

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 66.

SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1902.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

EDWARD VII. OR EDWARD I.

The annual meeting of the Convention of Royal and Parliamentary Boroughs in Scotland was opened in the High Court of Justiciary, Edinburgh, on Tuesday. Lord Provost Steel (Edinburgh) presided over the largest gathering that has ever attended a convention. The first business was the reception of a protest from Bailie Munro (Pollokshields), in which another member joined, against his Majesty being designated Edward VII. instead of Edward I. A letter was read from the Scottish Patriotic Association asking the Convention to receive a deputation on the same subject, but after some discussion the reception of the deputation was deferred till Wednesday on the ground of want of notice. The Convention then proceeded to the transaction of a long programme of business.

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MISS STONE'S EXPERIENCES.

INTERVIEWED AT BOURNEMOUTH.

Miss Ellen M. Stone, the American lady missionary who was kidnapped by brigands on the Turkish frontier, is staying in Bournemouth. When congratulated upon her escape from serious illness, Miss Stone said:—"It is truly remarkable that we came through it all as well as we did. The roughness of many of the journeys we were compelled to make while in the brigands' hands, and the fact that we travelled during the darkest part of the night only, made it all the more remarkable. Although the weather was not always of the best, still it was certainly true that the Lord tempered the wind to the shorn lamb in our instance. It was most fortunate for us that the winter just passed was a mild one." Questioned as to the future, Miss Stone admitted that her plans were not matured. She confessed that after a score of years of missionary work it was hard for one to leave the scene of one's efforts without hoping to return. She spoke feelingly of her deep gratitude for the almost universal interest in her release throughout not only America and England, but Macedonia as well. "The feeling evidenced by the native Christians and others in Macedonia came to me as a surprise at the time of my release, and was indeed a blessed revelation. It was a wonderfully touching experience." Miss Stone has not yet decided upon the exact date for her departure for America.

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The Princess Frederica of Hanover, who is spending the winter and spring at Biarritz, will go to Groudon for the Queen of Hanover's birthday. Though Queen Marie has forgiven her daughter for marrying Baron von Pawel Rammingen, and now receives her, she has it is stated, by no means forgiven the Baron for his presumption, as a mere man of science, in having married her daughter.



THE LATE MR. HUBERT JAMES BOUGHTON,

Of Gloucester, Solicitor, and for many years the leading figure in local athletic circles.

DIED SUDDENLY WEDNESDAY, MARCH 26th, 1902.

Photo. by H. W. Watson,

Cheltenham and Gloucester.

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The Anomalies of Our Factory Laws.

By MISS GERTRUDE TUCKWELL.

The anomalies of our factory laws, thrown into more prominence by everything which simplifies their study, are the outcome of a national habit of mind which moves slowly, remedying past grievances, rather than safeguarding from possible evil developments. It is not because we have not entirely accepted the principle that the protection of the worker is the business of the State, but because we are characteristically anxious not to interfere for the protection of a worker who does not obviously need protection, that our advance in his protection is unequal. It was the sweated labour of women and children which first called for the institution of the Factory Code, and therefore the protection extended to them is far completer than that extended to men. It is true that one set of the regulations of the Act, those dealing with sanitation and machinery, touch men, and that gradually the law is extending its protection to them, but the protection is still very incomplete in comparison with that extended to women and children.

This system of advance has its advantages, it protects us from flighty experiments, and from constant change, but it has its disadvantages in much individual suffering. In England it is needful that many men "should die for the people" before any move forward can be secured. It is with some of the directions in which a move forward is now needed that I have to deal.

THE CHILDREN.

One direction in which a move forward is badly needed is that of the employment of children. It is true that we have wiped out at last the reproach of the unfulfilled pledge at the Berlin Conference. The age at which children may be employed in factory or workshop has been raised by Mr. Robson's Act to 12 (just as Sir Charles Dilke's Act of 1901 raised the age of children in mines from 12-13), but much remains to be done. It is useless to spend as we do upon education, to study to perfect a National System of Education, while we tear the children from school at the most susceptible age. We know the views of teachers and school managers in districts in which large numbers of half-timers are employed, and their powerlessness to educate the child exhausted by the half-or alternate-day of arduous work. But, abolish the half-time system, and you still have a standard far too low for effective education. The pupil returning to continue his school teaching to night or continuation school is found to have forgotten the best part of his previous knowledge, and the public grumbles that higher education is not improving the people, ignoring the fact that there can be no result from such education while the children leave school just when the effect of education begins.

But the children have a more comprehensive case against us. If their presence in factory or workshop at an early age is objectionable, it is still more objectionable to find that where a child, as half, or full-timer, is regularly employed by its parents at a trade in the home, the tentative regulations aimed at home work make the enforcement of the law regulating its hours and mealtimes almost impossible. The domestic workshop, as it is called, is the despair of the Factory Inspector. Worse still is the position of the child who, after its days spent in school, sits up far into the early morning (with no legislation enforced or unenforced to protect it) to help in many a homework trade, a useful assistant to its parents, for "its little fingers are so quick."

HOMEWORK.

The worst and lowest position with regard

to regulation is occupied by the home worker. Our Factory Code was initiated to deal with the industrial suffering which sprang into life with the factory system; to protect the workers crowded into those great hives of industry, the modern factories. English legislators who directed their attention to remedying the conditions of which the Shaftesbury agitation was affording object lessons in children suffering, maimed and overworked, did not foresee that as an indirect consequence of the complete protection they gradually gave to the factory worker, many employers would escape all responsibilities by sending work to be done in the home. The home in which work was carried on comparing in the first instance most favourably with employment in a factory has become now in many cases the manufactory of sweated work. The story of the wretched home of the brushmaker, the fur puller, or the match-box maker, with its sickly occupants toiling from early morning till late into the night, often in conditions of sanitation and ventilation which defy description, for a wage averaging 6s. weekly, has of late been made the subject of reports and articles. The scandal is becoming a public one! The work, already sufficiently ill-paid for the in-worker, is given out from wholesale or retail clothiers and tailors at lower prices still. Children's knickerbockers made for 9d. a dozen, serge skirts lined throughout at 3d. each, enabled two good needlewomen to earn, by working all the week, and on three days of the week for 20 hours a day, an average of 9s.-10s. a week, fares for fetching and taking back the work and the hire of two sewing machines being deducted. These workers are typical of their class, that of the home worker; it is they and such as they, who, powerless to protect their own interests, and with a standard of living degraded far below that at which a sufficiency of food or comfort is possible, form the lowest strata of our working population. To throw the responsibility for the conditions under which the work is carried on upon such shoulders is manifestly ridiculous. It is true that the local authority has powers with regard to sanitation and can, occasionally does, attack the owner of the house, but it is the employer whose responsibility has to be brought home to him. So far the rampant evil has only been tinkered at by outworkers' lists and regulations as to fines, deductions that enforce the employment of children impossible, so that the employer remains pretty nearly untouched.

EXCEPTIONALLY TREATED TRADES OR PROCESSES.

I have said that the proved suffering of the early factory workers led to their protection by a fairly complete set of regulations, but it happens that even here certain processes and trades have escaped this protection. Sometimes their escape is merely due to some unexpected legal interpretation given to language which was framed with the intention of guarding against an abuse. In this way women may be employed all night in folding newspapers, though workers "adapting for sale" are protected by law, and it was only after an appeal that Miss Squire, H.M. Inspector of Factories, managed to establish the fact that it was illegal to employ a girl night after night in packing sweets in boxes and tying them up with ribbons.

Sometimes the explanation of the escape of a process from protection seems to lie in the sudden development of a trade. In the last few years, for example, the practice of fish curers in employing Scottish girls to "follow the herring" round the coast has enormously developed. The girls start from Stornoway in May, and work down the coast, hundreds of them, reaching Yarmouth about October. The accommodation for their work and their leisure is equally inadequate. Working often ankle deep in filth and fish refuse, they are never in many places under cover, whatever the weather may be, while the long stretches of work, with wholly insufficient intervals for sleep, to which they are subjected when there is a good catch of herrings, are notorious. The amended law of 1902 still leaves unregulated the hours and meal times

of the girls employed on "the processes in the preserving and curing of the fish which must be carried out immediately on the arrival of the fishing boats in order to prevent the fish being destroyed or spoiled." The Irish curer can still buy up enormous quantities of fish without regard to the number of hands he employs, and taking advantage of the legal exception, works children of 14 years and upwards whatever hours he wills. Discretion in buying, care in the preservation of the fish until next day, is unnecessary in face of a special permission to overwork. Something has been done by the new Act, though not much it is true, to safeguard the workers in the fruit-preserving trade. The Home Secretary was moved to some action by the perseverance of Mr. John Talbot, M.P., whose descriptions in the Committee on the Government Bill of the conditions under which the work is carried on were graphic. Women working in an intolerable atmosphere of hot steam, soaked with splashes from the tubs; children of 14 years and less slipping and falling on the slimy ill-drained floors under the weight of the heavily loaded tray; such was the picture Mr. Talbot drew. And all this happened under the pretext that such processes, perhaps, as labelling of bottles or covering pots, were necessary for the preservation of the fruit. Henceforth the sanitation of these places is to be dealt with, and the Home Secretary has power to make orders regulating hours. What he will do with the power remains to be seen.

Probably the trade which now finds itself in the most anomalous position is the laundry trade. The rise of the steam laundry, employing great numbers of workers, brings home to us more forcibly the ridiculous distinctions by which the treatment of these factories is differentiated from that of others. Special hours, which may be prolonged by overtime to 14 hours a day, are permitted to women in the 66 hours week, and instead of being bounded by the ordinary limit of factory and workshop hours, which must under no circumstances begin before six or after ten, these hours may be taken at any point of night or day. Such fancy legislation results, as one would imagine, in plenty of illegal work, and an inquiry into laundry hours recently undertaken showed a total in many cases of 70-80 hours a week in a particularly exhausting trade. But the anomalies do not end here. Side by side with these laundries there compete with them, without restriction, the small specially exempted laundries where only two outsiders are employed, the "institution laundry," and here of course, as elsewhere, the home worker. Go down the streets in a laundry district and see the lights flaring in the little houses where "washing is taken in," long after even the large laundries are in darkness, and note the notice on the windows of some, that "nothing will be given out here after 12 o'clock on Sunday," which means that even until midday on that holiday work is carried on. The strange distinction by which in this class of work only regulations does not begin till more than two outsiders are employed is fruitful in leading to evasions. The public wash-house furnishes, we are told, one obvious means, and it is possible by sending a certain amount of work to be done there, in addition to that done at home, to employ four or five workers without restriction. The competition of institutions is always objectionable, since these subsidised places can undersell those which have no such advantages, and so pull down prices and workers' wages, and probably this class of competition is nowhere so emphasised as in laundry work. Managers of institutions rush into the laundry trade, where they are specially exempted from legal interference. Nearly every penitentiary and home has its laundry, and in many it would appear that overwork is looked on as a means of salvation.

Yet, in spite of the representations of employers and employed alike as to the need for further regulation of trades as susceptible of regulation as any of the other trades in which orders must be punctually executed, things have been left by Mr. Ritchie's Act of 1902, exactly at the point to which Mr.

Asquith's brought them seven years ago.

OVERTIME.

I have spoken of the completeness of our factory regulations, but I must modify that statement, for the textile factories alone can claim this. The regulation of non-textile factories and workshops is thoroughly vitiated by the permission to work overtime. The hours of the textile factory, limited to 6-6, or 7-7, or 8-8, are extended in non-textile factories and workshops by a permission to work 30 days' overtime in the year for ten hours at a time. The distinction is illogical and arbitrary, due probably simply to the fact that it was the suffering in the textile factory which first roused attention, and also partly no doubt to the watchfulness of the great Lancashire Trades Unions to secure all possible legal benefit. The effect is that while in the North the textile trade meets sudden demands (except in case of war contracts) by organisation of its work and without strain on its employees, the non-textile factory and workshop meet the same pressure by periodic, sometimes persistent, overwork. "The exceptions just spoil the Factory Acts," says the worker exhausted by legal and its natural consequence—illegal overtime, while H.M. Inspectors declare overtime to be "contrary to the spirit of the Act and injurious to the worker."

DANGEROUS TRADES.

There is one class of trade which has of late much occupied the public mind, that which adds to all other risks that of some disease of occupation to which its workers are liable. Recklessness as to the nature of the materials used, so long as they were well adapted to serve any trade purpose, was likely to be a result of increasing competition, particularly when the relation of employer and employed had become mechanical and the old personal relation has ceased. Phosphorus necrosis which decays the jaw of the match-worker; the ulcers which eat into the hand of those who handle the crystals in works where bichromate of potash is manufactured; the dust which, given off in another process, destroys the septum of the nose; the paralysis, epilepsy, insanity which may attack the worker who comes in contact with white lead in the trades in which it is employed; are all possible consequences of employment in different "dangerous trades." The number of such trades is considerable. In addition to some already more or less protected, the Dangerous Trade Committee appointed by the Government to enquire into and report on such trades has lately issued its report on the twenty-six trades referred to it. So far little has been done, and at the present rate of progress twenty years will elapse before the cumbrous machinery has been put into force by which these dangerous trades will be protected by special rules. I say the machinery is cumbrous. The rules drafted by all the expert knowledge of the Home Office have to be submitted to the employers and their objections considered, and the rules to be virtually amended to meet the employers' objections, or a public enquiry by a "competent person" appointed by the Home Office has yet to be held. The remodelled rules lie then on the table of the House of Commons for 40 days, during which time any or all of them may be amended again! Safeguards against arbitrary action are valuable no doubt, but these surely are exaggerated. The best employer, here as elsewhere, has already protected his workers by every measure in his power—to him the legal standard will be below his standard of conduct. It is the worst employer who protests, and it is to his objections that this consideration panders. We are behind the times. While the French Factory Department is considering how substitutes can be found for all dangerous ingredients, we are still considering the objections of the worst employer who employs such ingredients to safeguard against these dangers.

CONCLUSION.

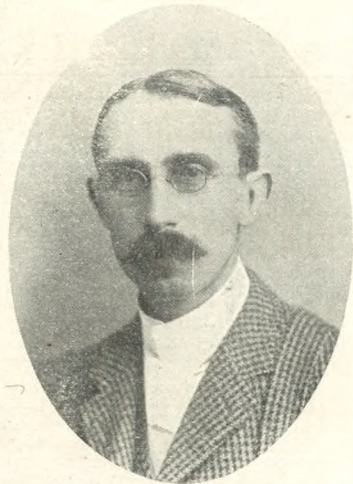
I have left many anomalies untouched; in space as this only the main deficiencies of our irregular law can be dealt with, but I have, I think, said enough to show the lines on which advance should come, and the direction in which we should level up, if we would equally

To-Day's Great Football Match

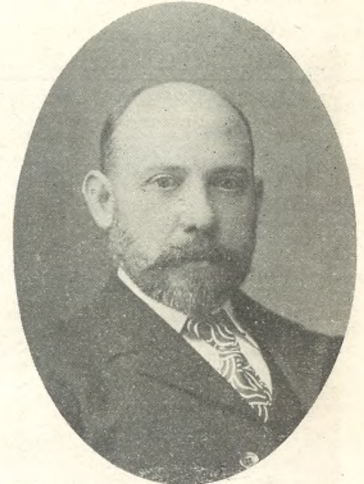
AT GLOUCESTER

(Final for the County Championship—Gloucestershire v. Durham).

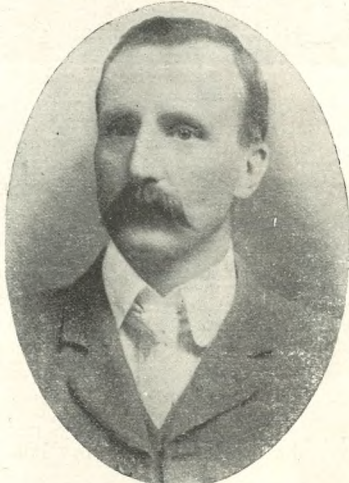
Four of the Leading Gloucestershire Officials.



T. GRAVES SMITH, President.



J. H. TRATT, Hon. Treasurer.



C. E. BROWN, Hon. Secretary.



C. HALL, Captain.

safeguard the lives and health of all who make the country's wealth.

We have to ensure that workers are equally protected whatever the class of workplace may be, and to this end to aim at the abolition of overtime, and the regulation of home work, to bring such exceptionally treated trades and processes as those of jam, fish, and laundries within the full protection of the law, and so approximate the regulation of all workplaces to that of the textile factory.

We must enable the children to benefit by their educational opportunities, by gradual raising of their age of school exemption to 15 years.

We must guard against all unnecessary suffering, by urging the simplification of our curious procedure with regard to dangerous trades.

These are the directions of logical advance, an advance which in the case of the Factory Code, more than in most other instances, is dependent on the pressure of public opinion and sympathy.

GERTRUDE TUCKWELL.

Next Week: "Town Housing," by the Hon. Sidney Peel.

Many relics of pre-Hellenic civilisation have just been unearthed near Napies. Among other things discovered were several articles of gold and silver and a quantity of feminine jewellery, all of the greatest archaeological value.

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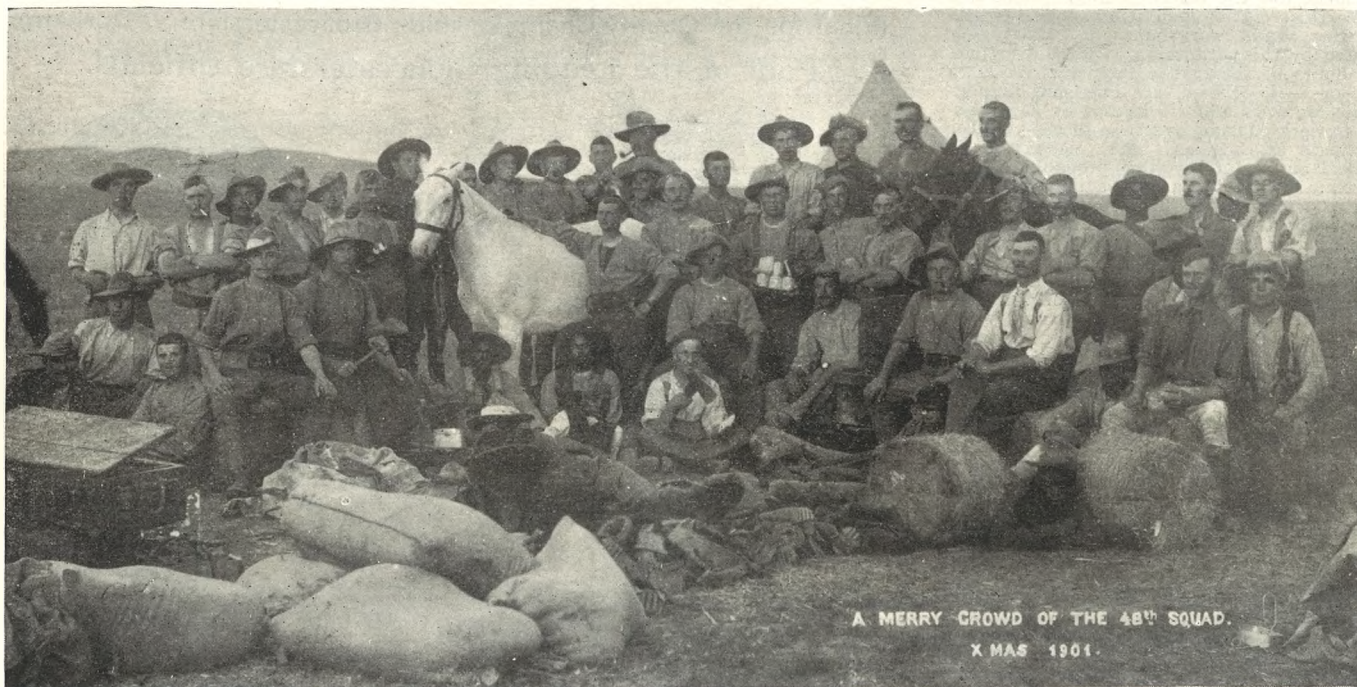
Lieut.-Gen. A. Cadell, Royal (late Bengal) Engineers, an officer who, though it was not his fortune to see active service in the field, did much useful work in the Public Works Department in India, died on Good Friday at Plymouth from influenza, in the seventy-fifth year of his age.

* * *

Dr. E. Long Fox, one of the leading physicians of the West of England, died on Saturday at his residence in Clifton. He was a member of a well-known medical family, and received his education at Shrewsbury, Oxford, and St. George's Hall, London. His great abilities were recognised by his appointment as president of the British Medical Association upon the visit of that society to Bristol in 1894. He took a keen interest in Church matters and was a staunch teetotaler.

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Local Yeomen in the Transvaal.



The above includes two Gloucester men, Priv. Frank Goscomb (on the extreme left in the back row) and Priv. Osman Tombs (third figure from the extreme right in the second row). Enlisted at Cheltenham in January, 1901, and were in the First Batch sent to the Front and drafted into the 48th Co., which was soon in the thick of the fighting at Vlakfontein, Moedwill, &c.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

* * *

The most startling of the two announcements of death that appeared as stop-press news in the "Echo" of March 26th was undoubtedly the one referring to Mr. Hubert Boughton, for his passing away was totally unexpected, while the end of the other person recorded—Mr. Cecil Rhodes—had been hourly awaited. Each of the deceased had made a name in his particular sphere, the one locally and the other Imperially; and they both died when in the fourth decade of their lives. Mr. Boughton's death will leave a big blank in the many realms of athletics that he had adorned for years. He was certainly *facile princeps* at all games and pastimes that he took in hand, though I should not be surprised if he had not somewhat overtaxed his strength. There has not been such a large gathering in little Barnwood Churchyard as that on Saturday afternoon last, when H.J.B. was laid to rest there, since towards the end of March, 1894, on the occasion of the burial, in that favourite cemetery of Gloucester solicitors, of Mr. Charles Taynton, also in his fourth decade of years.

* * *

We are now in April, the last month of the fox-hunting season, which will be curtailed by the various point-to-point races and steeplechases. Foxes are still very plentiful, which is not to be wondered at, seeing how often hunting had to be suspended through fog and frost. And yet the Duke of Beaufort (who often hunts seven or eight days a week, of course with two packs), has accounted for over a hundred brace of foxes, while Lord Fitzhardinge is gradually reaching the century record. I hope to give the "bags" of all the local packs at the end of the season. March just ended was noted for long runs, Lord Bathurst's carrying off the palm with the one on March 21st from Braydon Pond covert over a country covering some 30 miles and practically lasting all the afternoon till 6.35 p.m. Curiously enough, the North Cots-

wold ran this pack very hard on the same day: they had killed a brace of foxes, when another fox, found near the Kennels, gave a run lasting to nearly 7 p.m., and then want of light saved his brush. The Croome come next with a run of 3½ hours, and the Duke's follow with a 140 minutes' chase, ending in a kill. Most of the other packs have had runs of between one and two hours. Foxes have most things in their favour now to close time. I regret to state that Will Rawle, huntsman to Lord Fitzhardinge's Hounds, has had a great bereavement in the death of his only son.

* * *

Since the last camp at Badminton the Royal Gloucestershire Hussars Imperial Yeomanry have very considerably increased their strength, and I hear they hope to assemble, next May, in the Duke's domain again for the annual training some 450 strong. As 550 men are to be the minimum strength of the regiment under the new Army scheme, the prospects now of getting that number are decidedly good. I ventured last year to endorse the colonel's advice that all the yeomen would do their best to get recruits. That it was not in vain is proved by the personal recruiting that has been going on. "More mounted men" are still required for our county cavalry. Therefore, "forward" should be the watchword of all eligible young men who can ride and now take no part in doing their country's work.

* * *

The two first days of the Easter holidays were fine. Many of the masses followed a practice, by no means confined to Gloucestershire, of "spade-work." But it was not of the kind advised by Lord Rosebery. Politics nor "tabernacles" had no attraction for them, but digging up their gardens and planting potatoes and seeds were their absorbing pursuits. I congratulate the thousands who demonstrated on Leckhampton Hill on Good Friday on their general good conduct; also the police and the vigilance committee on their success in thwarting the incendiary designs of hooligans who were not

"matchless." "Demonstration without devastation" is the safest and surest way of keeping the "Leckhamptopus" well within bounds. A somewhat wet Sunday was followed by a delightful Monday, and Cheltonians had ample opportunities of enjoying themselves in comfort. For the stay-at-homes there were the town meet of the Cotswold Hounds (free), the Athletic Sports, the Blue Viennese Band, and performances at the Theatre. Easter was by no means dull.

GLENER.

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DE WET AND GLOUCESTER.

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Mr. H. Y. J. Taylor writes as follows from Gloucester in reference to "Gleaner's" note on the alleged identity of De Wet and a son of the late Mr. G. H. Whatley, M.P.:—In my Gloucester directory of 1820 I see, "Whalley, James, and Co., wholesale and retail linendrapers, Westgate-street." They were also called "linendrapers and bankers." They lived at the London House, next to the old Tolsey. There were three firms in Gloucester who issued silver tokens—Whalley, Butt, and Saunders. Mr. John Wilton has, or had, one of Whalley's tokens. There was one in our museum more than 60 years ago. I and the late Benjamin Bonnor went to school with one of the young Whalleys. Mrs. Whalley was a witness in the James Wood law suit. The Whalleys were reputed to be rich, and I think they disposed of their business to a Mr. Hutchinson. G. H. Whalley, who was a barrister and represented Peterborough, was connected with the claimant Tichborne, and was not sceptical as to his identity.

In honour of the coronation a yacht race from Heligoland to Dover is being arranged. The trophy, a cup value 600 guineas, will be the most valuable offered in the yachting world.

LECKHAMPTON HILL DISPUTE.

Good Friday Comic Procession.



FORMING UP OUTSIDE POLICE STATION.



IN BATH ROAD.



ANOTHER VIEW.



AT THE SECOND JENNY.



COMMENCING TO ASCEND THE HILL.



POLICE OUTSIDE COTTAGE NEAR TRAM-LINE,

By the Way.

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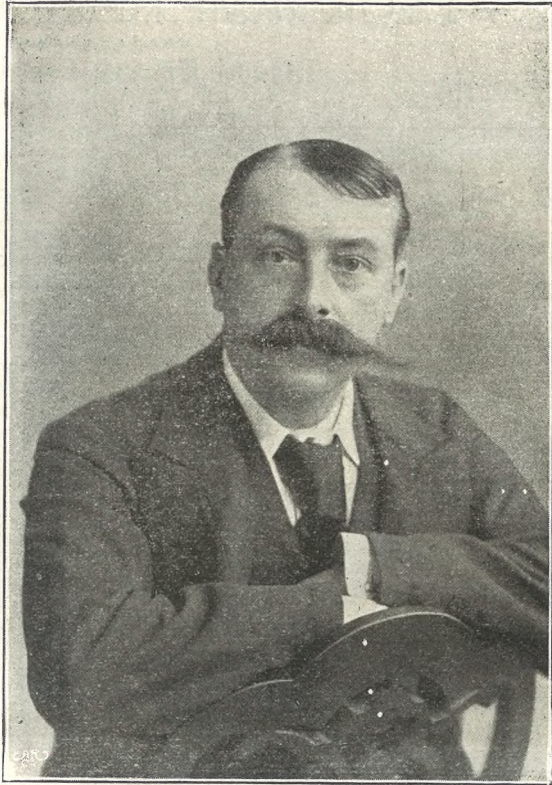
MRS. JENKINS ON THE "SERVANT QUESTION."

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I tell you wot it is, Mr. Editor, this 'ere servant question is the topic of the 'our, wich its like the Boer war, a very troublesome nuisance as 'as to be endured seein' as 'ow it can't be cured. I know there is them as says its only a temperrary episode for the time being, but it 'ave been with us a powerfui long time for a temperrary incident, that I will say. Why, rite back into Scriptural times the servant question was the chiefest topic or gossip, and there was columns and columns or letters a-wrote to the Egyptian daily papers, I'll warrant, about 'ow them there Miseralites wanted to 'ave straw found them to make bricks with, and ow they'd been and gone off into the wilderness without giving the usual month's notice, not to speak of 'elping themselves to all they could lay their 'ands on berore takin' themselves off, as is very like to some of the 'generals' nowadays, wich considers it to be their right-ful Jew, so to speak, to carry off a few nic-nacks from the drawing-room mantelpiece and the dressing-table when they leaves their situation, for to remember the jolly times as they 'ave 'ad, and sich like and so 4th, wich reminds me of a girl as Mrs. Sparkin, just round the corner, 'ad in, wich I must tell you Mrs. S. is of a very religious temper-and-meant, and she considered she would be quite allrite if she 'ad one of the same persuasion as a "general," but, you mark my words, professing 'aint doing, and wen it come to accusing the cat, as were as 'onest a old feelin' as ever sang by the fireside, of steelin' the jam and droppin' the silver spoons down the sink, there was wot you may call a speedy hexit for the "general."

Of course, I must egplain to you, Mr. Editor, that I don't keep a "general" meself, and I mite as well tell you the reason—because I can't get one, not but wot I should like to 'ave one, if there was sich a article to be 'ad for love or money! But there ain't! 'cepts the sort as the likes of me don't want—them as wants to be led, and clothed, and amused, and spoke nicely to, and tooked to 'ear His Wurms' Band, and just do a bit of work when they feels a-minded to, in between wiles, like. Why, bless yer 'eart, in my young days, when there wasn't so much of these decimals, and vulgar fractions (wich I don't 'old with nothink vulgar meself), and cookery classes, and tecknicle eddication, there was plenty of girls as was proud and glad to be "generals," and wasn't afraid of soilin' their 'ands with a bit of 'onest work, not they! As pore Jenkins used to say, "Selina," said he, "no girl needn't be afraid of a bit of clean dirt, wich we've all got to swallow a bushel afore we dies," and Jenkins were right! But nowadays, all the gels wants to go into millinery show rooms to dust 'ats or in the desk at a eatin'-house, as is considered to be genteel and a good many pegs above the general as 'ave the audacity to work with 'er 'ands for 'er living!

My hapinyun is, that there's only 2 sorts of generals to be 'ad now, and both of them the wrong sort, namely that is to say, 'Outdacious bad' ones and "middlin' bad" ones—the good ones is all died out or gone on the stage, as they do tell me, actin' the "Lady Slavey." I never knowed but one in real life, and she d ed after 3 months' service from the pewmonias, so she don't really count; 'owever, I've knowed scores of "outdacious bad" ones, wich there was one as I come across as 'er favorite amusement was for to put a match to the curtains or anythink as would make a flare-up now and then, just to make things lively. Then, there were another, as used to speak very beautiful at chapel meetin's, so I've 'eard, as 'elped 'erself pretty regular to the milk and the bread money until one fine day she were missin', 'aving took a sittywation in a clergyman's fambly up North as a "useful mother's help," and leavin' about 5 lbs. owing to the milkman and the baker, as was



Mr. T. H. Barrow,
President Stroud Traders' Association.

that furious they threatened to break the area winders if they wasn't paid at once, wien the outdacious 'ussey 'ad ingformed them that the fambly was 'ard hup and couldn't scrape the needful together, not all to onest!

There's a very large number of the "middlin' bad" ones about, too, them as comes in like a suckin' dove and goes out like a roarin' lion—2 months afterwards. I've 'ad a good deal of egperience of this 'ere sort, as means well, and does wrong, and puts all their naughty little ways down to the Devil, wich I considers he've got enough to do without assisting them to do 'rong, as they can do very well "on their own," as the sayin' is. I was in to Mrs. Robinson's only last week, and she told me she'd 'ad such a 'ow-de-do with a girl, as came to 'er with everythink in 'er favour, she (that's Mrs. R.) 'aving refused to entertain (as they says in bizness) numbers of gels wich some wanted a cycycle and others 7 nights a week out, and more money for wages than Mrs. R. pays for rent. Well, this 'ere gel, she looked a very simple sawney from the country, but she knowed a thing or two, I can tell you, wich she asked if she could 'ave 'er mother to see 'er once now and again. And, sure nuff, an old lady, so it seemed, did come pretty often, generally wen the missus were just a-goin' hout. Well, all the neyborhood was startled one day wen they 'eard that Mrs. Robinson's gel 'ad been and made hoff, and, wot's more, got married; and, you believe me, that there old lady as was supposed to be 'er mother were nowt but 'er "financier" (as is French for sweet'ear), dressed up like a wolve in sheep's clothing.

Wen Jenkins were alive I used to keep a young general wich wasn't a bad worker on the whole, 'eeps that she used to 'ave happy-leptic fits every few days and put on her boots and walk about the 'ouse in 'er sleep, as was very apt to make a body wake hup and think there was burglars in the house, and was very 'arrowing to the nerves, I can tell you. Then, there was another, Julia, by name, as was a very 'ard-working maid, I will say that, but 'er smashed 14 plates, 4 glasses, and the front out of the kitchen grate in 'er month on trial! Why, bless me 'eart and soul, I should 'ave been smashed out of 'ouse and 'ome if I'd

kept 'er for 6 months.

And there is a tidy few smashers about—them as considers they 'aven't done a fair day's work unless they can see the fragments a-lying about on the floor. I should think some of them crockery-ware people paid these gels to let fly a bit; anyhow, it's good for that line of business as there is so many smashers to be hired at a cheap rate.

But what I ask meself is—Wot are we to do with this 'ere servant question?

Well, it seems to me there's 2 or 3 things as is as patent as a pill to them as thinks a bit. First of all, we must live more simple like—not so many little nic-nacks and luxuries, as don't really count for much in life and makes a lot of work. And then, 2th, I will say now they be starting hedddication for the 6th or 7th time on a "firm basis," as the newspapers say, let them give lessons in 'ousework and sich like, and try and teach the gels that its just as proud a job to be a good "general" as to be stuck up in a desk or in a show room to 'ang fashions on.

There's a deal too much of the "Lady Slavey" about now-a-days, that there is, and every gel thinks she'll pick a Lord or a Hearl for a 'usband just because she knows that "pear's" the Latin for father, and 'as a smattering of the rites of woman. And 3rd, if I may be so bold, Mr. Editor, them as employs the gels will 'ave to give as well as take; to give good wages and to take my advice and treat the gels as like 'uman beings as is possible under the tryin' circumstances.

Also, and moreover, a word for the mothers of the gels as goes out to service—"Teach your gels that service in a 'ouse is as good as a church service, and a general in the 'army doing 'er duty is worth 3 in the battlefield shirkin' it."

And, just to finish up, a word to the gels themselves—"Remember that pride goes before a fall"—in wages, and if you're too busy to take a situation as a general, then, you mark my words, either the boys 'll 'ave to take your place or else we shall 'ave to get over some of them Hottentottles or Chinese as can be 'ad for their lodgin' and vittles, carriage paid, so they say.

SELINA JENKINS.

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The Scot at an Argument,

By "IAN MACLAREN"

*

(Author of "The Bonnie Brier Bush," etc.)
It is difficult for one nation to perfectly understand another, and there is a certain quality of the Scots intellect which is apt to try the patience of an Englishman. It is said that an Englishman was once so exasperated by the arguing of a Scot, who took the opposite side on every subject from the weather to politics, that at last he cried out in despair, "You will admit at least that two and two make four," to which the delighted Scot replied with celerity, "I'll admit naething, but I'm willing to argue the proposition." It is not recorded whether the Scot escaped alive but it is hardly possible to believe that he was not assaulted. You may be the most conciliatory of people, and may even be cleansed from all positive opinions—one of those people who are said to be agreeable because they agree with everybody—and yet a thoroughbred Scot will in ten minutes or less have you into a tangle of prickly arguments, and hold you at his mercy, although afterwards you cannot remember how you were drawn from the main road into the bramble patch, and you are sure that the only result was the destruction of your peace of mind for an afternoon. But the Scot enjoyed himself immensely, and goes on with keen zest to ambush some other passenger. What evil spirit of logic has possessed this race? an English person cannot help complaining, and why should any human being find his pleasure in wordy debate?

From his side of the Tweed and of human nature the Scot is puzzled and pained by the inconsequence and opportunism of the English mind. After a Scot, for instance, has proved to his Southern opponent that some institution is absolutely illogical, that it ought never to have existed, and ought at once to be abolished, and after the Scot, pursuing his victorious way of pure reason, has almost persuaded himself that a thing so absurd never has existed, the Englishman, who has been very much bored by the elaborate argument, will ask with a monstrous callousness whether the institution does not work well, and put forward with brazen effrontery the plea that if an institution works well, it does not matter whether it be logical or not. Then it is that a Scot will look at an Englishman in mournful silence and wonder upon what principle he was created.

The traveller no sooner crosses the border from the genial and irresponsible South than he finds himself in a land where a heresy hunt takes the place of a fox hunt, and people make serious work of their pleasures, where a nation forms one huge debating society, and there is a note of interrogation in the very accent of speech. When an English turnist asked his driver what was the reason of so many religious denominations in Scotland, and the driver, looking down a village beneath with six different kirks, answered, "Juist bad temper, naething else," he was indulging his cynicism and knew very well that he was misinforming the stranger.

While it is absolutely impossible to make plain to an average Englishman the difference between one kirk and another in Scotland, yet every one has had its own logical basis, and indeed when one considers the subtlety and restlessness of the Scots intellect he wonders, not that there have been so many divisions, but that there have been so few in Scots religion. By preference a Scot discusses Theology, because it is the deepest subject and gives him the widest sphere for his dialectic powers, but in default of Theology he is ready to discuss anything else, from the Game Laws to the character of Mary Queen of Scots. He is the guardian of correct speech and will not allow any inaccuracy to pass, and therefore you never know when in the hurry of life you may not be caught and rebuked. When I asked a porter in Stirling Station one afternoon at what hour the train for Aberfoyle left, I made a mistake of which

I speedily repented. *The train for Aberfoyle—I had assumed there was only one train that afternoon, for this beautiful but remote little place. Very good, that was then the position I had taken up and must defend. The porter licked his lips with anticipation of victory for he held another view. "The train for Aberfoyle," he repeated triumphantly. "Whatna train div ye mean?" then severely, as one exposing a hasty assumption, "there's a train at 3.10, there's another at 3.50, there's another at 5.30" (or some such hours); he challenged me to reply or withdraw, and his voice was ringing with controversy. When I made an abject surrender he was not satisfied but pursued me and gained another victory. "Very good," I said, "then what train should I take?" He was now regarding me with something like contempt, an adversary whom it was hardly worth fighting with. What train should I go by? That depended on circumstances he did not know and purposes which I had not told him. He could only pity me. "How can I tell," he said, "what train ye should go by? Ye can go by ony train that suits ye, but yir luggage, being booked through, will travel by the 3.10." During our conversation my portmanteau which I had placed under his charge was twice removed from its barrow in the shifting of the luggage, and as my friend watched its goings (without interfering) he relaxed from his intellectual severity and allowed himself a jest suitable to my capacity. "That's a lively portmanteau o' yours. I'm judging that if ye set it on the road it would go to Aberfoyle itsel'." When we parted on a basis of free silver he still implied a reproach, "So ye did conclude to go by the 3.10, but" (showing how poor were my reasoning faculties even after I had used them) "ye would have been as soon by the 3.50."*

For a sustained and satisfying bout of argument one must visit a Scot in his home and have an evening to spare. Was it not Carlyle's father who wrote to Tom that a man had come to the village with a fine ability for argument, and that he only wished his son were with them and then he would set Tom on one side of the table and this man on the other place, and "a proposeetion" between them, and hear them argue for the night? But one may get pleasant glimpses of the national sport on railway journeys and by the roadside. A farmer came into the carriage one summer afternoon, as I was travelling through Ayrshire, who had been attending market and had evidently dined. He had disposed of the lighter affairs of life in the sale of stock and the buying of a reaping machine, and now he was ready for the more serious business of the theological discussion. He examined me curiously but did not judge me worthy, and after one or two remarks on the weather with which I hastened to agree he fell into a regretful silence as of one losing his time. Next station a Minister entered, and the moment my fellow passenger saw the white tie his eyes glistened, and in about three minutes they were actively engaged, the farmer and the Minister, discussing the doctrine of justification. The Minister, as in duty bound, took the side of justification by faith, and the farmer, simply I suppose to make debate and certainly with a noble disregard of personal interests—for he had evidently dined—took the side of works. Perhaps it may seem as if it was an unequal match between the Minister and the farmer, since the one was a professional scholar and the other a rustic amateur. But the difference was not so great as a stranger might imagine, for if a Minister be as it were a theological specialist every man in Scotland is a general practitioner. And if the latter had his own difficulties in pronouncing words he was always right in the text he intended. They conducted their controversy with much ability till we came to the farmer's station, and then he left still arguing, and with my last glimpse of that admirable Scot he was steadying himself against a post at the extremity of the platform, and this was his final fling: "I grant ye Paul and the Romans, but I take my stand on James." Wonderful country where the farmers, even after they have dined, take to theology as a

pastime. What could that man not have done before he dined!

There was in earlier days, the far back days of youth, a rural Scot whose square and thick set figure was a picture of his sturdy and indomitable mind. He was slow of speech and slow also of mind, but what he knew he held with the grip of a vice and he would yield nothing in conversation. It you said it was raining (when it might be pouring) he would reply that it was showery. If you declared a field of corn to be fine he said that he had seen "waur" (worse), and if you praised a sermon he granted that it "wasna bad"; and in referring to a Minister distinguished throughout the land for his saintliness he volunteered the judgment that there was "naething positively veecious in him." Many a time did I try, sometimes to browbeat him, and sometimes to beguile him into a positive statement and to get him to take up a position which he could not withdraw. I was always beaten, and yet once was within an ace of success. We had bought a horse on the strength of a good character from a dealer, and were learning the vanity of speech in all horse transactions, for there was nothing that beast did not do of the things no horse ought to do; and one morning after it had tried to get at James with its hind legs, and then tried to bring him down with its fore legs, and done its best to bite him, and also manoeuvred to crush him against a wall, I hazarded the suggestion that our new purchase was a vicious brute. He caught the note of assurance in my voice, and saw that he had been trapped; he cast an almost pathetic look at me as if I was inviting him to deny his national character and betray an historic part of unbroken resistance. He hesitated and looked for a way of escape while he skilfully warded off another attack, this time with the teeth, and his face brightened. "Na!" he replied, "I'll no admit that the horse is veecious; we maun hae more experience o' him afore we can pass sic a judgment, but" and now he just escaped a playful tap from the horse's fore-leg, "I'm prepared to admit that this mornin' he is a wee thingie liteegious." And so victory was snatched from my hand, and I was again worsted.

If the endless arguing of the Scot be wearisome to strangers and, one would guess, a burden to himself, yet it has its advantages. It has been a discipline for the Scots mind, and the endless disputations on doctrine and kirks, as well as more trifling matters like history and politics, has toughened the Scots brain and brought it to a fine edge. When I hear a successful Scot speak lightly of the Shorter Catechism, then I am amazed and tempted to despise him, for it was by that means that he was sent forth so acute and enterprising a man, and any fortune he has made he owes to its training. He has been trained to think and to reason, to separate what is true from what is false, to use the principles of speech and test the subtlest meaning of words. And therefore, if he be in business, he is a banker by preference, because that is the science of commerce, and if he be an artisan, he becomes an engineer because that is the most skilful trade, and as a doctor he is spread all over the world. Wherever hard thinking and a determined will tell in the world's work this self-reliant and uncompromising man is sure to succeed, and if his mind has not the geniality and flexibility of the English, if it secretly hates the English principle of commonsense, and suspects the English standard of compromise, if it be too unbending and even unreasonably logical, this only proves that no one nation, not even the Scots, can possess the whole earth.

Next Week: "The Sin of Book Borrowing."

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For the nine months of the financial year, the revenues of Victoria show a decrease of over a quarter of a million sterling, due to the expenditure of the departments acquired by the Commonwealth having for the first time been deducted from the cross revenue.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 67.

SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1902.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

WHEN HIS GRACE TRAVELS.

A DUKE'S PRIVATE TRAIN.

The only English private train is that owned by the Duke of Sutherland.

It was specially built at the Wolverton works of the London and North-Western Railway, to his Grace's order.

It contains, stowed within the smallest possible compass, a large saloon for dining, a private sitting room, sleeping berths, luggage compartments, kitchen, pantry, and lavatories, the whole connected by a series of handsomely decorated vestibules and corridors.

Viewed even from the outside, the train presents a sufficiently striking appearance, with its dark green enamelled panels, picked out with cream and gold. Internally the fittings are of the most elaborate description.

The principal saloon has a figured linerusta roof in white and gold, with side panelling to match. All of the couches and easy chairs are upholstered in green figured tapestry, and the friezes and window curtains are of rich green silk.

Velvet pile carpets cover the floors of the principal compartments, and cork linoleum is fitted to the corridors, vestibules, kitchen, and lavatories.

Electric lighting is, of course, used throughout, and there are also electric bells in the attendants' compartments, and electric fans for hot weather. For heating in winter, stoves on the hot water high pressure system are provided.

As this train has frequently to run at high speed over the Highland Railway, where the grades are steep and the curves sharp, a special engine, which is also his Grace's private property, has been built to draw it.

* * *

THE OLDEST EUROPEAN MONARCH.

A REMARKABLE GATHERING

A remarkable circumstance connected with the gathering of the Royal Family of Denmark on the occasion of the birthday of the King, who entered on Tuesday upon his eighty-fifth year, is the exceptional ages which both his family and his wife's have attained. The King is one of ten brothers and sisters of whom one died at twenty-one, and the next youngest at fifty-nine. Four are still living, at the respective ages of ninety-one, eighty-four, seventy-eight, and seventy-seven. Queen Louise was one of a family of five, of whom one died at eighteen, two between sixty and seventy, and two at eighty-one. All the six children of the King and Queen are living. It is a curious fact that during the last two hundred years every Danish king has either been a Frederick or a Christian. His present Majesty is, of course, Christian IX, and his father, whom he succeeded in 1863, was Frederick VII. In the same way, should all go well, he will be succeeded by his son Christian, who has a son called Frederick and a grandson called Christian, the last-named having been born in 1900. Thus, like the late Queen Victoria, the King has lived to see four generations in the direct male line of his family.



MISS BEALE,

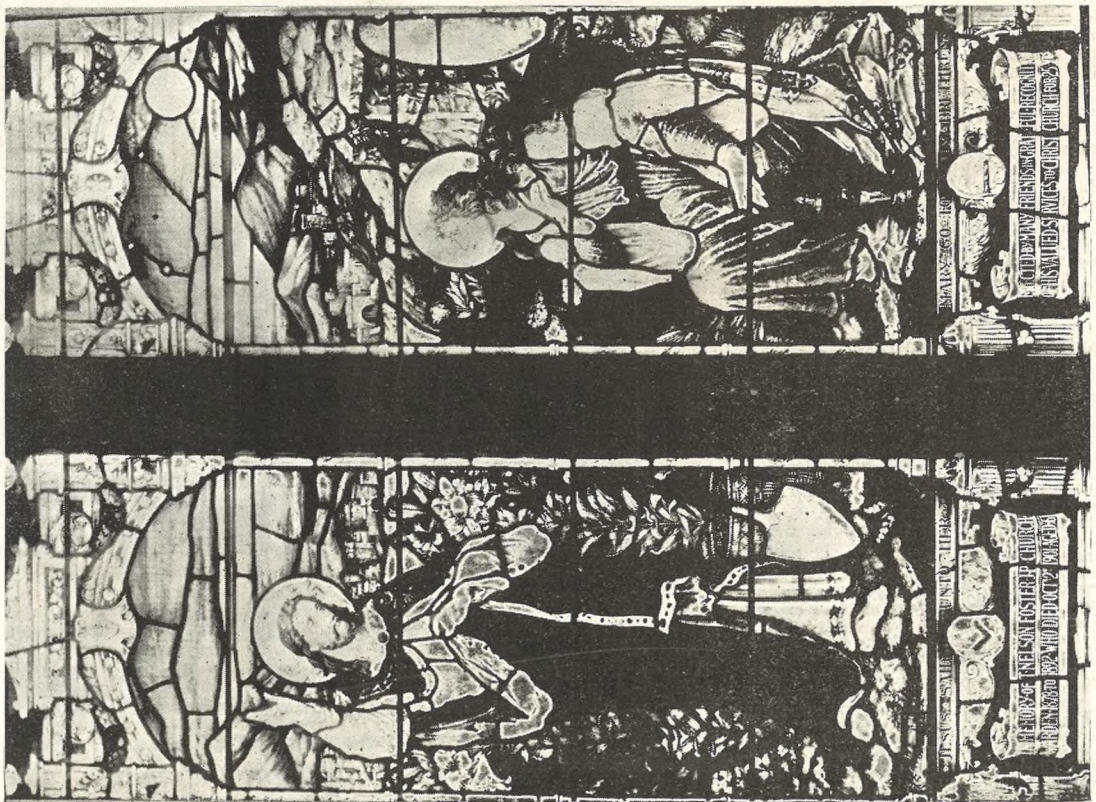
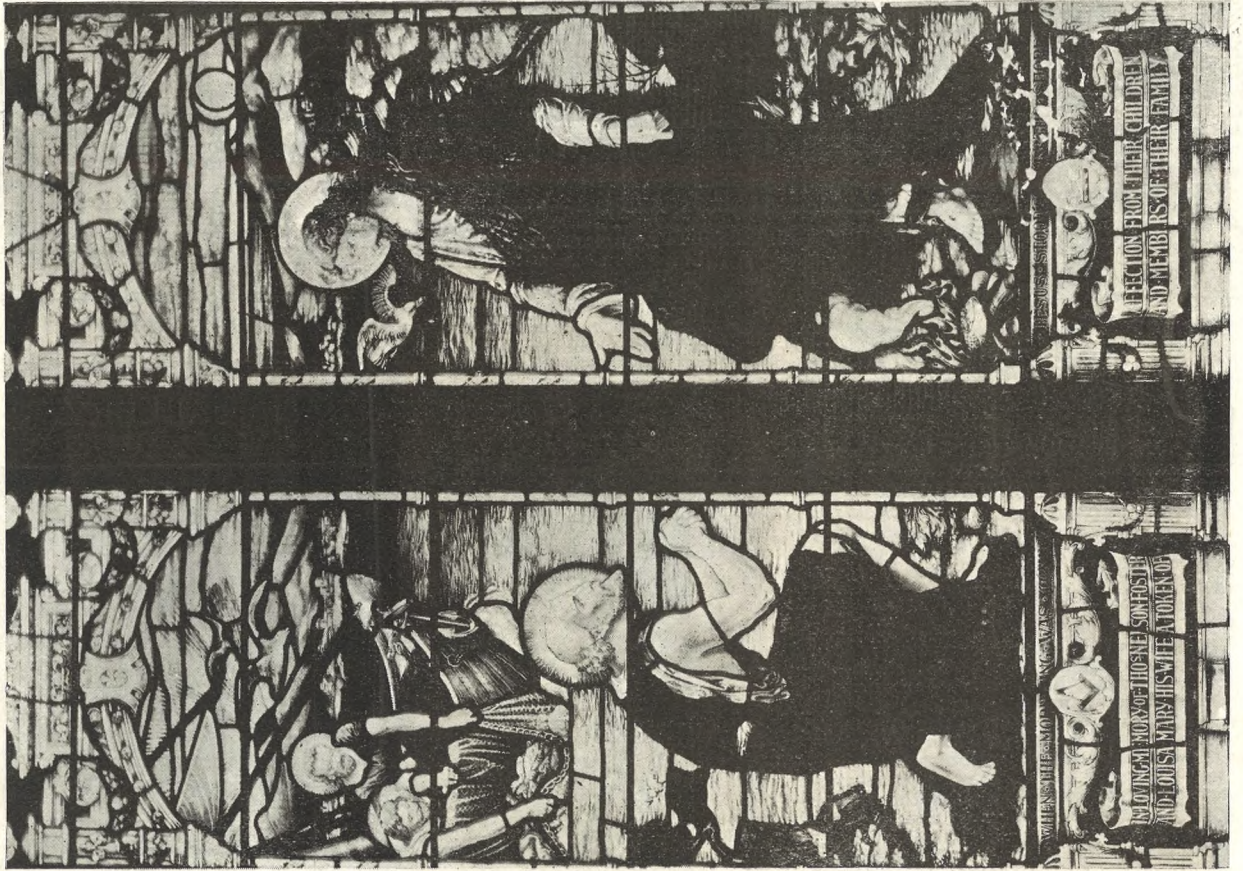
*Principal of Cheltenham Ladies' College,
in the Academical Robes of LL.D.,
which Degree was conferred on her yesterday
by Edinburgh University.*

Photo by G. H. Martyn & Sons,

Cheltenham.

The Foster Windows.

CHRIST CHURCH MEMORIALS.



Three stained glass two-light windows have just been placed in Christ Church, Cheltenham, two on the north and one on the south side of the building. That on the south is a representation of Christ appearing to Mary after the Resurrection, and is the congregation's memorial to the late Mr. T. Nelson Foster, J.P., who was churchwarden of the parish from 1878 till 1892. The inscription at the foot records that it was "erected by many friends in grateful recognition of his valued services to Christ Church for twenty-five years." On the opposite side is the family memorial to the deceased gentleman and his

wife. The scene depicts Christ on the shore of the Lake Tiberias, after the Resurrection, and the window bears the following record:—"In loving memory of Thomas Nelson Foster, and Louisa Mary, his wife, as a token of affection from their children and members of their family." The third window is a representation of the risen Saviour breaking bread, and it has been placed by the Baron and Baroness de Ferrieres immediately contiguous to the seat they formerly occupied in the church, as a thank offering "for mercies received during fifty years of married life."

were disposed to buy at a price on one occasion. If, in their treating with the owners of the lands and houses required for making the Honeybourne branch, the company are generally receiving claims on the same very liberal scale as the one from the authorities behind the very high wall in the Swindon-road, it may be well to recall this significant passage in the published letter from Mr. Wilkinson, the G.W.R. general manager: "If, therefore, unreasonable demands and difficulties are not placed in the way by landowners, it is hoped that the company will at an early date be in a position to invite tenders for the carrying out of the permanent works." And, as I said on a previous occasion, "I hope those whom it may concern will not act on the principle too often followed—that a railway company is fair game—but that they will remember that it very often comes out best in arbitration."



The De Ferrieres Window.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

While believing that the Board of Guardians of the Cheltenham Union think they are safeguarding the interests of the ratepayers in acting upon advice to claim £1,668 from the Great Western Railway Co. for the strip of Workhouse land (1 acre 17 perches in all) required for the Honeybourne branch railway, I very much question the wisdom and policy of their asking what appears to many such an excessive price. Granted that a slice will be taken out of the kitchen garden

and that what is known in law as "amenity" will be interfered with, I still cannot see that these four figures are fairly represented, unless the land be a veritable "Tom Tiddler's ground." But the Guardians are reasonableness personified as compared with their confreres of the Gloucester Union, who, in the year 1886, asked for, and actually obtained, £1,100 for 195 square yards of land (equal to £27,302 an acre) that the G.W.R. Co. absolutely required to make a good job of their new up-platform at Gloucester. Small wonder that the railway company and the Guardians have never come to terms as to the sale of Gloucester Workhouse to the former, who

I alluded three months ago to the great ages that not a few of the local Church officials, of greater or lesser degree, had attained, and enumerated the names of some of them. To this list may be added that of James Brewer, just deceased, aged 91 years. He was formerly parish clerk at Pendock, near Tewkesbury, and was quite a card in his way, for he dug his own grave some years ago and put a blank tombstone thereon. It is even said that once, while he was digging or sitting in his grave, the Ledbury Hounds went by in full cry, and he hurriedly left his "spade work," joined in the chase, and was in at the death of the fox. While I have never come across a precisely similar eccentric to Brewer, I have known several practical and methodical men who had either made the coffins of their wives or selected planks from oak trees felled on their land for their own, or arranged and paid for their funerals in their lifetime, one of them even having had a blank tombstone placed on the spot for interment in unconsecrated ground that he had selected in Gloucester Cemetery. And I saw, not so many years ago, in the elevated churchyard of Newnham-on-Severn, a headstone with the name of a living person cut thereon and a blank left for the date of his death and age to be added.

The Easter vestries are now over, and the Archdeacons' Visitations are at hand. I verily believe that Archdeacon Bowers, the new dignitary, will faithfully strive to carry out his declared wish "to support in every way all the different interests which will make our Mother Church a praise in the earth." As I am generally on the look-out for local records, I think I have found one—though, of course, I am open to correction—in the fact that Mr. John Peachey was re-elected parish warden of Chedworth, on the Cotswolds, for the fiftieth time. I think, too, those were very tactless remarks of the vicar of St. Luke's, Gloucester, when, in appealing for increased offertories, he regretted they very seldom saw the laity bringing the same business capacity to bear upon Church matters as they did in their own affairs, and he was sure they would not allow a deficit to go on growing in their own business.

Mr. Morton Brown, the learned Recorder, has passed his first sentence of penal servitude at Gloucester Quarter Sessions. The prisoner, a stranger, who received the term of three years, well deserved his deserts, and he appears to have made a grand mistake in not electing to be tried by the magistrates, when before them, as I am credibly informed he would have got off then with two months' "hard." In the interval, his damning antecedents had been obtained. A Gloucester jury, which, of course, did not know these antecedents, was not so favourably inclined to him as was the one that acquitted three "locals." I do not remember how many years it is since a previous "penal" sentence was passed, but it is a fact that his Honour Judge Young, the late Recorder, never in his 20 years' term of office inflicted this punishment. GLEANER.

Maxim Gorki, the Russian novelist, is suffering from consumption, and his condition is said to be hopeless.

Cotswold Hounds Town Meet on Easter Monday.



Photos by C. T. Deane,

Cheltenham.

THE "Selina Jenkins" Letters.

SELINA JENKINS ON "TESTIMONIALS AND PRESENTATIONS."

I don't know rightly 'ow it comes about, but just lately, what with the measles and the testimomais, there 'ave been quite a crop of happydemics, as you may say, wich I never goes out without a camphor-locket in me body, knowing as 'ow them german things, as is always seeking whom they may devour, can't apear the smell of camphor, as I considers is a very nice sent meself, and a site better than this ere patcherly, as smells for all the world like a stuffy old cupboard with no hexit and a pot of mouldy happies an hequal compositions; and then there's that there Farmer Voilets, wich its my hapynion it ain't voilets at all, but just a bit of Orrid Koot, as they do call it, scraped up with some dust, and is a very stining haromer andeed, that it be. I shall never forget the first time as I got into a room where Mary Ann Tompkins, just to ape the gentlefolk, ad a lamp burning on the haltar, as you might say, being the little work-table as was suppozed to be haunted for years through it 'aving a trick of cracking in a loud voice when at were put in a warm room, as were only the hexpansion of the nots in the wood, after ail; and in this 'ere lamp Mary Ann 'ad some sent a-burnin', just to perfume the hatmosphere and drive away the germans, as was that stiffling thro' bein' some of this 'ere Farmer Voilets that me and Mrs. Gaskins 'ad to be well-nigh carried hout of the room afore we could catch breath, and I've 'ated the nasty, dry, dusty O der to this day since then. Give me a wif of good 'onest camphor any day, that's wot I says, as is

delikate enough to please the most genteel tastes.

But I were about to say something about testimonials and presentations and the like, wasn't I? Ov course, I knows I wanders a bit, but if there weren't no wandenin away from the subject, where would our preachers and 'riters and them as sends letters to the Press (by wich I means the papers) be, I should like to know? And, would you believe it, only the hother day somebody said to me, "Selina," says 'e, "I considers you are a site too—"

But I was talking about testimonials, so I ain't a-goin' to wander, not this time, not like a amateur minister as I 'eard once, as said the funniest thing ever I 'eard tell on thro' wandering from 'is subject, as the subject were somethink about the 'ead of John the Baptist on a charger, and, would you believe it, when he come to say—

But I musn't go into that, or else I shan't 'ave no time to 'rite about testimonials, so let's keep to the point.

I was remarking, wen I hinterrupted meself, that there is a happydemic of testimonials a-sweepin' over hus at this present moment. I knows that well-nigh every time I answers the door it's a party with a little ld. pocket-book with somethink like this rote inside the front cover:—"We, the undersigned, desire to express the great gratitude we are feeling on the occasion of losing the services of our devoted Mr. So-and-so, and we think you also would like to contribute towards the cost of his removal to another sphere, wich he so highly deserves. N.B.—The smallest contributions thankfully received, but only amounts over 5s. will be advertised in the local Press." Of course, this sort of thing is very well once now and again, and is very good business for them as employs their idle moments in painting them

illuminations in gold and blue and purple and crimson and spring flowers and Catharine weals and sich like all hup the sides, with a bit of reading in the middle, as nobody like me can't read nohow, and great capital letters so big as 'ouses, just to show you where the sentence and the verdict begins. I 'ave 'eard there's £s-worth of gold and silver on these 'ere things, as is very useful 'anged up in the hall for callers to hadmire wile they be awaiting to see the missus or the master. 'Ow-ever, wot I thinks about all this testimonial giving is this: If it's a minister or a curate, it looks like as if, altho' he is serving the Lord, 'e would much prefer to 'ave a bit of 'is reward on account, if it didn't matter, in the shape of a purse of gold and a great long egspression of flattery. Not but wot there's some as deserves all as is said of 'em, and more, too; but if it gets to be a reg'lar rule to give your parson or minister £100 or so whenever 'e feels 'e has a call elsewhere, why, you'll never be able to keep one of them at his post, seein' as 'ow it pays him a site better to move on somewhere else and get 'is send-off money, as must come in very usef'ul to clear hup houtstanding accounts and sich like, that I will say!

But, you mark my words, it's a rong principle, wen it's worked too 'ard! Why, only the hother day I 'eard of a testimony being got up for a young man as was only 18 months in 'is place, and well paid all the time, too, and never exceeded 'is duty by doing anybody else's work, neither.

As a elderly fieldmale, I'm bound to say that this 'ere testimonial happydemic is spreading with a rapidness as is hawful to witness, and is really getting worse than the drink, wich it's bound to get worse and worse unless some steps is took to abate the nuisance, as you may say, seein' as 'ow wot

(Continued on page 6.)

The Cotswold Hounds Town Meet on Easter Monday.



OUTSIDE THE QUEEN'S.



OUTSIDE THE QUEEN'S.



GOING UP PROMENADE.



GOING DOWN PROMENADE.

□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□

THE QUEEN IN A CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.

*

In describing the Queen's recent visit to the little sufferers in the Alexandra Hospital for Children, a correspondent gives some details in the nursing section of the "Hospital" of her Majesty's experiences while distributing bon-bons and toys among the occupants of the cots. "One small boy of five years embraced the Queen as she bent over his cot, and gave her a most affectionate kiss; he thought it quite the right thing to do. The Queen seemed very pleased, and returned the embrace, and later on asked his name. Her Majesty addressed several of the nurses when enquiring after the special treatment of the children. In one ward the children sang a hymn very sweetly, and in another they sang 'Soldiers of the Queen.' Many of the bigger boys saluted her Majesty, who seemed much gratified by the action. In one case, where a very small baby was difficult to please with a toy, the Queen went to great trouble to find her one she would like. Another small child of four years sang two or three little items very sweetly. Her Majesty kissed him, saying 'You are a darling, and sing so prettily.'"



Photos. by G. B. Worrall, Cheltenham.
GOING DOWN PROMENADE.
COLONEL GODFREY SNAPPED WHILE SNAPPING.

Leckhampton Hill Rights of Way Dispute.

THE GOOD FRIDAY DEMONSTRATION.



SCENE IN BATH ROAD.



LET 'EM ALL COME.



DOWN WITH DAT (D)ALE.

Photos. by Mr. Roylance,

Cheltenham.

you've done for one you must do for another, or else 'ave jealousy aroused. In my young days, if they thought a powerful lot of a man, they waited till the funeral, wick they followed in crowds and spent sholes of money on the eadstone, with a inscription statin' 'is virtues and omitting 'is failings; but now we does just the opposite—we gives only a very maadin' burial, but makes it hup in testimonials and purses of gold and tea and coffee decanters during 'is lifetime, wick is as it should be, so long as the thing isn't hoverdid.

honor to whom honor is due, say I; but if you makes the honor too cheap, why, it ain't a honor any more; and there's another sayin', too—"Enuff's as good as a feast"—especially testimonials and presentations. remembrance in one lovin' heart is more to be cherished than 233 names rote in red and gold on catskin!

THE "SERVANT PROBLEM."

To Selina Jenkins, Cheltenham.—Having read your interesting 'ecter in this week's "Graphic," allow me to tell you that the servant problem is only due to the way in which servants are treated. If we enter a shop where we are known to be servants, not only the girls, but the men, behave in a way which shows they think they are lowering their dignity to serve us, and would certainly not think of exchanging common civilities. But these are not the only ones who treat servants in this way. In every class, bar the upper class, there are people who think of and treat servants with bare civility—certainly not politeness. I am sure many will agree with me when I say I prefer a domestic lre to that of one behind a counter, where I should be at the mercy of a public instead of a chosen few—and those few, generally speaking, too refined to think of speaking an uncivil word to me, even though I am a servant. We do not wish to arive about in a carriage and pair, or flop about the drawing-room in a low-necked dress; all we want is to be treated as human beings; and if mistresses would only take a lttle more interest in their servants, and try and make their lives a pleasure to them instead of a burden, I am sure that the "servant problem" would soon be a thing of the past, for how can people expect to have good servants when they treat them as if they were dirt under their feet? I have been a general servant for nearly twelve months, and consider my calling in life as good as those who "dust hats in a milliner's shop" or sit behind a desk in an eating-house; and the only thing I complain of is the disrespect of my class. I know many will sneer at my word "class"; for they would not come down to the level of servants, could they, poor, deluded things. In conclusion, let me say I don't hold with girls running away with nick-nacks, or accusing the cat of stealing the jam, or robbing the milkman and baker; and as to thinking I shall catch a Duke or an Earl, "Oh no, Selina"—there you are wrong. I have known many girls, but I never yet met one who thought she could do that, and I never tried doing it myself; but I quite agree with your advice to the employers to give good wages and treat the servants as human beings, and if anyone wants to know what it is to be a good general servant, then they can come to me, and I'll tell them. I never yet was ashamed to say that I earn my own living by my hands as a general servant, and I make it my duty to serve my employers faithfully, and they never have cause to complain of the work and ways of a GENERAL SERVANT.

P.S.—If anyone has anything to say in answer to this, I should like to hear from them in next week's "Graphic."

[Tut, tut, Mary! Don't take on so, there's a good girl! 'Owver can you find time to rite such a long letter in your spare time? Wick you must 'ave a very easy place to be able to do it! But in answer to your letter, law bless your 'art and sole, it would take me a week all my evenings to answer it, so I must leave it to one of the 'ateful 'ussies as looks down on you, Mary, to take up the bludgels, as the sayin' is.—SELINA JENKINS.]

Easter Sports at Montpellier.



120 YARDS SCHOLARS' HANDICAP.



PARISH SCHOOL WINNING CHALLENGE SHIELD.



THE HURDLES.

Photo by G. L. Martyn,

Cheltenham.



A REST.

Photos. by Mr. Roylance,

Cheltenham.

Currency has been given to some rather disquieting reports as to the general state of the health of the Commander-in-Chief. It is stated that the strain of the past two years has told very considerably on him. At the same time it is denied that there is at the present moment any question whatever of his retirement from the War Office at the Coronation.

Prize Photography.

The usual special articles will this week be found in the "Chronicle" main sheet.

*

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.

Prince Alexander Scherbatoff, president of the Imperial Agricultural Society of Russia, in an interview with a representative of "The Daily Chronicle," stated that Russia wished to promote trade relations with England, and was prepared to do so on a free trade basis.

*

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

Captain John R. Jellicoe, C.B., R.N., has been appointed Naval Assistant to the Controller of the Navy. Captain Jellicoe, who is the son of Captain J. H. Jellicoe, late of the Royal Mail Line, served in the Egyptian War of 1882, and acted as Commander of the Naval Brigade, and as Chief of the Staff to Admiral Sir E. Seymour during the attempted relief of the Peking Legations.

*

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

Dr. Sieglin, Professor of Ancient History at the University of Berlin, has discovered, during his recent tour in Southern Spain, what is probably the oldest temple of the ancient Iberians, at the confluence of the rivers Odial and Rio Tinto, near Huelva. The temple was dedicated to the Goddess of the Lower World, and is connected with two caves, which are filled with debris.

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 66th competition is Mr. H. H. Prior, Western-road, Cheltenham, with the Christ Church windows.

Entries for the 67th competition closed this (Saturday) morning, April 12th, 1902, and in subsequent competitions entries will close on the Saturday morning preceding the award, so as to allow time for adjudication and reproduction.

Poet's Corner.

THE ALMOND TREE.

The cosmic flush of waking sleep is o'er the spray,
 Alas! till now, in winter's thralldom held at bay;
 The pink-crowned buds unfold in Spring-time's
 golden spray.
 And gather, day by day,
 The sparkling dews that play
 Through morning's purple mist—
 That faint lips have kissed,
 High in air, the joyous lark it sings
 Of Love and Life. The song it rings
 Below on earth to calm all misery
 By one long psalm of ecstasy!
 This trilling warbler—full of glee,
 And Almond Tree! Pink Almond Tree
 Breathes of Spring to you and me—
 A dream of life so fair to see.

EDITH ALICE MAITLAND.

County Championship Football Match at Gloucester, April 5.

THE TEAMS.



GLOUCESTERSHIRE.



Photos by Paul Coe,

DURHAM.

39, Eastgate Street, Gloucester

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 68. SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1902.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.



Poet's Corner.

PRIMROSE DAY—APRIL 19TH.

Star of our Spring-time, messenger of hope,
Speak for us, Primrose, in this gallant strife,
Unfold for us, and for our champion dead,
The potent spells with which our cause is rife.

Witness for us, dear flowers of purity,
Lifting your pale lids steadfastly to Heaven,
That our first combat is for God and Faith,
Beneath the Red Cross Banner Christ hath given.

Witness for us, tender protecting leaves,
Close clustered round your golden crown of flowers,
That we, with loyal care, will firmly stand
To shield our Crown from every storm that lowers!

Witness for us, your deeply-rooted plants,
Of genial growth, 'neath varied climes and skies,
That we Great Britain's Empire will uphold
Wherever her victorious standard flies.

Witness for us, free children of the air,
Blooming for rich and poor impartially,
That we seek freedom in the will of Heaven,
Not the rude license—miscalled "liberty."

So when "the winter of our discontent"
Grows darker, sadder by our chieftain's grave,
Blossom, loved flowers, in English hearts and hands,

And breathe your hopeful summons to the brave.
"For God—for King—Empire and Liberty."
Your petals waft our watchwords to the sky;
Thus "Peace" shall bless our "Primrose Path"
in life.

And "Honour" seal it nobly when we die.



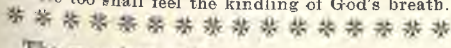
A SPRING SONG.

With strong new life the gladdened earth is teeming,
The budding trees have waked from winter dreaming.

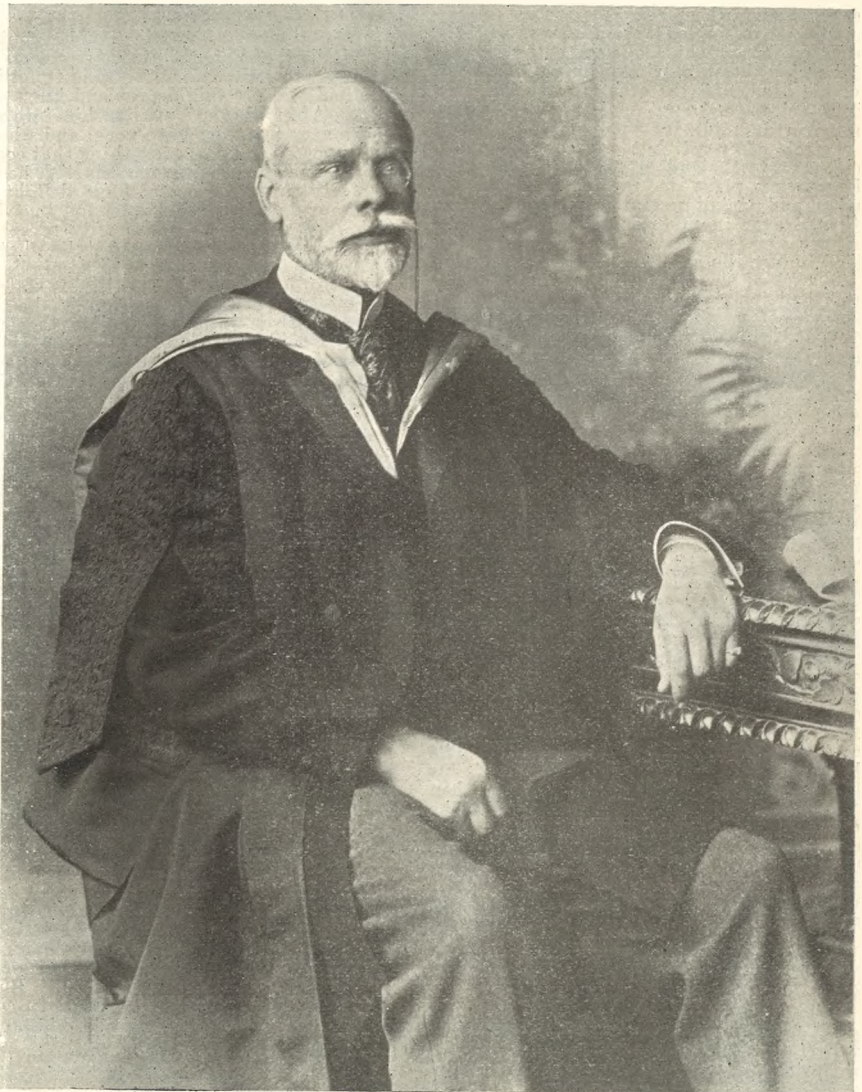
Death and despair the sun hath captive led,
Life everywhere! A jovous life is springing—
Life everywhere! The happy birds are singing—
And men alone are sleeping with the dead.

Men too would joy, if men were truly living;
Men too would praise the Giver for His giving;
Not only fill the air with plaints of pain;
Nor stand with empty hands amid the gladness
Nor mar the song of nature with their sadness,
Nor walk alone, disquieted in vain.

O! perfect world of love, so rich in beauty!
O! perfect world of law, so glad in duty!
Content to pass to higher life through death!
Spring's mystery in man is also hidden.
He too shall rise to newer life when bidden,
He too shall feel the kindling of God's breath.



The marriage will take place in June of William E. F. Handcock, C.E., of the Indian Public Works Department, second son of the Rev. R. G. Handcock, 1 Somerset-place, Bath, rector of Ditteridge, and Elinor Mary, younger daughter of the Rev. A. Pontifex, 2 Royal-crescent, Bath, and formerly rector of Yate, Gloucestershire.



The Late Dr. Dyer, Mus. Doc., F.R.C.O.

By Messrs. Norman, May, & Co., Ltd., Cheltenham and Malvern, from whom photographs of Cheltenham College Masters may be obtained.

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"He that is Least."

By "IAN MACLAREN"

(Author of "The Bonnie Brier Bush, etc.")

Being a household of moderate attainments, and not being at all superior people, we were gravely concerned on learning that it was our duty to entertain the distinguished scholar, for our pride was chastened by anxiety. His name was carried far and wide on the wings of fame, and even learned people referred to him with a reverence in the tone, because it was supposed there was almost nothing within the range of languages and philosophy and theology which he did not know, and that if there happened to be any obscure department he had not yet overtaken, he would likely be on the way to its conquest. We speculated what he would be like—having only heard rumours—and whether he would be strangely clothed, we discussed what kind of company we could gather to meet such a man, and whether we ought not, that is the two trembling heads of the household, to read up some subject beforehand that we might be able at least to know where he was if we could not follow him. And we were haunted with the remembrance of a literary woman who once condescended to live with us for two days, and whose conversation was so exhausting that we took it in turns, like the watch on board ship, one standing on the bridge with the spin drift of quotations flying over his head, and the other snatching a few minutes sleep to strengthen her for the storm. That overwhelming lady was only the oracle of a circle after all, but our coming visitor was known to the ends of the earth.

It was my place to receive him at the station, and pacing up and down the platform, I turned over in my mind appropriate subjects for conversation in the cab, and determined to lure the great man into a discussion of the work of an eminent Oxford philosopher which had just been published, and which I knew something about. I had just arranged a question which I intended to submit for his consideration, when the express came in, and I hastened down the first-class carriages to identify the great man. High and mighty people, clothed in purple and fine linen, or what corresponds to such garments in our country, were descending in troops with servants and porters waiting upon them, but there was no person who suggested a scholar. Had he, in the multitude of his thoughts, forgotten his engagement altogether, or had he left the train at some stopping place and allowed it to go without him?—anything is possible with such a learned man.

Then I saw a tall and venerable figure descend from a third-class compartment and a whole company of genuine "third-classes" handing out his luggage while he took the most affectionate farewell of them. A working man got out to deposit the scholar's Gladstone bag upon the platform while his wife passed out his umbrella, and another working man handed delicately a parcel of books. The scholar shook hands with everyone of his fellow passengers including children, and then I presented myself, and looked him in the face. He was rather over six feet in height, and erect as a sapling, dressed in old-fashioned and well-brushed black clothes, and his face placed me immediately at ease, for though it was massive and grave, with deep lines and crowned with thick white hair, his eyes were so friendly and sincere, had such an expression of modesty and affection that even then, and on the first experience, I forgot the gulf between us. Next instant, and almost before I had mentioned my name, he seized me by the hand, and thanked me for my coming.

"This, my good sir," he said with his old-fashioned courtesy, "is a kindness which I never for an instant anticipated, and when I remember your many important engagements (important!) and the sacrifice which this gracious act (gracious!) must have entailed upon you, I feel this to be an honour, an honour, sir, for which you will accept this expression of gratitude."

It seemed as if there must have been something wrong in our imagination of a great

man's manner, and when he insisted, beyond my preventing, in carrying his bag himself, and would only allow me with many remonstrances to relieve him of the books; when I had difficulty in persuading him to enter a cab because he was anxious to walk to our house, our fancy portrait had almost disappeared. Before leaving the platform he had interviewed the guard and thanked by both word and deed for certain "gracious and mindful attentions in the course of the journey."

My wife acknowledged that she had been waiting to give the great man afternoon tea, in fear and trembling, but there was something about him so winsome that she did not need even to study my face, but felt at once that however trying writing women and dilettante critics might be, one could be at home with a chief scholar. When I described the guests who were coming to meet him at dinner—such eminent persons as I could gather—he was overcome by the trouble we had taken, but also alarmed lest he should be hardly fit for their company, being, as he explained himself, a man much restricted in knowledge through the just burden of professional studies. And before he went to his room to dress he had struck up an acquaintance with the youngest member of the family, who seemed to have forgotten that our guest was a very great man, and had visited a family of Japanese mice with evident satisfaction. During dinner he was so conscious of his poverty of attainment in the presence of so many distinguished people that he would say very little, but listened greedily to everything that fell from the lips of a young Oxford man who had taken a fair degree and knew everything. After dinner we wiled him into a field where very few men have gone, and where he was supposed to know everything that could be known, and then, being once started, he spoke for forty minutes to our huge delight with such a fulness and accuracy of knowledge, with such a lucidity and purity of speech—allowing for the old-fashioned style—that even the Oxford man was silent and admired. Once and again he stopped to qualify his statement of some other scholar's position lest he should have done him injustice, and in the end he became suddenly conscious of the time he had spoken and implored everyone's pardon, seeing, as he explained, "that the gentlemen present will likely have far more intimate knowledge of the subject than I can ever hope to attain." He then asked whether any person present had ever seen a family of Japanese mice, and especially whether they had ever seen them waltzing, or as he described it, "performing circular emotions of the most graceful and intricate nature, with almost incredible continuance." And when no one had, he insisted on the company going to visit the menagerie, which was conduct not unbecoming a gentleman, but very unbecoming a scholar.

Next morning, as he was a clergyman, I asked him to take family worship, and in the course of the prayer he made most tender supplication for the sick relative of "one who serves in this household," and we learned that he had been conversing with the housemaid who attended to his room, having traced some expression of sorrow on her face, and found out that her mother was ill, while we, the heads of the household, had known nothing about the matter, and while we imagined that a scholar would be only distantly aware that a housemaid had a mother. It was plainer than ever that we knew nothing whatever about great scholars. The public function for which he came was an overwhelming success, and after the lapse of now many years people still remember that man of amazing erudition and grandeur of speech. But we, being simple people, and especially a certain lad, who is rapidly coming now to manhood, remember with keen delight how this absurd scholar had hardly finished afternoon tea before he asked to see the mice, who were good enough to turn out from their nest, a mother and four children, and having rotated, the mother by herself, and the children by themselves, and each one having rotated by itself, all whirled round together in one delirium of delight, partly the delight of the mice and partly of the scholar.

Having moved us all to the tears of the heart by his prayer next morning, for it was

as the supplication of a little child, so simple, so confiding, so reverent and affectionate, he bade the whole household farewell, from the oldest to the youngest, with a suitable word for each, and he shook hands with the servants, making special enquiry for the housemaid's mother, and—there is no use concealing a scholar's disgrace any more than another man's—he made his last call upon the Japanese mice, and departed bowing at the door, and bowing at the gate of the garden, and bowing before he entered the cab, and bowing his last farewell from the window, while he loaded us all with expressions of gratitude for our "gracious and unbounded hospitality which had refreshed him alike both in body and mind." And he declared that he would have both that hospitality and ourselves in "continual remembrance."

Before we retired to rest I had approached the question of his expenses, although I had an instinct that our scholar would be difficult to handle, and he had waived the whole matter as unworthy of attention. On the way to the station I insisted upon a settlement with the result that he refused to charge any fee, being thankful if his "remarks," for he refused to give them the name of lecture, had been of any use for the furtherance of knowledge, and as regards expenses they were limited to a third-class return fare. He also explained that there were no other charges, as he travelled in cars and not in cabs, and any gifts he bestowed (by which I understood the most generous tips to every human being that served him in any fashion) were simply a private pleasure of his own. When I established him in the corner seat of a third-class compartment, with his humble luggage above his head, and an Arabic book in his hand, and some slight luncheon for the way in his pocket, he declared that he was going to travel as a prince. Before the train left, an old lady opposite him in the carriage—I should say a tradesman's widow—was already explaining the reason of her journey, and he was listening with benignant interest.

Three days later he returned the fee which was sent him, having deducted the third-class return fare, thanking us for our undeserved generosity, but explaining that he would count it a shame to grow rich through his services to knowledge. Some years afterwards I saw him in the distance, at a great public meeting, and when he mounted the platform the huge audience burst into prolonged applause, and were all the more delighted when he, who never had the remotest idea that people were honouring him, looked round, and catching sight of a pompous nonentity who followed him, vigorously clapped. And the only other time and the last that I saw him was on the street of a famous city, when he caught sight of a country woman dazed amid the people and the traffic, and afraid to cross to the other side. Whereupon our scholar gave the old woman his arm and led her carefully over; then he bowed to her and shook hands with her, and I watched his tall form and white hair till he was lost in the distance, and I never saw him again, for shortly after he had also passed over to the other side.

Next Week: "News of a Famous Victory."

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

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.

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 67th competition is Mr. C. T. Deane, 5 Orrisdale Terrace, Cheltenham, with the Boys' Brigade pictures.

Entries for the 68th competition closed this (Saturday) morning, April 19th, 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

RIISING FOOTBALL PLAYERS.

“Selina Jenkins” Letters.

✱

“SELINA JENKINS” ON THE BUDGET.

Well! well! to be sure now! I've been a-readin' this 'ere speech of Sir Nicholas Higgs Beach, until I don't rightly know whether I be standin' on my 'ead or my eels, wot with millions of pounds on this, and millions of pounds on that, as is very awkward for them as 'aven't had the best of schoolin' like meself, wich I never could count the 'aughts beyond 1,000, so wot I does is to reckon if there's a long string of 'aughts right across the page like a boarding-school out for a walk, as it must mean millions; not as I 'as much to do with millions or pounds, as a rule, not meself, wich I draws me bit of money from me annuity every six months reg'lar as they always stops the hincom tacks out of, and don't give it back unless you worries 'em a bit, and takes me all me time to do it I can tell you, as ought to be ashamed of theirselves, whoever it is, trying to cheat a poor widder like me out of one pound 3/2 a year, wich don't include the 4 penny stamps as I 'as to waste on ritin' up to the Government about it, and I 'ave 'eard it's because that there Lord Salisbury Plain 'aven't got the whip-hand, as the sayin' is, of some of the young people like Joe Chamberlain and settery, and that's 'ow 'tis things is carried on so slack, as I don't 'old with meself; business is business, says I, and if they m a bit 'ard up to pay for the war, let them pay for it as asked for it, that's wot I says! I didn't! 'Owever, talkin' about this epe Budget, as they do call it:—it seems as 'ow that there Sir Higgs Beach 'ad a very disagreeable task; 'avin' took the books 'ome with 'im, and looked 'em through, he made the discovery as we wos spending money so free-like in entertaining the Boer prisoners, and supplyin' Swiss milk and American beef to the consecration camps, and sendin' out millions of rounds of shot and shell and uniforms for the enemy to capture from us when they wants some (wich also there's the carriage of the hoficers' pianos and 'armoniums and cooking-ranges and spare 'orses and sich like to be counted up), that we must raise another eleven, three, one, aught-aught-aught-aught this year just to make ends meet, without 'avin' to fall back on bazaars and sales of work, or sich like underhand ways of getting money. That means more taxes, of course, and I'm thankful as they 'aven't taxed cats, as a many said they would do, wich it would 'ave meant the whole country being deluged with mice again like it were in them days when that there piper of Hamelin feller 'ad to play a band to drown their squeaks, as they was being slaughtered holesale by being shut up into a mountain; leastways, that's wot I'm told, and I wouldn't 'ave my cat taxed, that I wouldn't! Why should they hinterfere with me, I should like to know, a elderly respectable fieldmale as never done them any 'arm? Let 'em tax them cycllists as is dashin' about the roads at all hours like roaring lions seeking whom they may devour, as the sayin' is! I know if I was in Mr. Higgs Beach's place I should tax 'em, that I should, the nasty deceptive things, wich I've been knocked over meself more than once or twice; I believe in them bone-shaker velocipedes as use to was, as a decent body could hear when they was a mile off, and 'ad time to get on to a door-step or summat, and wait till they rolled by. Then there's them motor-cars, wich I 'ave 'eard tell they goes 100's of miles a hour when they be out in the country lanes and 'edge-rows and is only licensed to go to a walking pace, as oughtn't to be allowed, I considers: 'owever, they ought to be taxed, and that heavy, with their rushing round the corners and shoutin' their horns like a herd of bullocks with the quinsies in their throats! I don't 'old with taxing the necessities of life, as they do call them, such as flour and corn and sugar and things, while there's things about like bachelors and poodle dogs; why, I mind the days before the Corn-laws was repealed by that there Robert Peel (as invented policemen), and, you mark my words,



1902 DEVONSHIRE STREET SCHOOL FOOTBALL TEAM.

Won 10, lost 2. Goals—For 24, against 14.



them was rough times, wich a body of men broke into my grandfather's place as was a miller by trade, and abstracted all the flour they could lay their 'ands upon, and scattered it about the road just to show as "Britons wasn't goin' to be slaves," and so forth, wich I were only upwards of a few years old at the time, but I remembers 'ow grandfather were that mad about the waste as very near sent 'im off 'is 'ead; as were all because of the staff of life being taxed, as always comes 'ard on the poor folk.

But there, Lor' bless your heart and soul, times isn't like they wos then, altho' I will say that I 'opes the bakers won't put up the price of bread forthwith, as could very well afford to drop a bit off their usual profits, so I thinks, wich I never knowed, in all me born days, a baker as went wrong, being a very payin' and reg'lar kind of business, and no credit given, mostly.

But, as I was a-sayin', I considers as bachelors and pet dogs mite 'ave been taxed. Look at them men; why there's Lord Milner, and Kitchener, and the late Mr. Rhodes, all three of 'em bachelors, wich I don't consider they'd 'ave made the best of 'usbands, perhaps, for these 'ere clever and 'igh and mity men as a rule is very 'ard to get on with, wich Jenkins 'isself was a bit 'ard to manage sometimes, altho' I says it as oughtn't, egspecially

when he'd got 'old of a copy of the "English Mechanic" or "Home Work," and set to make a electric bell or a burgler fire-alarm or summat, wich 'e were very clever at sich things, and 'e knowed my iggerance about machinery and the like, so as 'e used to put on 'is airs and graces sometimes till I 'ad to give 'im a good talking to, to bring 'im to 'is riteful position, wich 'e 'ad to be made to know 'is place, even Jenkins 'ad, wich once 'e took our old 8-day clock to pieces and couldn't put it together again no 'ow, as cost a pretty penny to do, besides one of the little wheels 'avin' dropped into the cookin', and me nearly swallered it unbeknownst. Yes, as I was a-sayin', it's my opinion that all bachelors should be made to marry, and the remainder of 'em should be taxed 'eavily, and likewise pet dogs.

In conclusion of my few remarks, Mr. Hediter, I s'pose we've all shouted in one voice for war, wich I can't rightly call to mind at the moment wot it was we started fighting about; 'owever, like wen you goes into one of these 'igh-class restaurangs, and 'as a good spread-out, as the sayin' is—"after the feast comes the reckoning"; and the only thing to do is to pay up and keep smiling—and wish for peace, as I does.

SELINA JENKINS.



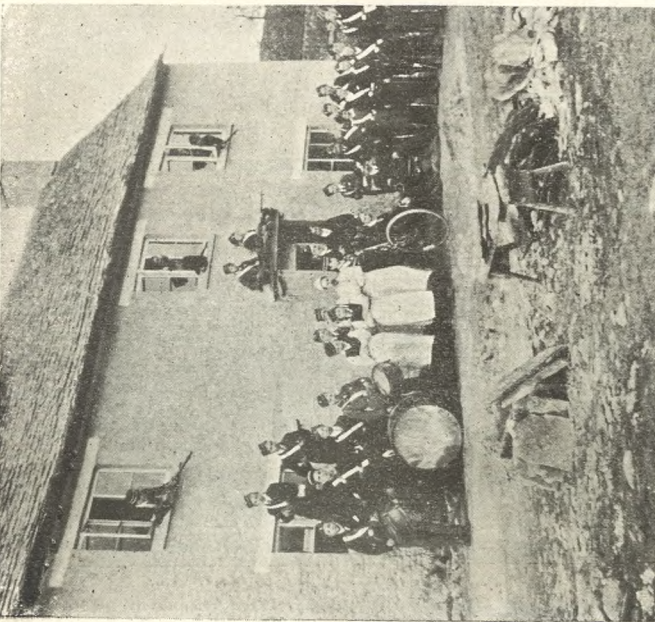
BODDINGTON STEEPLECHASES.



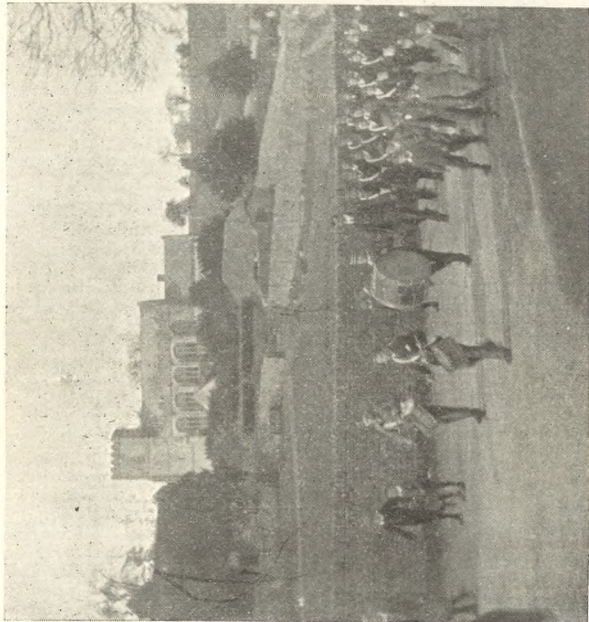
FARMERS' HEAVY-WEIGHT RACE.—“ONLY ONE IN IT.”

Photo by W. Johnson, Esq.

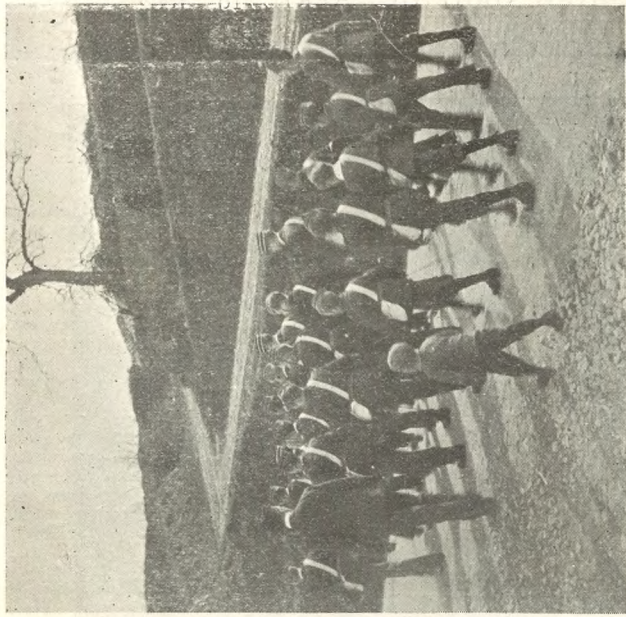
Cheltenham.



THE BARRACKS.



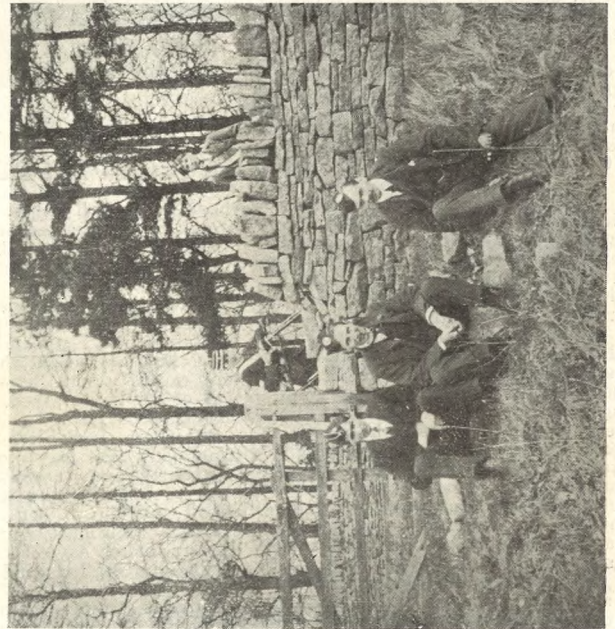
MARCH OUT.



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE MARCH OUT.



CAPTAINS HILL AND SINGLETON AND THE
 BANDMASTER HAVE A QUIET HOUR.
 Photos by C. T. Deane.



DIPTO.



CAPT. SINGLETON TAKES A TURN WITH
 THE GLOVES.
 Cheltenham.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

* * *

Place aux dames. And first place, too, to pay a slight tribute to the memory of Mrs. Disney Thorp, one of Cheltenham's *grandes dames*, who passed away on the morrow of Good Friday, leaving a splendid name for munificence in her lifetime, soon to be enhanced when knowledge of her very liberal bequests by will to local churches and charities, amounting in all to £12,000, became known. I add, with melancholy pleasure, the name of this esteemed lady to the roll of Cheltenham's benefactresses, on which those of Miss Delancey, Miss Harvie, and Mrs. Hay already stand conspicuous. We have again to thank the "Echo" for giving us the first information of the very interesting personal dispositions that Mrs. Thorp made of her great wealth, for this is the source to which we look for such news.

* * *

The counterfeit presentment of Dr. Dorothea Beale, as the erudite principal of the Cheltenham Ladies' College will henceforth be known, found, on the day following the conferment of the LL.D. degree upon her, fitting place in the "Graphic," which is to be heartily congratulated on its very much up-to-dateness. That felicitous phrase of the Secretary of the Senatus in regard to Miss Beale when presenting her for the degree—"No feature of the national progress during the last 50 years was more remarkable than the revolution which has transformed our girls' schools from Occidental zennanas into centres of healthy activity"—will live. The honour done to our modern Minerva is reflected on Cheltenham, which, I am sure, duly appreciates it.

* * *

The gaiety of the news reading world would suffer considerably if Boards of Guardians and vestries were closed to reporters, for they very often yield good copy. Recently I see that two clergymen at Gloucester naturally protested against the term "sky pilots" as applied to them by a fellow "garageen," and boldly claimed that they had had commercial experience before taking Holy Orders, and were, therefore, not unacted to serve, as proposed, on a certain committee. Singularly enough, this incident came closely upon the publication of Mr. Cecil Rhodes's opinion that college dons "are like children as to commercial matters." Then that must have been a very lively vestry meeting last week in a parish close to the northern borders of Gloucestershire, for I read that police were present to preserve order, and at it such epithets as "scoundrel" and "liar" were freely bandied between the vicar and a parishioner. Happily instances such as this are few and far between.

* * *

An eminent Parliamentarian once said that he considered the greatest form of political excitement was to fight a contested county election and to win by one vote. What, then, must it be to fight a good fight and to lose by one vote? A gentleman has recently had this experience in the Charlton Kings District Council election. Having had not a little to do with electioneering matters in my time, I can say I am in agreement with Mr. T. H. Packer and his learned counsel as to the legality of the vote claimed for the losing candidate, which, however, was rejected by the returning officer on the ground that, while the voter gave good votes for two candidates by putting crosses against their names with a blue official pencil, a faint vertical line in black pencil on his paper outside the space opposite the name of the losing candidate was held to be an invalid vote. To my mind the intention of the voter was clearly indicated, and as he had not voted for more candidates than was allowed, I should have held that the mark was a valid vote. The Ballot Act does not require that votes should be marked with a particular coloured pencil, and one only.

GLEANER.

BAZAAR AT RODNEY HALL FOR HOME FOR SICK CHILDREN, APRIL 11th, 1902.

THE LITTLE JAPS.



TAMBOURINE DRILL.



THE MAYPOLE.



Photos by E. T. Biggen,

Cheltenham.

A Tour of the Churches.

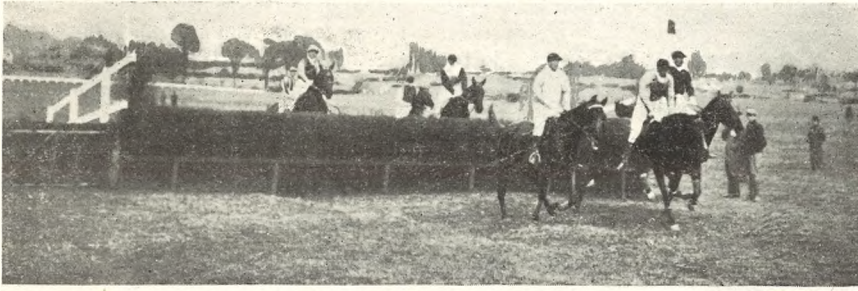
ST. MARTIN'S, CHARLTON ABBOTS.

If the old people of Charlton Abbots had been consulted as to where the parish church was to be put, I don't think they would have chosen the present site. The hamlet is built on the side of the hill, and the church is below the cottages, a steep bank having to be descended to get to it, and ascended again in coming from it. This down and up walk certainly does not tend to the regular presence at divine worship of the feeble old folk. The fine gabled manor house is in the best position in the village.

The original church had got into a dilapidated condition, and the structure was practically rebuilt and reopened in the year of the Victorian Jubilee. The building is a plain, neat structure, with little pretension to any particular style of architecture. It consists of nave, chancel, and south entrance porch. It has no tower or steeple, but has a small turret containing one well-sounding bell. It is fitted with plain, modern, comfortable sittings. It does not boast of a pulpit, the prayers having to be read and the sermon preached from a reading desk. There is a good oaken eagle lectern. The place is well lighted, the east window being of stained glass, in memory of Georgina Mary Craven, who died in 1878. In the chancel are two capital brasses, one in memory of Goodwin Charles Colquit-Craven, who died at Brockhampton Park in 1889, at the age of 73; and the other in memory of Fulwar John Colquit-Craven, who followed his father in January of the next year, at the early age of 41. The latter plate keenly appeals to the susceptibilities of those cognisant of local affairs, because if ever a strong man in the prime of life died of a broken heart Mr. Fulwar Craven did. A considerable amount of the money for the restoration of the church was raised by amateur theatricals in Cheltenham and other places, and these performances led to the tragic episode I have hinted at.

I attended at this little church on Sunday afternoon last. Some thirty people were present, and seemed to enjoy the bright and interesting service. The vicar is a non-resident, holding the living of and residing at Hawling, a couple of miles away. He read the opening exhortations and prayers in an earnest manner. An instrumentalist ably manipulated a small American organ, playing for the intonations of the amens and responses. There was, however, little pretence at a choir, and the Psalms were read; but the Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis were well chanted, and three favourite hymns were nicely sung, though at a rather slow pace; the congregation joining in them better than they do at many little country churches. A young son of the vicar read the lessons.

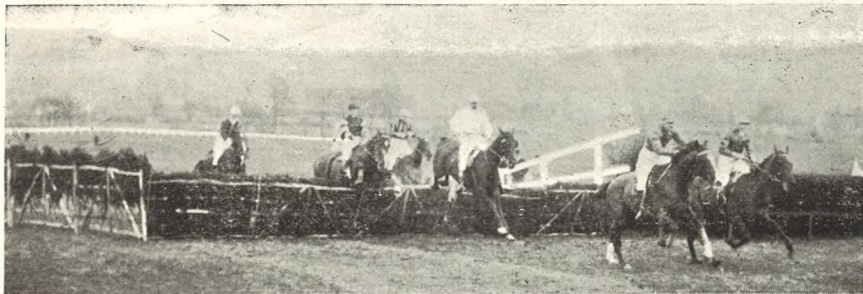
The preacher took for his text Romans vi., 1, and preached a short discourse on obedience. He said the example of a godly life was a good thing to contemplate, and the conduct of great and good men had ever been admired. One could not aim too high—the higher one aimed, the nearer perfection would he attain. Not that anyone would ever reach perfection; but one might reach a high point by doing his best to serve the Lord his God. All should endeavour by divine assistance to imitate Jesus Christ in His obedience. At every period of His age the Son of God was obedient. Whilst a child He was subject to His parents, and what a beautiful example that was to all children. If the Son of God was obedient to His earthly parents, how much more ought all children to be obedient to their parents, to whom they were indebted for all they had and all they knew. The best return children could make to their parents was to be religiously obedient to them, to love their society, and to rejoice in making them happy by their good conduct. A foolish son, said Solomon, was an abomination, but a good son was the joy of his father. How the Saviour's fortitude was tested in the



UNITED HUNT STEEPLECHASE.



LICENSED VICTUALLERS' HURDLE RACE.—SECOND FENCE.



LAST FENCE.



CLEEVE SELLING STEEPLECHASE.—SECOND FENCE.



LAST FENCE,

Photos by W. Johnson, Esq.

Cheltenham.

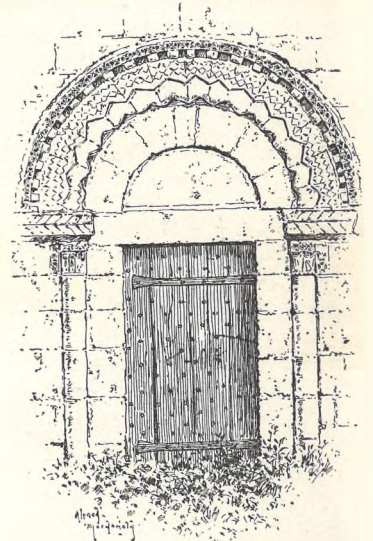
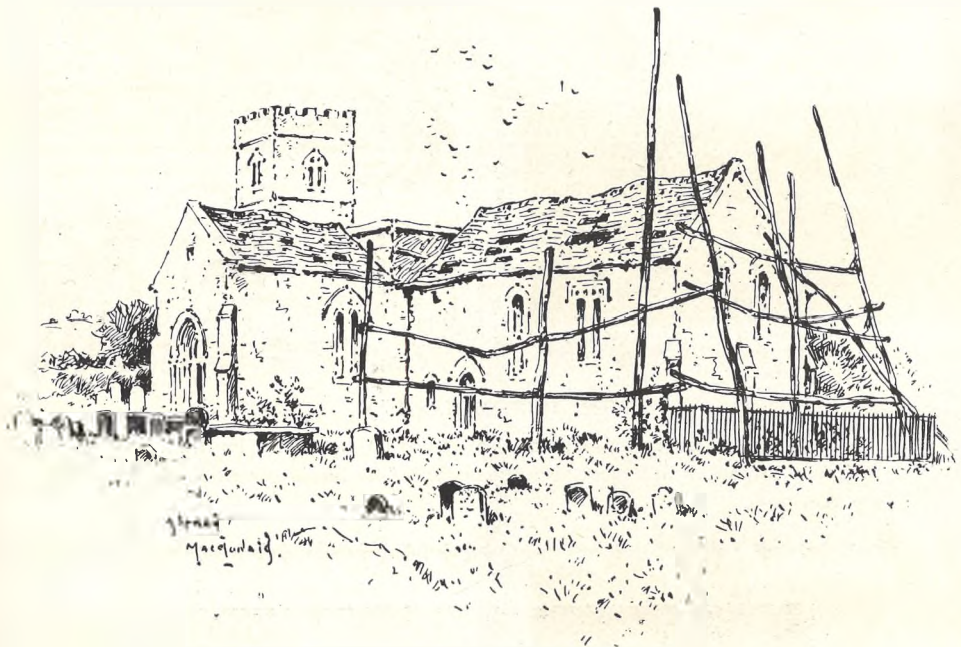
bitter hour of trial—"Lord, let this cup pass from Me; nevertheless not as I will, but as Thou wilt." And when He was reminded by His disciples of the indignities heaped upon Him, he replied that the Scriptures must be fulfilled: "My purpose is to do the will of Him that sent Me." He reminded all that the same obedience was expected from them—"Not every man that saith unto Me, Lord! Lord! shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven, but he that doeth the will of My Father which is in Heaven." All should endeavour daily to follow the steps of His

most holy life. Holiness would be the necessary consequence of obedience. He came down from Heaven to do His Father's will—the preacher's hearers were placed on earth to do the same. What if their trials were hard, those of Christ were harder! He was the object of persecution. He was betrayed by the friend who dipped with Him in the dish. He was despised, yet did He bear all that He might do His Father's will. He left a perfect pattern of obedience; and as their Redeemer's obedience was unto death, so likewise their obedience must be unlimited. His reward

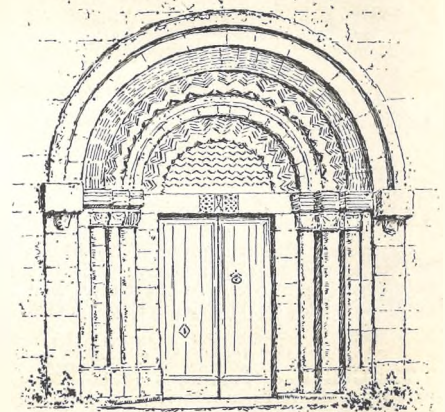
was Heaven; Heaven also would be the reward of those that followed Him. I wonder how many of the listeners to this excellent little discourse thought of the quaint epitaph on the gravestone of an obedient wife in the God's-acre surrounding the church in which they sat. It is so good and appropriate I cannot help quoting it:—
 "A peaceful, careful, faithful wife,
 Free from contention, noise, and strife;
 Patient in sickness, fit for death,
 And full of hope, resigned her breath."
 CHURCHMAN.

Guiting and its Church.—The Ruined Chancel.—An Appeal.

The Rev. G. B. Sharpe, curate-in-charge of Lower Guiting, has issued an appeal for subscriptions to the restoration fund of the church. In it he says the dilapidated condition of the church is intimately associated with the decline of agriculture. About fifteen years ago an attempt was made to restore the chancel, which was then boarded off from the nave. Scaffolding was erected inside and outside (some of it may be seen in the picture), but owing to lack of funds the effort fell through. The chancel is still boarded off and is not used. In consequence of the decayed state of the timbers, it is feared the roof will soon fall in, while the walls, which are parting from the east end, will soon fall out. The cost of restoration is estimated at £1000, and owing to peculiar circumstances it is necessary to appeal for outside help. The church is of the Norman period.



North Door.



South Door.

The cause has the deepest sympathy of the Bishop of the Diocese, whose letter and offer of support are attached.

*Palace
 Gloucester
 Feb 8 1902*

Dear Mr Sharpe
 I am glad to express
 my hearty approval of the effort you
 are proposing to make
 I am not the patron of the living,
 but, not the less, will add £10 to
 the fund, as soon as sufficient
 is collected to commence the work.
 Very sincerely yours,
 C. Gloucester

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 69.

SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1902.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

Poet's Corner.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

Thrice welcome, little russet bird,
Coy songster of the balmy night,
Whose voice at eventide is heard
'Midst moonlight, calm and bright.

Off have I lingered on the hill
Above the rumbling city streets,
Enraptured by thy delicious trill,
Which summer night-time greets.

All nature hushed in deep repose,
Sweet restorative of form and mind,
Save crackling sounds of forest boughs,
The rustling of the wind.

A distant tinkling of bells,
Which guides the shepherd to his flocks,
And pathway of a straggler tells
O'er the adjacent rocks.

The cooing of some wakeful dove,
A tramp of keeper on his beat—
Disturbing sounds which greet mine ear
Whilst watching thy retreat.

There on the topmost bough of tree
Against the moon thy shape is seen—
A tiny quivering birdie free,
With gathering gloom between.

But from thy joyous bursting throat
Such ecstasy of song is roared,
A joyous rise and fall of note
Above the stillness borne.

And as my way I homeward wend,
The pathway to the city nod,
Beyond the sky my thoughts ascend,
I breathe this prayer to God—

May He who blest thee with such song,
Who showers on me gifts beyond wealth,
Incline through life my steps from wrong
And lead me to Himself.

GEO. A. POWELL.

39 Leighton-road, Cheltenham, 21st April, 1902.

* * *

YE DAINTIE GREEN.

The hedges are robed in the fairest of green;
Whilst betwixt and between
The fresh budding twigs can be seen—
Can be seen—

The hedge-sparrow's nest in the heart of the green.
Pipe away a merry tune,
Amidst orchards' dainty bloom;
A sylvan dream
Of fragrant Spring,
O! Beauteous sight!
So richly dight,
In the sun's go'd light,
Is the flowering of the thorn
On a bright May morn.
Trill little birds, the old refrain,
Welcome sweet-scented May again.
Sing heigh! Sing ho!
You all well know
In the new-born Spring
There is always to be seen
The waking of the flowers
And the budding of the green.

EDITH ALICE MAITLAND.



Photo by John Thornbury.]

[Wellington Street, Gloucester.

MR. H. Y. J. TAYLOR,

THE WELL-KNOWN GLOUCESTER ANTIQUARIAN.

Lady Hodgson, wife of Sir Arthur Hodgson, K.C.M.G., is lying seriously ill at Clopton House, Stratford-on-Avon.

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Public-House Trusts.

Licensing Reform.

By JOSEPH ROWNTREE

(Joint Author of "The Temperance Problem and Social Reform," etc.).

THE PRESENT POSITION.

Public opinion is moving so rapidly upon the whole question of Licensing Reform, that it may be well at the outset to consider where we stand to-day with regard to it.

The five following propositions will, I believe, be now generally accepted by men of all parties who have given serious thought to the question:—

(1) That the number of licensed premises in the country is too great.

(2) That to make a gift of new licenses, with the enormous monopoly profits which they often carry, is indefensible.

(3) That the menace exercised by the Trade on the municipal and national life of England is a grave peril, and that no measure of reform will meet the necessities of the case which does not deal with this menace.

(4) That a prohibitive policy, whether carried out through the agency of Local Option, or in any other way, cannot be a universal remedy. That while such a policy might be operative in many rural districts, and in some of the wards or suburbs of towns, it will not be largely applied to the great urban centres within any period which practical reformers care to contemplate.

(5) That the great volume of trade which would inevitably remain after Local Option had been enacted, and after a Statutory reduction in the number of public-houses had been carried out, should be placed under a control far more effective than that which now obtains.

I incline to think that a further proposition would also be accepted, viz. that the present per capita consumption of alcohol in this country is excessive, and ought to be largely reduced.

[It has been conclusively shown that the average family expenditure of the working classes in this country upon drink cannot be less than six shillings per week—a sum that is probably more than one-sixth of their average family income. This expenditure clearly leaves no sufficient margin for the maintenance of that standard of physical and mental efficiency which is now seen to be of primary importance in the industrial competition of nations. The per capita consumption of absolute alcohol in the United States is barely one-half—48 per cent.—of the per capita consumption in the United Kingdom.]

NEW LINES OF PROGRESS.

Another practical conclusion of the first importance, round which a large body of influential opinion is rapidly gathering, is well brought out in the following quotation from an address on Public-House Licenses, recently given by Sir William H. Houldsworth, Bart., M.P., to the Manchester Statistical Society. It is specially noticeable as coming from the President of the Conservative and Unionist Temperance Association. At the close of his historical survey, Sir William Houldsworth said:—

"What, then, is the moral to be drawn from the past? It seems to me to be that the licensing system (though I hope it may be improved, and it much needs it), can never but very imperfectly fulfil the objects for which it exists. The inevitable antagonism between the national and legitimate aspirations of the Trade to extend itself, and the aim of the Licensing System to prevent extension and discourage consumption can never be overcome. The problem can never be solved, and no final settlement satisfactory to the two sides can ever be reached on the old lines. . . . But the only way, in my opinion, that a tolerable and final settlement can ever be arrived at will be by gradually making the trader in intoxicating liquors and the controlling authority allies, and not oppo-

nents. This might be done by eliminating all motives of private profit, and giving to the representatives of the community the management and control of all licensed houses as a trust on behalf of the public."

Another indication of the same trend of opinion was given by Sir Robert Reid, M.P., specially significant from the words occurring in his presidential address at the annual meeting of the United Kingdom Alliance in October, 1901. "My own opinion," he said, "is that, supplemental to any addition to Local Option, localities ought to have the right to insist that the element of private gain should be eliminated from all places where liquor is sold." Passages of this kind might be greatly multiplied from men of influence in Church and State. Nor can this excite surprise. For if the present consumption of alcohol in this country is excessive and ought to be largely reduced, no policy can be more mistaken than that of continuing the sale of drink in the hands of those who, as private traders, will push its sale to the uttermost.

To look at still another point. There has been a remarkable and widespread recognition of the necessity for bringing constructive as well as restrictive agencies to bear on the problem of intemperance. Not only in this country, but in Australia, in New Zealand and in South Africa, has the need for counteracting agencies been acknowledged. In the United States, again, the need for these agencies has been so fully recognised that at the request of the "Committee of Fifty" (a body including some of the foremost social writers and thinkers in the States) Mr. Raymond Calkins published in 1901 a volume of 400 pages devoted to this aspect of the question. It is entitled "Substitutes for the Saloon," and treats of the progress made by lunch rooms and coffee houses, social clubs and athletic associations, settlements, reading rooms, gymnasiums, etc.

Even in regard to the crucial question of compensation, opinion is fast crystallizing round the proposal of Lord Peel, that it be dealt with by a time notice to the Trade.

If this brief survey of public opinion in relation both to the aims of Licensing Reform and to the methods by which these aims are to be realised, be, as I believe, a true one, it follows that already an agreement upon vital points has been secured, probably as full as that which has existed in regard to other measures of first-class importance prior to their introduction in Parliament, while a sense of the urgency of reform in the interests of both social progress and of the commercial position of the country is universal and profound.

PUBLIC-HOUSE TRUSTS.

It is this very sense of urgency, coupled with something like despair of securing legislative reform, that accounts for much of the support given to public-house trusts. This movement has spread rapidly, and enlisted the sport of many persons of influence who have hitherto stood aloof from temperance effort.

The attitude of a portion of the temperance party towards the trust movement is, however, that of alarm, if not of active opposition. While recognising the disinterested aim of its promoters, they nevertheless urge that the enterprise carries with it elements dangerous to the public welfare. The primary object of temperance effort should, they maintain, be to bring about a substantial reduction in the per capita consumption of drink, and whatever may be the intention of the founders of the trusts, this object is not likely to be persevered in by companies which will not be subject (as in Norway) to statutory control. They admit that the trusts may be of service if they confine their efforts to the acquisition (1) of licenses which the magistrates deem it necessary to grant in the case of newly settled districts, (2) of licenses which town or county councils take over in connection with street improvements, and (3) of others which the owners may be willing to hand over gratuitously to the trust for management.

But they point out that such licenses will be altogether insignificant in number as compared with the total licenses of the country, and that the avowed aims of the trust companies go far beyond these narrow limits. If

on the other hand the companies seek to enlarge their operations by the purchase of licensed houses, they will have to pay enormous sums for them. If a company invests large sums in this way, what, it is asked, will be its attitude towards the proposals of Lord Peel, under which all claim to the continuance of a license is to cease at the end of seven years? Will not the shareholders be anxious about the safety of their investments and instruct their managers to stimulate sales, rather than restrict them, and will they not oppose all legislation upon the lines of Lord Peel's report? It is further argued that in the case of trusts yielding large profits there is a danger (unless adequate guarantees are provided) lest desire of gain on the part of the community may take the place of private cupidity. It is one thing, they argue, to have the profits appropriated under strict statutory laws towards counteracting agencies and quite another to devote them to the lighting of village streets or the providing of trained nurses.

Such criticisms cannot be lightly set aside. On the other hand how strong is the argument for a trust when it is known that in certain newly-settled districts the pressure for a licensed house is such that the magistrates will not be able further to resist it, and that consequently the choice lies between the public-house run on lines for private profit, and a house under responsible control! Even to the strict teetotaler the latter will seem the lesser of two evils.

It appears then that the most dangerous pitfalls in the path of the trust movement are (1) the policy of purchasing licensed property at enhanced monopoly values, and (2) the adoption of methods for distributing profits which shall give the locality a collective interest in the maintenance or extension of the traffic. As a temperance agency, the movement is likely to be successful according to the degree in which these dangers are avoided.

The trust companies cannot do more than touch the fringe of the national temperance problem. As Sir William Houldsworth points out, they can, at the best, "only be useful as pioneer experiments." The great service they may render is that under favourable circumstances (such as district monopoly more or less complete) they may establish up and down the country object lessons of what would be universally possible under public control. The trusts can never do away with the need for drastic legislation. Those, therefore, who are convinced that the evils of the drink traffic cannot be dealt with successfully till private profit is eliminated from the retail trade, will watch the development of the trust movement with interest and solicitude. It may help either to forward or retard temperance progress.

A SUMMING-UP.

Trust companies are, however, only part of a wider movement. As the writers of "British Gothenburg Experiments" point out, the company system in one or other of its forms has taken firm hold of the public mind, and for good or evil it has come to stay. The hindrance at present to its wide extension arises from the difficulty of obtaining new licenses. Were the ground once cleared by the adoption of a time-notice such as is proposed by Lord Peel, the company system would probably receive immediate and enormous expansion. And if the system were once established on a wide scale without adequate safeguards, legislation with regard to it would become extremely difficult, communities which had for a few years found themselves in possession of large incomes from the profits of the trade would certainly be unwilling to surrender them. The peculiar danger of the system as carried on in the town of Gothenburg, of making the people interested in the maintenance of the traffic by using the profits in relief of rates, would then be experienced in this country. A very few years might suffice to give the system such lodgment that it could not afterwards be displaced. It cannot, therefore, be too strongly urged upon temperance workers, and not least upon those who are hostile to the company system, that the question is no longer whether there shall be companies or whether there shall not, but it is simply whether there shall be companies under wise and adequate control, or whether they shall exist without such control. The

present is the "psychological moment," which the temperance party may either take or neglect. They have it, we believe, now in their power to make sure that any form of the company system that may continue or come into existence after the years of notice to the Trade have expired shall be upon wise lines. It may be useful and necessary that they should keenly criticise the experiments now in force. But if temperance effort ends merely in criticism, without effort to unite the temperance forces in favour of some policy for securing adequate control over these companies, the golden opportunity will pass and it is difficult to see how it can return. Mr. Asquith recently said "that the history of the temperance question is a history of lost opportunities." Is this statement to receive yet another illustration?

JOSEPH ROWNTREE.

† Houghton, Mifflin, and Company, Boston and New York.

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Gloucestershire Gossip.

It is to the interest of Cheltenham—and I am glad to see that its representatives on the County Council have recognised it—to support in every possible way the action of the Council in resisting the scheme of the Gloucester Corporation to use, without any arrangement with the county, about two miles of its road for an electric light railway in extension of one from the city. Cheltenham is directly concerned in this way—that Mr. Nevins looks upon the length in question as an integral part of his comprehensive scheme to lay a road railway connecting the Garden Town with Gloucester (by a loop from Brockworth) and Painswick and Stroud, and he naturally goes in for the scheme, the whole scheme, and nothing but the scheme with the full approval of the Council. The Corporation cannot justly blame the Council for refusing to allow it to step unchallenged into the shoes of the Gloucester Tramways Co. by the purchase of their Order enabling them to make this length of line, for the Corporation were officially notified more than 18 months ago that there must be a mutual agreement in this matter. I think it would be more to the interest of the public if the whole undertaking, including that portion in the city, were constructed and worked by a limited liability company, rather than by a local authority risking the ratepayers' money. Mr. Nevins, the pioneer of light railways in this county, has undoubtedly come to stay here, and I contend he deserves great consideration. I am not without hope that his enterprising firm may see its way in the near future to construct and work the light railway from Andoversford to Witney, which scheme is dying of inanition because local landlords and persons will not plank sufficient money down. Cheltenham must benefit by isolated communities being brought into easy communication with it.

The attainment by the Churchdown School Board of its majority must revive in the memory of the two or three survivors of those present at its first meeting the remarkable attendant circumstances. The five members of the Board—Messrs. Thomas, William, and Henry Lawrence, Rev. Dr. Smithe, and Mr. Joseph Moffatt—met in the evening some time in April, 1881, and the first business was the election of a chairman and a vice-chairman. The Lawrence family were the masters of the situation, and, despite the protests of the other two members, they by their joint votes elected Mr. T. Lawrence, the father, chairman, and Mr. W. Lawrence, the eldest son, vice-chairman. The landed interest was then, as it is now, a potent and not undesirable factor in the parish; but the former was agri-

Cheltenham Schools Shield.

Athletic Sports, Easter Monday.

Mr. White.



PARISH CHURCH WINNING TEAM.

F. Mealing. W. Hands.
R. Taylor. L. Betteridge.



cultural while the latter is chiefly in the bricks and mortar direction.

What with Irish, Welsh, Scotch, and various county dinners held from time to time in Gloucestershire, it is refreshing to find that Old England is not entirely forgotten at home, for last Wednesday, on St. George's Day, its patron saint, a commemorative banquet was held in Gloucester. A funny slip in a circular sent out in connection with it has been brought to my notice. Therein it was referred to as "St. Gorge's Banquet." Not bad.

Congratulations to Mr. Ben. Bathurst on his marriage to Miss Ruby Spencer-Churchill last Tuesday. The hon. member for the Cirencester Division has paid the ladies of his constituency the highest possible compliment by selecting his bride from amongst them. I see it was a "Ruby" wedding in more than one sense of the word, as rubies appeared in most of the wedding presents. Mr. Bathurst is one of the few Gloucestershire M.P.'s, so far as I can remember (and I know his father was one), who has entered the holy state of matrimony after election. I hope his association with the Cirencester Division will be as indissoluble as the nuptial ties just entered into. It is not generally known that Mr. Bathurst was given the Christian name of Benjamin out of compliment to Mr. Disraeli, who, with the Viscountess Beaconsfield,

was an occasional visitor to Cirencester House in the early seventies, when Mr. Bathurst was born.

"Octogenarian" writes me as follows from Gloucester anent a former note as to blank tombstones:—"Forty or fifty years ago in St. Nicholas churchyard a once prominent tradesman of that parish provided a family vault, and some of his children were buried there. Upon a slab the name of each child appeared. Looking to the future, he had a blank space left after 'Here lies the body of,' evidently to receive the names of the parents. But before the death of either, the churchyards of the city became closed, and the parents had to be buried in the Cemetery. Yet their survivors used the slab at St. Nicholas to record 'Here lies the body of —, interred at Gloucester Cemetery.'" I thank my correspondent for this interesting information. It certainly furnishes further proof that "Hic jacet," or "Here lies," very often seen on tombstones that have been laid flat in churchyards, or used for paving in churches, are unintentional "lies" in regard to the identity of the remains of the persons, if any, lying underneath. GLEANER.



Mr. Thomas King, of Devizes, a well-known West of England horticulturist, died on Saturday, aged 67.

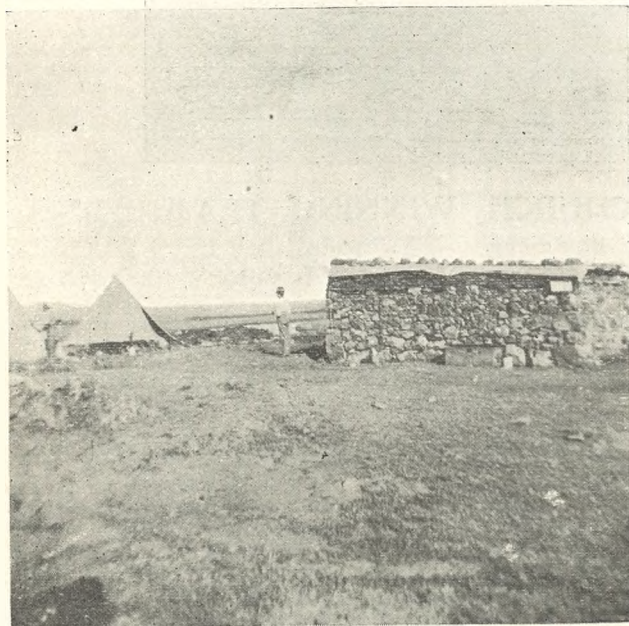
SCENES IN SOUTH AFRICA.



TYPICAL BIT OF SCENERY NEAR RIETFONTEIN—
River, Kopje, and Rocks.



VIEW OF THE RIVER VAAL,
With Patrol Horses being held while the remaining men
are reconnoitring.



BLOCKHOUSE AT RIETFONTEIN, TRANSVAAL.



BLOCKHOUSE AT RIETFONTEIN,
Where four of our men kept a hundred Boers at bay,
and successfully prevented them breaking through
the line. These men were all mentioned in Army
orders by Lord Kitchener, and the corporal was
promoted to sergeant.

The will of Dr. Talmage shows that the deceased clergyman possessed a fortune of over 300,000 dollars, all of which goes to his natural heirs.

*

The King on Monday received at Buckingham Palace the Crown Prince of Siam, and, on the occasion of his Royal Highness attaining his majority, conferred on him the insignia of a Knight Grand Cross of the Royal Victorian Order.

Lord Charles Beresford was on Monday night selected as the Unionist candidate for Woolwich in the room of Colonel Hughes, who has resigned.

*

A monument to the memory of the cavalry general Von Rosenburg was unveiled at Hanover on Sunday morning, in the presence of the Emperor William, the Crown Prince, and representatives from all the cavalry regiments of the German Army.

Mr. Marconi dined on Monday evening at the House of Commons with Mr. Henniker Heaton, M.P., and subsequently visited the Parliamentary lobby.

*

The Marquess of Bute, who is now travelling homeward through Persia, has promised to contribute £500 to the Cardiff fund for the coronation festivities. Lord Bute attains his majority the week before the coronation.

SCENES IN SOUTH AFRICA.



RAILWAY PIONEER REGIMENT.
Corner of Officers' Mess Shanty, at Rietfontein, with
cookhouse in distance. The Major is centre figure
reclining on left.



ANOTHER VIEW OF OFFICERS' MESS.
Dr. Lloyd (in staff cap) and Lieut. Travers (late lance-
corporal), son of Capt. Travers, of the Tantalion
Castle, sitting on wagon, Major Wilkinson still
reclining. Wagon was found in the river bed at Parys,
together with four new Cape carts.

A Tour of the Churches.

ST. EDWARD'S, HAWLING.

There used to be a common saying in the neighbourhood that you never found yourself at Hawling unless you went there—which means that the highway through the village leads to "nowhere," the place lying away from any main road.

I went to Hawling on Sunday last, and attended service at the Parish Church in the evening. The sacred building is old, but disappointing. There is little of either archæo-style of architecture; but there is none of the consists of chancel, nave, south porch, and a low, embattled western tower, in which are a couple or three bells. It is in the Norman style or architecture; but there is none of the beautiful carving found in many churches of that date. The building was restored some dozen years back; but apparently the restorers did not interfere with the ugly windows. The east window is almost repulsive in form; and if some kind friend wants to benefit Hawling Church, he might take this into consideration. On the wall of the chancel is a marble tablet to the memory of George Townsend, who was buried at Hawling, and who is remembered for the bequests he left to many parishes, including Cheltenham, Winchcombe, Stow, Northleach, as well as other places in England. Mr. Townsend was a prothonotary of the Court of Common Pleas. He lived at Roel—a parish adjoining Hawling, but without any church—and owned considerable property on the Cotswolds. He died in 1695. Another tablet is to the memory of the previous rector of the parish, who died in January, 1859; and this reminds one that the present rector has enjoyed the living for close on fifty years—a long span of life for a gentleman to spend in such a quiet out-of-the-way place. In either corner of the east end of the chancel is a rather curious memorial flagstone, on which are heraldic devices to the memory of the Stratford family, lords of the manors of Hawling and Roel. There are also five old brasses, of rather small size, which were taken

out of the flagstones in the floor of the church at the restoration, and are placed against the north wall. These are to the memory of members of the families of former lords of the manor. There is a curious little brass, about four inches square, taken out of the flooring in the chancel and placed against the wall. This was to immortalise a former incumbent of the parish.

There is little to be said about the service. The rector read the opening exhortations, prayers, etc., and, in conjunction with the congregation, the Psalms. A young lady was at the harmonium, and played chants for the Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis. Three hymns from the A. and M. collection were sung.

The preacher took his text from the first lesson, Numbers xxiii., 10—"Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." He said this was a good wish of a bad man: though Balaam had the wonderful gift of prophecy, he was no lover of God. He wanted to please Balak, though he sought to please God. He was obedient against his will, there was neither love nor cheerfulness in his obedience—he wanted to have his own way. Balaam's mind was evil—he yearned for the flesh-pots of Egypt; he loved the silver and the gold. Balaam was a prophet, and yet a lover of this world. "Many a one will say unto Me in that day, Lord! Lord! have we not prophesied in Thy name? Then will I say unto them, I never knew you; depart from Me." Balaam felt rightly, he acted ill; he knew the evil of sin, and yet he continued to sin; he confessed sin to be dangerous, and yet he lacked strength to break the chain; in his life he served mammon, in his death he tried to serve God—he sought the blessedness to which good men alone will come at last. He being dead yet speaketh, for bad men spoke from their graves as well as saints. Those who in their life spoke ill became preachers to righteousness. It was not saints only who called on men to repent and come to God. The voice from hell was in its way as strong in calling people from sin as was that of a righteous man. Were there not many Balaams in the world still, acting the same life, desiring the same death? Balaam's wish was every man's wish at times; there

was not a soul but felt thus: all looked for a good end, even those most sunk in sin. All wanted to depart in peace. The riotous, covetous, and also the licentious, the thief, the backbiter, the Sabbath-breaker, did not think to be cut off in the midst of their sin; all cried out "Let me die the death of the righteous." Blessed be God that while sinning they had such thoughts—that they were not easy in their sin. Sorrows afflicted when they sought to rejoice. Those desires for a saintly end were like the angel that met Balaam on the way: they were sent from God to stop them and turn them back. They must be careful how they met those angels and entertained them—how they let those good thoughts pass. Woe to them if solemn and serious thoughts should come into their hearts, and yet they be found none the better from them. Balaam was none the better for his good desires. He went on sinning, and yet desired a good man's end. If they would die like the righteous they must live like the righteous. They must find the Saviour by prayer and holy living—by being obedient to God's will. They must begin the heavenly life on earth. Here the stream must begin to flow towards God, and at last mix with the everlasting water. They must lead holy and spiritual lives; live unto God; live as obedient children, waiting on righteousness as children of the light, wasting not the golden hours, acquitting themselves like men, putting on the whole armour of God; then would their death be full of hope, and they would be able to commit their souls into their Saviour's hands.

If the preacher has spoken like this during his forty-three years' ministry, none of the Hawling people can say they have gone astray through not having had pointed out to them the right path.

CHURCHMAN.

The Commander-in-Chief has intimated his desire to have the opinions of officers in command of troops as to how the soldiers' life in barracks may be made less irksome and more in accordance with the improvement which education has produced in the classes from which most of the recruits are now obtained.

THE
"Selina Jenkins" Letters.

SELINA JENKINS ON THE "BICYCLE."

My word! I'm that up-shook, I don't 'ardly know 'ow to 'old a pen, wot with the egperiences I've a-been going through these last few days, both sides of a bicycle, as was always called a v'lopede in my young days, and wasn't considered at all the thing for ladies like me to be seen on 'em, wich, 'owever, fashuns 'ave altered since then, that they 'ave, seein' as 'ow I remember well Mr. Chadband preaching a very powerful sermon about fieldmales riding cicycles, as was one of the abominations foretold in the profits several hundreds of thousands of years ago, and was considered by 'im to be a certain sure sign of the Millennium; and there was old Jabez Jackson in one of the pews, as were so moved witih anger that 'e went 'ome and disinherited 'is daughter only the next day from upwards of £7 10s., as 'e were leaving 'er in 'is testament, because she were learning to ride, or talking about it, wich were worse.

'Owever, of course, we 'as to move with the times; not but wot I wouldn't rather 'ave rode in a poney-carriage or a phaeton all my life, meself, as suits me rite down to the ground, as the sayin' is, not to speak of 'aving a man with a top-'at on the box-seat and shiney buttons, so as to make people think it's your own turn-out (them as isn't in the know, of course); and it's a powerful site easier work than balancing on a lot of wires, as you 'as to do on one of these 'ere cicycles, wich I don't consider they makes the machines strong enough, not meself, and it's a wonder to me 'ow they 'olds together at all, seein' some of the people as rides about the streets on them.

You see, 'twas like this: My two nephews, Tom and Albert, they was that put out, you can't think, just becous I said last week as bicycles O to be taxed—and so I still think, 'ere with me left arm in a sling and a bruise so big as a 'en's egg on my shoulder! As I was a-sayin', they was very cross becous they was afraid my few words mite bring on the tax, so they had a haltercation witih me in a loud tone of voice, as wasn't so respectful towards their aunt as they did ought to 'ave been, wich is very extonishing to me 'ow little reverence the young people to-day 'as for their elders and betterers. In my young days we was taught, as a matter of religion, that we was to be "seen and not heard" until we was upwards of a marriageable age. But it come to this: that, to quiet these 'ere young scamps, I 'ad to promise as I'd try wot cicycling were like, on a lady's machine, so as I might be a authority on the subject for future use, as you mite say.

So, last Wednesday afternoon, they brings along a cicycle with them, as they'd hired for the afternoon, and we ad it into the front garden, wich they showed me 'ow to ring the aiarm bell and 'ow to put on the "drag," as they said was all I wanted to know to be able to ride. I soon learnt 'ow this was did, not being very slow to grasp things for a elderly fieldmale, and, 'aving put on a old skirt, rather long, so as not to show me ankles, like some of the young 'ussies I've a-seen dashing about the roads, we all sallies 4th together—me and the cicycle and the two boys, as is 16 and 18 years of age respectably.

The course selected was Pittville-circus, being a very safe spot and 'andy to ride round and round, if you didn't feel well enuff to get off. W'en we gets there, Tom and Albert props the instrument up against a stone, and tells me I must try and get on to the seat, as were a little bit of leather, 'ardly big enuff for a flea to sit on comfortable, let alone a stout body like me.

'Owsomdever, they persuaded me as it were a good bit stronger than it did seem, so I takes their word for it, and endeavours to "accommodate meself to circumstances," as the newspapers do say, not but wot I considered it were a 'ideos hinvention to make you so oncomfortable to start with, as ought to 'ave 'ad a good cushion tacked on and about ten times the size, to be correct, so I thinks; wich, so soon as ever they plums me up one side, I slips off the hother, and these 'ere two boys a-roaring with laffing, instead of trying to 'elp

me, as collected a reg'lar crowd of errand-boys and other vermin, wich passed a good many rude remarks on the performance, until Albert threatened to punch their 'eads for them, at wich they discovered they 'ad engagements elsewhere.

After a bit I did get sort of a foothold on the saddle, as the seat were called, but not till a pleeceaman come to the rescue and 'eld me on from behind, wile the two boys supported me at the sides for all the world like Venice or Dianer on a fountain; 'owever, I takes a good clutch at the shiny part in front where the alarm-bell was, sets me teeth (such as I 'as), and off we goes!

And, really, the movement wasn't bad, only that the things where I'd put me feet on to steady 'em would keep on going up and down, and 'itting me on the shins, instead of stopping where they'd been put. I mean the things with a piece of indy-rubber on them, as I've 'eard since is called the "petals" or sommat. I don't know ritley wot 'appened just 'ereabouts, but I think somebody must 'ave let go, for all of a suddint the road come up and 'it me such a bang you can't think on the 'ead and shoulder, wich I never knowed the ground were so 'ard before, that I didn't! That young Albert, too, were severely injured in the melay, as the sayin' is, wich it seems I set on 'is foot and very near sprained 'is ankle, so 'e said; wich I consider it served 'im

right for letting go, as mite 'ave been the death of me, that 'e mite!

'Owever, there was worse to come, for we 'ad another try to see if we couldn't manage better, and this time things seemed to go well, me being able to ring the bell and put on the drag as easy as shelling peas while we was going forward at several miles per hour, that, in a foolish moment, I says to the boys "Let go, boys; I think I can manage by meself." But, you mark my words, I'd never 'ad such a come-down in my born days! That there skirt as I 'ad on, with a bit of trimming round the bottom to 'ide me ankles, got caught somewheres in the indy-rubber "petal" things, and before I'd gone 6 yards there was a rip, and a tear, and 'alf my skirt was gone in amongst the machinery, wich the end of it all was I woke up to find meself being carted 'ome in a cab, being one mass of bruises from 'ead to foot, with the mangled remains of that there old cicycle on the roof.

I'm a sitting up in bed to rite these few words, wich I considers bicycles (as now made) is a dead failure. They ought to 'ave more wheels, so as not to drop over so easy-like, and there ought to be somewheres to put your feet on as don't keep moving about like them injy-rubber "petals." No more cicycling for me, thank you!

SELINA JENKINS.

Amalgamated Society Railway Servants (Cheltenham Branch) Banner (Trade Union Side).

* * *

PRESENTED BY THE BARON DE FERRIERES.



Standing from left to right—Geo. Ballinger, M.R. Signalman; W. Johnson, M.R. Signalman; S. C. Everett, Ex-Railwayman; H. T. Davis, M.R. Signalman; J. Peach, M.R. Porter; J. G. Carr, Sen., G.W.R. Signalman; F. Brown, M. & S. W. Jc. Guard; A. Dagley, M.R. Signalman.

Sitting from left to right - J. G. Carr, Jun. (Chairman) G.W.R. Fireman; G. Carpenter (Branch Secretary), M.E. Shunter; W. G. Lydiard, M.E. Shunter.

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News of a Famous Victory.

By "IAN MACLAREN"

(Author of "The Bonnie Brier Bush," etc.)

We had been talking that morning at the breakfast table, in a house near the War Office, of the siege of Ladysmith, for six relatives of the family were at the front, three with Sir George White in the besieged place, and three with Sir Redvers Buller, fighting for their deliverance. Word had come to the house the night before that Ladysmith might be relieved at any hour, and everyone knew that unless help came speedily, the garrison would have to surrender. Duty took me to Cambridge that day. I had gone upstairs to get ready, and as I was coming down again I heard a shout in the hall as if something had happened, but it did not occur to me what it was. My hostess was speaking excitedly somewhere, and I could not catch what she was saying. Servants had rushed out from bedrooms and other places, and were standing in the landings. As I reached the hall the butler, a most stately personage, broke forth from his quarters and rushed past me, carrying his coat on his arm, and then in his shirt sleeves, having forgotten to put on his coat, and without a hat—he will likely deny this, but he was a spectacle for gods and men—he ran, yes, he who was intended by nature to be an Archbishop, ran across the square. Then I understood, and turned to a footman, who looked as if he would like to follow the butler.

"Ladysmith!" was all I said.
 "Yes," he cried, "word come, War Office, sent here, butler gone, make sure," then he went out to the doorstep to catch the first sight of the returning butler. Meanwhile my hostess had come down to the hall, and there had gathered the household of all kinds and degrees—my host and the other guests had gone out—housemaids, ladies' maids, kitchen maids, footmen, her majesty the cook, and every other person beneath the roof, high and low, and we were all trembling less there had been any mistake in the message, and the news were not true. Then the butler came across St. James's Square, and when he saw us standing—forgetting himself again—he waved triumphantly—but now he had on his coat and then we knew that Ladysmith was saved. We gave some sort of cheer and shook hands indiscriminately, each one with his neighbour, and with two or three neighbours, and talked together, mingling names of generals and relatives, and places, and battles, while the butler, who had arrived and regained his breath, but not yet with his unapproachable dignity, assured us that the siege was lifted, and that White, and what remained of his gallant men, were unconquered.

It was time for me to start, and I told the hansom man to drive round by the War Office, that I might see this great thing. When we got down the press were just leaving with the intelligence, and the first detachment of the public were reading the news. Each man took the news in his own fashion, one laughing and slapping his legs, another crying and speaking to himself, a third rushing out to cheer, and I, why I, being an unemotional Scot, remembered that if I fooled away any more time, reading news of victories, I might lose my train, so I rushed back to the hansom.

"Is't all correct?" and the driver lent down from his perch, determined not to let himself go till he was perfectly certain that, not only the correct tip had been given, but that at last the event had come off.

"All right," I said, "Buller's army have driven back the Boers, and the advance guard entered Ladysmith."

Whereupon he whipped off his hat, and standing up in his place, a stout, red-faced Englishman in sporting dress, he gave a cheer all on his own account, and then when I got in he opened the trap and shouted down, "Old Buller's done it; he had a bloomin'

tough job, but he's a game sportsman, and I said he'd do it. And old Buller's done it." Again he celebrated this event with a cheer, and we started for Charing Cross.

Something occurred to me, and I pushed the trap open. "Look here," I said, "the people near the War Office have heard the news, but after we pass Piccadilly Circus you'll be the first man to tell the siege is raised."

"Right, sir, I'm on the job. Old Buller's done it." By the time we reached Bloomsbury he had the whole country to himself, and he did his duty manfully. As we crossed a thoroughfare, he would shout to the 'bus drivers on either side; "Ladysmith relieved, just come from the War Office. Old Buller's done it." Then in an instant, before we plunged into the opposite street, one could see the tidings run both ways from 'bus to 'bus, from cab to cab, and the hats waving in the air, and hear "Ladysmith and Buller." Bloomsbury is a fearfully decorous and immovable district, inhabited by professors and British Museum students, and solid merchants, and professional men, but my driver for once stirred up Bloomsbury. A householder would be standing in his doorstep in tall hat and frock coat, well brushed, and with a daintily folded umbrella under his left arm, fastening the second button of the left glove, and looking out upon the world from the serene superiority of a single eyeglass. Then he would catch sight of us, and the sound of something my driver was flinging to the men on a furniture van.

"What's that?" he would cry in a sharp, excited, insistent voice, "anything about Ladysmith?"

"Relieved," from the hansom top, "War Office news. Old Buller's done it."

Down fell the umbrella on the step, and down came the eyeglass from the eye, and with an answering cheer the unstarched, enthusiastic, triumphant, transformed householder bolted into his home to make it known from attic to kitchen that White and his men had not fought in vain.

Round the dustbin at the corner of a street half a dozen street boys were gathered, and the driver in his glory passed a word to them also. They did not know where they would get their dinner, and they had not had much breakfast; their whole stock of clothes would not have been worth 1s. 9d., and not one of them had a cap, but they also were a bit of England, and this victory was theirs, and the last I saw of them they were standing, each one upon his head, and waving joyfully with his feet.

"See, sir, how the kids took it," for my driver was getting more magnificent every minute, "said all along old Buller would do it."

Coming down Euston-road was one blaze of glory, and when we swept into King's Cross Station at the gallop, and my driver saw the crowd of waiting porters, and other hangers-on, an audience as yet unspoiled and ready for such news, it was, I take it, the greatest moment in life. He pulled up his horse on his haunches, and again stood up on his high place.

"Straight from the War Office, as hard as we could drive, it's all right at Ladysmith, the siege is lifted and old Buller's done it," and then to crown the occasion, "three cheers for General Buller."

He led from the top, and they joined from below, and so great was the excitement that when I offered the usual tip to the porter to carry my things to the carriage, he flatly refused to take it.

"Hexcuse me, sir, not to-day, I ain't that sort. You brought the news of Ladysmith." Which indeed was all my share of the glory of the passage: the rest belonged to my driver, who was indeed a Mercury fit for the work of the gods.

Just as the train was starting a man arrived with a pile of newspapers to sell them on the downward journey, for the special editions with the relief of Ladysmith had been got out with vast celerity. It was a pretty sight, when the train stopped at some country station, to see the man jump out, and hear him shout the news, while the people, a moment ago stolid and indifferent, crowded

round him to buy the paper. And then the train went on its way, followed by a cheer, because Ladysmith was safe. At one station two respectable country women got into the compartment where I had been alone, and they had been so eager, as their kind is, to secure their places, that they had not caught the news before the train left the station. By and by they began talking together, and it appeared that the elderly woman had a son at the front, a reservist in an infantry regiment with General Buller, while the other was the wife of a reservist who was with the cavalry under General French. It was hard lines, one could not but feel, for those women to have a son and a husband taken away from their homes and peaceful employment, sent out to hardship and danger, and it would not have been wonderful if they had complained of their lot. But no, my heart swelled with pride as in a corner of the carriage, and behind my newspaper, I heard the mother and the wife exchanging news from the seat of campaign, and talking cheerily of critical affairs. Till at last and quite suddenly, trouble arose, and there might have been a hot quarrel in that compartment.

"My man's all right," said the wife, "he's with French, you know, an' French looks after his men, 'e does. Jim says as 'ow 'is General won't let 'is men into any traps." "Who are ye getting hat, may I ask," said the elderly lady flushing purple with indignation, "talking about traps? If it's General Buller ye're meanin', hexcuse me telling you, 'e don't get 'is men into traps. My boy says that he 'ad the hardest job of them all. 'ad General Buller, and George, 'e writes and says to me in 'is last letter, 'You just wait and see if General Buller don't do it.' Them's is very words, 'just wait and see if General Buller don't do it.'"

The younger woman explained she had been making no reflections on General Buller, but only had been telling how proud her husband was of his Commander, but nothing would appease the old lady.

"I know nothing about French, and I sav nothing against French, but I wish you to understand that Buller is a good old sort, and as sure as you're a sittin' there in this carriage, 'e'll do the job."

Then I laid down my newspaper, and addressed the reservist's mother.

"Madam," I said, "your son was right, and Buller is a good old sort; he's done the job, and Ladysmith is safe."

We all shook hands, two women wept, but not for sorrow, and a man looked out of the window intent upon the scenery.

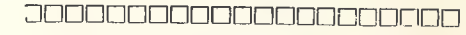
[The End.]

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Probate of the will of the late Sir Thomas Lucas has been granted, the estate being sworn at £775,984.

Canon Pope, chaplain of the English church in Lisbon since 1867, died there on Monday. He was ordained in 1863, was chaplain at Milan from 1865 to 1867, and was appointed a canon of Gibraltar in 1882.



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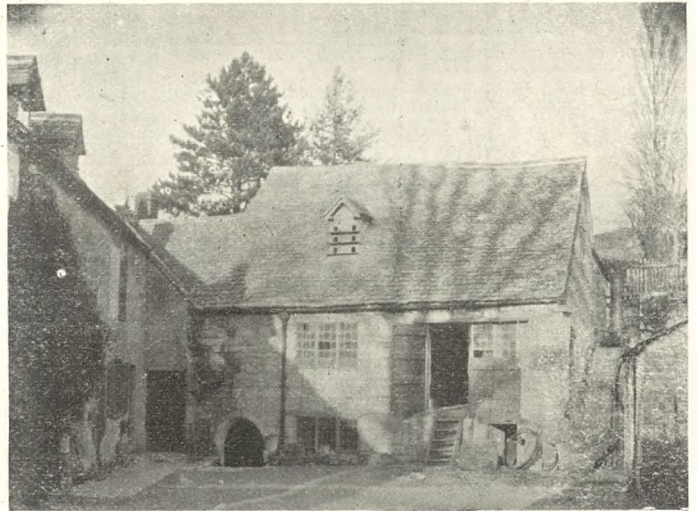
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THE PRIZE PICTURES.—“A Walk to Cleeve.”



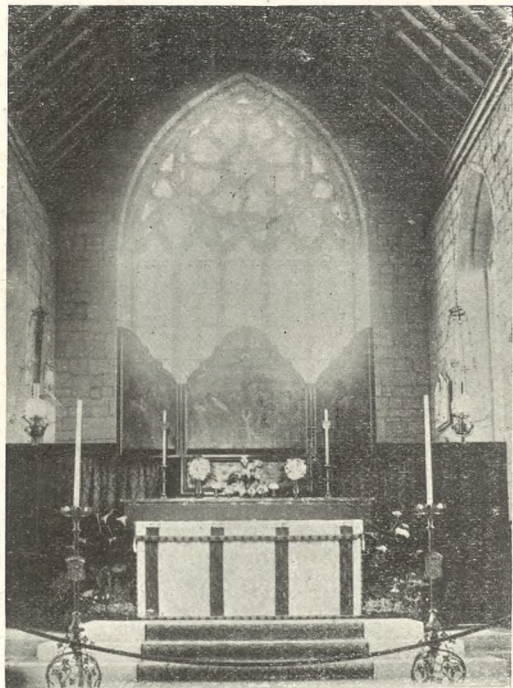
PRESTBURY PARISH CHURCH.



OLD MILL, PRESTBURY.



SOUTHAM DE LA BERE.



INTERIOR CLEEVE PARISH CHURCH.

Photos by L. A. Allaway. Cheltenham.



CLEEVE PARISH CHURCH.



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.

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 68th competition is Mr. L. A. Allaway, of Cleeve View, All Saints'-road, Cheltenham, with the Prestbury and Cleeve series.

Entries for the 69th competition closed this (Saturday) morning, April 26th, 1902, and in subsequent competitions entries will close on the Saturday morning preceding the award, so as to allow time for adjudication and reproduction.



A telegram from Yokohama says Prince Komatsu, the Imperial Commissioner, left for England on Saturday to attend the Coronation of King Edward. The Prince will call at Naples, Rome, and Paris before proceeding to London.

Dr. Sigurd Ibsen, who is a son of Henrik Ibsen, having consented to take over the post of Minister of State at Stockholm, offered him by Herr Blehr, the latter has informed the Crown Prince that he will undertake the reconstruction of the Norwegian Cabinet.

Mr. Alfred Shaw Mellor, son of the Master of the Crown Office, was married on Saturday at St. Mary Abbot's, Kensington, to the Hon. Dora Marion Webster, only daughter of the Lord Chief Justice of England. The bride was given away by Lord Alverstone.