courageous and sagacious Corporation or Council, endowed with fuller powers of trading, with authority not only to clear areas for public improvements, but to build and to retain possession of properties, renting houses direct to occupiers, could largely extend its activities without any increased pressure upon the rates. For thus some of the increment now distributed among private individuals, arising from public enterprise, would be retained for the general benefit of the public. The social evils of the day can only be relieved by not merely conceding, but by acting upon the principle, that the welfare of a community is superior to the interests of its individual members or of any section of its members.

The liberated activities of a local authority need be in no wise confined to alleviating the evil of overcrowding, or to the provision of facilities to its constituents for recreation and culture. It is, indeed, certain that the miserable chance of a satisfactory home life open to a large portion of the poor of our population, and the paucity of rational interests and amusements accessible to them, contribute materially to the mischief of excessive drinking. It is clear that the solution of the drink question is not to be sought in the direct, but in the indirect intervention of Parliament. It will not be approached through compulsory, but through permissive legislation, entrusting powers for regulating the liquor traffic to municipalities, and enabling them besides to make trial of the idea embodied in Lord Grey's scheme of reformed public-houses. Lord Grey himself, as I understand his views, looks forward to the day when the initiative and capital of private individuals will be replaced by the control and capital of the ratepayers, acting through their County and Municipal Councils. By the consequent reduction in the number of taverns, and by the substitution of reformed public-houses for houses whose lessees depend for their livelihood on the quantity of intoxicating liquor they are able to sell, a long step will have been taken towards the goal of temperance reformers.

It might be hoped, then, that some progress would be made towards migrating the special evils which mar the lives and contentment of the wage-earning classes in our cities, if only the Imperial Parliament could be in-

duced to abandon its jealous attitude towards municipal assemblies, to enlarge their spheres of action, and to bestow upon them a greater measure of independence. Nor is it less essential that their present narrow powers of taxation should be broadened, and that they should be endowed with some liberty of initiative and selection in the field of finance. The source of Imperial and local taxation should be rigidly distinguished, the confusion of grants-in-aid, of contributions and deductions, got rid of, and sufficient resources for revenue allotted to local authorities out of which to supply their requirements.

Moreover, the various functions of city government should be united under one authority. Each town community should learn to look, as to all its non-Imperial interests, to a single centre for their expression and protection. It requires an effort even to enumerate the variety of authorities, private and public, which at present guard over the common interests of the metropolis—the London County Council, the City Corporation, numerous London Borough Councils, a Metropolitan Asylums Board, a Thames and a Lea Conservancy Board, a School Board, a multitude of Boards of Guardians, a Technical Education Committee with members variously selected, eight Water Companies, eight Gas Companies, and several Electric Light undertakings, Tramway, Omnibus, and Railway Companies, a Metropolitan Police Board, a Dock and Market Trusts, the Boards of Voluntary Hospitals, with magistrates as the licensing authority for public-houses, and the Lord Chamberlain for theatres. It is by vesting in a single assemblage a supreme control over all matters of social moment to the community inhabiting the area of its jurisdiction, that its dignity can be best assured, and public attention be directed to its proceedings; while, to a degree, that same play of conflicting interests will be induced which obtains at a Parliamentary election, so that no one interest, or undesirable influence, is powerful enough to dictate the result of an electoral contest.

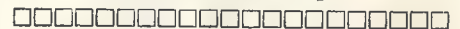
In the exercise of their enlarged powers the municipal Corporations and Councils would no doubt be guilty of certain indiscretions, would make mistakes, and incur dangers. No mistake, however, is likely to prove more pernicious, and no danger more considerable, than the mistake and danger of allowing the present fatuity of inaction to continue, that culpable indifference which has resulted in remunerative sources of revenue being handed over to private individuals, in an absence of all symmetry and design, in the acute problem of decent housing for the poorer strata of the community.

For the rest, the problems of town life are not dissimilar to the problems that face the mass of our wage-earning population, whether they reside in cities or in villages—excessive hours of monotonous labour, the risk of loss of employment through industrial depression or physical incapacity, and the problem of old age. These are questions whose solution lies properly within the jurisdiction of our Imperial Parliament. Indeed, one of the chief problems of town life is first of all a problem of country life—how to render the existence of rural labourers more palatable and prosperous, so as to put some check upon their immigration into our over-populous cities.

LIONEL HOLLAND.

Next Week: "THE CHURCH SOCIAL QUESTION," BY DEAN FARRAR.

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



THE TWO GARDENS.

There is a garden that I knew
In days now past re-calling,
Wherein I lov'd to sit and dream
When evening shades were falling;
There dear old-fashioned flowers grew,
With perfume sweetly blending,
And whispering trees a story told
Of Love which has no ending.
There roses grew, and lilies tall
With snow-white blossoms gleaming,
And golden sunflowers, in a row,
At eventide seemed dreaming!
Ah, 'tis long ago, yet I see it still,
That garden fair past telling,
And sweetest of all dreams to me
Within my memory dwelling.
There is a garden far away,
By Angels ever tended,
Where we may walk, and rest one day,
When this short life is ended.
There grow the flowers which never fade,
Their perfume dying never;
'Tis God's own garden we shall know,
And live with Him for ever.

EDWIN GREENE.

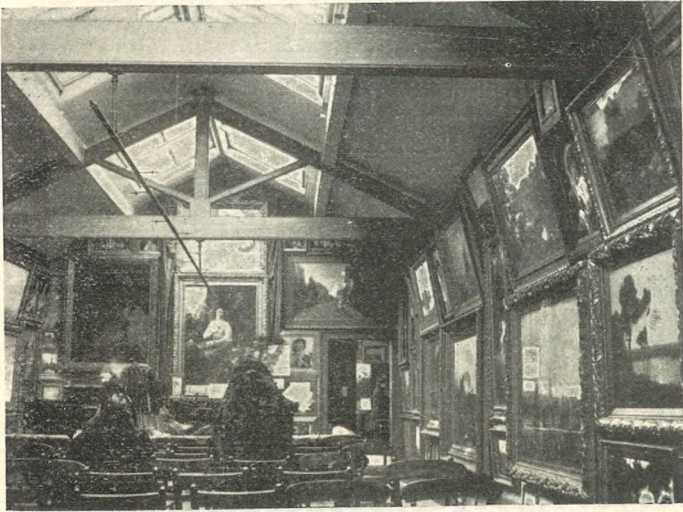
"Two Gardens" is by Mr. Edwin Greene, of Cheltenham, and is his latest song. It is dedicated to Miss Phillips, of Charlton Kings. Mr. Greene has received a gracious approval of his song "Springtide" and acceptance of a copy by H.R.H. the Princess of Wales.



The Hon. Cecil F. Collier has been elected hon. secretary of the Byron Society. He is the youngest son of Lord Monkswell, and is 20 years of age.

FINE ART EXHIBITION IN CHELTENHAM.

OUR PRIZE PICTURES.



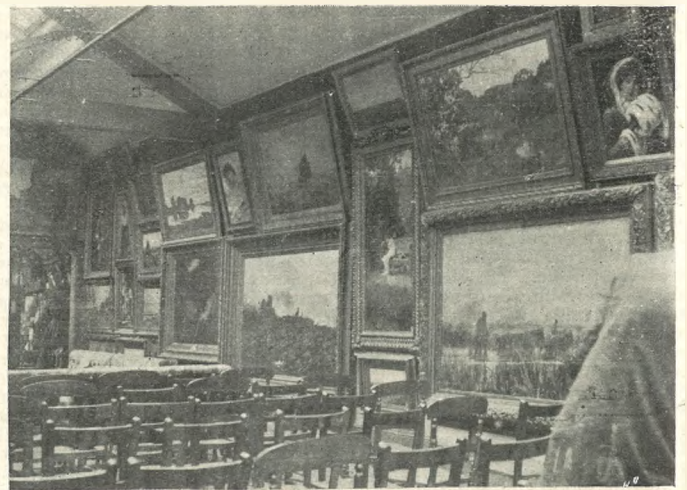
GENERAL VIEW OF LARGE ROOM.
OIL PAINTING SECTION.



THE WATER COLOURS.



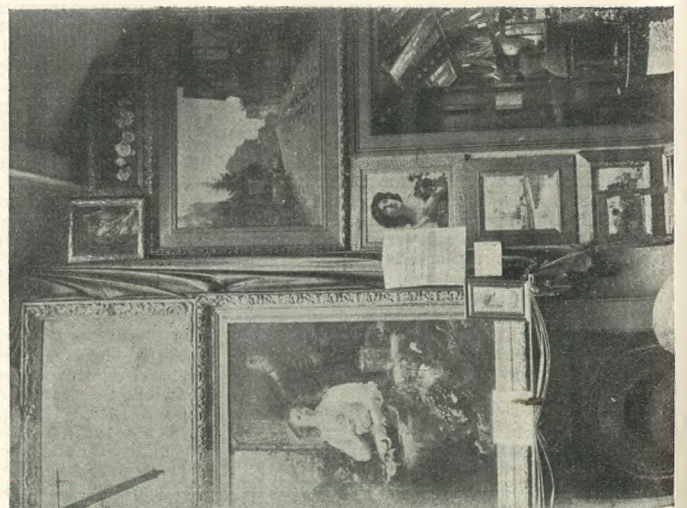
A CORNER IN THE ART NEEDLEWORK ROOM.



SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL PICTURES.



IN THE AMATEURS' ROOM—ART NEEDLEWORK AND MINIATURES.

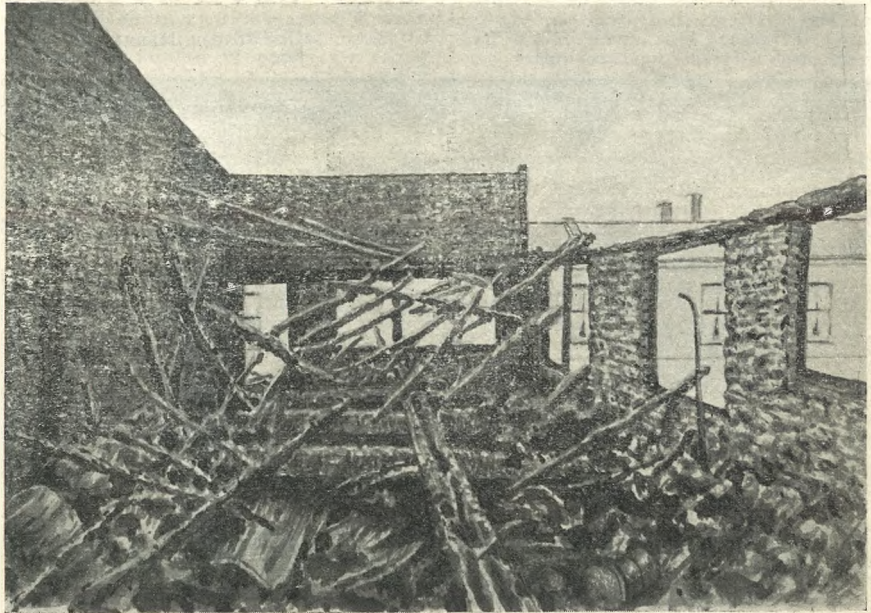


PICTURES ON THE END WALL.

BY THE WAY.

* * *

SELINA JENKINS ON BACON AND SHAKESPEARE.



Sketch by J. A. Probert

[8 Brighton-road.

RUINS OF MR. WALL'S PREMISES IN MITRE STREET, CHELTEMHAM.
BURNT OUT FEBRUARY 25.

I can't say as I 'olds with all these 'ere new discoveries wich is a-takin' place aroundst us nowadays, sich as tipe-writers, and wireless telegraphy, and hire criticisms, and sich like, wich only the hother day my nephew, Benjamin, as were called sich after the celebrated old Dizzy, as used to live on primroses, and made the late Queen Victorier (bless 'er) a Hemperor, 'e spins me a fine yarn about 'ow the Gospel of Job weren't 'rote by Job at all, but by someone as used 'is name like, 'e not being certain of 'is spellin' and grammar, wich I calls it outdacious to say sich things meself. It's perfect sacrilige, that it is; and now they says as William Shakspeare's works, as we all knows from our baby'ood upwards is the genuine article, was really done by a man called Bacon, as were a sort of 'anger-on of that there Queen Elizabeth, as burnt 1000's of good Xtians at the steak without so much as "by yer leave," and all to stop 'em from sayin' as 'twasn't Shakspeare, but Bacon, as 'rote the plays, so they say! You see, this is 'ow it all come out: I were down at the pork-butcher's last week, just looking around for a bit of streaky bacon, not too lean (becos there aint no gravy in it when it's too lean), and there were a young woman behint the counter as did 'er best to be very funny at my expense, wich, I must tell you, I'd just been and fetched back my 6d. Shakspeare, as I lent to Mary Ann Tomkins 4 months ago come Friday week, and shouldn't 'ave got it now if I 'adn't gone and asked 'er for it, as I considers is a kontemptible 'abit to borrow books and forget to return 'em, wich I'd scorn the haction meself, besides 'aving spilt a ink-bottle over "Roman and Julia," as I'm very fond of, and tore out 3 leaves of the most affecting parts of the "Merchant of Venus," as were just where that there Shylock threatens to scrape a lb. of the best scallops off the young man's chest if 'e didn't 'and 'im over a cheque for the ballance on the spot, as the sayin' is—just like them Jews, says I! Well, as I was a-sayin', I 'ad this 'ere Shakspeare in me l hand and me umbrella in the other; so, as I were fairly full hup, wich this 'ere young woman, wantin' to 'ave a rise out of a elderly fieldmale, says to me, "It's a case of Bacon verses Shakspeare again, Mrs. Jenkins," and everybody in the shop laffed like mad, until it seemed to me as if the very pigs' 'eads was a-grinning at me, and 'ere I didn't see no joke in it, howsoever, not 'aving 'eard nothink about no Shakspeare-Bacon disturbances meself; but I expect it's all thro' that there Madam Corelli, as lives at Stratford-on-Aving now, and very like is jealous of William, and 'ave set the ball a-rollin' as 'e didn't 'rite them pomes and l things at all, wich I don't think sich things ought to be allowed, not meself, as doubting a man's honesty 'ere 1000's of years after 'e's dead and buried, wich 'e 'aven't got not even the ghost of a chance to defend 'imself against them as said 'e didn't do them pomes and things; but, meself, I considers 'e must 'ave 'rote it all, becous, in the book wich I 'as there's 'is name as big as big—"The Plays and Pomes of William Shakspeare, People's Edition. Price 6d."—wich they wouldn't never 'ave dared to 'ave put 'is name in print if that other chap 'rote 'em, would they now? especially since that there "Abbas Corpses" Act made it an ecclesiastical offence to sign yer name wrong.

Why, the next thing, they'll be saying as I don't 'rite this 'ere harticle week by week, but put it down to one of the ministers or curates or somethink of the kind, just becous I can't 'rite over well in me private correspondence, altho' I will say as I can 'rite a Roman round 'and so good as any tipe-writer, altho' I says it as oughtn't! 'Owever, that's neither 'ere nor there, as the sayin' is; but I do consider they mite let a man be, after 'e's been dead these many years, and not get taking away his refutation 'olesale.

A friend of mine, of a literary persuasion of mind, lent me a magazine to read, all

about this 'ere Bacon-Shakspeare disturbance, in the course of wich it said as Shakspeare's father wasn't no better'n 'e ought to be, and that William himself couldn't 'rite 'is own name 2ce alike, wich 'is spelling was somethink awful. But we all knows as there wasn't no involuntary schools, with special collections to keep their 'eads above water, in them Scriptural times as 'e lived in, and so 'twas as natural as could be that 'e wasn't no scholar; and, s'posing 'e couldn't 'rite 'is name very well, that don't alter the fact that 'is name's printed inside my Shakspeare, wich it says "Plays and Pomes by William Shakspeare. Price 6d. People's Edition," so plain's can be.

things as no sane, heddicated person, like me and you, Mr. Editor, would countinghouse for a moment.

Wich proves that they're all 'rong and Mr. W. Shakspeare still 'rote the plays and pomes; as the lawyer says, Q.E.D.

SELINA JENKINS.

P.S.—I haven't patients with sich nonsents, not meself.

PRIZE PHOTOGRAPHY.

* * *

The Proprietors of the "CHELTEMHAM 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.

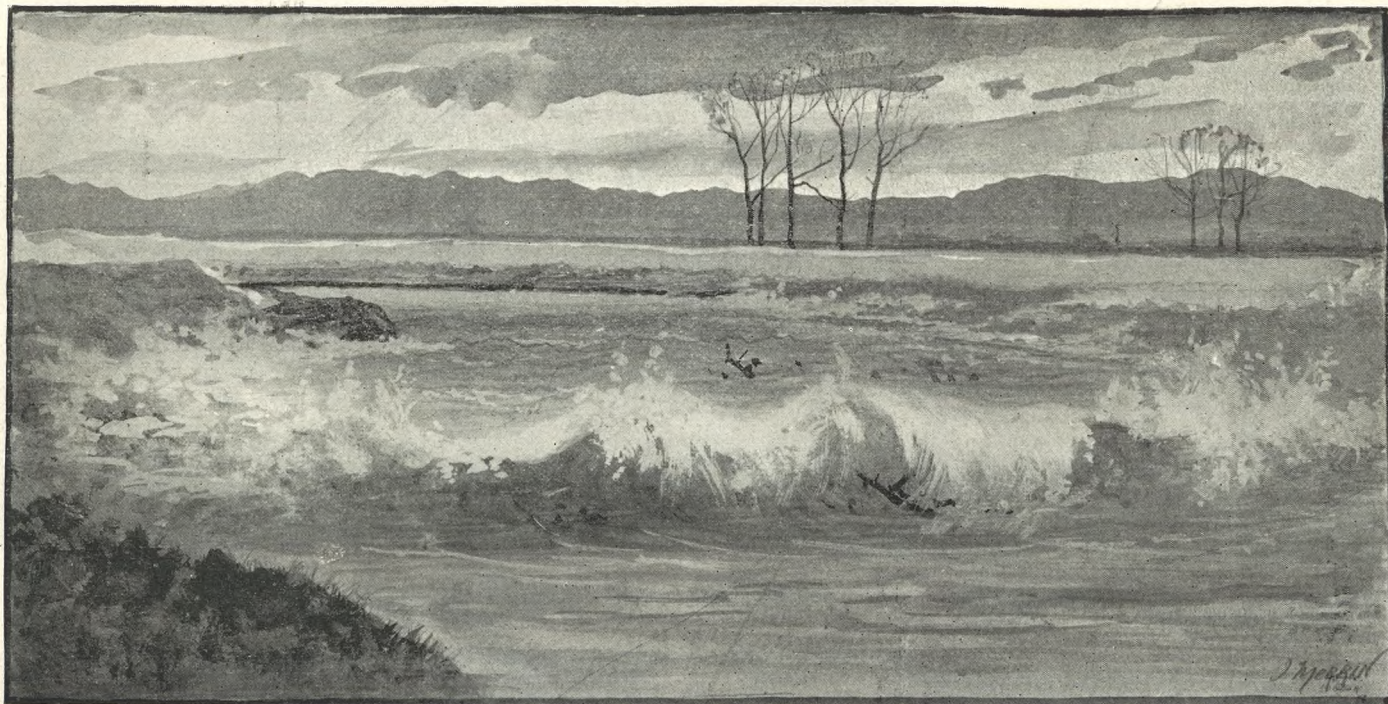
The winner of the 61st competition is Mr. G. V. Bright, of Woburn House, Cheltenham, with the Fine Art Exhibition series.

Entries for the 62nd competition closed this (Saturday) morning, March 8th, 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 death is announced of Dr. George Vance Smith, an eminent Unitarian minister, one of the revisers of the New Testament, and principal of Carmarthen Presbyterian College up to 1888.

THE SEVERN BORE.

[BY JOSEPH MERRIN.]



Sabrina, fair, not sole for salmon famed,
And length of flow from purest mountain
source,
But bravely bears the sea-borne Bore, all
tamed,

To sail, as ocean craft, along its course.
As the time has nearly arrived for the
annually recurring phenomenon of the tidal
wave known as the Bore rushing up the
Severn for several miles from its estuary,
some notice of it may not be without interest,
especially as no other river in England dis-
plays this curious freak of the tides so grandly
as the Severn.

THE CAUSE OF TIDES.

The tides, scientists tell us, are oscillations
in the water of the ocean, caused by the
attraction exercised alternately by the sun
and the moon. The rise and fall of the tides
in the ocean cause corresponding motions in
the rivers bordering the ocean. Thus we have
tidal waves running up some of our rivers in
various volume according to the size and
shape of the river channel. These motions are
different to ocean currents, which carry the
water from one part of the ocean to another.
These mostly have their source in the out-
pourings of large rivers into the ocean. Such
a current runs diagonally across the Atlantic
from the West Indies and the Gulf of Mexico
to the British Isles, and thence between Ice-
land and Sweden, causing a warming and
moistening of the atmosphere over the area
affected.

FOREIGN AND ENGLISH BORES.

The outflow of the immense Mississippi
meeting the rising tide at its mouth twice
every day shows a vehement struggle between
the two. We are told that animals, as well
as man, withdraw from the conflict. In
the shock of the enormous masses of water,
especially at spring tides, a ridge of surf and
foam is raised to the height of 180 feet"
(*Alison*).

In this country we have nothing like this
disturbance going on with the rising and
falling tides, but with the tides in spring and
autumn we have a similar phenomenon on a
much smaller scale, known as the Bore, which
is best illustrated by the tidal wave which
enters the Severn at those seasons. This sud-
den rise of the waters is supposed to be caused
by the peculiar formation of the wide estuary
or mouth of the river, in which the falling
down tide encounters an accumulation of

tidal water seawards, and this being forced
up the river by the pressure behind it raises a
billow which rushes up the river, sometimes,
when wind and tide are favourable, presenting
a grand foam-crested wave dashing on from
one side of the river to the other, according
as the channel varies in direction. This is
the reverse operation to that which takes
place at the mouth of the Mississippi, where
the river outflow to the ocean is heavier than
the advancing tide from the ocean, while in
our case the rising tide is the stronger. In
very contracted seas the tidal wave becomes
enormously high, and accordingly the tide in
rising passes swiftly in upon the shore, and
retires as swiftly in falling. "In parts of the
British Channel the tide sometimes rises and
falls no less than 50 feet. But the highest
tides known are those which take place in the
Bay of Fundy, which separates the peninsula
of Nova Scotia from New Brunswick, in North
America. Here the tidal wave can be seen for
miles before it reaches the shores, coming in
with great rapidity and with tremendous
roar. The tidal wave takes more than 15
hours in passing from the Cape of Good Hope
to the shores of Ireland. In the Atlantic the
wave runs (on the whole) north and south.
In the Pacific the tides pass from east to
west; but they are of small height, rarely
exceeding two feet in the ocean" (*Proctor*).

TIDAL POWER WASTED.

In considering the great height and depth
which the tides reach in so many places, one
cannot but be struck by the enormous power
thus shown in the movement of enormous
masses of water, which only awaits the in-
genuity of man to apply to the driving of
pumps and other machinery, the generation of
electricity for lighting purposes, or the trans-
mission of power to a distance. The tidal
forces operating in so many places all over
the world are really inexhaustible. Their
action is as certain and regular as the suc-
cession of day and night. The enormous power
they show, could it be profitably employed,
would largely supersede steam and other
sources of power now employed.

Our illustration gives a good idea of "a fine
Bore," which strangers often come long dis-
tances to witness.

It is only in one or two rivers in England
besides the Severn where the phenomenon of
a Bore is seen. In India it takes the form of
a long line of surf in the estuaries of some

few of the large rivers there, but the wave
does not generally reach to any great height.

THE SEVERN BORE.

The wave is not often seen to be very large
at Gloucester, though occasionally, when the
river has run low and there is a breeze from
the sea forcing the water up the channel of
the river, a grand head of water comes rush-
ing up, which is especially striking in the
sudden bends of the river, when the wave
lashes first one side of the river and then the
other. Woe betide any stray boat that has
been left moored by a long hawser. It is sure
to be swamped or driven high up on to the
muddy bank. As soon as the wave has passed,
the river for a time is like a miniature sea.
It is soon afterwards found that the river has
risen ten or twelve feet, and the still ad-
vancing wave can be heard in the distance
forging ahead with a distinct roar, warning
"all and sundry" to be prepared for the
shock. Sometimes many spectators assemble
on the banks to witness the interesting
phenomenon. The night tides often bring up
the grandest Bores, and there may occasion-
ally be danger in the onlooker taking up his
station too near the edge of the water. Near
the Lower Parting, beyond the withy beds at
Llanthony, is a favourite place from which
to witness the wave. On reaching the Lower
Parting, the head of the water strikes the
shore of the Isle of Alney, once, at least, a
battle ground in early history, and divides
into two currents, one going up the channel
towards the weir at Llanthony, and the other
taking the branch of the river by Over to
Maisemore, where the branch re unites with
the main stream, which has passed the Glou-
cester Quay and under Westgate Bridge.
Another favourite spot often chosen for
viewing the sight is near the Denny Rocks,
on the other side of the river, at Churcham,
a few miles lower down the stream than
Gloucester, to which place sometimes excu-
sions by brake are organised. But this
locality is often disappointing, as the river
seldom runs low enough to enable the wave
to attain a commanding height.

THE SIGHT AT STONEBENCH.

The point on the river bank to observe the
Bore that is most frequently chosen is at
Stonebench, about three miles below Glou-
cester, which has the advantage of an inn for
rest and refreshment, with a chance for a

chat with the boatmen, who talk freely of the many bores they have seen. Here the river has a sudden turn, and is of good width. The water rushes round the bend with a menacing head. A wetting awaits the incautious spectator if he disregards the warning which some kindly boatman will give him not to stand on a certain point. On a moonlight night, when the bore is in good form, there are few sights more striking and interesting.

FOOLHARDY DARING.

Sometimes accidents arise when two or three amateur boatmen venture on "meeting the Bore." Unless the boat fairly meets it "head on" the wave will catch the boat sideways, and either swamp it or overturn it.

ANIMALS MEETING DANGER.

It is curious to observe how animals differ in their method of meeting supposed danger. While nervous horses may shy at traction engines or motor cars until they become "educated" to meeting novelties, and cattle in fields bordering a railway will scud off to the furthest from the line on the passing of a train, a dog, unless he is a confirmed cur, stands his ground, and barks vociferously at what he regards as an approaching foe. This latter behaviour is often shown on the approach of the Severn Bore. But our brave friend is instantly silenced as the water catches him up and hurls him perhaps some distance into the stream, from which he quietly makes his escape by swimming to the shore, and he runs off with drooping tail, with no more fight in him.

COMING BORES.

Two morning Bores will shortly be due, which may be worth a walk to witness. One on the 12th of March and the other on the 10th of April, between 10 and 11 o'clock in the morning, or a little later, at the points we have mentioned. The times of the expected night Bores vary from about 9 o'clock to about 11. They are not, however, expected to be phenomenally high, unless the water in the river happens to be unusually low, with a fresh breeze blowing from the estuary, conditions which are generally favourable to a good head of water being forced up.

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Back again after many years

BY

"IAN MACLAREN"

*

(Author of "The Bonnie Brier Bush," &c.)
 Half an hour ago one had flung aside the morning paper—careless what might be happening in South Africa or any other place, because after thirty years' absence, in cities and other barren places, an exile was coming to visit the scenes of his boyhood to which his heart had often turned with wistful regret, to which it was now turning with fond expectation. That crossing, where the roses have grown higher on the keeper's cottage, is just a mile from the little station where only the slowest trains stop, and which even half-bred expresses pass with a whistle and a whirl. He changes his seat now so as to get the first glimpse, but reminds himself that the well-known dog-cart will not be waiting for him today as it used to be when he returned from the University to spend the long recess upon the farm, whose healthy air and homely ways removed in a week the dust of study. Just as before is the station, with its empty luggage shed and a half-filled truck of coal in the open, and a ploughman at the head of his horse, which does not understand trains, and a cart with a stuffed sack in it for a seat, which has come for some little farmer's wife, and the gravel platform with its border of herbaceous plants, with here and there an annual between, and the wooden office which does not look as if it had been painted all those years. No change in the place, for places do not put on a new face in the country, but no dogcart nor good brown mare, who did her eight miles an hour easily and sometimes ten on market days, and no figure in well-

worn tweeds, with kindly welcome for the College lad—a welcome none the less warm because it was covered with remarks about the lateness of the train (which was never in time) and the number of people travelling (who might be thirty all told). If only the stationmaster . . . well, this is a kindly providence that he should still be here! Quite grey now and bent, wearing spectacles and slower in his motion, but the same honest, independent, governing man who ruled with firm hand over goods and passengers, and compelled the most dilatory farmer to fill his potato trucks without delay. He stares hard over the top of his spectacles—when the train has gone and he has time to speak—and for the moment he cannot remember the name. But he prides himself on not forgetting the local passengers even of long ago, and bye and bye his hand-grip comforts the heart of the exile, for there is one man at least left in the old place who knows him, and can speak about his people.

It is an irreproachable dogcart they have sent from the Inn—new tenant there and new ways, for the only dogcart they had then was shameful—a high-wheeled and sportsmanlike trap, with a horse, three parts bred, in the shafts and a driver, with gloves, on the seat, and yet . . . but this is foolishness, for it is really a far better dogcart. Past the smithy, where the smith is shoeing a horse exactly in the same place and in the same way, but it is the son who is smith now, not the father; "Died four years ago suddenly, his wife having died a year before." There is not a field of better land in the parish than this one on the crest of the hill, especially for oats in a dropping season, and now there is no fault to be found with its crop of turnips, which is so thick and lusty that you cannot see the drills, but there is no one living in the farmhouse. A capitalist has taken this and fifteen other farms in the district, and works them all with grieves, so that there are fifteen fewer well-doing, self-respecting farmers in the parishes. Which seems a pity for the sake of the parish life, and perhaps for the sake of the country, but business is business, and this banker-lawyer-auctioneer, corn-merchant-factor-farmer, and some other things the driver has forgotten, is a very clever man. This can't be Hilltown Farm, and the exile thinks they have taken the wrong road. He forgets that certain trees grow quickly, and the tiny firs of twenty years ago make a wood around the house. He half expects to see Hilltown himself come out from their shadow to note who is driving past, and give his opinion on the coming harvest. But Hilltown, a frail old man onw, is dozing in front of the door and knows no one, while his son-in-law, a recent importation, manages the farm till the lease be out. And the exile never saw Hilltown's son-in-law, who came from another parish, and was understood to be quite a common kind of man.

Here is the old ford, a nasty place to cross in flood time, being horse-shoe in shape, with a deep hole above and a deeper one below. It requires negotiation, and as the driver does not often come this way, and there has been a little rain upon the hills, and the water is running free, he is willing the exile should take the trap across the ford, as he used to drive another dogcart (or, if the water was too strong for a light conveyance, a corn cart) in former days. Safely up the other bank, and now the road is running through the old familiar farm—two miles of alluvial soil where everything could be grown on a four years' rotation, and all of the best: barley for the maltsters, heavier than the standard weight, cattle for the London market, potatoes that brought one year £25 an acre, and up-standing golden wheat, in which a tall man could be lost, and was gold more ways than one in the days when wheat paid. One afternoon the flood came down suddenly and threatened to carry away the harvest that had been cut, and there is the field close to the river, where the men waded waist deep to rescue the wheat sheaves and did not lose one. Was that sixty-eight or sixty-nine? A new plantation has grown up near the familiar house, but there is wonderfully little difference in the appearance of things. There is the same green gate, and the short gravel drive—the hedges on either side have been cut down—and

the lawn with the same number of flowering shrubs on its border, and the exile notes that the old rose bush still is living and covers half of the front of the house. He plucks a rose within reach of his hand—a common monthly rose—and wears it that day for a buttonhole, and in the evening lays its leaves within an envelope to take them home and dry them. For there is nothing that has such a spell for memory as the scent of dried rose leaves.

The new tenant—absurd to call him new for his children have grown to manhood since he came—is very kind and understanding. Would the exile like to see the rooms of the house where he lived, where he learned the best and oldest of all trades? Well, yes, he would, he is not ashamed to say; it is just what he wanted to see. So this is the sitting room where the old tenant and the lad to whom he was so good used to sit by the fireside when the long days in the fields on horseback were over, and beyond is the room where the guns were kept and the tools and a carpenter's bench, and all sorts of stores for farming use, as well as medicines and instruments for emergencies among the horses and the cattle. Would he go upstairs? He would if there were no objections, for there is a bedroom, "no, not that one, that was our guest room, this one on the right." "Yes!" says the exile, "that was mine." The new tenant is a gentleman, and remembers that he has forgotten to give some orders, and so the lad—grey-haired now and worldworn—stands in the room of long ago. He replaces each piece of furniture as it used to be, the set of drawers with writing table and glass cabinet above, and the washstand with a lid which covered the basin and ewers, and a curious dressing table with fixed glass, which was all sold off, when the old tenant died, for an old song, and now would bring a £100. He flings open the window, and finds the rose tree where it used to be, looks out where he used to look, and he hears once more the click of the reaping machine, and the laughing of the women in the harvest field, and the voice of the old tenant giving orders. All as it was thirty years ago, and then he awakens to the present. There is a reaping machine working in the field below, but now it not only cuts, but also divides and binds; there are no women needed and hardly any men, and harvest seems a poor and common event beside the stir and bustle of former days.

"Like to see the steading?" The exile welcomed the suggestion as a relief from the memories that were pressing too heavily on the soul. That was where Laddie's kennel stood, most courageous and incorruptible of watch dogs, who was a terror unto tramps so that they walked miles round rather than take the road past his kennel. And this is the old stable, where Donald, the smartest of ponies in the country side, would already have been neighing and expecting his morsel of oateake which he could take out from your coat pocket. Proud little fellow was Donald, who could hold his own in speed with almost any horse upon the field, and was so strong that he could whirl the dogcart behind him if the mare was off work. And the exile hears the old tenant's voice shouting from the garden that he wants a message carried to the upland farm, eight miles away, and Donald is quickly saddled and comes out in such high spirits that he will hardly allow his master to mount, and round the corner of the stables go both together, rejoicing in their youth, the lad and his pony. Before they come back they will pass like a flash many a sober farmer jogging in his dogcart, and race the four-horse coach and pass it too, and appear, pony and lad, an hour before the appointed time, fuller of spirits than ever, and keen for supper. And the lad will unsaddle with his own hands, and reward his comrade with a feed of corn for the way he went, and the tricks he played, and the praise he got upon the road. He will tell Donald in the privacy of his stall that there is not a pony to be compared with him in all Strathmore, and Donald will toss his head with disdain because he knows that already, and will pretend to bite his master in order to let him know that he must not annoy a pony with

THE LECKHAMPTON DISPUTE.

Cossens and Knight's
GREAT
Stocktaking
SALE . .

- 3/- Fountain Pen .. for 2/1½
- 1/- Stephens's Ink .. „ 8d
- 1/- Star of India Note .. „ 9d
- 1/- Charta Libraria Note .. „ 9d
- 9d Vellum Note .. „ 7½d
- 6½d 1 lb Packets Note (Vellum, Silurian & White) 4½d

*
 Bibles & Prayer Books all reduced.

*
 TOYS and FANCY GOODS
 AT CLEARING PRICES.

*
LAST WEEK !
Sale Closes Saturday,
March 22nd.

ROAH'S ARK,
 353, HIGH ST.,
 NEAR TOWN CLOCK,
 CHELTENHAM.



After the Parish Meeting.



FLYING ROUND ST. PAUL'S.
 *
 M. Santos-Dumont left London on Saturday for Paris to arrange for the bringing over of his new air-ship. He had definitely decided to fly over London in July. In all probability he will take up his quarters at the Crystal Palace, where he proposes to build a shed for his air-ship on the polo ground. Seen by a reporter, M. Santos-Dumont said that he was looking forward to bringing his air-ship to London. His first trip will probably be from the Crystal Palace, round St. Paul's, and back. Asked whether London would present any unusually great difficulties to the navigation of his ship, he said the risk of running into and becoming entangled in the network of wires with which London is covered would be very great. The lack of open spaces left him no chance of a safe landing in case if a mishap such as befel him at Monte Carlo. However, with his indomitable courage, he welcomes all new difficulties and dangers as an opportunity for further testing the powers of his great invention. The ship that is to come to London will be exactly similar to the one disabled

at Monte Carlo, with the exception that the cigar-shaped balloon will be divided into three air-tight compartments. This is an improvement suggested by the Monte Carlo accident. The balloon will be immediately inflated on its arrival, and is to be on view at the beginning of April.

* * *
 The will of the late Mr. John Cave New, of Craddock House, Uffculme, a J.P. for Devonshire and a prominent county man, has been proved under £37,726. Mr. New was a native of Cleve, near Cheltenham.

*
 The King has been pleased to approve of the appointment of Lieut.-Colonel E. J. Swayne, of the Indian Staff Corps, to be his Majesty's Commissioner and Consul-General in the Somali Coast Protectorate.

CHELTENHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL SOCIETY.—There will be a chorus and band rehearsal on Tuesday evening next, March 18th, at 8. Works, "The Golden Legend" and "The Hymn of Praise." New members are invited to join for the next session.—Apply to the Conductor, Mr. J. A. Matthews.

BY THE WAY.

* * *

MRS. JENKINS AT THE "ELIJAH"
(Winter Gardens, March 6, 1902).

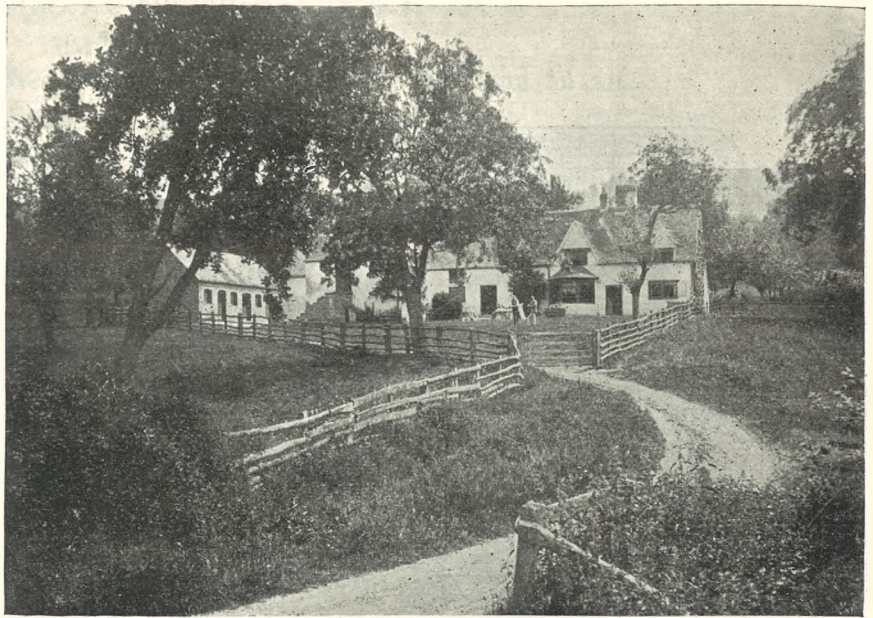
Of course, you must know the "Elijah's" a horatorio. Horatorios is a series of remarks, a-set to music, wich the same is repeated a number of times to make it more obvious. For instance, if you was to sing, straightfor-ward like, "the wicked flea away," well, that would be only a hymn, but if you was to put it like this—

the wicked flea—
flea—flea; the
wicked flea a—
wicked flea a—
way; a—way;
away the wicked flea—

then that's a horatorio on the same subject, as lengthens it hout very considerable with- out adding much more reading to the music.

'Owver, I only eggsplanes in case you don't know, Mr. Heditor; altho' I will say I didn't know much about horatorios meself not till last week, when I sat out the "Elijah" like a Christian martyr, and, wot's more, en- joyed it, and hunderstood a good deal of wot was said.

It was gave in the Winter Garden, and I 'ad a very good seat towards the front, wich it seemed to me there was all Cheltenham there; anyhow, all the haristocracy was, in- cluding me and the Rajah of Sarywak, with his sweets (as looked for all the world like a ordinary decent individual). But the 2 things as chiefly took my attention at the starting off was the 'eat and the 'ats. Hof course, this 'ere "Elijah" horatorio's all about a great 'eat and a drought back in Scriptural times, and I s'pose it were intended by someone to make it more real-histic like by warming the building hup to 120 degrees in the shade, as the sayin' is, and putting dead cocoanut trees, as 'ad perished with the drought, up beside the singers. 'Owver, I considers it were a trifle too real, wich, wot with the 'eat and the singing about it, I would 'ave gave something considerable for a nice dish of tea at half- time; and as for the ladies' 'ats, well, I think Mr. Matthews were very thoughtful to per- suade his quire to remove theirs, so as to allow the sound fair play. And if the ladies as sat in front of me 'ad done the same I should 'ave seen the band a sight better nor I did. I don't 'old with such "towers of Babels" as is worn now, that I don't, as shuts you hup like a pig in a poke if you aint very tall, so as all the music you get 'as to drop down from above to reach you, and loses its quality "on root," as the French say. But I must tell you a bit about the singers. First, there was the chorus and the band, a tidy few altogether, as looked remarkable like the keys of one of these 'ere Yost type- riters you sees advertised, the ladies bein' the white ones (bless 'em) and the gentlemen bein' the black letters up top, wich they was right hup in the roof, as looked very dan- gerous, so I thinks, s'posing one of them deep notes as they let out now and then straight from their chesteses was to drop down on the young ladies in front, wich it mite have injured them for life (pretty 'ears), maybe. 'Owsomdever, sich a calamity didn't appen, so we won't mourn over it. The artists (as was spelt 'rong, with a "e," in lots of the newspaper reports) was all well-known characters in the music line. There was Mr. Santley, who "sustained the roll of the Law and the Profit," as the printed menu said, to the satisfaction of everybody, 'imself in- cluded. Mr. Santley doesn't look like a "prima donah" (as the somethink-or-others call them) a bit; 'e looks more like a hordi- nary respectable military gentleman, and, seeing as 'ow he's several years older than he were some time back, 'e put remarkable vigor into his performance, wich, do you know, after the gent. 'ad sang somethink about a fir, I felt I wanted to stand on the chair and shout "Ooray," 'e worked me feel- in's hup to such a pitch, that 'e did; but of course I woudn't do anything so unladylike for the world for fear Madame Saint Dolby or some hother individual mite rite to the papers about me bad taste! Then



A WITCOMB FARMSTEAD.

there was Mr. Charles Saunders, as looked a very jolly sort of man, as would enjoy a good meal and a good joke any day, without grumbling at the extras, as 'ad a wonderful fine voice for a Cornishman (where the tin comes from). And there was Hilda Wilson, as sings like a hangel or a cherrybim—I don't rightly know which to say—but she made the tears come into me eyes every time she opened 'er mouth, altho' I couldn't see 'er for the tall 'ats and feathers around and in front of me. Ah! she did sing beautiful. I should like somebody to sing like that to me times when I feels rather growly and a bit inclined to find fault, wich we all 'as our weak moments, and I 'as 'em meself, I'll admit!

But, you know, my favorite was Miss Agnes Nicholls, as isn't nickels at all, leastways, 'er voice, I means, but silvery and clear as a bird, and she's one of our Cheltenham bringing-up, too. Why, bless yer soul, it seems only a year or two ago that she was a young girl 'ere in Cheltenham, as was supposed to 'ave a very good voice somewheres about 'er; but nobody knowed as she'd blossom hout into a Royal College of Musicians and take gold medals and sing before Her Late Majesty (bless 'er) and all manner of wonderful goings on. But such is life! There's some as goes up and some as stops where they be. 'Ere's me, you know, been all these years anxious to sing, and shouldn't mind if I could play the church horgan even, with all my wishing, I can't tell one note from another, wich that there Miss Agnes Nicholls—well, she just romps through the diffieclst parts as if she were a-warbling "3 blind mice" or the "Hold 100th."

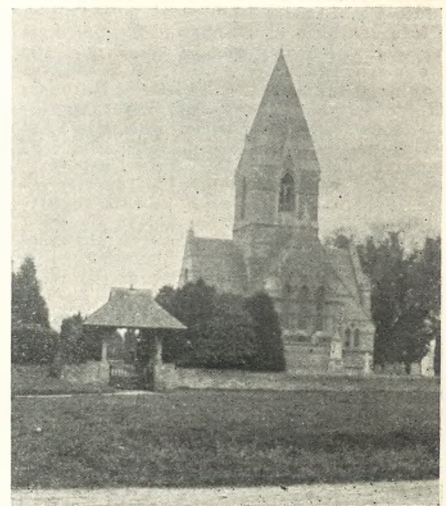
The chorus, as is wot they calls them as sits behind and joins in the easy parts, did their duty well, that I will say. When Mr. Matthews, as was the conductor, pointed his batten at them they did let it out, with a ven- geance, and when 'e stamped his foot a bit, my word, they made the welcome ring, that they did; and, wot with the drums and the fiddles and the 'iowlincellos and the other names as I can't remember, the effect was downright thrilling, and good enough for any King, let alone a elderley fieldmale like Selina J. At the 'alf-time we all 'ad the backs of our 'eads took by a photographer, as kept us waiting such a time that that there Mr. Charles Saunders he was nigh bursting with laffing, bein' of a rather bashful turn of mind, and the other songsters 'ad a 'ard job to keep their countenances. 'Owver, it were got over without any accident, excepting that my bon- net was all askew and a pin standing out, and me as conscious as a humborn ingfant that I was being took till after it were all over.

I enjoyed it all very well indeed, being a

very cheap nothings-worth, wich I went in and come out on a Press ticket, as they do call 'em; and I congratulates Mr. J. A. Matthews on 'aving got it up and passed it off so well. He must 'ave been a downrite proud man that day, hup in 'is witness-box a-beating time, with 'is medals on 'is chest, and listening to the voices of Agnes Nicholls and Hilda Wilson, wich 'e brought both of them hout in the "dear, dead days of long ago since," as the sayin' is; and they do say that Agnes Nicholls got 'er scholarship on the score of the "Elijah," as she worked hup with Mr. Matthews; wich I 'opes, for one, that there was a money-profit, so well as a Santley-prophet, in the whole horatorio.

SELINA JENKINS.

P.S.—I would 'rite more, but I'm very worried over that there Methuen and the Leckhampton 'Ill nuisance, as wants a few of then "ironclads" up there to assert our British rites to roam where we listeses like the breezes of 'eaven.



DAYLESFORD CHURCH,
NEAR STOW-ON-WOLD,
Burial Place of Warren Hastings.

A Local Amateur Comedian.

MR. JACK GILMORE.

As he appeared at the Concert in aid of St. Paul's Schools.



As Dan Leno in "Our Stores."

As Tommy Dunville in "Do be careful."

As Tommy Dunville in "Don't Apologise."

As one of the "Crown Pierrots."

Gloucestershire Gossip.

Although it is Lent, marrying and engaging to be married is not entirely suspended. I observe that on the very day that the King "pricked" Mr. Gardner Bazley's successor (Mr. James Horlick) as High Sheriff, this retiring functionary was in London acting as best man at the marriage of Mr. J. F. Studholm, of Christchurch, New Zealand, and Miss Hessey Wauchope, which took place at Holy Trinity Church, Sloane-square. Then a wedding came off in Malta on Monday of last week, the contracting parties being Jemima Countess of Darnley (who since her widowhood has been living at the Stardens, Newent, Gloucestershire), and Capt. A. C. Leveson, of H.M.S. Canopus. The wedding was attended by about 200 seamen, who lined the aisles of the church. At the reception the bride cut the cake with the bridegroom's sword. Lady Darnley, who has been staying at Malta for some little time, is the widow of the late Earl of Darnley, an eccentric Kentish nobleman, and daughter of the late Mr. Francis Blackwood, a cousin of the late Marquis of Dufferin. By her first marriage, which was only a short one, she has one little daughter, who is a peeress in her own right, and bears the title of Baroness Clifton of Leighton Bromswold. Lady Darnley has already taken some little interest in local sporting matters, and I remember that she opened the Gloucester Dog Show last year. Then there is an engagement of special interest in aristocratic circles in this county. I allude to that of the Hon. Julian Byng, of the 10th Hussars, and Miss Evelyn Moreton. The fiance is brother of Lord Strafford, while his fiancee is the only daughter of the Hon. Richard Moreton, fifth brother of the Earl of Ducie, and the King's Marshal of Ceremonies. Her mother, who is Bedchamber Woman to the Duchess of Albany, was a daughter of the late Mr. Thos. Ralli, one of the wealthy Greek merchants of that name. She is, therefore, a sister of Mr. P. Ralli, who contested Gloucester in the Conservative interest at the last election, and who is a great friend of Lord Kitchener's. In fact, a London newspaper says:—"It was at Mr. Ralli's house in Belgrave-square that Lord Kitchener stayed on his return to England, after the conquest of the Soudan. This fact gave rise to one of the innumerable false reports that the then Sirdar had done with single blessedness." At

all events, Lord Kitchener, like his host, remains a single man.

I recollect reading in the "Graphic" last spring an exceedingly interesting sketch of the life of the Rev. William Cuff, showing how he rose from being a butcher's boy in his native village of Hasfield, in this county, to the position of Baptist Bishop, thanks to the good influences he came under when in Cheltenham. And, recently, I have been much struck at reading the rev. gentleman's broad-minded views on out-door sports, as given by him to an interviewer in London. He rightly denounces the evil of betting on horses as incalculable. He is, however, enthusiastically in favour of every form of out-door sport when unpolluted by this mischief. He would have every lad taught to ride a horse—aye, and handle a gun for sporting purposes. Believing that there's nothing like out-door life to keep one strong and manly, every year he gets some ploughing and farm work on the Cotswolds—out in the fields all day, working as a farm labourer, and thoroughly enjoying it. I salute the Rev. Wm. Cuff, for he evidently believes with me in "Doctor Freshair," if not in "Parson Greenfields"; and as for his views on sport, "Them's my sentiments." I do like muscular Christianity.

I must condemn in the strongest terms that malicious firing of the gorse and long grass on Leckhampton Hill, which has, unfortunately, been an unwelcome accompaniment of the popular assertion and vindication of the disputed rights of way over the second highest of the Cotswolds. There is a proper time, I know, to fire gorse, to make the bush of stronger growth, but it could have scarcely been done with this intention. I am afraid that a good, just, and strong cause will be prejudiced by these acts of wanton mischief. Leckhampton Hill is undoubtedly one of the lungs of Cheltenham, and ought to be jealousy preserved as such, but I was grieved to see it as it was on Sunday afternoon, enveloped in smoke and fire. The sight was a weird one in the peaceful, grey landscape, as viewed from a point some miles away in the Severn Vale; but I would rather that the Devil's Chimney had not had this opportunity of trying to consume all the smoke on the hill. I might have tolerated the demolition of the offensive post and rail fences, but this gorse firing savours too much of moonlighting. Besides, it pollutes the fresh air.

GLEANER.

THE LAST DUKE OF GLOUCESTER AND ROYALTY.

George III.'s second brother was William Henry, the Duke of Gloucester, who died in 1805, and was succeeded by his son, William Frederick. The King's eleventh child was the Princess Mary, and she was married to her father's second brother's son. He, who was Lord High Steward of Gloucester, died in 1834 and she in 1857. The Duchess was a sister of the Duke of Kent, and, therefore, the aunt of his daughter, Queen Victoria, and her husband was a cousin in a minor degree to her Majesty. The last Duke was a most affable man, and was the occasional guest of Robert Raikes. He sometimes condescended to have a crust of bread and cheese and glass of home-brewed ale in the houses of some of our substantial burgesses. I have a rubbing of an old medal in possession of the Canal Co. On the obverse is a ship in full sail, and round the edge is "Gloucester and Berkeley Canal, commenced 1793." On the reverse is "Resumed under the auspices of his Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester, 13th July, 1818, and completed 26th April, 1827." In those loyal days the Duke exercised high and important civic functions, and was a prominent figure in every pageant. H.Y.J.T.

Poet's Corner.

KIND THOUGHTS.

If kind thoughts were but visible, how we Should often feel our hearts within us bound To see the many that do fold us round. But we, alas! walk all unknowingly And heed them not. We neither hear nor see; For, like the angels' wings they make no sound Or gleaming as they pass. Nor are they found Except by intuition. We must be Ourselves attuned to them by sending out Ever and always unto all we meet, Just such a golden thought, a wordless prayer, As we would have return. Then round about Our lives there shall arise and grow a sweet New joy, and heaven be with us unaware.

A. GERTRUDE HUMPIDGE.

✻ OUR PRIZE PICTURES. ✻

THE LECKHAMPTON DISPUTE.

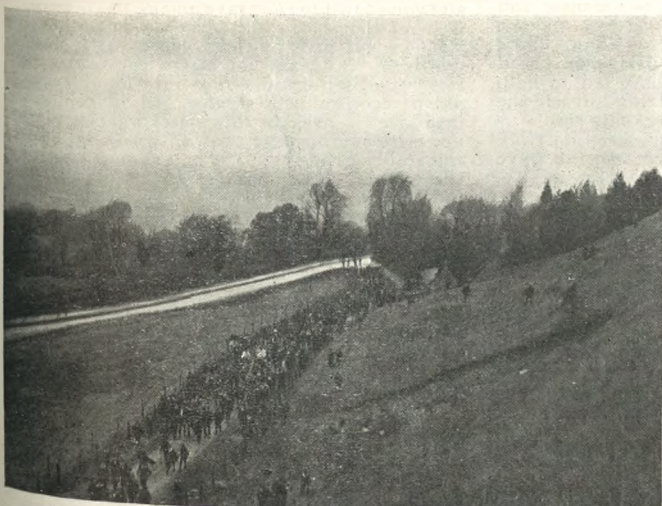
Procession to the Hill on March 8, 1902.



FORMING UP AT THE MALVERN INN.



ON THE BIRDLIP ROAD.



ALONG ONE OF THE BRIDLE ROADS.

PRIZE PHOTOGRAPHY.

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

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

The 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 62nd competition is Mr. Arthur W. Hopkins, jun., of 4 Crescent-place, Cheltenham, with his Leckhampton series.

Entries for the 63rd competition closed this (Saturday) morning, March 15th, 1902, and in subsequent competitions entries will close on the Saturday morning preceding the award, so as to allow time for adjudication and reproduction.



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The Work of the Church, and Social Problems.

BY DEAN FARRAR.

* * *

There can be no doubt that, at the present time, we are faced by many problems of ever-increasing seriousness. No one who is familiar with the general tone of current literature can be unaware that there is a widespread sense of unfitness in many minds. The Press of the day has recently been full of severe animadversions on the deficiencies of our Governmental departments and of our whole military and naval administration. There has been much criticism of what is regarded as the supineness and laissez-faire of our people in general. Books have been written to demonstrate that our commercial supremacy is shaken, and that other nations, by showing more energy and alertness in trade, have seriously encroached upon the sources of our national prosperity. In almost every department of literature and public life, our greatest orators, poets, historians, statesmen, divines, and men of action have passed away, and have left no successors comparable to them in ability and force. There is an abnormal devotion to every form of mere amusement, both in the higher and poorer classes. The love of money was never, perhaps, more universal or more intense. There is a growing neglect of Sunday observance, and a growing indifference to the services of the church. The faith of multitudes has been seriously shaken, and, in many thousands of bewildered minds, resembles a house built upon the sands. It has been calculated that not five per cent of the working classes attend our churches, and thousands in our great cities are never brought into direct personal contact with the great truths of religion.

There may be another side to all these questions, and I am very far indeed from desiring to encourage a spirit of pessimism. Still there is a general misgiving, apparent in every direction, that we are drawing near to a period of crisis in our national history. An intense hatred of England, a constant misrepresentation of all our doings, a never-ceasing stream of venomous calumny against us is an obvious phenomenon of the Continental Press. The multiplicity of interests involved in our vast Empire, and the constant possibility of collision with the aims and interests of other nations, might, almost at any time, bring about a European combination against us, which might possibly shake to the dust the fabric of our supremacy. Amid all these circumstances, one thing at least is certain: it is that we should give most serious consideration to the condition of things around us, both at home and in the world; and, in any reformation that may be needed, the Church of God ought to take not only a conspicuous but the foremost part.

Now, instead of entering into endless details, I wish to lay down one broad, indubitable principle, which is that the Church should dwell for more forcibly and uniformly than it does on the great truth that the chief object in man's life is to show his love to God by devoting himself to the highest good of his neighbour. The one supreme rule of all our lives should be that every man should never do less than his utmost or be less than his best; and that this utmost and this best should be strenuously devoted in the service of God to the benefit of man. And yet in all our religious writings how seldom we see the enforcement of this divine and supremely necessary duty! Our religious periodicals and our religious literature are full of disputes about matters which, by comparison, are miserably unimportant. Details of theological shibboleths, mere nullities of petty ceremonial, the revival of dead, ignorant, and baseless mediæval superstitions, together with petty disputes about the minutiae of ritual, embitter the partizanship of rival theorists; and in the midst of these wretched disputations, the vast work of the Church is grievously impeded by uncharitable and sectarian wranglings. The religion of the Christ will never resume its full and mighty sway until

all the Churches in Christendom and all the parties in our own divided Church unite in one mighty and strenuous endeavour to uplift and ameliorate the minds of all living Christians into a sense of their corporate and spiritual duty.

It is at any rate certain that this is the unmistakable teaching of all that is greatest and best in the Bible. The indignant prophets reiterated in tones of thunder that all the rites and sacrifices of all Levitism were intrinsically null and void compared with one single act of genuine altruism. "Thou desirest not sacrifice else would I give it Thee," says the Psalmist. "To what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices unto me? saith the Lord," is the message of Isaiah. "He hath shown thee, O man, what is good," says Micah, "and what doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God." "Behold," said Samuel, "to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams." Such utterances might be indefinitely multiplied; but it should be sufficient to quote the words of the prophet Hosea: "For I desired mercy and not sacrifice, and the knowledge of God more than burnt offerings"—for those words twice received the emphatic approval of our Lord Himself, and indeed they are the constant lesson of the entire New Testament.

My object then in this paper will be to show that the Church will never do her duty or remedy the wrongs of the world until, with all her ardour and all her energy, she enforces this lesson on the minds of all, and illustrates it by the daily conduct of all her true and faithful workers.

We are what God made us. Every man is as great as he is in God's sight and no greater. Commonplace? Why halt the strength and glory of Humanity depends upon the commonplace. But granting to the full that we cannot do much in the sphere of those spirits which are more finely touched than ourselves to finer issues, let us turn to other regions of effort, in which men, following out Christ's example, not pleasing themselves, have pleased their neighbours, for their good unto edification. Think of the Reformers: how, in their sovereign devotion to the truth, they faced a lying world and corrupted Churches, and, not holding their lives dear to themselves, stood like Huss and Luther before kings and priests and were not ashamed. Think how they proved by their lives, and by their glad willing deaths, that

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again,

The eternal years of God are hers;

But error, wounded, writhes in pain

And dies amid her worshippers.

Think of the Philanthropists:—of St. Vincent de Paul, calling into activity his missionaries, and opening for womanhood so sweet an achievement in his sisterhoods of charity; of Howard, visiting all Europe, not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces or the stateliness of temples, but to survey the mansions of sorrow, and take the gauge of depression and contempt;—of Lord Shaftsbury, taking up the cause of the children in the factories, and the women in the mines, and the little ragged waifs and strays in the densely crowded streets;—of William Lloyd Garrison, a boy in a garret, living on bread and water, with only one black lad to help him at his printing press, setting himself the colossal task of proving to twenty millions of his countrymen that they were horribly in the wrong with their immemorial slave trade; think of him denounced by society, lowered at by the whole nominal Church, the dagger of the assassin flashing daily about his path, yet living to achieve his mighty purpose, turning those icebergs all round him into flame, until the very hand which, almost in boyhood, had formulated the demand of righteousness, inscribed it in declining years upon the statute book of a regenerated land. Or think, once again, of the great beloved Missionaries:—Poor hectic, consumptive Brainerd, among his Red Indians; poor worn Adoniram Judson in his Burmese prison; poor William Carey, the "consecrated cobbler" or Sydney Smith's unhallowed wit; plain John Williams, the martyr of Erromango; Reynard, working with his laughing, shivering little boy in the intense frost of the Fraser River at Cariboo. Scarcely one of these servants of the Most High God was great as man counts

greatness. They were, as we are, commonplace, had they not done, as so few of us even try to do, redeemed their commonplace by the genius of simple goodness. For all earth's laurels shall wither before their amaranths, and for them, ten thousandfold more than for earth's inch-high dignitaries, "all the trumpets shall sound on the other side." John Howard was a plain country gentleman, who could barely write a sentence of English. "I am a plodder," he used to say, "who goes about to collect materials for men of genius to use." Portraits show us the broad, homely, bourgeois features of Vincent de Paul, and the middle-class mediocrity of Lloyd Garrison. The bright young martyr Bishop Hannington could only take a poor degree at a small Oxford College; and William Carey could never so much as make one pair of shoes which fitted properly. What they did we certainly in our measure can do. You say we have had no call to leave home and wander on these high missions. Be it so; let us stay at home humbly recognising that we are far unworthy to take our seats amid this autocracy of spiritual nobleness. Yet if we are faithful the call may come to us. It is an unknown Eastern monk; he springs into the arena; he thrusts himself between the gladiators; he is martyred amid the yells of the populace, yet the gladiatorial games cease for ever, and St. Telemachus has bought his eternity with a little hour. It is a poor Russian slave—on the track of his master and his children the wolves howl in the snow; he springs out amid the yelling pack, and is torn in pieces, and his master's children are saved, and his deed thrills through the world. It is a young humble, ungifted Belgian priest, who goes to die a leper among the hapless lepers of the Pacific Isle, and the world cares more for him than for Emperors. It is the pilot on Lake Erie in the burning ship; but he will cling on to the tiller, and the steamer will be safely steered to the jetty, though he drop a blackened corpse, and Christ will not turn his back on a man who died for men. It is Annie Ayres, the poor little maid of all work:—the house is in flames, the rooms are filled with blinding, suffocating smoke, but at all costs she will save that lost child. She does save it, and is killed, and the poor East End slavey has laid at the haughty Palace gate of Humanity a service and an example worth cartloads of diamonds and the lives of thousands of selfish and arrogant grandees. Can we do nothing? Is love for our neighbour nothing? Is example nothing? Is unselfishness nothing? Is sympathy nothing? Are kind words nothing though they cost so little? Is a care for the generations which shall come after us nothing? Were we sent into the world only for the small selfishness of domestic interests, as though it were enough for us to be safe on our petty islet though myriads were perishing round us in the weltering of the briny immeasurable sea? Be it so that very few eyes shall be wet for us, and not for long, while others, with even less opportunity, have clothed nations in spontaneous mourning and gone down to the grave among the benedictions of the poor. Still can we do nothing? Can we not give to good objects with large motives? Can we not strive constantly to rise out of self-complacency into humbleness, out of egotism into service, out of coldness into love? Even in this small way we shall not miss our blessing; for all goodness is incalculably diffusive. "The growing good of the world," it has been said, "is dependent partly on unhistoric acts; and that things are not so ill with you and me as they might have been is half owing to the number who lived faithfully a hidden life, and rest in unvisited tombs." So it be true service; so it be unselfish service; so it be the best service which it is in our power to render,

All service ranks the same with God,

With God—whose puppets best or worst

Are we—there is no last or first.

Small service is true service while it lasts.

The daisy by the shadow which it casts

Protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun.

In this paper I have purposely dwelt not upon details, but upon one broad general principle which ought—much more powerfully than it does—to influence the entire work and teaching of the Church of England, and indeed of the whole Church of God. If this principle be once fully and adequately re-



HEARD AT LECKHAMPTON.

FOND MOTHER: Tommy, I've been looking for you; where have you been?
 TOMMY (triumphant): O! only up on the Hill to down Dale!

Mr. Howman on "Milk."

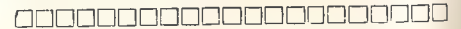
*
THE TUBERCULOSIS CONTROVERSY.

*
CRITICISM OF THE OFFICIAL STANDARD.

Mr. H. A. Howman, director of agricultural and dairy instruction under the County Council, who was formally introduced by Mr. J. Sawyer, gave a lecture on "Milk" at the Cheltenham Grammar School on Tuesday evening. He was accompanied by Miss Friday, who assisted him in several practical experiments illustrating the use of the Gerber machine, by which milk was readily tested and its percentages of water, fat, and solids not fat ascertained. The fat should be a little over 3 per cent., the solids not fat (cheese making materials) a little over 8 per cent., and the water worked out at about 88 per cent. The ordinary consumer wanted cream, but the analyst did not recognise cream; he tested for butter fat. It was quite possible to get a large percentage of butter fat with a small percentage of cream; and, on the other hand, he had known milk containing 15 per cent. of cream by volume, in respect to which the analyst had recommended prosecution. In fact, milk in which cream readily rose should be viewed with suspicion, because the judicious addition of water facilitated that pro-

cess. A good popular test of purity was to curdle the milk at a temperature of about 90. If the curdle smelt wholesomely, the milk was good; if it stank, the milk was impure. Milk was a perfect food, because within it the several kinds of nutriment required by the body were to be found in their proper proportions. But some of the constituents of milk were exactly those in which malignant organisms thrive, and it was, therefore, essential that it should be pure. They heard a good deal of tuberculosis being conveyed in milk, and of the fact that from 40 to 60 per cent. of the cows were affected with tubercular disease; but milk, as it came from the cow, provided that the bag was free from disease and that no germs were in the apertures of the teats, was absolutely sterile. Only three per cent. of the cows had their bags affected. Tuberculosis might, however, be conveyed in milk through its contact with impurity after leaving the cow. By the same means enteric and scarlet fever might be conveyed in it; and it was, therefore, of great importance to use clean water in washing the vessels. Householders should also be more careful to scald the jugs which had contained milk with boiling water. Touching the question of purity, he had previously laid great stress on the necessity for dairies being a safe distance from piggeries and cesspools, for cow-sheds being clean and healthily situated, and for the cows' bags and teats being cleansed from all taint of manure before milking. He had also illustrated from facts within his own

knowledge the danger of allowing the milk to remain for an instant in the cow-sheds. It should be carried at once to the dairies. In fact, he favoured, where possible, milking in the open air. The use of antiseptics to preserve milk should be prohibited by law, as they retarded the natural fermentation of food in the body, and had been responsible for some infant mortality. With regard to sterilisation, the germs of putrefaction might be destroyed by a temperature of from 150 to 160 degrees; but the germs of disease were more difficult to deal with, as some of them could stand 350 degrees on the one hand, or being frozen into blocks of ice on the other. In spite of its drawbacks, sterilisation by heat was one of the best means of dealing with milk. The official standard for milk was now 3 per cent. of fat and 8.5 per cent. of solids not fat, and milk which did not give those figures was supposed to have been tempered with, unless the contrary could be proved. He regarded such a standard as absolutely unnecessary and erroneous, as the fatty constituents of milk varied so much with different cows, climate, and food. The standard which should be enforced was purity. As there was a demand for weak milk, it was unfair that farmers were not to be allowed to supply it. One or two per cent. more or less of butter fat made absolutely no difference to the consumer, and he would pay no more for a high percentage. It was the duty of town authorities to protect milk consumers from impurity and not so much from the smallness of butter fat. Powers should be given them to have all the dairy farms supplying their area under inspection, so as to ensure the cleanliness of the cows and their surroundings. The regulations insisted on there being so many cubic feet for each cow in a shed, but they were silent on the supremely important point of purity. It was not so much a certain space as pure air that was required. Every town should possess a small laboratory for testing the milk, and bacteriological investigations could go on at the same time. Unless his sheds were clean and his water pure, no farmer should be allowed to send milk into town. Those who took the trouble to be clean in their business and to destroy, without recourse to antiseptics, possible germs in the milk, would then be able to reap their due reward (applause).—A vote of thanks was accorded the lecturer, on the motion of Mr. J. Davis.



THE PATHOS OF BRAVERY.

Four soldiers received the medal for distinguished conduct in the field from General Gatacre, Commander of the Eastern District, at Colchester. Corporal Cooper, one of the recipients, who had served in the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, had to be led to parade, having become blind from a wound in the head, received while leading his company when all its officers had been killed or disabled. Sergeant Johnston, Essex Regiment, another medallist, had six bars on his ribbon. He is credited with having skillfully saved half his company from being overwhelmed. Private Childs, Suffolk Regiment, and Private Dimery, Bedfordshire Regiment, were the others whose valour received recognition.

* * *
A STAG IN THE KITCHEN.

The members of the Surrey Stag Hunt have had an exciting chase. After four hours hard hunting they reached the well-known High Rocks, near Tunbridge Wells. Here the stag turned into the hotel and darting down a passage turned abruptly into the kitchen, colliding with the cook. Which was the more frightened is difficult to say, but the stag finding the kitchen door open, made a hurried exit, and was soon safe in the woods beyond before his pursuers had time to regain the scent.



For over-feeding one of his master's horses a Yorkshire waggoner has been fined £2 and 11s. 6d. costs.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 64.

SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1902.

William Pitt and the
Carrier's Picture.

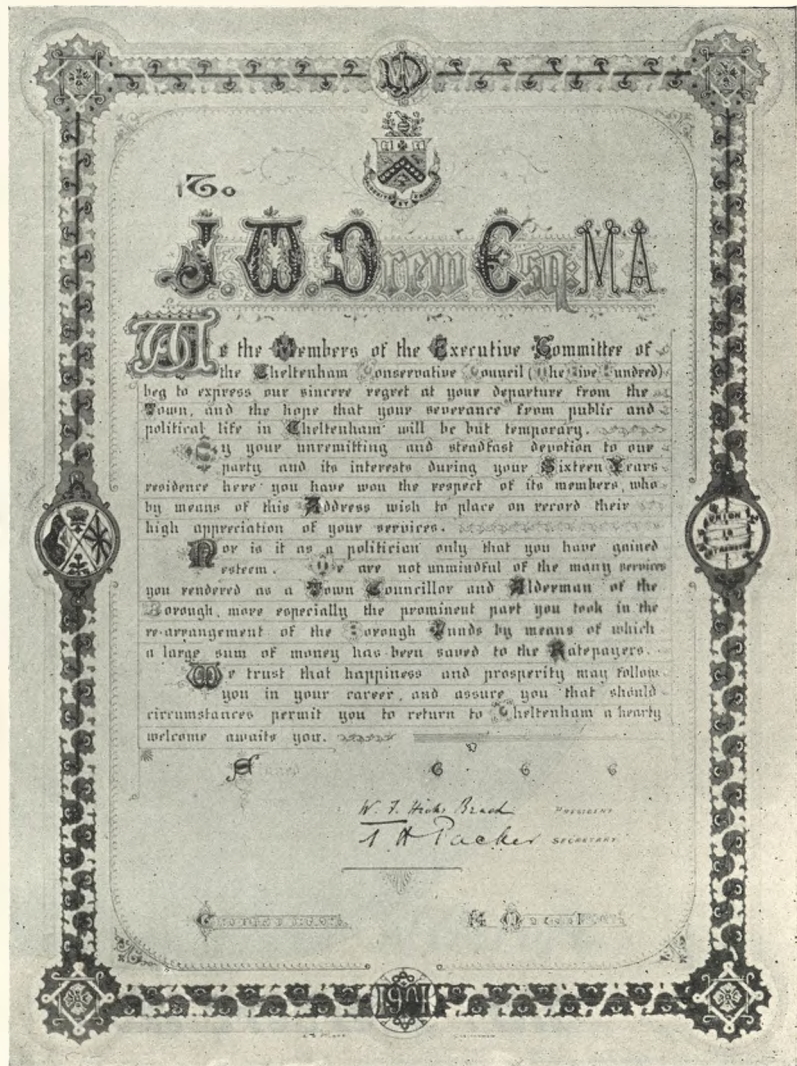
CHELTENHAM CONSERVATIVE COUNCIL

TO

MR. J. W. DREW.

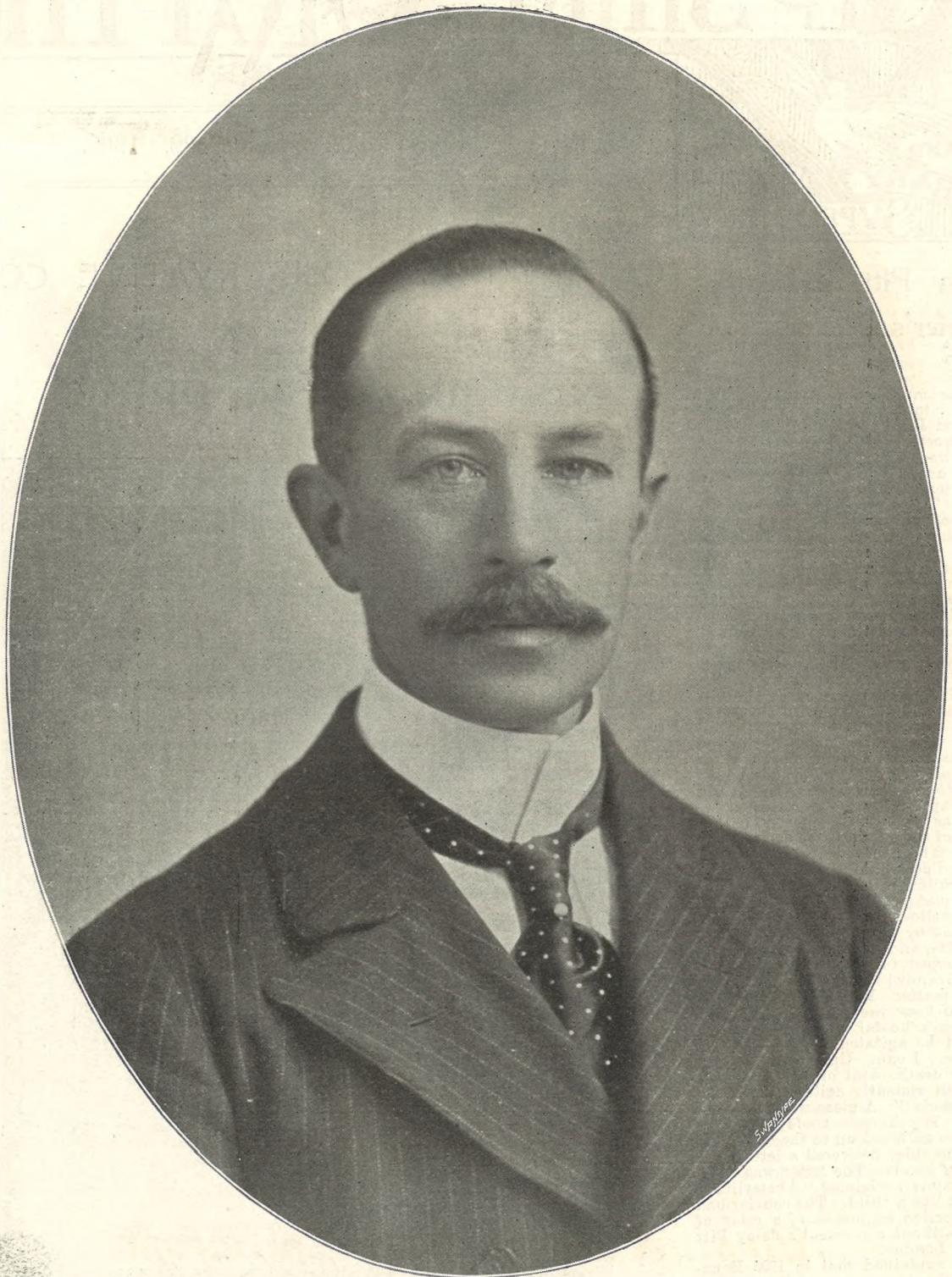
The late accomplished antiquary Mr. Peach, of Bath, told me a remarkable anecdote of William Pitt, the illustrious Statesman. Pitt frequently visited Bath to see his friend Ralph Allen, who so much admired Pitt that it is said he paid his election expenses. Pitt enthusiastically admired the paintings of Gainsborough. There was a carrier in Bath, who was in good circumstances, and always removed Gainsborough's pictures. That delicate task was always carefully performed, and the painter esteemed the carrier for his integrity and care, and the carrier ardently admired the painter for his genius. On one occasion Gainsborough said to the carrier, "I do not know how to testify my gratitude to you; but I have determined to paint the portraits of you, your wife, and family. When shall it be done?" "Well," replied the carrier, "stop till the haymaking, and when the last load of hay is hauled you can paint the group in front of the wagon and the horses." The carrier had a large farm near Bath, and Gainsborough came there, and the carrier, his wife, and family group were admirably painted, with the wagon, horses, trees, and pleasing landscape. It was elaborated in his studio. It was eventually placed in the principal room of the carrier's residence. Pitt, through Ralph Allen, heard of this remarkable picture, and posted down from London to see it. He was allowed to do so, and stood for a few moments and gazed in silent admiration upon that marvellous picture. He was suddenly startled as by the appearance of some imaginary spectre, and he trembled from head to foot. He gasped for breath, and faintly articulated, "Brandy! Give me brandy!" "What is the matter, Mr. Pitt?" "What? Why, can't you hear the clatter in the distance of a horse's hoofs?" "No, Mr. Pitt. Be calm; don't be agitated. I can hear no sound." "I can; I can. Upon that message depends life or death, weal or woe, to Great Britain." Again violently agitated, he cried "Brandy! Brandy!" A glass was filled and he drank it. The horse's hoofs were now audible; a horse galloped up to the door, and in a moment the rider delivered a letter into Pitt's trembling hands. The letter was read, and he passionately exclaimed "Austerlitz is lost." He wept like a child. The courier had ridden from London by means of a relay of fleet horses. Without a moment's delay Pitt posted back to London.

It should be explained that in 1805 Bonaparte defeated the Austrians and Russians at Austerlitz, and then many of the German Princes joined him. Gainsborough died on August 2nd, 1788, and William Pitt on January 23rd, 1806, aged 45 years.
H. Y. J. T.



New Conservative Candidate for Stroud.

MR. HERBERT JOHN ALLCROFT, the accepted Conservative and Unionist candidate for the Stroud or Mid-Gloucester Division, is the son of the late Mr. John Darby Allcroft, at one time M.P. for Worcester and High Sheriff for Shropshire. Mr. Allcroft, junr., was born in 1865, educated at Harrow, called to the Bar in 1891, and in 1893-4 was acting High Sheriff after the decease of his father. He married in December, 1900, Margaret Jane Russell, only daughter of the late Lieut.-Gen. Sir Wm. Russell, C.B., and thus became connected with an old Gloucestershire family. Mr. Allcroft's seat is Stokesay Court, Shropshire, but he has also taken up residence at Stroud.



Mr. Herbert John Allcroft.



Mrs. Herbert John Allcroft.

Tour of the Churches.

THE WINTER GARDEN EXHIBITION.

* * *

Southam Church.

A Representative Cheltenham Stall.

I wonder how many passengers through Southam notice its little chapel-of-ease! Not one in a hundred; possibly not one in a thousand. The sacred edifice is not noticeable from the highway. There is no tower on the steeple—only a small bellcot distinguishing it from the farm buildings amongst which it is situated. The Norman entrance doorway and principal windows, too, are away from sight, and overlook a farmyard. Viewing the outside of the building and its surroundings, one would anticipate the interior to be bare and barn-like, and one cannot help being struck on entering to see it very richly furnished and decorated.

At the altar a brass cross of generous proportions bears a long Latin inscription, and records the fact that the chapel was built about the year 1140, that for many years it fell into disuse, and was rebuilt by the Earl of Ellenborough in 1861. There is a brass plate erected to the joint memory of Bishop Law, of Carlisle, and of his son, the Earl of Ellenborough, Governor-General of India, who died at Southam House in 1871. There are several other brasses, oil paintings, busts, and statuettes. There is a small metal equestrian figure of the Duke of Wellington, who, when Premier, had the Earl of Ellenborough, then Edward Law, under him as Lord Privy Seal. The church boasts of a fine Norman pulpit, of large size compared with the smallness of the house of prayer it serves. The stone brackets in corners, holding the statuettes, are in different styles of architecture, and do not quite correspond with the pulpit. A great many texts appear on the walls, and there are some fine old chairs in the chancel. Altogether, readers will see that the interior of the little building is the reverse of being bare. The church consists of a nave, chancel, and a small organ chamber and vestry abutting on the south side.

I attended service at Southam on Sunday evening last. There was a fairly full congregation, the female element, however, greatly predominating. A lady presided at the small, nicely-toned organ; but there was not much singing. The Psalms were read, and the Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis chanted. Three hymns, from the A. and M. collection, were sung.

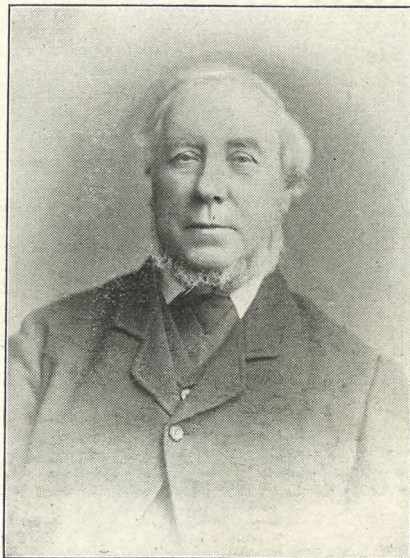
In due course the rector of Bishop's Cleeve ascended the pulpit, and took for his text St. Matthew vii., 14—"Straight is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth to life, and few there be that find it." The preacher said this seemed to be one of those hard sayings of our Blessed Lord which was difficult to reconcile with His mercifulness and goodness. The text contained a spiritual warning. Our Lord was drawing a comparison between the way of life and the way to destruction, because, just before He had said "Wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be that go therein." No effort was required to find the broad way; they fell into it easily and readily—it was an open door to everyone. But the narrow way—the living in strict accordance with God's Commandments, by which that way was hedged in—there came the difficulty, the need of seeking in order to find. God wished them to find that way. "Enter in at the straight gate," our Saviour had said. Perhaps at times the soul questioned why the invitation was given, why the gate was difficult, and why the way was narrow. It was not for those who had sinned against God to complain of any of God's dealings. In that narrow way they were seeking for higher things—a higher and better and more spiritual life. All nature told them that ascending, physically or spiritually, required effort. The popular preacher, Spurgeon, once demonstrated this to his hearers by sliding down the banisters of the pulpit stairs and then laboriously ascending them again. They must look in a great measure unto themselves for answer to the question why it was so difficult to ascend. The Psalmist realised that truth when he exclaimed "It is my own infirmity." They must



bring their lives into communion with Almighty God. They must be subject to a certain amount of discipline if they were to enter into life. The slothful man, who would so readily take his rest—how often it came to him to do this or that; the covetous man had frequent losses; the intemperate man had temptation set before him in order that he might strive against them. These were some of God's dealings with men striving to form in them truer character. And when a man had overcome these difficulties, would he go back again? No! He knew his face was set in the right direction and that he was in the straight and narrow way.

One could not help but think that the small knot of worshippers at Southam had a good spiritual adviser.

CHURCHMAN.



MR. T. W. BEACH,

Founder of the well-known jam firm of T. W. Beach and Sons, Ltd., a Biographical Sketch of whom appears in the "Chronicle" main sheet.



Photo by Mrs. Maitland, Cheltenham.

CHARLES BUFFORD,

A well-known character at the gates of East Gloucestershire Cricket Ground.

"Say I to myself, say I—
Always try
To have a pleasant word or lightsome jest
With every passer-by."

Henry Beazley, a Winchester innkeeper, was fined £5 on Saturday for stealing £100 worth of turnips from a field near an allotment in which he kept pigs.

OUR PRIZE PICTURES. ✨

PICTURESQUE KEMERTON HOUSES.



WINNERS OF THE AMBULANCE CHALLENGE SHIELD, 1902.
Cheltenham Police Team.



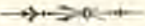
P.C. Dance. P.C. James (patient). P.C. Marsh
Supt. Hopkins. P.C. Delaney (captain). P.C. Jones.

LIDDINGTON LAKE

And Pleasure Gardens,

Adjoining Leckhampton Station, CHELTENHAM.

The Favorite Resort.

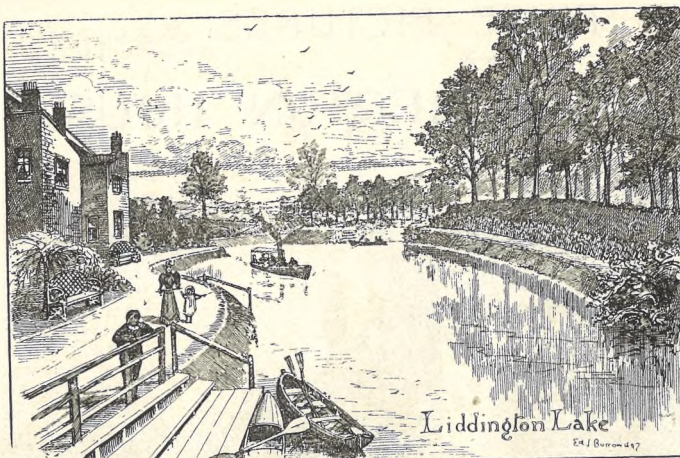


Will Re-open on

EASTER MONDAY

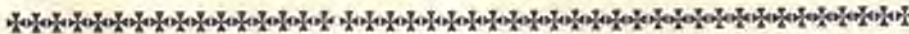
MARCH 31,

For the summer season



Liddington Lake

A varied Programme has been arranged, including Canoe and Boat Races, Egg and Spoon Races for Boys, Egg and Spoon Races, Flat Races for Girls. A PRIZE WILL BE AWARDED TO THE WINNER OF EACH EVENT. A BRASS BAND (Under the able Conductorship of Mr. W. E. Butler) has been engaged for the occasion for DANCING on the Lawns, both afternoon and evening. Swings, See-Saws, Out-door Gymnasium, and Giant Strides Free. At dusk the Gardens brilliantly illuminated. Refreshments provided at moderate charges. Gardens opened for Boating at 10 o'clock. Sports commence at 2 o'clock. Admission 2d. Children under 5 years, 1d. Steamboat ride 1d. Proprietors: STROULGER & Co.



Chaffing Papers.

[BY JOSEPH MERRIN.]

The Great World Healer.

Scene a country fair. A gaudy turnout, with nickel-plated harness, is discovered, with a carpeted platform and a background of American scenery in brilliant colours. A liveried cornet-player is discoursing wild and rapid music. The proprietor, in military get-up, with cocked hat and plume, parades in front, and when a crowd is collected he signals the music to stop, and, amidst the din of rival showmen, commences an oration in grandiose style:—

I see you are struck by the magnificent picture of grand territory which America has sent over as an offering to her noble progenitor, Britannia, the Queen of the Ocean, with the happy consciousness that her disinterested efforts in the direction of filial affection will be cordially reciprocated. Thunder and lightning of the first order, and grandeur and vastness of scenery unrivalled are the characteristics of the land of my birth (slapping his breast). Balmy skies and genial jollity pre-eminently distinguish the scenes before us, and encourage me in my mission of mercy to Old John Bull, in the hope that I may help to solace his declining days, and offer a fitting tribute to the noble Power that is in the van of civilisation, and whose flag proudly floats in every clime of the universe. But, gentlemen and ladies, or rather ladies and gentlemen, business is the grand function of life, and to business we will now proceed. You will be agreeably surprised to hear that having nearly traversed the circumference of this globe with my grand specifics of secret dodges how to circumvent disease and defer death, and being everywhere received with unbounded enthusiasm, I have come to tread the primrose path of dalliance in happy Old England—happy but for its fogs and mephitic exhalations, for its colds and catarrhs, indigestion, rheumatism, douloureux, cramp, croup, and the thousand other ailments known to the great profession to which I have the honour to belong, but which remain painful mysteries to the unhappy victims who drag out a miserable existence through being unaware of the mercies rendered by my miraculous medicaments, which banish suffering and restore age to its

pristine youth and vigour. Here you see there which the attendant has withdrawn a curio is no deception (pointing to a cabinet from tain). Here you see are the unrivalled remedies which are a blessing to the benumbed, a relief to the wretched, a boon to the bilious, a solace to the solitary, an invigorator to the down-trodden, and a blessing to all. If you will just say what you are all most suffering from my attendant will hand you the exact remedy in exchange for the paltry coin a mercenary world requires for its production. My office is rather as a ministering angel than a merchant of medicated blessings. These sealed packets inscribed with the virtues they enshrine are offered under the warrant of a duly certified diploma as exactly fitted to accomplish what I have imperfectly described. This opportunity may never occur to you again, as my services are urgently called for in distant towns, where the fame of my remedies has been wafted by an omnipresent Press, to which my heralds will shortly hie—happy augury of renewed health and strength to thousands. My assistant, Antonio Frangipani, will now take up the parable, and will endeavour to supply the enormous demand which will no doubt be made on my stock of magic medicaments.

A. F. now steps forward and endeavours to surpass his master in volubility, as he presses his quackeries on the crowd before him.

"There must be something in his remedies with all this fine turnout," suggests one in the crowd to an acquaintance. "I shall have a shillingsworth. Here, I often have rheumatic pains."

"Rheumatism, sir, is a widely prevailing ailment, and here's the remedy, warranted," says the attendant, passing a packet and pocketing the fee. And so the business goes on, and Brother Jonathan, by smart advertising, manages to do a roaring trade in medicines, besides cutting us out in many branches of trade and manufactures.

WAXWORKS SOLD—BY AUCTION.

Poor old Billy Downcast found he could not go on any longer with his "Grand Exhibition of Waxworks," which he had devoted his life to moulding, making up, mending, and exhibiting. Cart-grease did not cost much, but he had even been very short of that lately, and his creaking van-wheels told a terrible tale of hard draft to his skinny horses, which he found the greatest difficulty in feeding sufficiently to pull their historical and gaily bedizened burden from fair to fair. The combined pressure during a dull season of hard creditors who had supplied him with

naphtha for his lighting up, hay for his poor horses, and bread and cheese for himself, at last brought about the crisis, which culminated in the sale of his "beauties," as they stood or sat in their performing attitudes in their canary-coloured vans, vans and all being included in the "magnificent collection," which had been dragged many times from one end of the kingdom to the other.

Many bronzy-complexioned gentlemen in velveteen, dotted with huge pearl buttons, hung about, and now and then critically examined the wheels and springs of the vans, but seemed to carefully keep the result of their observations to themselves.

Others, with curious expressions of critical acumen, scanned the figures which the flinging back of the opening sides of the vans rendered visible in all their constrained and death-struck attitudes. Now was the crowned and sceptred king on his throne, with his gaudily-dressed courtiers fawning around him, exposed amid the blaze of a July sun to the gaze of a grinning crowd of idlers and slouching showmen. Now was some black velvet mantled hero of studious aspect shown to be made up of a skeleton of broomsticks, owing to the slipping away of part of his wonderful structure. Now was the Princess, in crimson push and noble, pleading before a tyrant judge for her head to be spared from the black-robed block and the crape-draped executioner, with his well-sharpened wooden axe.

"What will you say for this splendid lot, gentlemen," shouted the auctioneer, referring to a paper, "showing scenes immortalised in history? Observe the dignity of his Majesty, the grandeur of his habiliments, the true-to-life satellites of a voluptuous court, the inquisitorial aspect of the stern judge on the justice seat, and the virgin Princess praying for pardon from the block, with the accompanying sawdust hungering for her blood."

"Two-pun-ten," shouts one. "Three," cries another. "Any advance on three? A shameful price; not a crown a figure. Do rise to the occasion, gentlemen. Be just and generous now that this establishment is being broken up. Here's a handsome living for any speculating traveller offered right off. Say five pounds, and let us take the next lot." "Three-five." "Oh, dear, can't I get another sov.? Going for three-five—the first, second, and third time—gone! (hammer down on book)."

"Mr. Tussaud, I believe?" "No, Tomkins." "What, my old friend Tomkins; well, you have got a bargain. Going round the world with 'em, I s'pose? Ah! fine business for an energetic Britisher, diffusing most valuable information abroad and glorifying the history of his country at the same time."

"Please throw open the next lot of grand historical illustrations. Now, here's a touching group, that only wants a little touching up to make it truly life-like. On the right is fair Rosamond, mistress of Henry the Second, just come from her famous bower or labyrinth at Woodstock, in which the King concealed her from his Queen Eleanor. Pretty goes on in those days. She's in the act of kneeling before drinking the cup of poison Queen Eleanor forced her to take. The Queen is fiercely jealous, and Rosamond, poor thing, raises her eyes to heaven as she drinks the fatal draught."

"Now, throw open the next lot. Here we have a fine miscellaneous group of individual figures, each one telling its own tale. Human life in all forms is here personified (excuse my reading some from the book sold with the lot). The infant in the nurse's arms—emblem of the rising man of the future; the schoolboy sneaking out of going to school, with the schoolmaster peeping out of his window at him; the idle apprentice, after Hogarth, studying out a missing word competition, sitting on a gravestone—emblematical of his moral sense being dead and buried—in the dreadful act of gambling; the bridal party, full of hope and promise, sprinkled with lucky rice and slippers; the deranged father, just after a railway accident; the eloquent professor, with his mortar-dabber pupils around him (our future legislators and great men), some pretending to listen and some a-going to sleep (such is life and lost opportunity); and, finally, the solemn skellington in the dark corner with his dart (a fine work of anatomical art), telling us of the last sad

end of all, and grinning to think he's got us.
 "What can be more pathetic, gentlemen and ladies and patrons of the exhibition, when they're before you, than such a conglomeration of qualities, human and divine? Did I hear £10 bid?" "Ten shillin'." "Oh! that must be a mistake" ("Yes, on your side"). "Thirty shillin'." "That won't do, either; now for something like an advance. Look at the number of figures; twig their appointments; consider the workmanship in their interiors, the grandeur of the ideas worked out, the attractiveness and wonderful power of the lessons they convey." "Two-ten."
 "Good; now we're getting on." "Two-fifteen."
 "Do remember, this is a chance that only occurs once in a century, and, perhaps, not so often as that. Gentlemen, brains ought to be rewarded—ideas is of immense value; and think of the wonderful conceptions involved in the illustrations of living human life now before you!" "Three." "I shall say £4 myself, for I have a commission commencing with that." "Four-five." "Going for four-five." "Four-six." "We can't bid by shillings; its mean, especially with wax-works; we must do it by crowns. Shall I say £4 10s.?" "Yes."
 "Now, surely there's going to be some advance on this. A very poor price for so many and such charming figures. But the world is cruel, gentlemen, and I must knock 'em down, I suppose, for this, though it is with pain, as if they were my own children as I was a-sellin', as there is no reserve; mind, gentlemen, no reserve." "Four-fifteen." "Thank you. I know some friend will rise to £5 now."
 "Thank you, Mr. Tomkins, they're yours; and may the blessings and the good wishes of the numerous company before me follow you in your search after fame and fortune all round the world. I shall go round again and sell the well-made wheels and platforms of the vans—and well sprung on you'll find them—and then the sale will be concluded; and the creditors I appear for are much obliged to you for your attendance, and especially for your biddings. We'd go and drink good luck to the purchasers, but it would be scarcely proper just yet till the cash business is settled. After that, gentlemen, I hope to see you at the King's Head opposite over something that will cheer us all up."



SKETCH IN NEWSROOM, CHELTENHAM FREE LIBRARY, 6 P.M.
 "Echo" just placed on stand—"What's the latest from the front!"

Gloucestershire Gossip.

Alexander the Great sighed that there were no more worlds to conquer, but the Rev. S. A. Alexander, whom the Bishop has just appointed Canon Missioner of the Gloucester Diocese, will find ample scope for his holy work, notwithstanding the fact that the ground has been well prepared by Canon Bowers. The appointment comes very much in the nature of a surprise to clerical circles, but it is none the less satisfactory on that account. The new Canon, who is Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of Hereford, missed a canonry in that Cathedral, which his lordship offered him in the year 1895, because the lawyers decided he was not qualified by reason of the fact that he had not completed six years in Holy Orders. A London contemporary, I observe, says:—"Mr. Alexander was formerly Tutor of Keble College, Oxford, but, like Mr. Acland and other members of the staff of that High Church preserve, he has gravitated in a 'Broad' direction. I understand that the new Canon Missioner will retain his present appointment (which is not a very exacting one) of Reader at the Temple, as there is no bar to this in the scheme under which the late Mr. John Walker, of Cheltenham, endowed the mission-ship."

Dymock daffodils deserve mention by reason of the fact of the firm hold that they have obtained on public favour in a wide area beyond the confines of Gloucestershire. It is not very generally known in this county that on the water meadows of this village, which impinges on the boundaries of South Herefordshire, the yellow flower grows in great

profusion and constitutes a remarkably good crop for the farmers. Tons of them are put on rail at Dymock station, and are sent to many of the large towns. Just before Easter, when they are in great request for Church purposes, is when the traffic commences.

Really how time does fly, and it seems to do so more rapidly as one grows older. This truth has been forcibly brought home to me by the reference of Sir F. Dixon-Hartland, at the Cheltenham Conservative Council meeting the other night, to the fact that it was over 20 years ago since he last addressed the Conservative party here in English's Riding School. I well remember that assembly, presided over by the late Duke of Beaufort, and hearing speeches by his Grace, and Sir M. Hicks Beach, M.P., the Hon. Randal Plunkett, Mr. Reginald Yorke, M.P., Sir F. (then Mr.) Dixon-Hartland, representing Evesham, Mr. Schreiber, M.P., (a former Cheltenham representative), Mr. Agg-Gardner, and Mr. St. John Ackers. This meeting was on June 8th, 1881, in celebration of the inauguration of the Cheltenham Conservative Club, an event which had been postponed owing to the death of Lord Beaconsfield. A great deal has happened since then. The club has, unfortunately, ceased to exist, but Cheltenham and the Tewkesbury Division (in which it is geographically situated), have, happily, remained true to the Conservative flag, dating from the dark days to the other local constituencies of 1885. I hope that nothing like 20 years will elapse ere Sir Frederick again addresses his Cheltenham friends and is able to congratulate them on the success of his equitable proposal that the owners of the mines and other property in the Boer Republics should pay the cost of obtaining their freedom through the British.

Another M.P. has re-visited Cheltenham

lately, and left it on record that he spent some of the happiest days of his official life in it. I allude to Mr. Brynmor Jones, erstwhile learned County Court Judge. Those who had the privilege of the acquaintance of his Honour know that amongst other accomplishments he was a don billiard player. They will doubtless read the following with special interest from the editor of the "Cairo Sphinx":—"I had Sir George Newnes to see me, and on his invitation went to a billiard match played on one of Thurston's tables on the deck of the steamer. The challenger was the well-known Brynmor Jones, K.C., M.P., who won the toss for break, and played the first ball overboard, where it was snapped up by a crocodile! Another ball was promptly forthcoming, however, and the match brought to a satisfactory conclusion, though some of the strokes would have made John Roberts go green with envy. I got a good photo of the proceedings. I only wish the "Graphic" could get hold of and give that photo.

I hear that another lady of title is likely to become an M.H. Lady Mary Hamilton, who since her step-father has hunted the Ledbury Hounds, has graced the field with her mother, Mary Louise, Duchess of Hamilton and Brandon, has expressed a wish to hunt the Hamilton Harriers, in East Suffolk, of which her father and, after him, her step-father, were Masters. I trust it will not lead to her ladyship leaving the Ledbury country entirely.

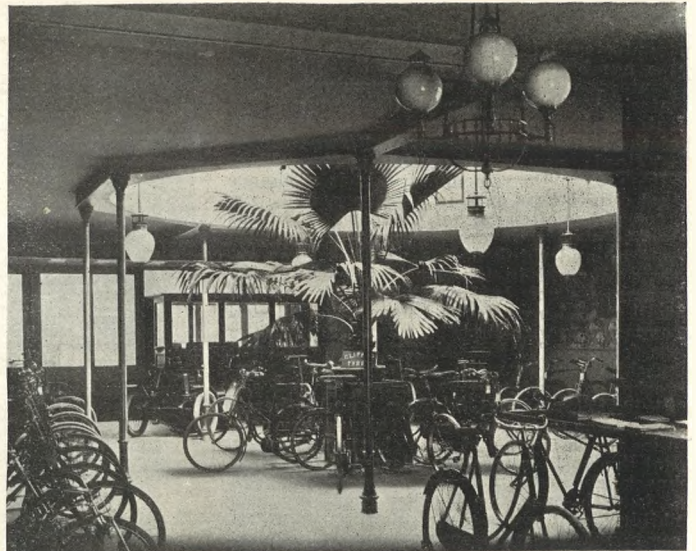
Mr. Thomas Chapton, of Beaufoy-road, Battersea, has just attained his 102nd year. The old gentleman can boast that he held one situation for fifty-five years.

AN ENTERPRISING LOCAL FIRM.

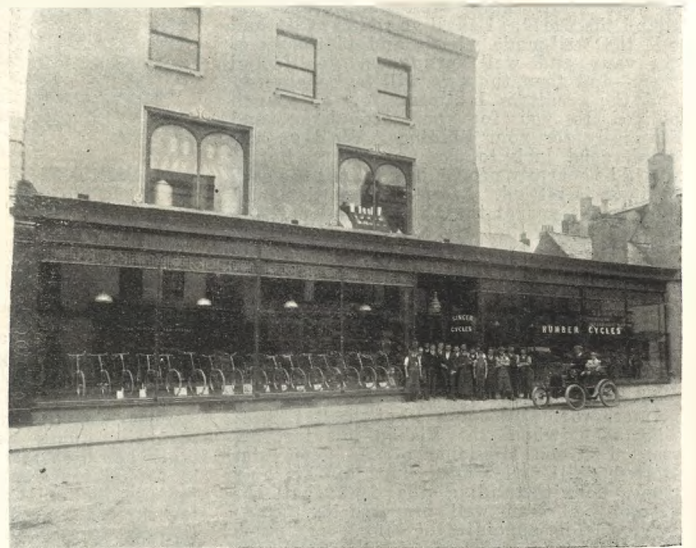
Big Cycle Premises at Cheltenham and Gloucester.



THE NEW GLOUCESTER DEPOT



CATHEDRAL CYCLE DEPOT
(Interior).



CHEL TENHAM PREMISES.



THE FIRM'S REGISTERED POSTER.

We have in this week's "Graphic" reproduced some photos of the depots of the well-known firm of H. G. Norton and Co., Cycle and Motor-Car Makers and Agents and Ironmongers, 2, 3, 4, and 5 Bath-road, and High-street, Cheltenham, and the Cathedral Cycle Depot, Gloucester.

It is common knowledge that the public want a good selection of goods in any department when purchasing. This firm claims without fear of contradiction that it can give the cycling public a finer selection of cycles and high-class bassinettes and mail-carts than any other firm in England, and their depots in Cheltenham and Gloucester are considered two of the finest in the country.

They are sole district agents in Cheltenham for Humbers, Lea-Francis, Rovers, Singers, Swifts, Rudge-Whitworths, Raleighs, Triumphs, etc. They can supply nearly all of the above well-known makes with free-wheels, rim brakes, and Dunlop tyres from £10 10s., and cheaper from £7 7s.

As they do nickel plating and enamelling on the

premises, and keep a big staff of mechanics, they can execute repairs promptly.

They were the first to handle motor-cars in this district, having sold one to go to Spain three years ago, and their latest sale was a fine English Napier car (£660) to a local gentleman.

They also have one of the finest ironmongery establishments in Cheltenham.

Messrs. H. G. Norton and Co. have purchased the depot of the late Gloucester City and County Cycle Co., Ltd., Westgate-street, Gloucester, and have secured the services of Mr. S. H. Vickridge as manager, who was for some years with the late company, and thoroughly understands the requirements of the district. They have opened the premises with a fine selection of the best makes of 1902 bicycles, tricycles, tradesmen's carriers, and a large assortment of high-class mail carts and bassinettes, and hope to be favoured with a continuance of the extensive patronage that their predecessors enjoyed. They have been appointed sole district agents in Gloucester for Humbers.

Lea-Francis, Sunbeams, Quadrants, Elswicks, and the Bevel Gear Cycle Co., and Chainless Bicycles, etc. As they employ an experienced staff of workmen at Gloucester and Cheltenham, they will be able to undertake all kinds of repairs at a considerably cheaper rate than the late company. Plating and enamelling are done on the premises. The hiring department will receive special attention, and they hope, by having first-class machines and charging reasonable prices, to greatly increase this branch of the business. Intending purchasers can hire a new machine, and, if bought, the hire will be allowed. The firm are prepared to take second-hand machines as part-payment on new bicycles. The depot is replete with every convenience for customers, including ladies' and gents' cloak-rooms, and the firm will be pleased at any time to take charge of the machines of customers who visit Gloucester. Messrs. Norton are agents for the principal makers of motor cycles and cars, which may be tried any time by appointment. Lessons given in driving.

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.

The winner of the 63rd competition is Mr. Jesse Price, Bank House, Tewkesbury, with the Kemerton series.

AN EASTER HYMN.—We propose to publish in next Saturday's "Gloucestershire Graphic" a beautiful setting of Baring Gould's beautiful words—"On the Resurrection Morning." The music is by Mr. Edwin Greene, of Cheltenham.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 65. SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1902.

PHYSICAL PROBLEMS OF THE FUTURE.

Lord Rayleigh brought to a close, at the Royal Institution, on Saturday afternoon, his course of lectures on "Some Electrical Developments," when he showed some remarkable experiments and discussed some of the problems that baffle the latter day student of physics. The first experiments showed some of the effects produced on a jet of steam by electricity escaping from a point and electrifying the air. Where the spark occurred the cloud of steam became more opaque. Air blown on to the jet produced no effect, but if the air were blown through a bottle containing sulphuric acid the effect would be plainly perceived. This required elucidation, and he recommended the subject to young experimenters. Lord Rayleigh next demonstrated that the influence of electricity on a fountain of water was to make the scattering of the drops much less, and this explained the heavy drops of a thunder shower. The question of a rotating magnetic field and polyphase motors next claimed the lecturer's attention, and he discussed the battle now raging between the advocates of the two rival systems of electrical distribution of energy. A very remarkable experiment was shown with a ring of iron, over which coils of wire were wound, and on which a copper egg resting on a plate was placed. When the alternating current was switched on the egg rotated at first slowly, then more quickly, until at last it stood up on end. The deflection of the cathode rays by a magnet was then shown, and the lecturer proceeded to discuss the Rontgen rays. What were they? It was easy enough to produce them, but not so easy to say what they really were. They could not be refracted, it was doubtful if they could be reflected, and as to diffraction no decided results had been obtained. The same difficulty existed as to the Becquerel rays. Were they undulatory, or were they emanations of a corpuscular character? It seemed as if we were going back to the old days, when scientists discussed whether light were undulatory or corpuscular. These were problems for the future to solve, and we must wait until something turned up.

CITIES TO BECOME VILLAGES.

As England has taught the world how to use coal, she ought to think of teaching the world how to use coal without waste. In another hundred years the English hamlets of contented working folk that have become cities of luxurious people will decay again into hamlets, inhabited by a discontented, poverty-stricken population which will curse its ancestors for their prodigality. They will not curse us for using coal perhaps, but they will know how to economise coal, and so they will curse us for our ignorance. We in England are wasting 900 times the amount of our national debt ever year.—Professor John Perry in "Nature."



Photo by W. Ornsby. OLD MANOR HOUSE, STAVERTON. Cheltenham.

Major and Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel K. E. Lean, who served in the Zulu war, 1879, the Burmese expedition, and the last and present Transvaal campaigns, is now on passage to England, and after going on leave will proceed to Malta to take up his new appointment as second in command of the 3rd Battalion the Royal Warwickshire Regiment, which will next month also get a new lieutenant-colonel.

* * *

Lieutenant H. Isacke, who was severely wounded in the Tirah campaign, has been selected for the adjutancy of the 2nd Royal West Kent Regiment, and is transferred from Malta to South Africa. He is one of the four soldier sons of Colonel Isacke, R.A., J.P., of Broadstairs, whose death at Teneriffe was announced last week. He will be the third brother to serve against the Boers and the third to hold an adjutancy.

* * *

The King has approved, on the recommendation of the Lord Chancellor, of the names of the following gentlemen for appointment to the rank of King's Counsel:—Sir John R. Paget, Bart., Mr. Herbert Elliot Ormerod, Mr. Samuel Hill Smith Lofthouse, Mr. William Percival Gratwicke Boxall, Mr. John Gilbert Kotze, Mr. Arthur Powell, Mr. Ernest Moon, Mr. Charles Montague Lush, Mr. Robert Arthur Germaine, Mr. Frank Gore-Browne, Mr. Stanley Owen Buckmaster, Mr. Dudley Stewart Smith, and Mr. Frederick Low.

Lord James of Hereford and Miss James have arrived at Breamore House, Salisbury, for the Easter recess.

* * *

The Admiralty has awarded General Fredk. Le Grand, Royal Marine Light Infantry, the good service pension of £200 per annum, vacant by the death of General Sir Penrose C. Penrose.

* * *

On Tuesday night the Mayor of Bethnal Green, Mr. C. E. Fox, was presented with a mayoral chain and a loving cup. The chain has been given by Mr. Henry Merceron, and the cup by Mr. Pige Laschallas.

* * *

The Washington correspondent of the "New York Times" states that the resignation of Mr. Choate as Ambassador to Great Britain may be expected within the next two months, and that he will be succeeded by either Mr. D. J. Hill or Mr. Bellamy Storer.

* * *

Lord Dunmore was sixty-one on Monday. He is a great traveller, and has written largely of his experiences in that connection. He is now a leader of the Christian Scientists in England. He recently joined a great pilgrimage to Mother Mary Eddy's place in Boston. His eldest son, Viscount Fincastle, obtained the V.C. three or four years ago on the Indian frontier.

ON THE RESURRECTION MORNING.

HYMN 499 A. & M.

By kind permission of Committee Hymns A. & M.

Words by S. Barrow Gould. Music by Edwin Greene.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "On the Res-ur-rec-tion morning, soul and body meet a-gain,". The second system continues the piano accompaniment and includes the lyrics: "No more sorrow, no more weeping, no more pain! A-men." The score includes dynamic markings such as 'f' and 'mf'.

*p*Here awhile they must be parted,
And the flesh its Sabbath keep,
Waiting in a holy stillness,
wrapt in sleep.

But the soul in contemplation
Utters earnest prayers and strong,
*mf*Bursting at the Resurrection
into song.

*f*Oh! the beauty, Oh! the gladness
Of that Resurrection day,
Which shall not through endless
ages
pass away!

For a while the tired body
Lies with feet toward the morn;
*cr.*Till the last and brightest Easter
day be born.

*cr.*Soul and body reunited
Thenceforth nothing shall divide,
Waking up in Christ's own likeness,
satisfied.

*mf*On that happy Easter morning
All the graves their dead restore;
Father, sister, child, and mother
meet once more.

To that brightest of all meetings
*dim.*Bring us, Jesu Christ, at last;
By Thy Cross, through death (*cr.*) and judgment,
holding fast.

The Musical Setting is by Mr. Edwin Greene, Cheltenham.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

* * *

I very much want to see another big bonfire on Leckhampton Hill. Readers, pray do not misunderstand me. I am not advocating the firing of the gorse, or long grass, or anything of that sort, for I deprecate it. I mean a beacon fire on the night of the Coronation Day, similar to the one on the Queen's Jubilee in 1887. In fact I want them to be all over the country and myself and the public to see as many as we can from one or more of the heights in this county. The grand scene in 1887 I shall never forget. I was on the summit of one of the outliers of the Cotswolds, and, having a powerful field-glass with me, I was impressed into service to watch the Malverns for the signal rocket, which duly went up at 10 o'clock, and in the twinkling of an eye our beacon fire was ablaze, and we could soon see nearly forty others alight over a wide expanse of country, even extending into Wales. It was organisation that brought this about, thanks mainly to the late Col. Victor Milward, High Sheriff of Worcestershire. I am glad, therefore, to find that a few days ago some forty M.P.'s met in London and formed an Organising Bonfires Committee and re-

solved to circularise the lords-lieutenant, chairmen of county councils, mayors, and other local authorities, inviting their co-operation. It is, I think, a good augury that a Mr. G. H. Milward is one of the hon. secretaries.

*

The sum of £1,000 is required from the public to celebrate the Coronation in a fitting and appropriate manner in Cheltenham. This does not seem an excessive amount, seeing that for the Queen's Jubilee £404 1s. 3d. for the Imperial Institute, £1,184 5s. 2d. for local festivities, and £51 9s. 5d. for other purposes, were subscribed in the town; and that 950 aged people had dinner at 2s. 9d. each, 191 sick persons had 2s. and 308 other persons 1s. 6d. each in cash, while teas for school children cost £153 9s. and medals and badges for them £99 1s. On that occasion the foundation stone of the Public Library and Art and Science School was laid and the Alstone Swimming Baths were opened. At the forthcoming one the civic function will probably be the fixing of the memorial stone in the Town-hall.

*

I am in a position to state that the idea of building another Great Western Railway station just below St. George's-road bridge

for the Honeybourne line passengers, as contemplated in the deviat on scheme, has been abandoned, and that the original intention of bringing them in on a curved line into St. James's-square station will be carried out. This will decidedly simplify matters all round. Navvies are now very busy inside Cheltenham in doubling the Banbury Railway to Charlton, and this is involving the lowering, by about four feet, of the embankment and public highways at Hatherley. I don't know if my friend at the railside at Lansdown is still waiting for an inspiration or suggestion for a legend on his big blank black board, but if the latter, would not the words "Double, double, toil and trouble" in "Macbeth" be appropriate now? I am glad to hear that the C. and D. L. R. Co. and the Cheltenham Corporation have come to an arrangement in regard to the repairs to the line, and that the block to the proposed extensions will now be removed.

*

Gloucestershire has produced many eminent men, as is well known. But I don't think it is a matter of general knowledge that Mr. Charles J. C. W. Hyne, the popular novelist of the present day, was born in this county. His place of nativity was the remote village

of Bibury, where his father, the Rev. C. W. Noble Hyne, was for some time curate, and he was born there on May 11th, 1866. He is said to combine happily the characteristic traits of the west and north countryman. He is well known as a "globe trotter," as he covers 10,000 miles of fresh ground every year, so that he is able to pick up plenty of material for his novels and books.

*

Is De Wet of Gloucestershire extraction? When he first began to make his prowess felt in the field many persons living in a certain

district of South Gloucestershire almost religiously believed a rumour that he is one of the sons, who disappeared some years ago, of a deceased nobleman. Now, certain Welsh papers give credence to persistent rumours that De Wet is an Englishman and a son of the late Mr. G. H. Whalley, M.P. for Peterborough, who had a country house near Ruabon. If that be so (though I don't credit it) De Wet is a grandson of a Mr. Whalley, who over half a century ago was a draper in Westgate-street, Gloucester, within a few paces of the Cross.

GLEANER.

The "Selina Jenkins" Letters.

*

SELINA JENKINS ON "POETS AND PROCESSIONS."

*

By yesterday forenoon's post there come a synonymous postcard addressed to me, with the following lines rote on it, together with several blots and smudges, as must 'ave took me for a poetry column for sure, and never 'ad the common decency to put a stamp on, as cost me 1d. of me 'ard-earned savings, wick I'd license, as is a powerful site 2 licentious for a respectable fieldmale like me, as always pays me bills reglar, and we all knows that 'alf them poets don't never pay their way at all, wick I 'ad a nephew as were bitten with the poetry some time back, as gived up 'is lawful profession, being a 'airdresser, shampooer, and "gentlemen's 'air cut at their own residences" by trade, and bringing 'im in a tidy bit, too; well, this 'ere silly chap, 'e says as 'ow 'e feels that 'e were cut hout for hire things, sich as "Shakespeare," "Paridise Lost," "Little Jim," and the like, and were always talking about his "mews," wotever that were, as I considers were nothink but rank 'eathenism meself, as was only fit for them ancient Romans and Harabs to talk about! 'Owver, he did rite a few verses as was set to moosic at the fambly's expense (more fools they), with the picture of a young woman weeping on the front, and was afterwards in great demand to wrap up articles with, when there weren't no other waste paper anywheres 'andy! And sich is poetry; of course, I knows there's one or two as 'as made a bit out of it, sich as Alfered Austin Esquire, who 'ave 'ad 'is poems accepted by Royalties, and can rite a very tidy bit of flattering to order at so much a line any time as it's required; and there's that there Ruddy Kipping, wick I don't 'old with the langwidge as 'e uses in 'is poems, not at all, as is accounted for by wot they tells me, that 'is publishers gives 'im 1/- a word for hordinary expressions and 6d. extry for special strong words; but, meself, I don't see why one man should be took up by the perlice for letting fly 'is feelin's a bit in the street, hunder the hinfuents of the flowing bowl, while another is allowed to rite down anythink 'e may desire, just because the one 'appens to be a human being and the hother a poet, with 'is spesshul license to look down on hus and call sich as me, a respectable fieldmale, as never done nobody nor nothink no 'arm, a "muddied oof," and hother low statements as I wouldn't soil me 'ands by uttering of them, that I wouldn't, not being a poet!

'Owver, as I was a-saying, when me feelin's runned away with me pen a bit, I gets this 'ere postcard with these lines rote on it (as cost me a penny for all this rubbish, drat them poets):

Ho! who will o'er the hill with me,
Ho! who will with me stride,
Ho! who will up and follow me
Right up Leckhampton side,
Ho! £1 share has fenced the hill,
And warned us off, you see;
But neither fence nor threats shall take
Leckhampton Hill from me.

N.B.—Such's Engineering Band will be in attendance.

P.S.—No matches allowed.

G.P.O.—A special ward will be founded at the General Hospital with the proceeds of the collection for those injured during the agitation.

Now, you know, this Leckhampton 'Ill rite business is a very difficult matter to settle with a Engineering Band and a superscription to the General 'ospital, as won't take it, and all in 'Oly Week, too, wick I 'ave 'eard say that the directors of the theatre is very agassed to think that people should be so wicked of a Good Friday! 'Owver, 'u

Prize Photography.

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

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

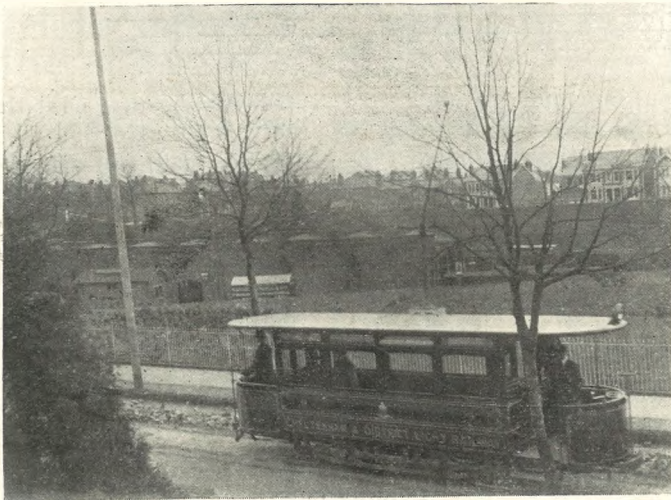
The competition is open to the county, and the name of the successful competitor will be announced weekly in the Art Supplement.

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 64th competition is Mr. H. H. S. Escott, of 2 Granley-villas, St. Mark's, Cheltenham.

Entries for the 65th competition closed this (Saturday) morning, March 29th, 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



NEW C. AND D.L.R. CAR FOR CLEEVE HILL.

The charming lyric which we print to-day—"The Dawn of May"—is from the pen of Miss Gertrude Luckie, a young lady who has by her freshness and originality come to the front rank of writers of words for music. Her lovely words have been set to music by the best living composers. Miss Luckie is a resident in the pleasant district known as Telford Park, Streatham, S.W.

* * *

ETON COLLEGE BOYS' "LARK."

Between Thursday evening and Friday morning the locks of twenty school-rooms in the new schools of Eton College were stopped with plaster of Paris, evidently in order to prevent anyone entering. The Head Master, on hearing of the occurrence, promptly issued a notice to the students, stating that unless the offenders were given up by two o'clock on Saturday all leave would be stopped until further notice. The Head Master added that the perpetrators of the silly outrage would thus have the satisfaction of knowing that their folly had involved a number of innocent people in a general punishment which was necessitated by the nature of the case.



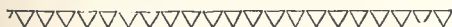
BADGEWORTH CHURCH.

It is reported that Lord Roberts desires to have the Victoria Cross handed to the relatives of Lieutenant Nesham, who heroically stood to his guns at Tweebosch. The Victoria Cross was recommended by Sir Redvers Buller for Lieutenant Roberts, the Commander-in-Chief's only son, after his death at Colenso.

course, the people must prove their lawful rites to roam permiscous over the brow of the hill, and to fall down the precipices if they feels a-minded to, and I would be one of the first to go hup and smash down them fenceses with my best umberella, as Aunt Jane left me in 'er will and testament, to prove me rite of weigh; but wot I will say I don't understand, is knocking about the trees and burning down the fuzzy-bushes on Leckhampton, just to show there's no ill-feeling towards the 'Ill, as is like cutting hoff your nose to spite your face, and honly does 'arm to the cause. The advice as I gives, free, gratis, and for nothink, to the gentry as is the field-marshals, so to speak, of this 'ere non-Such procession, is to hand over the proceeds of the hoffertory to those as is proceeding to take action in the coming case of 'Ill and Dale. I shouldn't walk in the percession, not meself, wich you gets yer feet trod on sommat hawful, hiff the aggeritation is very earnest in keeping time to the band, wich I were onct in a aggeritation as were got hup to put down the drink, it being of a Good Friday that time, and called a "Feet" just to sound a bit better on the tickets, and you mark my words, I don't know 'ow much drink there were put down on that pertikler hoccasion, haltho' there was a tidy few buns put out of sight, but wot I do know is, that I couldn't 'ardly stand hup for a week hafterwards for hegshaustion, as brought on the sciatica, I feel sure, about six months afterwards, and very near cost me me life, so well as two pound 5/- in doctors' bills, and hall through putting down the drink! Of course, in these 'ere aggeritations, you gets eggeited, and you sings "Britons never, never, never shan't be slaveys" and "Rule Britannia," and sich like, till you be black in the face, only the worst of it is, that don't halter the fact that a gentleman as shall be nameless ('ceps that 'is name's Dale) 'ave bought the 'ill over our 'eads, as never oughtn't to 'ave been allowed; no, all the band playing and percessions in the world don't alter that, but altered it will be, or I ain't no authority on sich matters, seein' as 'ow on the one side there is Mr. Dale with 'is ironclads, and on the other the Corporation, the Urban Councils, and the people and the law, and, wot's more, me, Selina Jenkins, as is quite willing to appear as a witness, and give evidence to 'aving rolled down the 'ill without let or 'indrance 25 years ago come Good Friday, and I'd do it again if 'twasn't for me age just to spite them as says we 'aven't got no rite there!

SELINA JENKINS.

N.B.—Wotever is done, we must keep our "Witts" clear; eh, now?



Lord Grimthorpe, who is the senior King's Counsel, on Saturday completed his sixty-four years' connection with the law, he having entered as a student at Lincoln's Inn on March 22, 1838. His lordship, who is close on eighty-six years of age, was created a Queen's Counsel on July 10th, 1854, nearly forty-eight years ago.

*

If Edward VII. decides to visit the Channel Islands—a very likely event—during the forthcoming cruise in British waters, he will be the first English King to set foot in the old Norman fief of the Crown since the days of King John. When her late Majesty visited the islands in her cruising tour, the "Daily Chronicle" records, the soil had not been trod by an English Sovereign for more than 600 years, and the islanders threw themselves into a frenzy of loyalty.

*

The Exchange Telegraph Company says according to news from Stockholm, experiments have been made at Marnia with an aerial torpedo, the invention of Mr. Unga, a commandant of artillery, the results of which have been extremely satisfactory. The details are kept secret, but it is understood that the machine is not only an engine of destruction, but can be used for saving the lives of persons shipwrecked at sea.



Photo by Mr. E. J. Winter.

Cheltenham.

CHELTENHAM TRAINING COLLEGE PRACTISING SCHOOL ASSOCIATION F.C.

Played 18, won 12, lost 5, drawn 1; goals for, 76; against, 31.



Cheltenham Free Church Council to Councillor Hayward.

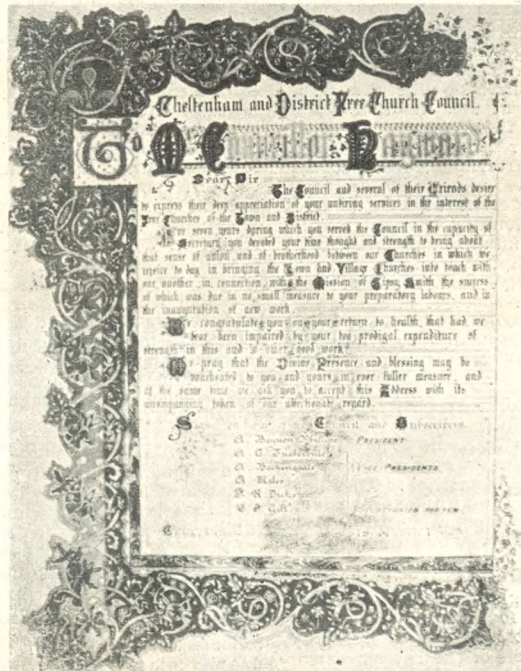


Photo by W. Hewitt.

Cheltenham.



Sir James Rankin, M.P., has been elected president of the Herefordshire Constitutional Union, in the place of the late Lord Bate-man.

The will of Sir Archibald J. S. Milman, Clerk to the House of Commons, is proved, and the testator's estate entered at £6,515. The Marquess and Marchioness of Waterford have arrived in London from Curraghmore, Ireland.

Two interesting engagements were announced on Monday. Major-Gen. Sir Charles Tucker, K.C.B., is to marry Nellie, only daughter of the late Sir Maurice O'Connell, Bart. The engagement of Mr. Walrond, C.M.G., private secretary to Lord Milner, and Miss Ruby Elizabeth Newberry, daughter of Mr. Charles Newberry, J.P., of Prynnsberg, Orange River Colony, was also announced.

LIDDINGTON LAKE

And Pleasure Gardens,

Adjoining Leckhampton Station, CHELTENHAM.

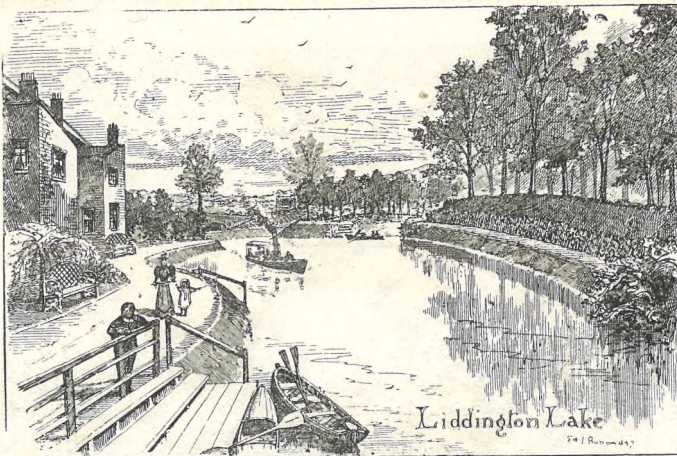
The Favorite Resort.

Will Re-open on

EASTER MONDAY,

MARCH 31,

For the summer season



A varied Programme has been arranged, including Canoe and Boat Races, Egg and Spoon Races for Boys, Egg and Spoon Races, Flat Races for Girls. A PRIZE WILL BE AWARDED TO THE WINNER OF EACH EVENT. A BRASS BAND (Under the able Conductorship of Mr W. E. Butler) has been engaged for the occasion for DANCING on the Lawns, both afternoon and evening. Swings, See-Saws, Out-door Gymnasium, and Giant Strides Free. At dusk the Gardens brilliantly illuminated. Refreshments provided at moderate charges. Gardens opened for Boating at 10 o'clock. Sports commence at 2 o'clock. Admission 2d. Children under 5 years, 1d. Steamboat ride 1d. Proprietors: STROULGER & Co.

[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

The Education best for the Million.

By J. H. YOXALL, M.P.

(Author of "Secondary Education," etc.)

I wish I could think that every English and Welsh child was getting some sort of an education; but the Blue Books confess that there are even yet something like a million who get no schooling at all. And of those whose names are on the registers of some school or other, 18 per 100 are absent from school, morning and afternoon, every school day. There are, however, some 4,000,000 boys and girls regularly present at Board and Voluntary public elementary schools in this country, day by day; and although the schools they attend vary greatly, one compared with another in one locality, and those of one locality compared with those of another, the public elementary schools are not the only schools which the millions can attend, but are the schools which give the education best suited to the million.

ELEMENTARY EDUCATION NOT EVERYWHERE GOOD.

Of course the local variations I have just mentioned produce an unevenness of supply of popular education for the million. This unevenness is due to the unpleasant fact that in this country popular education is not yet popular. The unevenness varies according to the local willingness to provide the local quantum of the cost. Over one-third of England and Wales no school rates at all are levied; the defaulting third is not a compact geographical section, but is made up of parcels of the rateable area and value of the country in which no School Board or Board School exists. Two-thirds of the rateable area of the country provide £4,500,000 per year in local subsidy to popular education; the other third provides about £267,000. Obviously it is better for the educational chances of a child of the million to live somewhere in the two-thirds section; for child life in the other one-third the opportunities of getting even a good rudimentary education are inferior. Roughly tested, the efficiency and sufficiency of the local supply of elementary schooling may be measured by the amount of the local subsidy towards its cost. For the national subsidy or Government grant is much the same everywhere, now; between

its maximum and minimum there is little difference, counted per child; the Government grant may be treated as practically constant, the country through. It must be pointed out, however, that a Government grant of £1 10s. per child to a rural parish school containing 50 children cannot produce for the children there the basis of so good an elementary education as does a Government grant of £1 10s. per child to a school of 200 in the neighbouring town. For £75 in the former case will not go so far towards providing the initial equipment of even a small school as will £500 towards providing the initial equipment in the other; it is all the difference between the capital and outlay in a small concern, and those in a larger business; retail and wholesale in a sense; after the initial equipment at its minimum cost, the larger the concern the cheaper *pro rata* its operation. So that it is not alone a question for a parent to consider whether or not his child goes to a school in a school district where the local subsidy to the cost of education is low: he should also consider whether his child goes to a school which is small; and if the school attended be small and situated in a district where the local subsidy is low, then the child is handicapped infallibly in comparison with a child of equal capacities who goes to a large school in a borough where an adequate school rate is levied.

IN RURAL DISTRICTS.

In about 8,000 rural parishes in England and Wales there is only one school per parish, and that is a small school and a voluntary school, which means, as a rule (there are exceptions, of course, caused by local ancient endowment, or exceptional support from wealthy clergymen or laymen in the parish, but I cannot take further note of exceptions), which means, I say, as a rule, that in such schools the children of the million are unhappily placed for getting the rudiments of the education best for the million. Sacrifice, devotion, or special aptitudes on the part of individual schoolmasters and schoolmistresses may make a school here and there superior to the financial handicap; but although teachers may contrive to make bricks without straw, they cannot make bricks without clay. A parent should enquire, therefore, how far in education the sinews of war are provided in his own locality; many parents do this, with an eye to the future of their children; the fortune of Bedford, for example, has been made by villa people who go to reside there because of the excellent educational equipment of the town; and one of the chief causes for the migration from villages to towns is—

you may hear the reason given repeatedly if you enquire—so as to "get better schooling for the bairns." That is a reason to which the good people who are now pressing for a special kind of cheaper teaching for rural districts are blind; it is largely because agricultural rate-payers contribute nothing, as such, to the local cost of elementary schools, or do it parsimoniously, that agricultural areas become more and more depleted of young persons. For the existing labourers are bent on getting a better chance for their children than they had themselves; and wherever Giles and William now gather over pipes and pots of ale there is wagging of beards about the virtues of "education" in "giving a man a chance."

IN URBAN AREAS.

The best education for the million is obtained in urban areas, but even here is variation and unevenness according to the measure of local contribution. And where the local contribution is small, there as a rule the total expenditure is small, and there the schools are, in the same ratio, the less efficient. I think it would be possible to construct a chart of England and Wales which would show that where the local subsidies to schools are not parsimonious, there occupation, enterprise, improved activity, and consequent business success, abound. If I were a property owner in St. Helens, for example, where the total local subsidy to elementary schools is 3s. 8d. per child, I should write off round sums yearly as depreciation in respect of the ultimate decline of the town. For the average School Board rate in English county boroughs amounts to £1 11s. 6d. per child, while in St. Helens it is nothing; and the average expenditure in maintaining the schools in English county boroughs is £2 17s. 6d., while in St. Helens it is only £2 1s. 6d. per child. That disparity is bound to tell sooner or later; scanting the local subsidy means local suicide; I would rather have my capital sunk in Huddersfield, where the school rate is £1 7s. 6d. per child, and the maintenance outlay £2 17s. 9d. per child, than in Wigan, where, because they only raise 3s. 4d. locally per child, they only give £2 3s. 8d. worth of schooling.

AMONG THE GOOD, WHICH IS THE BEST?

So far I have striven to show, in outline, how various, and, in many cases, how faulty are even those schools which are best suited for the million. And the parent may apply the tests in his own locality. (1) What is the School Board rate per child, and the voluntary contributions, if any? (2) And what is the maintenance expenditure per child in the school? There is a third test, which will be answered in most cases according to the degree of local subsidy the school receives. It is this: (1) Are the teachers mostly adults, and certificated as trained for their work? (2) Is the supply of books and apparatus adequate and up to modern requirements? (3) What is the curriculum of the school? Exceptions apart, due to the individuality of teachers, these tests will distinguish the best among the good. If a child is taught by another child who is called a pupil teacher; if a child is taught by a "woman over eighteen," who has hardly any other test than her age applied to her to see if she can teach, or is even decently educated herself; if desks, maps, diagrams, books, pens, stationery are sparse or ancient or dog's eared and tattered, or behind the times—then, depend upon it, the school is rowing against the tide, and cannot provide the education best for the million. And as to curriculum, the time table most fitted to be a scheme of education best for the million will, as a rule, contain the following subjects:—Bible lessons, reading, writing, summing; two of these—English language, geography, elementary science, English history; (for boys) drawing to scale and outline sketching from copies and models; (for girls) needlework, domestic economy, cooking; (for all) singing by note, object lessons; (for elder boys) some mensuration, some carpentry, or other manual means of training hand and eye, or, in the country, gardening; (for all) repetition of suitable choice pieces of literature, the formation of the habit of reading through a school library; (for some) mechanics, chemistry, physics, or hygiene, or the French language, or book-

keeping, or shorthand—in their rudiments, at least; or some other subjects of the kind alternatively.

A parent may depend upon it that everywhere, if the head teachers (and probably the managers) could provide a curriculum like that, it would be done; and that such a curriculum is the minimum which ought to be considered the education best for the masses. The parent may also be sure that if such a curriculum is not provided, it is because the local support given to the school, either in rates or subscriptions, is too parsimonious to pay for it. All the good schools would become "best" in such a respect if the sinews of war were provided. So that it will be seen now why, at the outset of this article, I laid so much stress on the question of the variations in local support. The education best for the million cannot be obtained where the locality skimps and starves the public elementary schools. Whether the school be a Board School or a Voluntary School does not very much matter from the educational standpoint. What matters is the amount of local support to the school financially. A Board School where the rate is kept down deliberately to a penny in the £ may be just as inefficient as the Voluntary School where the subscriptions amount to one shilling per child per annum only. The label does not matter much scholastically, no matter how much we may rage about it as clerical politicians or lay theologians outside the school.

THE EDUCATION BEST FOR THE BEST SCHOLARS FROM THE MILLION.

And if the ratio of local support determines as a rule the ratio of highest efficiency in the schools best for the million as a million, much more so does it do that with regard to the schools best for the best scholars drawn from the million. I am speaking of day schools now; schools to continue the education of the smartest elementary school children during the day-time, say from the ages of 13 to 15. And in this country only in some 70 urban centres of population has this kind of school yet been provided. I will deal with the evening continuation schools later on.

With regard to the continuative education, there is much popular misconception. That old figure of the ladder from the gutter to the University is responsible for it mainly. Yet I cannot too much emphasise the statement that the education best for the best of the million does not lead to the University at all; at any rate, not to the classical and literary type of University. The education best for the best among the million leads up towards the Polytechnicum, the Technical College, the technological type of University, such as that at Charlottenburg or the great trade schools at Zurich and Strasburg. But there are many stages and points of arrestment on the way to institutions like these. We do not need to—we ought not to want to—pass the bulk of even the cleverest poor children on to Colleges of the Oxford and Cambridge type. Ours is an industrial, manufacturing, commercial land; we want the best brains that are born among the workers for use in the vital and dominant pursuits of the nation, and that education is best for the million which enables its best brained sons to make their way and the nation's fortunes in manufacturing and trade industry. The cause of education for the cleverest children of the million should, therefore, be along the following track:—Infant school, public elementary day school, higher grade school or evening continuation school, technical or commercial instruction class, Technical Institute, Commercial College, Polytechnicum.

THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL AND UNIVERSITY GROOVE.

The other groove, that of the preparatory school, the grammar school, or great public school, and then Oxford or Cambridge, is unfitted for the feet of the clever poor lad, except in the rarest instances, as of overweening literary or lingual genius. Grammar schools, great public schools, and the older and more fashionable Universities do not fitly prepare their alumni for commerce and manufacturing industry. They do not seriously aim to do it. They prepare for the learned professions or the cultured private and public life of the



THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

man of independent means. Woe betide the poor man's son who adventures into the groove where the feet of the wealthy alone can tread to a suitable finish, unless at the end he can purchase his entry into a learned profession, afford to wait seven years for a bare livelihood at the Bar, or spend more than his pay in the army on uniforms or mess subscriptions; he must pass from College into a poor curacy or become a grammar school usher. Better for him had he taken the other track and passed on to the expansive, creative, endlessly initiative world of trade, where there is always room at the top.

THE HIGHER GRADE SCHOOLS.

So that it is to the higher grade schools, where they exist, that the cleverest children of the million should bend their steps, the ordinary day school being behind them. This is a summary of the curriculum of the average higher grade board school—Mathematics, chemistry, physics, drawing, workshop practice, modern languages, English language and literature, commercial subjects, Latin for some, Scriptural knowledge for all. The mathematics is a practical exercise, chemistry is theory and practice, so as to cultivate quick and correct observations and accurate deductions, clear and deft manipulation and observation of natural phenomena. Physics resemble the chemistry course in its influence on the scholar. It includes the principle of the sciences of measurement, heat, light, mechanics, sound, and electricity, thoroughly taught. Drawing is geometrical and to scale mainly, but includes also artistic design in line and colour, so as to cultivate taste and fit the student for the drawing shops in mechanical and artistic industries, not the studio and the easel. Workshop practice means working in wood and sometimes in metals, the use of tools, the lathe, etc. Modern languages mean usually French and often German. Commercial subjects include book-keeping, letter-writing, commercial geography, shorthand, commercial arithmetic, etc. The students who stay for a third year take advanced courses in the same type of curriculum.

The pity of it is that these higher grade schools are so few, compared to the number needed in a commercial and manufacturing land like ours, and that it is now not legal to open any more of them or extend those that exist. This is one of the results of the famous "Cockerton Judgment."

THE EVENING CONTINUATION SCHOOLS.

The evening continuation schools have been checked in the same way; yet these schools afford the continuative education best for the million who can afford the time to abstain from earning money at the mill or

shop in order to go to the day continuation schools just described. In so far as the evening continuation schools tend in aim and curriculum towards the aim and curriculum of higher grade schools, so are they the second best kind of education that the million, after the ordinary day school has been passed through, can obtain. And what the million ought to insist upon is that, whether provided by Town Councils or School Boards—which is not by any means the matter of importance that disputers make of it—day and evening continuation schools of the kind I have described must be provided in every populous district, and ought to be made accessible from rural parishes as well.

THE END OF THE COURSE.

The education best for the million is that which, stage by stage, trains up the sergeant-majors and subalterns in the industrial army of this land, which forms and prepares the youths who are to become the foremen, managers, scientifically-equipped chief artisans, designers, moulders, machinists, inventors, workshop chemists, foreign correspondence clerks, and commercial travellers abroad, whom the nation needs so much, not only to extend its exports and its commerce, but to hold its own. The education best for the million is that which leads up to the drawing-shop, the mixing-room, the manufacturing laboratory, the scientifically-managed crucible, the up-to-date warehouse, the modernised mill, factory, printing office, counting-house, farm, nursery garden, dairy, cheese factory, and what not! In this country we have the elementary schools and the technical schools; but the intermediate stage, the schools continuative of the elementary and introductory to the higher, are missing in most places, and even those that exist are hampered and checked. The nation spends £900,000 a year on "Technical Instruction"; and most of it is keyed down a full octave from Continental pitch because the intermediate stage of schooling is here so ill-supplied. Abroad, they have known better than that, have planned better, have not built the roof before the first storey was ready; in England and Wales we are still groping and fumbling about towards a rational system complete in all its parts. The education best for the million is surely that which best makes for the moral, intellectual, and material welfare of the million; and I think it lies along the course I have here laid down in the chart. J. H. YOXALL.

Next week: "Anomalies of Our Factory Laws," by Gertrude Tuckwell.

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Poet's Corner.

*

THE DAWN OF MAY.

O the hawthorn flowers are blowing,
 And the meadow perfumes pass,
 While a joyous breeze is flowing
 In and out the tender grass.
 Up above the nests are swaying,
 All the green leaves bright and new;
 Let us go a-maying, maying,
 In the dawning, I and you.
 O the sunny gleams are falling
 Thro' the blue sheen of the skies,
 And the swallows all are calling,
 Maiden fair, arise, arise!
 Come, my dear, make no delaying,
 Here are blossoms sweet with dew;
 Let us go a-maying, maying,
 In the dawning, I and you.

GERTRUDE LUCKIE.

* * *

LIFE LILIES.

I wandered down life's garden
 In the flush of a golden day,
 The flowers and thorns grew thickly
 In the spot where I chanced to stray.
 I went to choose me a flower
 For life, for weal or for woe;
 On, on I went till I stayed me
 By the spot where the lilies grow.
 "Yes, I shall carry a lily,"
 I said in my manhood's pride;
 "A bloodless, thornless lily
 Shall be my flower," I cried.
 I stretched my hand out quickly
 To where the pale blossoms grew—
 Was it the air that shivered?
 Was it the wind that blew?
 Then I saw a great bright angel,
 With opal-coloured wings,
 Where the light flashed in the feathers
 In golden glimmerings.
 He said "Thou hast sinned and suffered;
 Lilies are not for thee,
 They are all for the little children,
 Emblems of purity."
 "Shall I never carry a lily,
 Never?" I bitterly cried.
 With his great eyes full of pity
 The heavenly one replied:
 "When the heat of the day is over,
 When the goal is won," he said,
 "Ah, then I lay God's lilies
 In the hands of the stainless dead!"



A CHELTENHAM INCIDENT.

IRATE PARENT:—I should like to know what you caned my boy for?
 VOLUNTARY SCHOOL MASTER.—Your son was caned for bad behaviour in school.
 IRATE PARENT:—I won't have him caned! Next time you does it I'll write to the London School Board about you.

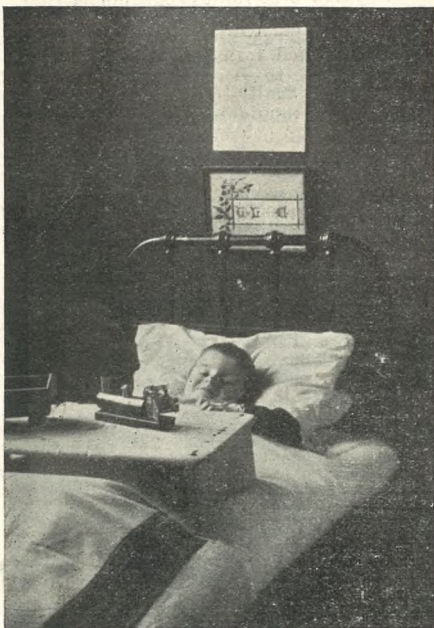


Photo by E. Ernest Boorne, Cheltenham.
 "LUCERNE" COT IN HOME FOR SICK CHILDREN,
 Winchcombe Street, Cheltenham.

(Funds towards the furnishing of the new Mrs. Hay Home for Sick Children are much needed).

Mr. John R. Roberts, J.P., of Salway House, Woodford Green, has offered £10,000 to establish a convalescent home in connection with the Linen and Woolen Drapers' Institution, with a further £10,000 towards the endowment of the same.

A handsome stained glass window has been erected in Caister Church in memory of the nine men who lost their lives in the Beauchamp lifeboat in November last. A memorial is also to be erected in the graveyard.

* * *

Wednesday was Mr. W. E. H. Lecky's sixty-fourth birthday, the erudite and impartial historian (who is an Old Cheltonian) having been born on March 26, 1838. He has received honours from many universities and learned societies at home and abroad, and was appointed a few years ago a member of the Privy Council. Mr. Lecky is esteemed by all men of intelligence in the House of Commons, of which he has been a member since 1895.

* * *

Mr. George Cadbury has presented the sum of £500 to the Ruskin Memorial Fund. In making the gift Mr. Cadbury stated that he made no stipulation as to site, but gave the amount wherever this was settled upon.

* * *

Lieutenant-Colonel Grimm, who was arrested at Warsaw on suspicion of supplying information of a secret character to Germany, is stated to have made a confession. The French General Staff are credited with having played an important part in the discovery of the acts of treason with which the officer is charged.