

# THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 75. SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1902

Theatre and Opera House, Cheltenham.  
ACTING MANAGER - - - H. OSWALD REDFORD

TO-DAY at 2.30, TO-NIGHT 7.45, Last Two Performances "THE PRIVATE SECRETARY." Monday and during the Week—

"THE CASE OF REBELLIOUS SUSAN,"

By Henry Arthur Jones.

Early doors 7; Ordinary 7.30; Commence 7.45.

## The Coronation Medal

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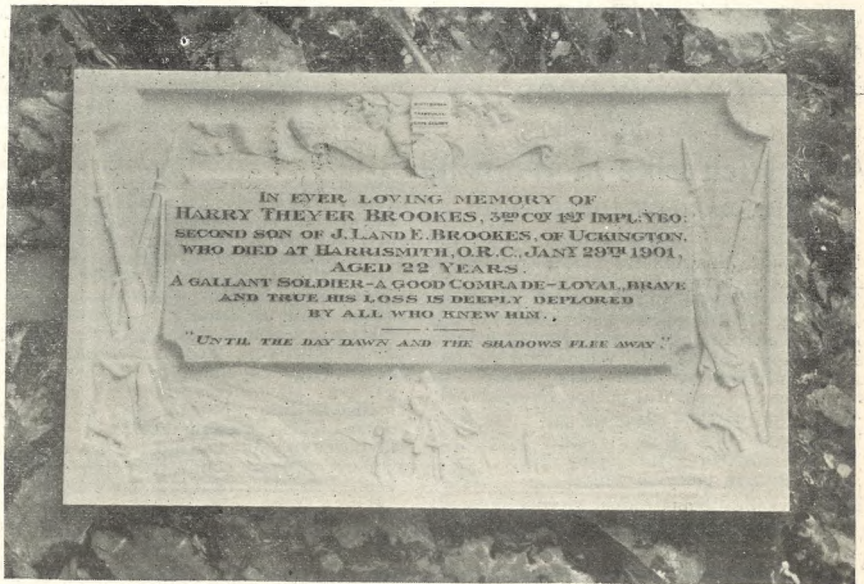
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INSPECTION INVITED.

### "THE PATHS OF GLORY LEAD BUT TO THE GRAVE."



### Memorial Tablet in Elmstone Hardwick Church.

Sir Christopher Furness, M.P., is credited with taking active steps to secure the formation of an extensive British shipping combine.

\*

Professor Rudolph Albert von Kolliker, of the University of Wurzburg, who has already received the highest award of the Royal Society, in the shape of the Copley Medal, has been awarded the gold medal of the Linnean Society.

\*

The death has taken place in London of Captain Geoffrey Lewes Austin, of the Precincts, Canterbury, in his 65th year. The youngest son of Mr. George Austin, formerly high seneschal of Canterbury Cathedral, he served throughout the Indian Mutiny in the Rifle Brigade, and retired with the rank of captain. An ardent sportsman, he was a capital shot, an expert angler, and an enthusiastic and successful golfer. He had for some years been a member of the committee of the Kent County Cricket Club, and was well known as the manager of the Canterbury cricket week. He played for Kent before he was 20 years of age.

The following telegram from the German Emperor has been received by the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland:—"I beg your Excellency to accept my sincerest thanks for the brilliant reception and kind hospitality accorded to my brother and his squadron. May the visit prove a link more in the relations between the two countries.—WILLIAM R."

\*

Sir James Morse Carmichael, third baronet of Nutwood, who acted as private secretary to Mr. Bright, Mr. Childers, and Mr. Gladstone successively, and who represented the St. Rollox Division of Glasgow in the Liberal interest in the House of Commons from 1892 to 1895, died on Saturday at his residence, 14 Dean's-yard, Westminster, at the age of 57.

\*

Sir Howard Vincent, who on Saturday was 53, has served in the English army, practised at the English Bar, and at one time thought of becoming a French Avocat. He was Director of Criminal Investigations from 1878 to 1884, when he resigned in order to enter Parliament. He is an ardent Fair-Trader, and in 1891 founded the United Empire Trade League, of which he is to-day Honorary Director and Secretary.



TOMTIT'S NEST IN A LETTER-BOX.

The dropping of letters into the box did not disturb the birds, but was after some days discontinued.

Photo by J. W. A. Roylance, Cheltenham



[All Rights Reserved.]\*

## What Men Like in Women,

By THE EARL OF IDDESLEIGH.

\*

Two simple answers may be suggested to this slightly comprehensive question. We may say with the philosophical pessimist, "Nothing," and inquire whether there is any object in nature that so imperfectly attains its end as is the case with Woman, or we may be complimentary, and say with the exuberance of a youthful poet, "Everything."

"If to far India's coast we sail  
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,  
Thy breath in Afric's spicy vale,  
Thy skin in ivory so white.

Thus every beauteous object that I view  
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue."

Personally I detest pessimism, and much prefer poetry to philosophy, so that I incline to the alternative of "lovely Sue." Indeed, I should not hesitate to adopt it in all its completeness if there were not one or two things quite unendurable, such as spats. But who could like a woman while she was wearing those hideous and usually untidy little articles of costume?

### WOMAN'S GREATEST CHARM.

Descending from the lofty heights of these immense generalities, let us inquire what particular attributes of womankind chiefly kindle our admiration, and put to shame Mr. Jonathan Oldback, that famous antiquary and woman-hater, with the rest of his school. I feel little doubt that woman's greatest charm is her capriciousness, her uncertainty, her you-never-know-where-to-have-her-ness. Man is a plodding beast, much the same one day as another, and he is therefore most prosaically dull, but to the vagaries of woman there are no limits at all. One often imagines that Queen Mab or some equally ingenious sprite must change feminine identities with astonishing frequency and thoroughness. Who would recognise in the blooming well-dressed matron of Sunday morning the scolding slattern of Saturday night, or in the eager hospital nurse of October the smart ball-going young lady of June? I fancy that they all love tea at all times, and at all seasons, but this is the only link that serves to bind their existences together.

The caprice of woman has, of course, been a very favourite and fertile subject for poets since the days of Helen and Homer. Helen's

code of morality was not high, unless we are to allow miraculous beauty to have a code of its own, but nevertheless she could be pathetic and heroic at times, and such moods add charming variations to her character. Shakespeare's description of Cleopatra is too well known to be quoted; and everyone admires the outburst of true, ringing passion in "Much Ado About Nothing," from Beatrice, the wittiest and most fascinating of heroines, when she entreats Benedick to kill Claudio on account of his mean suspicions of Hero. Nor have authoresses been slow to perceive the advantages which their sex gain from its inconsistencies. Jane Austen, the queen of novelists, who knew everything about women that there is to know, revels in the perpetual change and variety that distinguish the most bewitching of her personages, such as Emma and Catherine Morland. It is by the winning contrasts of wisdom and folly, gravity and gaiety, which these young ladies constantly display, that they conquer for themselves the hearts of their lovers.

### HOW WOMEN AND MEN VIEW DRESS.

But setting poets, novelists, and books aside, let us study ordinary life and consider whether racy uncertainty is not the most remarkable of feminine characteristics. Let us commence with a subject of prime importance, the subject of dress. Here woman finds herself in a position which cannot but lead to interesting results. She must turn herself out like to her fellows, but not too like. Fashion cannot be ignored, but distinction must be obtained. All women probably concur in this view, unless there exists such a thing as a "freak" which does not care for dress at all, but agreement extends no further. No two women welcome a new dress with similar feelings, and no woman receives two new dresses with anything like a similar welcome. Here indeed is a field in which the admiration of man may grow without the chance of reaching any boundaries. Accustomed as he is to dash into his tailor's shop, to select the first pattern that is offered to him, to groan in weariness while he is being measured, and ultimately to grumble over the discomfort of new clothes, he watches with an amazement that "custom cannot stale" the loving care expended by his womankind in getting themselves freshly clad. Their methods differ, but to none of them is the occasion otherwise than serious. They grudge no pains to make the most of the opportunity. On every point connected with dress women are far superior to men. We like to see them in numerous, diverse, and attractive garments, and they are always willing to oblige us. What corresponding trouble will we take for them? We order our things with reckless haste, and teach no moral lesson at all, but how many lessons of the highest value may not be learned during the progress of one single gown? I am not aware whether in this age of statistics, materials have ever been collected for tabulating the virtues of the various classes of humanity, but I feel sure that in any such classification dress-makers would occupy a very leading position. What practice must they have in the way of patience, of severe self-repression, of receiving the unexpected word with tranquil countenance. How accustomed they must get to flattery, ill-placed and ill-deserved, or to impulsive abuse! When I reflect upon all that is done for the formation of their characters, I feel almost disposed to apologise to my tailor for negligence. However, I must hope that I am not really in fault, and that although as a teacher every woman excels me, it is only because nature has made her "coy," and at least in the matter of dress "hard to please."

Passing on to a different branch of the subject I find that the question of punctuality affords a fine scope for pleasing vagaries. It is, of course, dull work to be always punctual or always unpunctual, and women abhor dullness. When one of them makes an appointment who can guess what she will do? She may even come to the right place at the right time, but she is more likely to come too early; most likely of all to come too late.

### LETTERS AND FRIENDS.

Or take the vast topic of correspondence. It is a time-honoured doctrine that women

write letters better than men, and in spite of some witty remarks of Miss Austen in "Northanger Abbey," which are as applicable now as they were when she wrote them, the doctrine is likely to prevail. How far is it really true? I suppose one may say that it is very rare for one man to be interested in another man's letter apart from the actual intelligence that it conveys. On the other hand he is seldom bored by it unless indeed it belongs to the begging fraternity. But when a man opens a letter from a woman he is unavoidably in a state of expectancy. He may be about to be charmed, or amused, or vexed, or wearied to death. The letter may even be crossed. The chances of pleasure or pain are incalculable. Would we have it otherwise? Would we desire that woman should write none but charming letters? I think not. Too much sugar, too much partridge is proverbially cloying.

The mutability of women is often seen to much advantage in the rapidity with which they shift their friends. Between men friendship usually means companionship on easy terms brought about by community of pursuits, but with women it is a much more vivid affair. It may be brief, but as long as it lasts it is ardent and genuine. Indeed women are almost always genuine in every relation of life. Sir Walter Scott certainly denounces a false lady-love:—

"Woman's faith and woman's trust  
Write the characters in dust."

But in the same poem he tells us—

"Again her faith and oath did she plight,  
And I believed her again ere night."

Why should the lover after being deserted once have believed her again? The answer is obvious. Because for the moment she was quite sincere. She was not really false so much as changeable. Her slave was well enough, but it would be tedious to be bound to him for ever.

It is possible that the sense of irresponsibility which accounts to so large an extent for feminine whims is never more strikingly manifested than it is in the attitude which women take up towards law and justice. How we marvel at their superiority to these creations, these gods before whom men fall prostrate! How infinitely more picturesque is the generosity or the sentiment of the woman than the plain bare equity of the man. Who can deny that the stream of the mountains, which is sometimes a torrent and sometimes a dry channel, is more captivating than the river which takes a level course through the meadows?

It is the same thing everywhere and always. It has been so in the past, and in spite of evolution and "new women" it will be so in the future. "Varium et mutabile semper," wrote the poet of Rome, and before this charm of unending variety men will go on bowing, let the years run into as many thousands as they may. There is no choice given to us, we are powerless to help ourselves, and there is not one of us who can hope to escape subjugation. If our Board schools could only train our girls to be dull, sensible, and consistent, we might have our chance, but however young the pupils may be they will be too much for any master. This is a lesson which they will never be brought to learn. We have all of us read "A Winter's Tale," and we know what Florizel said to Perdita;

"When you do dance I wish you  
A wave o' the set, that you might ever do  
Nothing but that; move still, still so,  
And own no other function."

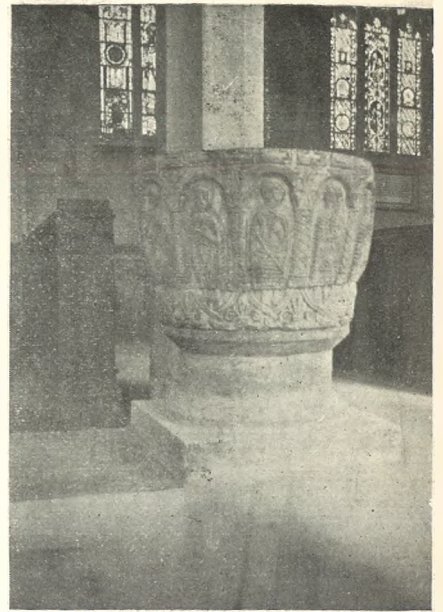
But it is not only when she is dancing that a woman can be compared to a wave. Not for the smallest fraction of a second does the wave remain the same. It waxes and it wanes, it gleams in the sunshine and it darkens in the shadows, and through all its manifold transitions we look on at it with eyes that never grow weary. Is it not with the same mixed wonder and admiration that we regard our women? Their fancies may baffle our less dainty imaginations, their ideas may be too fugitive for our slower minds to grasp, we may sometimes feel disposed to treat their words with mockery itself, but in the end we come to the conclusion

\* GLOUCESTERSHIRE FONTS. \*



DEERHURST.

Miss M. M. Godfrey, of The Greenway, writes— Gloucestershire is rich in old fonts, and one of the most ancient is to be seen in Deerhurst Church, near Tewkesbury. The curious carvings on this font are well seen in the accompanying photograph, and are known to be of very early date, not later than the ninth century. The other font is in Rendcomb Church, and is two centuries later. It is very early Norman work, and the figures represent the eleven Apostles, Judas being left out. It has a curious history. It was found by Mr. Pitt, the late rector, in a garden in use as a flower pot, and was sent by him to London to be cleaned and restored. The wise restorers, finding the top of the panel slightly chipped, cut a piece clean off, thereby obtaining, it is true, a smooth top, but alas! cutting it, and destroying the proportions of the font. With such vandals I suppose we must be thankful for small mercies, and the font is now securely lodged in the church, safe from weather and restorers. The church itself is well worth a visit, and has been restored by Mrs. Taylor, of Rendcomb Park, in a very different spirit. The beautiful rood screen is in perfect preservation, and the church has been re-seated by Mrs. Taylor with seats carved to correspond with the screen, and one is glad to see that the modern carving is in every respect worthy of the ancient; in fact, Mr. Kempson, the present rector, has proudly remarked that the new work was better done. When the church was being re-seated, Mr. Kempson took the opportunity of inspecting the north wall, in which there were signs of old arches. His investigations were successful, and three Norman pillars were discovered, which proves that there was originally a north aisle to the church. There is some beautiful old glass in the windows, the gifts of John Tame, the famous benefactor of Fairford.



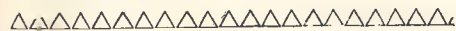
RENDCOMB.

that if Eve were not more lively than Adam this world would be far from an inviting dwelling place.

*T. de la Roche*

Next Week: "Stage Struck," by Mrs. Kendal.

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



Tour of Our Churches.

\* \* \*

ST. EDWARD'S, STOW-ON-THE-WOLD.

\*

"Stow-on-the-Wold, where the wind blows cold," spell that in four letters, used to be a puzzle given us in our young days. Situated on the summit of a hill, I expect it does blow cold there at certain times. On Monday last the sun was shining brilliantly, and the little breeze blowing was very acceptable.

St. Edward's Church is an interesting building. Its massive tower can be seen for many miles around. The edifice is said to have been erected by Æthelmer, Earl of Cornwall, in the reign of Ethelred. It is handsome and spacious, but the style of architecture is mixed—Norman, Early English, Decorated, and Perpendicular being represented. It consists of a chancel, nave, north and south aisles, a transept on the north, and entrance porches both on the south and north. In the chancel is a sedilia and a piscina, and some handsome and spacious stall seats for the choir. Dividing the chancel from the nave is some beautifully carved oak panels and doors, too low to be called a screen. The east, west, and all the lower windows are of stained glass, many of them memorials of departed friends, including one to Major-General Raikes, who died in 1880. There are several memorials to members of the Chamberlayne family—descendants of the Norman

family of Tankerville. In the nave is a new brass erected to the memory of four locals who have recently died in the South African campaign. There is a large picture of the Crucifixion, by Gaspard de Crayer, a Flemish artist, dated 1610. The restoration during recent years has been sympathetically carried out, but attention might be given to the north side of the churchyard, which is not kept so neat as it might be.

I attended a special service at the church for the local Friendly Societies. There was a crowded congregation, the 600 sittings being taxed to pretty well their utmost capacity. The choir, in purple cassocks and white surplices, and clergy marched up the church singing the well-known "Onward, Christian Soldiers." The prayers were fully intoned. A member of the choir read the lessons. The Te Deum was by J. H. Maunders, in which the trebles and adult voices answer each other in several places. In the chanting of the Jubilate the long verses were somewhat gabbled. "Praise our God to-day" was the second hymn, and then the Ante-Communion Service was gone through. The minister intoned the Commandments well, with a particularly impressive emphasis on the last word or two of each. The Nicene Creed having been sung, the preacher ascended the pulpit, and took for his text Galatians vi., 2 "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ." That was their benefit holiday, the clergyman reminded his hearers; they were met as members of clubs, and their clubs were to a certain extent an imitation of the greatest benefit society ever founded—the Society of Christ. Benefit clubs were called provident societies, and they became members because they were provident, careful, looking forward for a rainy day, and desiring to help other people as well as themselves. A great many joining together were a great deal stronger than if each tried to work on his own lines; the way to be on the safe side was not to stand alone, but to help each other. The plan of bearing one another's burdens was not alone good for clubs, but for the Church of God also. If all ranks bore each other's burdens, then that parish was certainly happy; if the King and Queen and all their subjects worked together, then the nation would be glad; if the ministers of the Church were faithful to Christ's teachings—and with few exceptions they were—and all true Christians loved the Association of the

Church, then that Church would be prosperous. That morning they had seen a banner in the town bearing the one word "Peace"; a word which was that day exhilarating the heart of every Englishman throughout the Empire. God be praised and thanked that there was peace. God, working through their generals, had sent them peace. In conclusion the preacher asked his hearers to go forth, not in rioting and drunkenness, but as members of a great Christian Association, fighting manfully under Christ's banner until their lives should end.

The offertory hymn was "Oh! Lord of heaven and earth and sea," and the recessional hymn "Praise the Lord; ye heavens adore Him!" The doctrines taught at St. Edward's are, from what I could gather, a little bit "high," but not aggressively so. The new young Rector is doing a good work there.

CHURCHMAN.

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Prize Photography.

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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.

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

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

The winner of the 74th competition is Mr. C. Rutland, of 2 Winstonian-terrace, All Saints', Cheltenham, with his Stratford pictures.

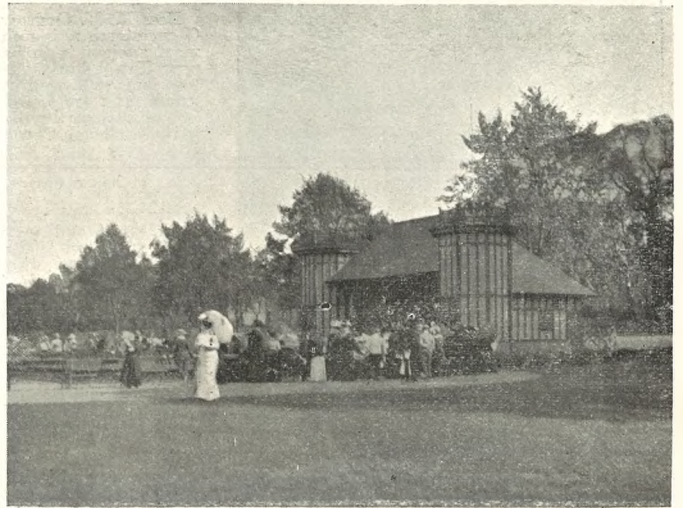
Entries for the 75th competition closed this (Saturday) morning, June 7th, 1902, and in subsequent competitions entries will close on the Saturday morning preceding the award, so as to allow time for adjudication and reproduction.

THE MONTPPELLIER CONCERTS.



TWO WELL-KNOWN LOCAL SINGERS (MR. GILDING AND MR. STEPHENS) DISCUSSING THE PERFORMANCE.

Photos by E. J. Burrow,



AN AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE.

Cheltenham.



CLEARING BENHALL WOOD,

Photos by H. H. S. Escott,



GLOUCESTER ROAD.

Cheltenham.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

I have been led by the death of Lord Pauncefote of Preston, in this county, to look into the subject of peers connected by residence, or territorial ties, or titles with Gloucestershire. And I find that the noble lords in the two former categories make a round dozen. These are the Duke of Beaufort, Earls of Ducie, Eldon, St. Germans, Gainsborough, Harrowby, Coventry, Beauchamp, Bathurst, Wemyss and March, and Lords Fitzhardinge and Sherborne. Only four of these have some local place appended to their title, namely, Tortworth to Lord Ducie, Campden to Lord Gainsborough, Deerhurst to Lord Coventry, and Sherborne to Baron Sherborne. Gloucestershire, however, has also furnished names to the following living noblemen:—Berkeley and Dursley (Viscount) to the Earl of Berkeley, Hardwicke to the Earl of Hardwicke, Tewkesbury (Baron) to the Earl of Munster, Hawkesbury to Lord Hawkesbury,

Amberley (Viscount) to Earl Russell, and Toddington to Lord Sudeley. Thus, so far as I can trace, some eighteen peers make up the three categories alluded to. One of the half-dozen clergymen who are heirs to peerages is to be found in this county. I allude to the Rev. the Hon. F. G. Dutton, vicar of Bibury, who celebrated his 62nd birthday last week, and is heir to the barony of Sherborne, now held by his brother. I wonder if the Coronation will bring with it the realisation of the hope of a faithful few in the revival of the Dukedom of Gloucester.

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I see that Gloucestershire gentlemen come out very well in the subscription list started to provide funds to erect a horticultural hall and offices in Westminster for the Royal Horticultural Society to commemorate its centenary in 1904. Of the £13,000 promised towards the required £25,000 or £30,000 three gentlemen from this county, Mr. Henry J. Elwes, Sir Trevor Lawrence, Bart., and Capt. George L. Holford, all of whom are ardent horticulturists and members of the R.H.S.,

subscribe £2,000, the former £1,000 and the latter £500 each.

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The fact of there being no candidate for the diaconate at the Ordination in Gloucester Cathedral on Trinity Sunday has led a Bristolian to inquire in the Press whether that was a record? All I can say is that I understand it would involve a great deal of searching in the official register to satisfy his curiosity. But I observe from the list of candidates recently ordained that Gloucester did not stand alone in England, as there were at least two other dioceses similarly situated. There is no doubt—and I have alluded to it before—that young men are fighting shy of Holy Orders and the Bishops realise the gravity of the position. There used to be a Theological College at Gloucester, but this died of inanition two or three years ago. The new Canon Missioner, the Rev. S. A. Alexander, was installed in the Cathedral a little over a week ago, but he does not take on duty till next autumn. Perhaps he and the new Archdeacon will be able to inspire eligible

OUR PRIZE PICTURES.



SHAKESPEARE'S HOUSE.




ANN HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE.



MEMORIAL THEATRE.


Photos by C. Rutland,

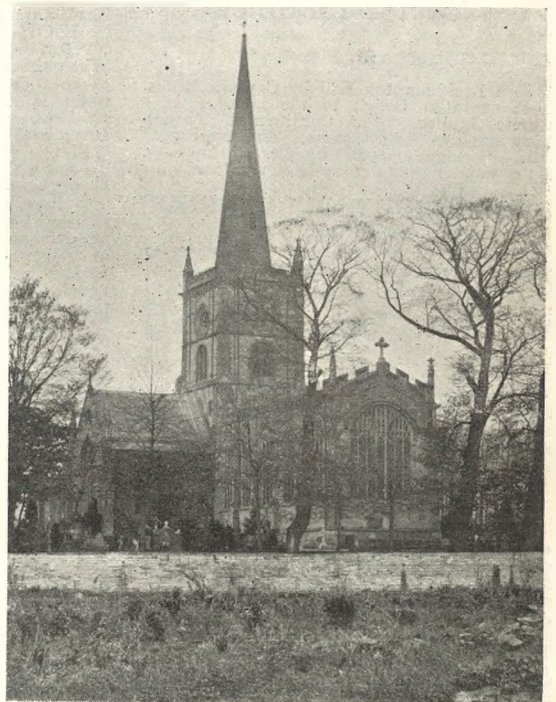
  


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A Stroll  
Round  
Stratford-  
on-Avon.  


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PARISH CHURCH.

Cheltenham.

young men with the necessary enthusiasm to take up the sacred mission.

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Some of the critics of the circular letter of the Principal of the Cheltenham College to the guardians of the boys respecting their movements during the Coronation holidays, and also of his arbitrary abolition of the College ribbon, of red and black squares, have from their Olympian heights hurled their thunderbolts upon the devoted head of the Principal, but I find that comparative tranquility still reigns in Bath-road. The "chessboard" ribbon is not entirely abolished, for the juniors will retain it, and some of them, I know, are being chaffed about writing hexameters in honour of their good luck. It is not generally known that the "mortar

boards" have also gone by the board for the seniors certainly, and I suppose this sacrifice will next be held up as a species of martyrdom. The Cheltonians will, like the Harrovians, wear perennially a light straw hat. But they will not have so much weight to carry in future. GLEANER.

\* \* \*

The Rev. Canon Rivington on Sunday morning dedicated the window placed in St. Mary's Church, Warwick, to the memory of the officers and men of the Warwickshire Imperial Yeomanry who have died in South Africa. The members of the regiment attended the service, in command of Colonel the Marquis of Hertford.

The Hon. Mrs. Ronald Greville, who has just returned from a cruise in the Mediterranean with her father. Mr. McEwan, has gone to Reigate Priory, which she and her husband have hired from Lady Henry Somerset, and they will entertain largely there from Saturday to Monday.

\* \* \*

A marriage has been arranged between Lieutenant-Colonel Holland, R.A., second son of Mr. F. D. Holland, of Cropthorne Court, Pershore, Worcestershire, and Amy Elizabeth, younger daughter of the late Mr. C. J. Ashton, of Little Onn Hall, Staffordshire, and Newton Moor, Hyde, Cheshire.

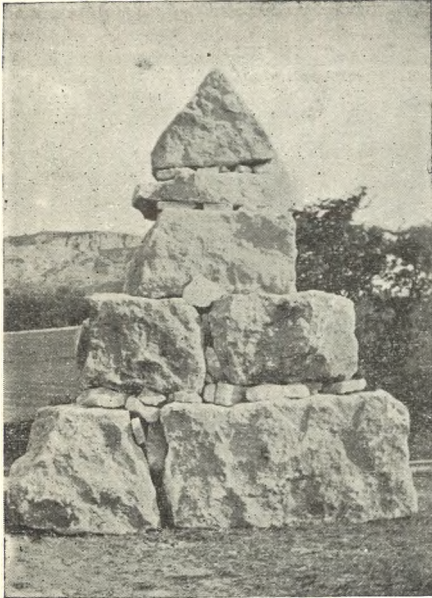


Photo by R. H. Cook, Cheltenham.

## A Novel Monument.

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Erected on Leckhampton Hill by Captain Elwes, of Leckhampton Court, to the memory of a favourite hunter, "The Continental," which won twenty-five steeplechases. The monument is 9ft. 6in. high and 8ft. by 6ft. at the base, and the weight of the stone is eleven tons.



### THE OLD GIVETH WAY TO THE NEW.

Now that modern ideas are sweeping away so rapidly the old, it behoves amateur photographers to cherish the views taken by them of the "tokens of the past." Those

"Links of beauty  
Which entwine the features of the past  
With those at present; meanwhile  
The prophet of the yet to be."

When one sees the demolition of old buildings—the historic remains—in many cities and towns, it is impossible not to feel regret. But, whilst bemoaning the breaking of associations with bygone days, one must think of modern requirements and of the march of modern ideas; hence the admonition to the man with a camera, "Make hay while the sun shines." A friend, who is a capable amateur, desired to photograph a certain historic building; but the occasion was put off. Presently the authorities decided to remove it, and now, today, that friend never passes the spot without a regret at not having taken the beautiful old building when the opportunity was his. A word is also necessary to the "City Fathers." Perhaps, better to say a suggestion. It is that whenever an old building or antique relic has to be demolished, first have it photographed; then this record can be placed in a public place, as a museum or library, thereby ensuring a collection of permanent records to give guidance and pleasure to both the present and coming generations.

### PHOTOGRAPHING BONFIRES.

No doubt many photographers will attempt to photograph the bonfires, illuminations, and fireworks with which the Coronation is to be celebrated. The two chief difficulties to be encountered are halation and exposure. Backed plates are in all cases essential. For fireworks, the exposure may be instantaneous; that is to say, the lens remains uncapped, leaving the display to impress the plate during its action. For bonfires and stationary illuminations, the exposure may be continued for ten or fifteen minutes, with an aperture of f-8, or just as long as halation is absent. Very luminous objects, such as a fountain, need no more than a minute or two minutes' exposure.

### TRAILERS BECOMING POPULAR.

"The Octopus" in the "Cyclist" inclines to the belief that there is going to be a boom in "trailers," and we fancy he is not far wrong, if the law does not interfere. An agent in his vicinity has a couple he lets out on hire, and he must be making a very good thing out of it, as people get round to his premises overnight to bespeak them for Saturdays and Sundays. All the same, any boom in these useful little articles will, it is feared, tend to decrease the sale of ladies' machines. When lovely woman finds she can get over the ground almost as rapidly as her bicycle, and can arrive at her destination calm, cool, and collected, and as full of hairpins as when she started, she will be less inclined than ever to rely upon her own exertions, and will once more place her reliance upon perspiring manhood.

### A CYCLING CATTLE DROVER.

The cycle is being put to curious uses. A writer in "Cyclers' News" reports having come across a cycling cattle drover the other day in a Kentish village. A herd of cattle were seen approaching on the road. Close in the rear of the animals was a cyclist dodging about, behind and amongst them, and it was wondered why he did not come right past or else dismount. Upon nearer approach, it was discovered why he did not do one of these two things. He was the drover of the cattle, and he propelled his machine from side to side of the road what time he wielded a long branch of timber and urged on his charges. It was a particularly funny sight. The drover was evidently an enthusiast of the deepest dye.

### TONING LANTERN SLIDES.

The following method has been recently recommended.—After the plates have been fixed and washed, they are bleached with mercuric chloride, well washed again, and toned in—

Ammonium sulphocyanide .....	15 grains.
Sodium carbonate .....	2 grains.
Saturated solution of hypo .....	1 minim.
Hot water .....	2 ounces.

When the solution has become lukewarm, a grain of gold chloride, dissolved in half an ounce of water, is added. This process is said also to be a good one for intensifying negatives.

### LOOK TO YOUR PEDALS.

Bicycle pedals get comparatively little attention beyond a slight oiling now and then. Some seem to forget that one's concentrated physical force must pass through the pedals before it can reach the crank-axle and be conveyed by the chain to the driving-wheel, where it is converted into speed, or they would be more careful to keep them in perfect order. Being so near the ground, the pedals are bound to pick up dust and dirt, and this, combined with the fact that very small balls have to be used, makes them particularly susceptible to clogging. An authority recommends the use of a thin oil for pedals, and that care should be taken to wipe away the surplus after lubrication.

### A PHOTOGRAPHIC TRUST.

The rumours which were current a few months ago that a large photographic trust was on the eve of formation have now taken definite shape in an enormous American combination, having a capital of £7,200,000, to be called the Eastman Kodak Company. Mr. George Eastman, the Pierpoint Morgan of the photographic world, has the control of the organisation, which absorbs the leading American plate, film, and paper makers. So far, says the "Photographic Chronicle," the British manufacturers have stood aloof from the movement; but it remains to be seen if they can continue to resist such a powerful financial factor. It is said, on good authority, that our leading plate and paper makers have already been approached with offers of millions of pounds to be bought out, which offers have been refused.

### A WORD TO CYCLISTS.

This advertisement recently appeared in a London paper:—"To cyclists.—Cyclists who allow their dogs to follow them when cycling should kindly remember that—even when roads are not dusty—great suffering is often entailed on dogs from distances traversed. Dogs faithfully follow as long as they possibly can; then drop behind and are lost."

### CLEANING THE MACHINE.

To give the machine a thorough clean, says a wit, first of all procure a dozen or two of old newspapers, a basin of warm water, some kerosene, some lubricating oil, two or three cloths, a duster or two, or a bath towel, a chamois, some vaseline, a spoke brush, a paint brush, a saucer of whiting, and any other old things you think you may need. Roll up your sleeves above your elbow, tie a large towel round your athletic frame, and set to work. First, take your cycle by the head and tail and stand it on its hind legs. The steering wheel will promptly bang you in the eye, but don't mind that. Keep a tight hand, be firm and decided with the animal—never let it get the mastery over you—and you will succeed at last in standing it upside down, after a kick or two from the pedals. Your back will begin to ache bye-and-bye, your face will become rather swelled, and your fingers

will probably get pinched in the chain; but stick to it—it is only by dogged resolution and staying power that records are made. Bye-and-bye you will find it necessary to bend close over the driving-wheel and spin it; you will forget about the rear pedal, and it will immediately call itself to memory by banging you quietly but firmly on the head.

### THE FINISHING TOUCHES.

Then you can stand upright for a while, and, if you are piously minded, hold the cleaning cloth over your lips with one hand to keep down the burning words within, while you reach for the warm water with the other. After this, you can insert two fingers among the spokes and try to polish up the inner side of the hub as long as you can stand it. When you have finished scrubbing the enamel of the frame and have grown as wearied over the nickel of the rest of the creature, then gather together all the energy you have got left and turn the machine right side up and leave it to dry. Then go immediately and lie down, eat a sponge cake or two soaked in champagne, and get a friend to bathe your head and wrists and gently stroke your back. The machine will keep clean for nearly half a mile when you start for your next ride on a muddy road.

### CHATTER BY THE WAYSIDE.

Keep your cycle well oiled; it will prolong its life.

It isn't always safe to enquire the grade of his bicycle from a person a little larger than you are. If he bought it at an auction room there's liable to be trouble.

Oil should never be allowed to get on the tyres, as it has an extremely damaging effect. Maintain a moderate air pressure in the tyres when they are out of use, and for riding purposes see they are always pumped hard.

A London paper is fitting out a motor-car which is to travel round the world, while its occupants make cinematographic records, photographic picture-cards, etc.

"Looping the Loop on a Bicycle" is the title of an illustrated article in the "Strand Magazine" for June.

The Touring Club de France has erected 700 benches, each with eight seats, at interesting and well-known places as "cyclists' rests." The cost came to 35,000 francs.

It is stated that a St. Helens lady, when riding recently, had the gear-case of her bicycle torn off by lightning.

Coronation cycling clubs are springing up all over the country.

A camera that is not perfectly light-tight is a doubtful blessing. At least, a friend of ours, who has just had nearly forty films spoilt from this cause, thinks so.

A motor-car firm quote the following among their testimonials:—"Six months ago I bought one of your motor-cars. I have since had no less than twelve convictions for speeds ranging from 40 to 90 miles an hour."

## Poetry.

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### WHERE THE RIVER MEETS THE SEA.

\*

Is the morning sun yet shining  
As it shone for you and me?  
Is the woodbine yet entwining  
Dewy girdles round the lea?  
Do the little boats yet go  
Sailing, sailing, to and fro,  
Past the fairy golden islets where the river meets  
the sea?

Aye, the tiny waves are kissing  
With soft lips the shining shore;  
Not one lovely touch is missing  
From the well-known scene of yore.  
But, oh never, to our eyes,  
Could the earth, and sea, and skies  
Wear again the self-same aspect which on that  
glad day they wore!

Oh, the sunny sloping highlands,  
Crowned with sheaves of golden corn!  
Oh, the beauty of the islands,  
In the soft, clear light of morn!  
When we twain, who spoke no word,  
That could tell our hearts we stirred,  
In each other's eyes read surely that young love  
was newly born.

And for ever, and for ever,  
It will seem to you and me,  
As we go through life together,  
That on earth there cannot be  
Aught so lovely as that day  
Looked to our glad eyes that day,  
As it flashed beneath the sunlight where the river  
meets the sea!

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## Jim Burns's Trip to Europe.

By GUY BOOTHBY

(Author of "Dr. Nikola," etc.).

It was at the close of one of the hottest days I ever remember in a very good experience that Jim Burns informed us that he intended taking a trip to Europe. I am not overstepping the mark, I am quite sure, when I say that the announcement caused a very considerable amount of surprise in the township. Boulga, I should explain, is little bigger than a small English village, and is located on the extreme western border of Queensland, yet its capacity for gossip is equalled by few, and excelled by none. A fortnightly coach service connects it with the outside world, and as you may suppose, the arrival of the vehicle is an event to be taken very seriously. Jim Burns had been the driver for almost as long as I could remember, and let me do him the justice of saying that in my humble opinion no finer exponent of his art could have been discovered in the length and breadth of Australia. Let me tell you also, that to be a mail coach man in the Far West is to hold no mean position, and we all know that Burns had a very proper notion of his own importance. When, therefore, he calmly and deliberately stated, in the bar of the Bushman's Rest—having just reached the end of his journey—that he intended taking a trip to the Old Country, we could scarcely believe that we had heard aright. It was as if the Czar of all the Russians had decided to vacate his throne in order to turn pastry cook. Besides it seemed almost like an aspersion on ourselves. We did not take trips to Europe, and we could not see why other people should desire to do us. Perhaps we were a little envious. For my own part I feel sure that I was. I had not seen England for nearly fifteen years, and, from the way things were shaping for me, it did not look as if I should ever do so again.

Jim Burns was a typical Bushman. He stood upwards of six feet in his socks, weighed less than twelve stone, possessed a not unhandsome countenance, which was tanned the colour of mahogany, and which was also decorated with a short, crisp beard. He boasted of a constitution that it would seem nothing could upset, and it was generally supposed that he could ride or drive anything that was ever foaled. No wonder, therefore, that he was a popular character in the Far West, and that we were not desirous of losing him even for a short time. What struck us as being so strange, however, was the fact that he should desire to visit Europe of all places on the earth. He had been born and bred in Australia, of Colonial parents, so that there could not possibly be any old associations to account for such eccentricity.

Upon questioning him we discovered that he intended leaving almost immediately, as a matter of fact that this was the last journey he would do with the coach. We listened as if we could scarcely believe our ears. We had known him such a length of time, and had certainly esteemed him at his true worth. Why, therefore, he should desire to leave us passed our comprehension. However, we knew him too well to attempt to argue with him. Jim Burns was as handy with his fists as he was with his ribbons, and he was seldom slow to resent an insult—or to tolerate inquisitiveness.

Next day he accordingly set off on his homeward journey—his last on the box—so we were given to understand. We made a point of being present to bid him farewell, and we cheered him heartily as he drove away down the track. "Next time we see him," said Perks, the hotel proprietor, who had lived in the Far West all his life, "he will be such a toff there'll be no talking to him. All those Dukes and Earls, and such people that hang round London, will be setting him up till he won't know himself. You mark my words, Jim won't be the same when he comes back."

The thought of genial Jim Burns being corrupted by the whole of the British aristoc-

racy was too much for us, and we made our way back to the hotel—a sorrowful party.

Meanwhile the object of our anxiety drove his coach over the treeless plains to the township which was the terminus of his particular company—and on arrival there packed his valise and disappeared from the ken of all who had known him.

What became of him after that, no one seemed quite to know. I fancy the majority of us, however, when we thought of him at all, pictured him as being the guest of Royalty in England, and the boon companion of all the Great Ones of the Earth. Later on, as is the way of the world, and the Bush World in particular, we ceased to think of him at all, and by the time five years had elapsed there were many for whom the name of "Jim Burns" called up no recollections whatsoever. Several drivers had been appointed to and discharged from the coach in the interval, and with the coming and going of each, the fame of the greatest of all the handlers of the ribbons faded, just as will fade away the memory of the tale I am telling you now.

Five years and some odd weeks after Jim Burns left us to proceed to England, or to U-rope, as he preferred to term it, I returned to the township, after a short exploring journey into Central Australia. I had been absent little more than three months, and the sight of the small cluster of houses, beside the Creek, poor though it was, was very grateful to my eyes, after the monotonous grey plains, to which of late they had been accustomed. I rode up to the hotel and surrendered my horse to the black boy who was following with the pack animals. That done I made my way into the bar in search of a drink that was to be long, moderately strong, and at any rate refreshing. I was about half-way through it, and was beginning to think that life was worth the living after all, when a man entered the room and, after a moment's hesitation, approached me. At first I could have sworn that I had never set eyes on him before—then his identity dawned upon me and I rose to greet him. The individual before me was none other than Jim Burns, but so changed that it was difficult to recognise in him the once famous driver of the Western Coach. His hair was grey and he had got rid of his beard. What was more, he walked with a stoop, and not with a swagger that had once been one of his principal characteristics.

"Good gracious, Jim," I cried, as I gave him my hand, "surely it's never you? Why what on earth have you been doing with yourself? If the old Country treats all men as she has done you, I'll live and die in Australia."

Before he could reply he landlord had discovered his identity, and immediately hastened round from behind the bar to greet him. He was as much shocked by the change as I was, and expressed it with equal volubility. Burns accepted the drink that was pressed upon him and seated himself on a chair by my side. His trip to England seemed to have robbed him of his power of conversation as well as his good looks.

One by one the others who had known him in the old days dropped in, until Jim had quite a circle of his acquaintances round him. He did not seem in the least pleased to see them, however, but sat, glass in hand, staring moodily at the floor, for all the world as if he believed himself to be alone in the room. And yet we could most of us recall the days when Jim Burns was one of the merriest companions a man could find in a long day's march.

"Lor' bless my soul, Jim," said the landlord, "what's come over you? You know how pleased we are to see you with us again after all this time—but it don't look as if you was glad to be back amongst us. Tell us about your doings in the Old Country—what you saw and who you met—and such like. You haven't gone and got married to any of them female Dukes, have you?"

"I haven't gone and got married at all," Jim replied, with a look upon his face that would have been worth a fortune to an undertaker's mute. "I didn't have no call to see?"

"And what did you think of the Old Country?" asked another.

"Oh, it's there, or thereabouts," said Jim, "When you get to know it, its none so dusty." Then warming to his work, he added, "It's too bloomin' small for me, that's all. You have to be careful where you're stepping or you're over the edge and into the sea before you know where you are. There's a place alongside London, that they call Birmingham—"

"Bless your 'eart, I was born there," cried a man in the crowd. "Good old 'Brum.' I haven't seen it these twenty years."

I noticed that Jim looked up guiltily, and I also observed that he was quick to assert that he meant Manchester, and not the town he had first named. This set me thinking.

"Well, and what was you a-doin' in this 'ere Manchester?" enquired the landlord.

"What should I be a-doin' but taking a stroll by the sea shore?" Jim asked snappishly. "Can't a man take a walk on the beach if he wants to? It seems to me you've got bloomin' hard to please, while I've been away, Dick Perks."

A moment later, however, his peevishness had departed, and he had lapsed into his former silence. Then someone else took him in hand and asked him questions. With each of his replies I found my suspicions increasing. It was the first time I had heard that Windsor Castle was next door to the Tower of London—or that the Lord Mayor was the title enjoyed by the Sovereign's second son. I was of course quite prepared to hear that Jim had been on intimate terms with royalty, and that he had put the aristocracy up to a few wrinkles regarding the art of coach driving—but it came to me as rather a shock to hear that there "wasn't what he called a horse" to be seen in the length and breadth of the land, and that he'd have won the Derby certain sure with that old wall-eyed chestnut he used to drive.

Finding that he was not contradicted Jim's spirits revived somewhat, and by the time he had been a week in our midst, the stories of his adventures when in the Mother Country increased both in number and also in variety. I said nothing—but I listened—and as I listened I marvelled.

One day, a month or so later, Jim, whose health seemed to have been completely shattered by his trip to Europe, was so poorly that he was compelled to take to his bed. From that moment he grew steadily worse. The local medico declared that he could do nothing for him. Burns's constitution, he affirmed, was completely shattered. He would never be on his feet again.

This proved to be only too true, for we buried Jim that day month in the little cemetery on the hill. I nursed him for the greater part of the time, and, just before he went out, he made a sign with his hand to me to approach the bed.

"Old man," he said, "I'm a gone coon. Look here, you can tell the boys, if you like, that the yarns I spun 'em about England was all lies. I don't want to go aloft with a false way-bill, so I've owned up. Do you know where I've been these five years?"

I replied that I did not know, and then I tried to induce him to rest, but he would not hear of it.

"In quod," he went on, "for horse stealing."

"But you didn't do it," I asserted vehemently—for, rough as he was, Jim Burns was the soul of honour.

"That's neither here nor there," he answered. Then he added to himself—and I feel certain it was the clue to the whole mystery—

"If they had taken him it would have broken her heart. I couldn't let that happen—not for money. They was only just married, and she thought the world on him—so I gave myself up."

I stared at him in amazement. Was it possible that this man had suffered five years' imprisonment, on a false charge, for no other reason than to save a woman the pain of knowing her husband to be a thief? I asked myself.

"Poor little girl," he muttered, after a short pause, "we was school mates together, down South, but she always did like him better nor she did me. He's dead now, so thank

God she'll never find him out. Now I'm going to sleep, old man!"

He closed his eyes, and five minutes later he was asleep in real earnest.

Next week: "The Evil Hour," by John Bloundelle-Burton.

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

"Selina Jenkins" Letters.

"PEACE DAY."

'Ooray! 'Ooray! 'Ooray!

! ! ! ! !  
I'm sure you'll beg my pardon, Mr. Editor, for forgetting meself as above for the space of a moment or 2, but I can't collect me thoughts for thinking about this 'ere unconditional surrender as the Boers 'ave made at last under certain conditions as us and they 'ave a-laid down and put our marks to on paper.

It's a very remarkable thing, you know, but you can get tired of even a war after it's been dragging on for a matter of 2 years or more; there isn't much in it while it's on, and there's nothink to look forward to at the finish nowadays, 'ceps that the victors has to pay the expenses of both sides, as is a very extraordinary thing, that I will say, and pretty nigh comes up to the law courts, as often costs a body as much to win a case as to lose it.

'Owever, again let me say, while you ave it standing in print, Mr. Editor, 'Ooray! 'Ooray! 'Ooray! ! ! ! ! !

That's better. Now to proceed.—I considers as we're very well out of a bad job, meself, same as them Boers thinks they be, I'll warrant, wich we couldn't 'ave gone on supportin the whole nation of 'em out of the rates for ever, that's certain, wich only the hotter day I did see a pottygraph of some of the boer prisoners actually playin' ping-pong, and all at our expense, wich I don't mind their 'aving prayer-meetings, but I draw the line at ping-pong, that I do! But, as I was a-sayin', we're well out of a bad job, same as my nephew George said when he burnt out a wasp's nest and forgot to stop hup the 'ole—'e 'ad his way, and come out the victor, but it were a good deal tougher job than he reckoned for, the waspes, like them Boers 'aving a very nasty habit of turning round on them as wants to clear 'em out, although they mite very well know it's better for everybody and everythink that they should be cleared out, wich is a thing you 'ave to prove afore they'll believe it. They do say that the Boers' constitutions 'ave very much suffered in this 'ere war; in fact, that between the lot of them they 'aven't got one good sound one. 'Owever, the King 'ave sent over word that he's going to pardon the whole tribe as a surprise for them on his crowning day, so that'll be a bit of a tonic; not that I agrees with the way they've fought, not meself, as I considers it outdacious to get behind rocks and coppers and things and fire at people as you can't see not even with a magnifying glass, wich Mary Ann Tompkins' brother went out to fight for his hearth and 'ome, and come 'ome wounded in 4 different places, and never 'adn't seen the enemy at all, 'ceps a few as strolled into camp and asked if we'd give 'em a pipe of baccy if they surrendered, as spent a very pleasant evening over the camp fire, giving recitations and so on, and then sneaked off with 12 of the best 'orses we 'ad when it were dark!. No, I don't call that there fighting! and besides, it takes such a long time to get it over, wich we mite 'ave 'ad this 'ere war over in a month, one way or the other, if only them Boers had doned like the Greeks and other ancgent histories used to do—go together all in a crowd and fought it out till the one side's all gone! That's wot I calls bravery in fighting, when you've got your foe so close you can talk to 'im between whiles, and eggsplain wot the quarrel's about, and sich like, and so forth.

But, as I was a-sayin', I'm very glad it's over. I don't like slaughter, and guns and things, and I can't abear the sight of a sword, wich some people actually 'angs them hup for hornaments in their 'alls and best parlours, as isn't a bit to my taste; and there's many a anxious parent and wife as will be gladder than Selina now the anxiousness will be lifted, and "Tommy comes marching 'ome again"; but I can't 'elp feeling a bit watery about the eyes when I thinks of them thousands of brave fellows who 'ave given their life's-blood for their country's honour! May their brave deeds never be forgotten in my earnest prayer! But, coming back to the point, there's a good many as will be very put-out by the end of the war, wich all them meat purveyors, and horse agents, and pro-Boers will be thrown out of work, and we shall have to invent something else for them to do, wich it wouldn't never do to let them go idle after 'aving been so busy, would it now? I'm very much afraid, however, they'll be thrown on our 'ands for a time.

Then there's the papers. Wotever will they do to fill up that there column wich was always kept open for news of De Wet 'aving been caught, or of a serious reverse to the Boer forces? I expect one of them very influential 'd. London papers (as really rules the country, and ought to be crowned next Friday 3 weeks) will bring on another war so as to keep up their circulation and fill up that there war column! They do say that they've 'ad special desings showing pictures, as is supposed to be like Kitchener and Milner and other gentry, ready made, and a great long 'istory of the Boer War all set up for the last 2 years, ready to go in at any moment, and that's 'ow it is they seemed to 'ave put in sich a power of work on Sunday night, as didn't look very 'andy to give thanks for peace by breaking the Sabbath, so the ministers do say; but there, that's their business, and not mine. But, as I was a-sayin', it were very kind of the Boers to arrange to give in just now, there being a very plentiful stock of flags and other ornaments about, as 'ad been laid in for the Coronation, but comes in very well for peace. I shouldn't 'ave thought they'd 'ave been so thoughtful for us if I 'adn't known; but I s'pose they want to make it as easy as they can for themselves in the future, being in our power, as you mite say, wich I never couldn't rightly understand why, when that there Chalk Bulger, and Stain, and Delarey, and De Wet, and all the rest of them, were chatting together, Kitchener couldn't 'ave done like Sherlock 'Olmes did to Moriarty, and jist clapped the 'andcuffs on their wristesses and—there you are—"quick work," "as easy as shelling peas!" But there! these 'ere soldier hossifiers are too honorable; 'tisn't business to 'ave sich 'igh minded ideas, as wouldn't mind shooting of them out on the felt, but when they comes into a room, you musn't so much as use a strong word (in Dutch) to them. 'Owever, perhaps it's as well as it is, me not 'aving been out there to study the matter, not like Sir Dick Seddon, and Miss Hobhouse, and other people, as has opinyons, and let's other folks know it, too.

'Owever, we ought to be very thankful, that we ought, wich it'll save me a power of trouble every night knowing the war's over, me 'aving 'ad an extra bolt put on the front door and a lock and chain on the front garden gate, not knowing but p'raps them Boers might come over and invade our 'earths and 'omes with some of they ultimatus and Crusoe guns and things, as made me very nervous for a long time, trembling every time there was an extra explosion down at that there gun-range in 'Igh-street (as is a worsor nuisance than the trams in my opinion), for fear it was the Boers bombarding Cheltenham. But Providence and Kitchener staved it off, and right glad we be, wich there was quite a competition between the church and chapel folk on Monday as to wich should run to a piece of worship and be thankful first. The church won, but only by advertising, as the Mayor and Corporation was to be seen in their robes and mace free. For meself, I felt very thankful, and spent 1/5 in flags to 'ang out, as

turned out to be 2 of 'em German and 1 a Boer and Irish mixed, so I was told afterwards. 'Owever, they looked pretty floating in the breeze, and nobody knowed the difference, so wot's the odds? So no more till next week, Mr. Editor, when let us 'ope the peace will 'ave subsided.

SELINA JENKINS

(wrote on June 2nd, Peace Day).

P.S.—'Ooray! 'Ooray! 'Ooray!!!!!!



Circus Procession in Cheltenham.



Photo by F. Mason, Cheltenham.



Photo by W. A. Ashcroft, Cheltenham.



It is stated that the Prince of Wales, the Chancellor of the University of Wales, has promised to visit Cardiff next year, to preside at a congregation of the University for the admission to degrees of those selected for that honour who were unable to attend the recent installation at Carnarvon.



# THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 76.

SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1902

## Gloucestershire Gossip.

Better late than never even for the Volunteers to celebrate Peace. I confess I was disappointed that the several hundred Volunteers in the two principal towns of the county were not called up, or did not turn out spontaneously, on the Monday night to march through their respective towns and give a much-wanted tone to the street "Mafficking" and fire a *feu de joie*, the same that the Cheltenham College cadets did, with three rounds of blank, in the afternoon. The civic celebrations at church and cathedral were timely and quite right and proper, but I do not see why the Volunteers could not have been turned out at short notice and have gratified the national sentiment at full tide. But our citizen soldiers made amends on the following Sunday. In Cheltenham we were treated to the novelty of a drum-head service. This was arranged for the Montpellier Gardens, but, in view of our erratic climate, the Winter Garden had been secured as an alternative refuge, and the precaution turned out to be a wise one. I am sorry the invitation to the numerous military and naval officers of the town to attend in uniform at the service was not accepted, even in a single instance, as the opportunities for fraternisation between the regular and reserve forces are so few and far between. Gloucester, possessing the superior advantage of a big cathedral, had a grand service in it, if anything too long, as it occupied quite two hours. Altogether Peace Sunday in the county was one to be remembered.

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Now that the war is over I hope there will be vigorous organised action to perpetuate the names of the brave Gloucestershire men who fought, and many of whom bled and died, for their country. I know it would be a long list, even if limited to the county regiments, but that would not be complete, as many Gloucestershire good and true men served in other corps. The names of the fallen certainly ought to be handed down by the grateful present generation to what I hope may be an appreciative posterity. Perhaps the best and simplest way would be for each town and parish to ascertain the names of their departed ones and then arrange for a memorial tablet to them to be placed in some public building or the parish church. The deceased Yeomen, as I mentioned some time ago, are to have a mural monument in Gloucester Cathedral. The "Graphic" has occasionally given photographs of private memorials; and I doubt not that the files of the "Echo" and "Chronicle" could furnish much valuable information in tracing the names of the dead heroes, Gloucestershire born and bred, as they say. A respect tablet or scroll for Cheltonians other than O.C.'s could have suitable place of honour in the new Town-hall. I am afraid it would be a much longer one than the names of the 12 officers and

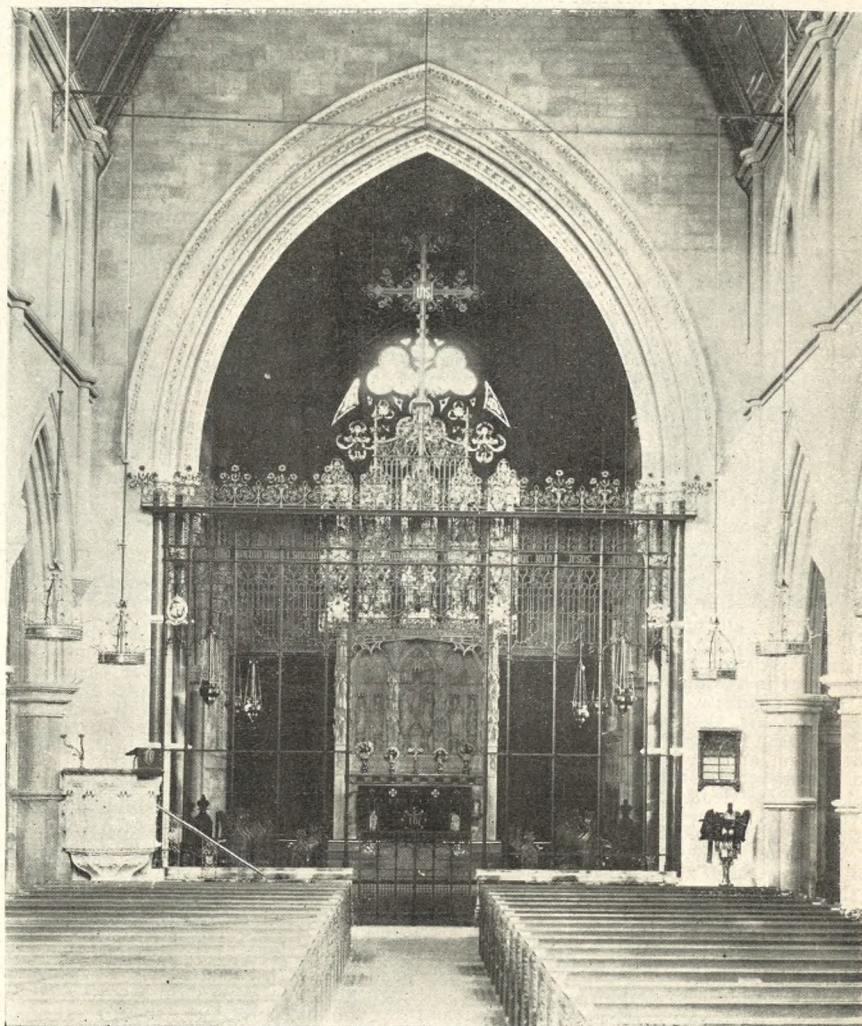


Photo by G. H. Martyn and Sons,

Cheltenham.

## New Chancel Screen, SS. Philip and James, Leckhampton.

15 men connected with Cheltenham who fell in the Crimea that are engraved on the bases of the Russian cannon at the top of the Promenade.

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The death of the Rev. A. W. Ellis-Viner, for 53 years vicar of Badgeworth, reminds me that the incumbents of the parishes round about Chosen Hill living at the end of the last century enjoyed long life and tenure of office. The late Rev. Dr. Smithe put in 45 years at Churchdown, the Rev. C. Heath was 33 years vicar of Hucclecote, while Canon Maddy has held the rectory of Down Hatherley for 46 years. Mr. Ellis-Viner, I am glad

to hear, left the living to his old college at Oxford. He must have seen many changes and improvements in his church. One who well remembers the edifice before its restoration in 1867-8 states that it had a three-decker pulpit, curtained pews, including one to seat a solitary person; the choir sat in St. Margaret's Chapel at a long white deal desk, and the schoolmaster sounded the first note of each Psalm on a big black flute. The restoration of the village cross in the churchyard, upon which, according to tradition, butter used to be exposed for sale, was a recent very creditable act of the late vicar.

GLEANER.

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## THE EVIL HOUR,

By JOHN BLOUNDELLE-BURTON

(Author of "The Hispaniola Plate," etc.).

Geoff Amery sat in the mule pass—or, rather, in a small half-moon recess about four feet long and cut back from the path itself—and gazed down to the Colorado River five thousand feet below him. Five thousand feet below him, and with nothing between him and that river but the three foot wide path, or pass, and the mirage which the afternoon sun caused. Nothing else!

If he pushed a stone over, which he did in idleness once or twice while lying face downwards with his head beyond the edge of the precipice so that he might watch his descent, he could see it fall and fall and fall till it disappeared out of sight, though he knew that it was still a long way off the valley through which the Colorado was running. If he saw something which looked like a fly far down in that valley he knew that it was a crow or a vulture; if he perceived something that looked like a dog he knew it was a mule or a horse, while if it had some little thing like a big doll on its back, he knew that that thing was a Maricopa Indian if it had any red cloth about it, or an Apache if it was all black, or a Yavapai if it was of a yellow hue—since those of that tribe generally ride naked.

By Geoff's side stood a New Mexico girl, yellow-brown in complexion but with large handsome eyes and teeth white as pearls, between which she held a cigarette, or *parpados*; her black hair was coiled and looped up under a red silk handkerchief, her little mouth had a down on it that an Oxford undergraduate might have envied, and her long, thin, yellow-brown, or brown-yellow, hand rested on the carved wooden handle of a sheathless knife. Along this path, one behind the other, stood two mules—there was not room for them to stand side by side—who were making a diversified meal of leaves, grass, and thistles, while the occasional crunch of their teeth told that they had occasionally come across a stone for variety.

"Give us a whiff of the *parpados*, Bonita," Geoff Amery said now. "My old briar-root is foul. Then bring the gourd and let's have a drink. It's too hot to go on yet."

Obedient to the man's request the girl took the great cigarette out of her lips and put it between his, then she squeezed her lithe body between the shelving wall of the plateau above them and the body of the first mule, and got the gourd, after which she squeezed back to where Geoff Amery sat in the recess. Then she sat down by his side, took a drink out of the gourd and handed it to him.

"We go on soon, Geoff," she said, "otherwise we miss him. We must no miss him."

"No fear! We won't miss him, Boni. Only when we catch him, no nonsense, you know. No drawing back at the last moment like one does at the dentist's door. None of that. Did you ever have a tooth out, Boni?"

For answer the girl opened her mouth wide, and showed the man a faultless double row of teeth—flawless and perfect: whereupon the latter continued—

"That's all right. But remember my words. No drawing back. We've got to kill him. You or I."

"You or I," and the girl bleated out a little laugh while her dark eyes sparkled. "You or I. Big Englishman or Mexican gal. British or Greaser. Oh, yes. We kill him. All right."

"He stole my poor old partner's money and he stole his wife," Amery continued. "And half the money's mine."

"He stole my sister and he kill my mother. Heart break. Now I break him."

"I'll have the first go," said Amery. "If he kills me you have the next. We'll do him between us."

"We do him," the girl said, taking the cigarette out of the man's mouth and putting it in her own. "We do him what you English call 'fair.'"

"If he pips me, you shoot him the minute

after. Don't wait to give him a chance. If you see me stagger or fall, let drive with the popgun. Don't forget."

"Never forget. All right. All right. Have another drink?"

"No. Let's get on. The sun's behind the plateau now, and the mules have finished their repast. Come on, Boni."

"All right. All right. Come on."

The two mules were each brought forward to the front of the recess, and, one by one, these two companions, the handsome Englishman, who looked in his Arizona clothes like a brick-layer, and the beautiful Mexican girl who looked as if she had stepped out of the chorus of Carmen, each mounted their animal. Then they sat as still as death upon their mules—for now a bump against the wall of rock at their side, even the slightest over-balancing might send mule and rider over that three or four foot-wide path, down and down—and still down!—five thousand feet. As still as death they sat, each watching with lowered eyes their mule as, with its fore feet, it felt every stone that was loose and scraped every piece of earth it put a foot on before it drew forward another, yet never stopped in its slow progression or made a false step. And, if one of the animals seemed to slide or slip or waver, each rider drew a breath, while Geoff Amery thought of his old mother at home in Surrey, and Bonita thought of her poor little sister now living a life of despair in Sacramento. And each cursed a man called George Peters, as they so thought; Geoff Amery doing it inwardly in honest Anglo-Saxon, and Bonita with little sonorous words that hissed through her white teeth and parted red lips.

"Christopher Columbus!" Geoff Amery exclaimed suddenly. "Look what's ahead of us, Boni. Four yards ahead! And we can't stop these darned mules here or get off either. There's no room. Look, Boni."

"See. See. I see," the girl said. "Don't want to stop. No good to us. We each got one. Now, he not got one. Let it lie there."

"Lie there! Suppose he comes back for it."

"He can come back. He no get it. He no force himself past us. Past you. Big Englishman. If he come back we kill him dead. Oh! yes. Damn."

"I don't know about that," Geoffrey said. "We've each got a pistol, he's got none"—

for what they had each seen on the narrow lip of the precipice was a revolver, and they felt sure it must be George Peters who had been a few miles ahead of them all along this pass three hundred miles in length. "I don't know about that. We musn't shoot him any way now. We've our pistols, and he has none. That wouldn't be straight, Boni."

"You're a fool. All Englishmen fools. Talk too much about 'straight' and 'honour.' You shoot him, else you're a fool. If you not shoot him, I will. I no Englishman."

"We'll see about that. You won't shoot him if I can help it. Hullo!" he said. "He is coming back. Now for a holy fight. The chap who fell out of the parachute at Salt Lake City won't be in it with one of us in ten minutes' time. 'An aerial fight' one of the local papers called it. Perhaps they'll call ours 'an aerial fight.' Here he comes."

"And there he'll go," Bonita said, pointing below to where the silver thread of the Colorado River—which was in reality a broad stream—glistened. "You bet. Him or you or all of us. P'raps all. God knows."

"So, Mr. Peters," Geoff called out, "we've got you, eh? Got you straight and fair. Where's this yellow girl's sister and where's my partner's wife, and where's his and my money? You dirty dog! A horse thief wouldn't be found dead in a drain with you."

"So you've been tracking me, have you, you and that lizard-looking girl? And you think you've got the drop on me? 'Straight and fair,' eh?"

"I know I have."

"How, sonny? Do you want to have what the French call a 'tournyamong' on this three foot wide path with mules for war 'osses, and see which can knock the other over?"

"We shoot you dead," Bonita said, pulling out her revolver.

"You might," Peters said. "You're only

a darned nigger thing. Amery won't. I've dropped my revolver. Let me go back and get it. Then p'raps we'll do some shooting. I though then it's two to one."

"You don't squeeze past here," Geoff said. "To give Geoff's mule a push over!" added Bonita.

"And you can't back your mule along the precipice to the Springs, thirty miles away. Therefore, come off your mule, and we'll have the tournament on foot. Either you or I—or both of us—are going over this edge for a fight of five thousand feet."

"Are you mad?" Peters asked, blanching white. "And, besides, you've got your popgun, and so has the girl."

"Have I," said Geoff. "There see! It's gone ahead of you or me," and, in an instant, he had flung his own revolver into the mile of space below him.

"Damn fool," hissed Bonita behind.

"He is," said Peters. "You're right, Boni. Look here," and with a hideous grin he pulled out a revolver from his blouse and cocked it. "Now we're level. I can shoot as straight as the gal. Did you think I'd only one gun?" and he laughed. "Then, suddenly, he cried, "Man! What are you doing? I tell you it's death for both of us."

"I'm coming to meet you," said Geoff as he got sideways off the mule, his back to the space below, when, holding on to the girth and the saddle, he proceeded to wriggle under the mule's neck, while as he did so Bonita screamed and Peters roared. "You fool! You fool! You'll pull the mule over on top of you in a minute," and the mule itself, trembling at what its intelligence told it was a fearful risk, shivered and shook and whimpered piteously even as it stuck out its hind and fore legs as though to resist the weight on its side—and that the side which was towards the space.

Then, suddenly, Bonita shrieked again and Peters felt the perspiration streaming down his chest.

Geoff's right foot had slipped; the edge of the precipice had given under the weight of that foot; his right leg was hanging down over the ledge. He had only his left foot on the lip of the precipice now, and the girth of the saddle and the saddle itself—and the mule's strength—to save him from annihilation. And the girth might, probably would, break under his weight!

The animal was screaming with fear by this time, but still it struggled to save itself. And Geoff knew and understood all: he knew the creature must topple over in a moment. He knew, too, that the girth might break or the saddle slip round or a piece more of the ledge give way—and then—then—he would have no foothold at all! Nothing except the mule's mane or legs to cling to with his hands. How long would that last? How long before the mule would be dragged over and then—

He stooped down, releasing the saddle and getting thus his right hand on the earth between the animal's forelegs, but with it well planted in the middle of the track; slowly he brought his left hand down the stirrup-leather—the mule moaning horribly with a fresh fear although now relieved of half the man's weight: he planted that second hand also in the middle of the path directly beneath where the strained girth was, and he let his left leg also hang over the precipice.

Thus he was supporting himself now by his two hands pressed upon the path and his straight stiff arms, even as a gymnast does.

"Tell the mule in Spanish to back, Boni," he cried. "Tell it to. Not forward, or it will be between me and him, and I shall not be able to get at him."

"God!" murmured Peters. And he felt faint and as though he would fall over.

"*Hacer Retroceder*," cried Bonita to the mule, and a moment later the frightened, trembling creature stepped back, lifting each of its forelegs inward towards the slope while backing, thereby to avoid touching the man's arms.

As it did so, leaving a length of some six feet clear between itself and Geoff, the latter exerted the great muscles of his shoulders, bore all his weight on his straight, iron-like arms, and drew his body up on to the path.

"Now, Mr. Peters," he cried, as he rose to

Gloucester Pioneer Club Fete at Bowden Hall.



MAYPOLE DANCING.



MAYPOLE DANCING.



MISS BEALE'S BAND.

Photos by A. H. Pitcher,



GLOUCESTER ARTILLERY BAND.

College Court, Gloucester.

his feet, "I will attend to you. Boni, keep him covered with your revolver. If he drops his hands to lift the revolver, shoot; if he doesn't, drop yours. Here goes for your sister, my partner's wife, and our dollars." "Let him go loose," cried Bonita. "Your life too good to risk for a rat." "I can't. He can't back thirty miles to the Springs, and we can't pass him to get there. And we can't turn round to go back. Over he goes." The girl had kept her revolver on Peters all the time that Geoff had been saving himself from the awful peril in which he had stood; and she kept it there now as the latter advanced towards the other. The other, who, as his Nemesis came towards him, trembled and shook like a leaf, fearing that the evil hour had come at last. Nor did he know what to do. Once that man's hand was on his bridle the mule he rode must go over, and he with it; and Amery would but have to loose the bridle to be safe himself; to stand gloating above till he and the beast disappeared into space. "Mercy!" he screamed now; the heart all gone out of him, "Mercy!" "Ay. Such as you showed her sister, Mercedes. Such as you showed my partner's wife. As you showed our dollars." And Amery drew near—close—as he spoke. "I pity your—poor mule!" he said. His hand went out to catch the creature's

bridle—the creature which, seeing its own deadly danger, backed away whimpering even worse than Geoff's mule had done. And now Geoff's hand was on the reins, another moment and the wrench to the mule's head would be given, the end, the hour, would have come. Peters's hands dropped as though to seize the other man's hands so as to prevent them giving that one sharp turn that would force the mule over, that would hurl man and beast through the air, when a pistol shot rang out and the hands dropped by his side. His body swayed and fell forward on the mule's neck, the blood from his forehead ran down over the animal's mane and dripped on the white path. "Why did you shoot, Bonita?" Geoff asked, turning his head towards the girl, while he now held the two sides of the mule's bridle firmly to prevent it falling over with its ghastly burden. "Why?" "He drop his hands to take revolver. He mean shoot you through blouse. I too quick for him. Throw him over." "I would have spared him at the end," Geoff said. "I know now what it is to have been over the precipice." "I wouldn't," said Bonita. "He spared none. Now we take 'nother smoke and drink. Then think how we back or go on. We can't stop on this path all night, and with him there. Thro' him over or I will. But we'll

save the mule. He worth hundred dollars." And she held the gourd to Geoff's lips.

Next Week: "Hasheesh," by Ernest Glanville.

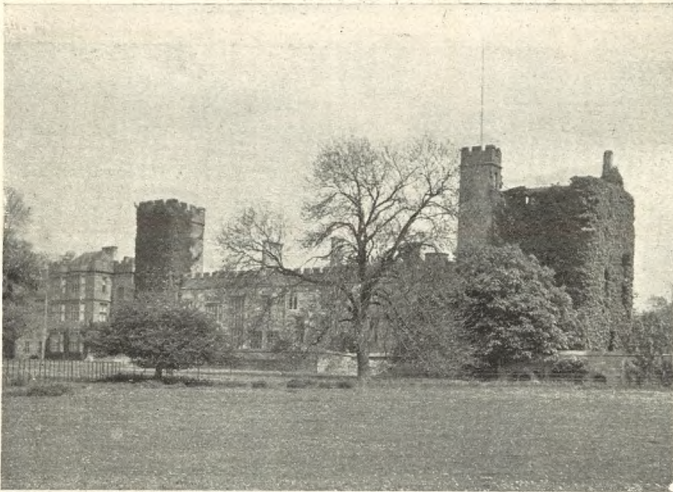
[\* Copyright in the United States of America by D. T. Pierce.]



The Duke of Fife has been appointed by the King to succeed his Grace of Wellington in the Coronation office of Lord High Constable—an office which the Great Duke filled thrice. It is also "understood" that the Duke of Fife will be created an extra K.G. It is not unlikely that the first K.G. of the Duff dynasty will figure on the very limited list of those who have been privileged to wear the Garter and the Thistle both together.



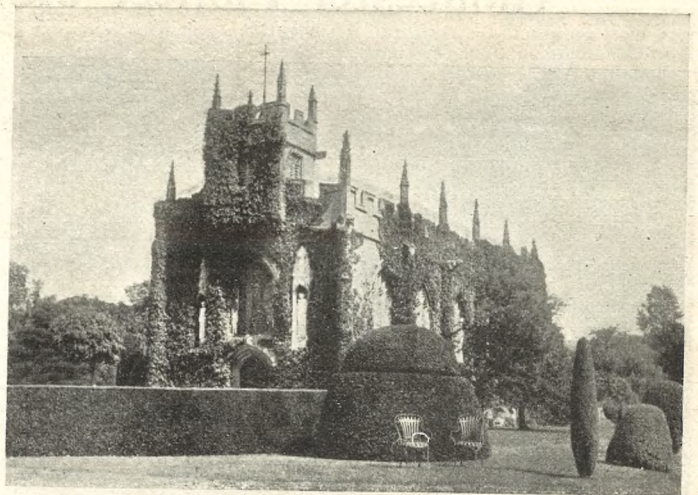
Lord Windsor on Monday afternoon, at the Shire-hall, Worcester, unveiled a bust of the late Sir Douglas Galton. The bust, which is regarded as a faithful representation of the deceased gentleman, is the work of Mr. Brock, R.A., and was subscribed for by the justices, members of the county council, and others, and is intended to be placed in the judges' lodgings.



SUDELEY CASTLE.

Photo by F. R. Willis,

Cheltenham.



ST. MARY'S CHURCH, SUDELEY MANOR.

Photo by R. A. Reeks,

Evesham.

## "Selina Jenkins" Letters.

### SELINA JENKINS GIVES AN "AT HOME."

[1st Instalment.]

Oh, yes! Mr. Editor, we've had an "At Home" in honner of the Peace Celebrations, and a very "himportant function" it were, too, as the papers do say. Why, we 'ad Royalty with us, Miss Tompkins's cousin Jane's young man (or "fancy," as they calls the young fellows at "At Homes") being engaged on the personal establishment of 'IS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY (hats off) as a stable-boy, wich 'e knows a good deal more about the doin's of modern society than even the King 'imself do, I'll be bound, and its wonderful wot storys 'e can tell up about foreign nobles and their sweets, wich 'e always speaks of the Primer as "Salisbury," quite friendly like, and 'e do say that 'onct 'IS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY (hats off) carried on a hannimated conversation with our Jim, that being 'is name, for upwards of a minute, respecting whether a 'orse as 'e were grooming were suffering from the over-feedings or the foot-and-mouth disease, wich it's very entertaining to 'ear 'im talk, 'e being given like me to 'riting to the papers, as superscribes to "Modern Sassiety" regular articles on Court life, although I will say it's a wonder to me 'ow 'is spelling do come out so well in print! 'Owever, "to our muttuns," as the French sayin' goes (French being the correct thing to drag in whenever you can manage it at "At Homes"), I'll tell you 'ow we come to think of 'aving an "At Home."

Several of our friends 'ave so far forgot theirselves as to get married on the strength of the declaration of peace, and instead of the usual bit of cake they sends along a mysterious card, with a harrow drove through the young fieldmale's name, and in the bottom corner the words "AT HOME. (Date) 2-4.30." Seein' as 'ow the young couples was at home weeks before and years after the day mentioned, it looked a bit odd, as you mite say. So I says to meself, "Selina," says I, "there's more in this than meets the heye! We must look it hup!" So I sallys 4th and buys me a 1d. volume on "Ettiquette for Ladies," and there it all were down in print as "the latest and most aristeroeratic amusement of the hage, wherein is combined all the refinement of the tea-meeting with the warmth of the family circle; an amusement in which the artisan may rival the peer, and, for a time, the tradesman's wife may satisfy her yearnings to enter society." "You don't say!" thinks I to meself. "That's the very thing for Selina; we'll 'ave a 'At Home' to celebrate the great peace."

So me and Mary Ann Tompkins puts our

'eads together, and with the 'elp of "Ettiquette for Ladies" we gets out the cards like this 'ere:—

SELINA MARY JENKINS.  
MARY ANN TOMPKINS.  
AT HOME.  
June 10th. 2-4.30. Scrubs Villa  
(Please mind the steps  
as they ain't safe).

We 'rote the cards, so as not to be too extravagant, and a nice job it were, too, with thick ink on these 'ere shaney cards, and well-nigh every one of them spelt different! It were my idea to put that there about the front door steps, one of them 'aving a 'ole in the middle, as mite 'ave been the death of Mrs. Gaskins, she being a very tidy weight, and not 'aving paid attention to the directions, as slipped down through this 'ere 'ole, and fairly extinguished a beautiful future, as were out in full flower on the second step. 'Owever, as I was a-sayin', we sends out 20 of these 'ere invitations to all the people as we wanted to make jealous, and, you mark my words, they 'ad the required effect, as they says about them Pale Pills for Pink People! I tell you wot it is, wot with hus 'anging out flags from the bedroom winders and putting up "E.R." over the front door, and the crowds of callers, the neighbours thought as it were another war declared or somethink, and they too, put out banners all up and down our row, not thinking as they was existing at our festivities! Did we ask the neighbours? No. us! In the book on "Ettiquette for Ladies" it gives us to understand as it were bad form to invite them as lived close to you, as could see al the preparations going on, and the bottles of lemonade and little cakes coming in to the front door; besides you wants to ask them as is above you, and don't associate with you as a rule, and not just your friends and neighbours as you can 'ave any day! When you 'as "At Homes" you must invite them as will come and see everythink spick and span without spying the preparations, and all the eatables must be on the sideboard same as if they'd a-growed there, not like a niece of mine, as 'ad rather 'igh-flown ideas, and 'ired 3 pine-apples to go on 'er table for a party so as to look expensive and luxury-like, and, you mark my words, if some of them young fellows as was there didn't cut a slice out of each, while she were out of the room attending to the blanc-mange, as couldn't be got to come out of the mould no-how, wich 'er 'ad to pay 25s. of 'er 'ard-earned cash for them pine-apples, and, wot's more, everybody got to know as they was only 'ired for show because of the little maid, as was also 'ired just for the hevening, a-busting in on the company a-sayin' "Please, missis, the man's come to

ask if you've done with them pine-apples you borrowed."

Well, 'ere we was, me and Mary Ann Tompkins, dressed up to the 9's, as you mite say, and waitin' to receive our gwesteses. We 'ad a little girl in to be the "maid" and wait on the companv, bein' the one as I 'as in to do a bit of scrubbing now and then, and a very 'andy girl in many ways, but very 'ard of 'earing, as made it awkward in announcing the names. F'rinstances, there were Mrs. Crofton, as were considered to be rather a catch to get at a "At Home," 'aving been 'ousemaid in a Duke's famby, as this 'ere Maria announced by the name of Mrs. Coughdrop; and Mrs. Gaskins, after she'd 'ad that there awkward fall on the steps, were so 'orrified as you can't think to 'ear 'er name shouted hout as "Catskins," Maria not forgetting to shout the names hout at the top of 'er voice as it said in "Ettiquette for Ladies" ought to be did in good-class "At Homes." The company all brought their names with them, 'rote on a piece of card, except Jim—'im as 'ad spoken to 'IS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY ('ats off)—he said this weren't done in Royal circles, only amongst common people and sich like, wich 'e looked very well with "E.R." and a crown on 'is buttons, and I will say looked every hinch a soldier, only that 'e wasn't one.

We wasn't over-well off for music, that was our little difficulty. In "Ettiquette for Ladies" it said that it was usual to 'ave a band or summat out on the lawn, but, bless yer 'eart and soul, our bit of grass wouldn't 'old a band, not unless they wos to stand on each other's shoulders like a circus show, so we took the bull by the 'orns, and bespoke a Hightalian organ-grinder to come out into the back yard and perform, wich we ordered 'im on no account not to begin until the company was arrived, we 'aving decided as we'd all sing a verse of the Natural Anthem with "organ" accompaniments in honner of the peacefulness of the past week or so!

So we got 'im and 'is music out into the back, and gave 'im a drop of warm water to wash 'is face and 'ands with, 'e not 'aving 'ad time to do so since war broke out, so 'e did say (and 'e looked like it, that 'e did!) and us got all ready up in the front parlour, with a lot of little sugary cakes all placed out pretty on the side-board, and "Welcome, beluvved" 'rote on a card to 'ang in the 'all, and all the electric-plate as we could mustard between us spread hout "in reckless confusion," as the sayin' is.

But my 'eart stands still, and I feels as if a good strong cup of tea 'd do me good when I thinks of the remainder of this 'ere "At Home," so I'll tell you the rest of the unappy story next week, if I'm spared, Mr. Editor. One week's "Graphic" wouldn't never 'old my tail of woe. So no more till then.

SELINA MARY JENKINS.



Photo by E. M. Bailey,

**CHEL TENHAM CROQUET TOURNAMENT, CHARLTON PARK, JUNE, 1902.**

Cheltenham.

**The People's Palace, London.**

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**MR. DYER EDWARDES'S PRINCELY CONTRIBUTION OF AN ORGAN.**

Gloucestershire and Gloucestershire Graphic," to be issued on June 28, will establish a record in local newspaper production. The main sheet, with its eight large pages, will be brimful of the week's news, including special telegraphic reports, the fullest obtainable in England, of the splendid and world-wondering Coronation pageant, and also detailed reports of the local celebrations. The "Graphic" will be double the usual size (sixteen pages), will be printed in crimson and purple on neat art paper of superior quality and extra thickness, and will be embellished with many beautiful pictures. These include life-like presentations of the King and Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince Edward of York, and the late Queen Victoria; pictures of the four royal residences, of the King opening Parliament, of Westminster Abbey and Edward the Confessor's Tomb and the Coronation Chair; a fine sketch of Cheltenham's New Town Hall; facsimile of the Coronation Medal to be presented to the school children of the town, &c. &c. In addition there is the literary side of the supplement, which includes an interesting and appropriate Coronation Article. So that altogether, as we have indicated, the issue will be unique in the annals of local journalism. The price is twopenny, which is less than the publishing cost, and the edition is strictly limited to ten thousand copies. Our friends had better, therefore, give their orders at once to their usual newsagents or to us at either of our offices. Several hundreds of copies have already been booked.

need of technical classes covering a wide range of trades and occupations is being to a large extent supplied at least to the East End and most neglected portion of London by this noble institution, in which it is pleasing to note Gloucestershire has played a creditable part. Besides these, science lectures, organ recitals, concerts, and so forth are constantly being given at this well-named People's Palace.

**The Coronation Number.**

The Coronation number of the "Cheltenham Chronicle and Gloucestershire Graphic," to be issued on June 28, will establish a record in local newspaper production. The main sheet, with its eight large pages, will be brimful of the week's news, including special telegraphic reports, the fullest obtainable in England, of the splendid and world-wondering Coronation pageant, and also detailed reports of the local celebrations. The "Graphic" will be double the usual size (sixteen pages), will be printed in crimson and purple on neat art paper of superior quality and extra thickness, and will be embellished with many beautiful pictures. These include life-like presentations of the King and Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince Edward of York, and the late Queen Victoria; pictures of the four royal residences, of the King opening Parliament, of Westminster Abbey and Edward the Confessor's Tomb and the Coronation Chair; a fine sketch of Cheltenham's New Town Hall; facsimile of the Coronation Medal to be presented to the school children of the town, &c. &c. In addition there is the literary side of the supplement, which includes an interesting and appropriate Coronation Article. So that altogether, as we have indicated, the issue will be unique in the annals of local journalism. The price is twopenny, which is less than the publishing cost, and the edition is strictly limited to ten thousand copies. Our friends had better, therefore, give their orders at once to their usual newsagents or to us at either of our offices. Several hundreds of copies have already been booked.

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STAGE STRUCK.

By MRS. KENDAL

(Author of "Dramatic Opinions," etc.).

Life is full of surprises even to the most mature and sceptic of us.

To a busy actress one rich source of surprise is the increasing number of stage-struck people who clamour for a hearing; another the amazing unfitness and still more amazing self-confidence of a large proportion of them.

It is my lot to interview many would-be actors and actresses—sometimes out of curiosity, sometimes out of compassion for their wearisome persistence, often with real hope that I may discover a new Talma or Rachel—and to receive letters by the score about their "burning zeal" or "burning desire"—it is always a "burning" something—to go upon the stage.

On the whole it is easy to be kind, but hard sometimes to be serious.

After long years of experience, I am suspicious, for instance, of the following sort of letter:—

"Dear Madam,—Your kindness is proverbial, and I venture to trespass upon it. It is my ardent desire—a desire that nothing can daunt—to go upon the stage. I have played several times in our local theatricals, and each time, if I may say so, with great success. Will you hear me recite? I should be eternally grateful to you, and I shall know your verdict to be a right one. I feel sure, however, of your encouragement, once you have heard me.

"Believe me," etc.

What the writer has actually in mind runs probably more like this:—

"Dear Madam,—You are proverbially difficult to please, but as all my friends keep telling me what a genius I am, and as I have implicit faith in my friends, you will be losing an immense opportunity if you do not hear me recite. If you, with your poor talents, have managed to attain a position, what can I not do? Please appoint time and place, for your own sake, as quickly as possible.

"Believe me," etc.

With this kind of epistle a photograph is often enclosed—the quicker to convince me, I wonder? I have a collection of these photographs. Among the men's, there are a number which look as if the originals would make exceedingly nice hairdressers and tailors; and as to the women, there must be many not long destined for this world, so strained, so heavenward-at-any-cost is their gaze.

When there is no photograph the letter may conclude with a description of the writer's personal charms—or what he conceives to be his charms. Here are extracts from two letters I actually possess:—

(1) "I am considered good-looking by many who ought to know, tall, splendid figure, perfect enunciation, could play young lover, would not object to good character role, though prefer leading part."

(2) "My friends tell me that my face is made for the stage. That, of course, is an exaggeration, but I venture to think you will be struck by my general appearance.

I was struck—dumb. In my household, people who come to recite in order to test their dramatic capabilities are familiarly known as "To-be-heards." The average girl To-be-heard, even if she has a roof to her mouth—not so common a blessing, apparently, as one would imagine—thinks nothing of a slight impediment in her speech, a stammer or lisp; it does not strike her as a drawback when her voice proceeds from the one spot nature never intended it should proceed from; she will be either short and stubby, with leanings towards domestic drama, or tall and thin and ambitious to play ingenue parts. Her recitation, if not a lugubrious account of a shipwreck, is almost certain to be Queen Catherine's Appeal to Wolsey. A reasonably cheerful recitation I have long given up hoping for; in fact, nine out of ten To-be-heards openly doubt one's ability to detect their talent ("their real talent, you know!")

unless they have full scope for startled looks, rapid breathing, and the usual cries and moans.

The most wildly stage-struck lady has her moment of cheerfulness, however; but it comes later, when the recitation is finished, and when I am duly depressed. Once the ordeal of reciting is over, her self-confidence returns unabated, she smiles indulgently when I begin my apologetic fault-finding, lightly grants that she ought perhaps to learn voice-production, elocution, gesture, deportment, etc., assures me ingenuously that it is just luck whether people "arrive" or not, and leaves me wondering how far she is right and how far I am wrong! After all, who can blame these self-confidents? They have but to look round to find instances in every phase of life where greater temerity than theirs has been justified.

More than one girl whose recitation failed to impress me—fell flat, in fact—has confided to me that she nevertheless "burns inside." When I suggest, as I have several times suggested, that there may be a simpler explanation of "inside burning" than a call to an exceedingly hard profession, she is incredulous. On the same line of argument a man gravely informed me not long ago that he had an "under-current"—whether of pain or enthusiasm he did not say.

These are the people who confound a confused emotionalism with a vocation for art. Add some indiscriminately-admiring relatives, and you have a typical stage-struck man or woman.

Mothers and fathers often write. They describe a beautiful girl or a handsome boy, "who displays such extraordinary powers of dramatic expression that they feel more than justified in venturing to address me." Both boy and girl are probably bright and intelligent, nothing more.

It is when mothers accompany their children that I really tremble. They—the mothers—wear such a look of expectancy, such a "your-opinion-a-foregone-conclusion" air! I know at once that, short of rushing up to their child and, overcome with emotion, murmuring between my sobs of delight, "At last! at last! what I have waited for, a genius!" I must sink hopelessly, irremediably in their estimation, not merely as an actress, but as a human being. They have rehearsed the scene so often to themselves, poor dears! In some cases, I am sure, they have even written an imaginary notice:—"Mrs. So-and-So's chief, perhaps only, title to celebrity lies in the fact that she was among the first to perceive and acclaim the extraordinary genius of the now world-renowned Miss Topsy Jones, etc., etc."

It must not be thought that I never meet with genuine talent among the many who honour me by seeking advice—or, more truthfully, the many who honour me by seeking confirmation of their own opinion. I suspect real aptitude in the girl who wrote imploring me to take her in "my" company, failing which could I find her a place as chambermaid in any hotel—such elasticity is the very breath of art, and I always regret I could not see her.

Not long ago a gentle little American lady came to me with a perplexed countenance. She had suddenly lost all her money, and which did I think would be the more lucrative, to "raise" chickens, or to go upon the stage? She recited, and it was with delight I felt able to urge her to combine chicken-raising with a professional career. She was undoubtedly clever, and I often wonder which of her employments she found most profitable.

It is flattering, of course, to find one's profession so eagerly sought after, but the following conversation I had the other day with the aunt of a wilful niece has left me wondering:—

Aunt: Do you think Sarah could go on the stage?

M.: My dear, Sarah has never shown the slightest aptitude nor evinced the least desire, she has a strong German accent, and is so shortsighted as to be practically blind!

Aunt: But she must earn a living somehow! She can't teach, she knows nothing to teach. She hates music, so she can't even give music lessons. She can't be a companion, because the only sort of person who could put up with her as companion would never re-

quire a companion. So she must go on the stage!

To those indomitable spirits who still contemplate asking my advice, I would say one word in conclusion. Do your relatives, particularly your aunts, really and truly think you a genius? If so, you cannot be too careful or too diffident. If, however, in spite of your relatives' admiration, and after long heart-searchings, you are yourself convinced of your dramatic powers, then try your luck, put your shoulder to the wheel and do not look back.



Next week: "The Body's Commissariat," by Dr. Andrew Wilson.

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RESTORATION OF GREAT WASHBOURNE CHURCH.

After a partial restoration the Parish Church of St. Mary, Great Washbourne, was re-opened on Saturday afternoon by the Ven. Archdeacon of Cirencester. The work has included a practically new roof to the nave, the discovery and opening of a window in the north wall, and general cleansing. Some traces of fresco painting were found on the walls, and these have been preserved. The builders were Messrs. Collins and Godfrey, and the cost has been about £150, only £50 of which has yet been received by the vicar. The church is a very ancient building, in the Early English style, and consists of chancel, nave, vestry, and bell turret. It can seat 100 persons. There was a large congregation on Saturday. Archdeacon Hayward, accompanied by the vicar (Rev. C. R. Covey, who is also rector of the adjoining parish of Alderton) and the Rev. C. H. Fairfax (vicar of Dumbleton), entered the church from the vestry, and after the usual dedicatory exhortation and prayers, "God Save the King" was sung, and Evening Prayer was said, the Rev. C. R. Covey officiating. The first lesson was read by the Rev. C. H. Fairfax, and the second lesson by Archdeacon Hayward. Mr. H. J. R. Covey was at the organ. Ascending the pulpit the Archdeacon took for his text, "I was glad when they said unto me, we will go into the house of the Lord" (Psalm cxxii., 7). Towards the conclusion of an address on the necessity of a prayerful attendance at Divine worship, the preacher said it was only a partial restoration they were commemorating that day. Before that church was at its best they must go further—it was not what they might make it if they gave their minds to the work. Those high seats, in which he could not help noticing that no one could kneel down properly, the roof in the chancel, which was very different then to the roof of the nave, needed attention. Well as they had done, they had only begun the work, and he asked and implored all to go on, and make it a subject of prayer. He was told that some £120 was still left as a debt on the work, and he asked them to do something that day towards reducing that amount. But they must not stop there: they must ask God, from Whom all good things came, that He would put it into the hearts of those interested in the church, not only to make an effort to wipe off the debt, but to go further on with the work of restoration. If they only realised the value of prayer, they would live nearer to their Heavenly Father, and be able to understand what the Psalmist meant when he sang, "I was glad when they said unto me, we will go into the house of the Lord."

Little Prince Leopold, the future King of the Belgians, has just been christened by Cardinal-Archbishop Goossens. King Leopold was his godfather.



Crowd waiting on Deputy-Mayor (Ald. Baker), the Mayor being out of town.



Volunteers muster at the Cross.



Formal declaration by the Mayor (T. W. Moore, Esq.) at the Town Hall.



Parading the Streets.



Emblematic Car in Torchlight Procession in Evening.

## 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.

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

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

The winner of the 75th competition is Mr. Jesse Price, of Bank House, Tewkesbury, with his peace pictures.

Entries for the 76th competition closed this (Saturday) morning, June 14th, 1902, and in subsequent competitions entries will close on the Saturday morning preceding the award, so as to allow time for adjudication and reproduction.



GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL NAVE DECORATED FOR PEACE SUNDAY.

Photo by Mr. S. W. Underwood,

Deputy Organist.

## Cheltenham Churches Fifty Years Ago.

It has been said, with a great deal of truth, that if the spas made Cheltenham it was the Church that established it, for when the spas had lost their power to attract the town would have rapidly declined had it not been for the men who occupied the pulpits of our Anglican and Free Churches. A hundred years ago Cheltenham possessed but one Episcopal church, and the only chapels belonging to the Dissenters were those of the Unitarians (close to Albion-street, now pulled down), the Baptists (a small building that occupied the same site as the Bethel Chapel of to-day), and the Friends, whose present meeting-house adjoined the one in which they met from 1660 to 1836. Thanks to the foresight of that munificent clergyman, the late Rev. J. Simeon, the Church of England's representatives in Cheltenham have for the last eighty years been of the Evangelical school of thought, while, possibly from the splendid example set them by the Anglican clergy no less than from the devotion and whole-hearted service of their own pastors, Nonconformity has so progressed side by side with the Established Church that Cheltenham as an Evangelical centre holds a reputation second to none. The town's history during the past eighty years affords striking testimony to the power of the preacher. When Francis Close came to Cheltenham as curate of Holy Trinity Church in 1824, two years later to succeed the Rev. C. Jervis as incumbent of the parish of Cheltenham, few could have foreseen the marvellous growth of the town that was to take place. There were but the two Anglican churches named at his coming; there was then no public scholastic building save the ancient Grammar School, which had fallen upon bad days, and was nearly devoid of scholars. Yet during his 35 years' work here he saw rise around him seven new spacious edifices erected and consecrated for the services of the Established Church, viz. St. John's (1829), St.

Paul's (1831), St. James's (1830), Christ Church (1840), SS. Philip and James (1840), St. Luke's (1853), and St. Peter's (1849), while Cheltenham College, Cheltenham Ladies' College, the resuscitation of the Grammar School, the first day school for the children of the poor, the Cheltenham Training College, and many other things were the outcome of his indomitable zeal.

And during the first half of the century Nonconformists had not been idle. In 1820 the Baptists rebuilt their chapel in St. James's-square, but in 1836 a schism in the congregation led to the establishment by the pastor (Rev. James Smith) and part of the church of a separate cause at the old riding-school in Regent-street, which progressed so much during the pastorates of Mr. Smith and his successor (the Rev. W. G. Lewis) that the splendid Gothic building known as Salem Chapel was built and opened in 1844. Another section of the Baptists in 1839 took over King-street Chapel, but the cause languished almost to extinction until the return to Cheltenham in 1852 of the Rev. James Smith mentioned above, who threw such energy into his work that three years later Cambray Chapel was built for the use of the increasing congregation. The Wesleyans, too, though early established in the town, did not open their own church in King-street until 1813, but such were their acquisitions during the next few years that in 1839 they built Wesley Chapel in St. George's-street, and seven years later opened the branch church of Bethesda in Great Norwood-street. North-place Chapel, the present home of the Countess of Huntingdon's Connexion, is a monument to the disinterested generosity of the late Mr. Robert Capper, who handed it over to the denomination in 1819, though for some years before and after that (1809-46) a minister of this connexion, the Rev. J. Brown, regularly conducted services in the old Cheltenham Chapel, opened by the celebrated divine the Rev. Rowland Hill in 1809, and ultimately presented to the Presbyterian body. It is used at the present time as the Salvation Army Citadel. The Friends' Meeting-House in Manchester-street in 1836 supplemented an older building, while the Unitarians were stimulated by the late Mr. Furber to resuscitate

their cause and erect the chapel on Bayshill in 1844.

And so it came to pass that the power of the Christian Church predominated, and at the time when Highbury Congregational Church was built—its jubilee was celebrated on Sunday—ministers of all denominations were at one, and heartily congratulated Dr. Brown and his church on the successful completion of their great undertaking. And what a band of preachers those ministers were! At the Parish Church was the talented Francis Close, soon to be made Dean of Carlisle, with a young man (Rev. T. P. Boulton) as principal curate, who was destined to become Principal of St. John's Divinity College, Highbury, still as ever one of the principal Anglican theological colleges, and devoted to the teaching of Evangelical truths. At Holy Trinity was the Rev. John Browne, LL.B., who succeeded Mr. Close in 1826, and faithfully ministered to a devoted congregation for over thirty years. At St. John's a curate (the Rev. W. J. Edge) was temporarily in charge, the pluralist vicar (the Rev. W. S. Phillips) being non-resident; while at St. James's the Rev. F. Duncan Gilby (vicar) and the Rev. H. Pruen (curate) preached to a wealthy and fashionable congregation. The living of St. Paul's was held in conjunction with the post of Principal of the Normal Training College by the Rev. C. H. Bromby, afterwards Bishop of Tasmania; and at Christ Church was the Rev. A. Boyd (afterwards Dean of Exeter), who five years before had parted from his gifted curate, the Rev. F. W. Robertson, subsequently better known as "Robertson of Brighton." The vicar of St. Peter's at this time was the Rev. W. Hodgson, and of SS. Philip and James the Rev. J. E. Riddle, a man more of the study than the pulpit, and better known for his standard Latin-English dictionary than by his parishioners. St. Luke's was not built for another year, but its first vicar was the Rev. W. F. Hancock, who at this time had charge of the mission carried on in the National School in Bath-road. The pastorate of Cheltenham Chapel was held in 1852 by the Rev. J. Rawlinson, and at North-place the Rev. L. J. Wake continued the ministrations which had been heartily appreciated since his coming in 1834. At Bethel Chapel the pastor was the Rev. T. Bloomfield, a sturdy Baptist who a few years before had suffered his goods to be seized rather than pay the church rates; and at King-street was the Rev. James Smith, who three months before had returned to the town after a pastorate in London and occasional work at Liverpool, Shrewsbury, and elsewhere. The Rev. W. G. Lewis was still pastor of the Baptist Church at Salem. The ministers on the Wesleyan circuit at this time were the Revs. J. Kirk, W. H. Cornforth, and Harvard, the latter having charge of the Winchcombe district; while the minister presiding over the Unitarian Church was the Rev. F. Dendy, B.A., who arrived in 1851 and left two years later. And of all the clergy and ministers named only one (we believe) is still living, viz. Bishop Barry. W.A.

The Rev. George Hepworth, the well-known American religious writer and journalist, died on Sunday.

A stained-glass window and mural tablet placed in Peper Harow Church by the Right Hon. St. John Brodrick in memory of Lady Hilda Brodrick (sister of Lord Elcho), who died in the summer of last year, was unveiled on Sunday during a special service, at which the Secretary of State for War and other members of the family were present.

Monday was the anniversary of the death of Charles Dickens. In the spring of 1870 the great novelist began "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," but was destined never to complete it. On the 8th of June, after he had been working for some days at high pressure, he was seized with a sudden stupor, and on the following day, the 9th, he died at Gadshill, his place, near Rochester.



# THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART  
AND  
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 77. SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1902

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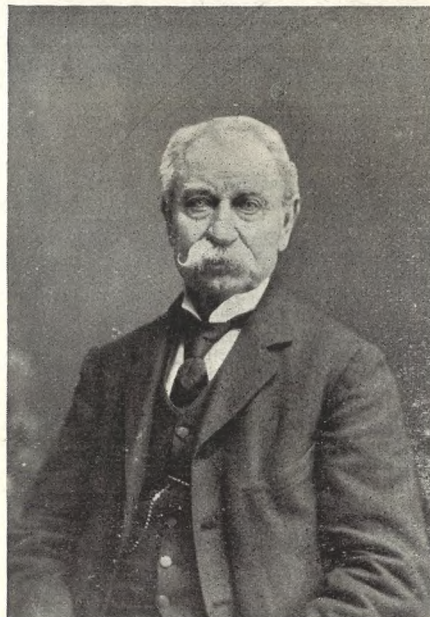
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MR. WILLIAM R. MABY,  
now 88 years old, ex-Bandmaster Royal Gloucestershire Hussars, who played the cornet at the Proclamations of Queen Victoria and King Edward VII. at Bristol.

## Gloucestershire Gossip.

Before the next number of the "Graphic" is issued to the world their Majesties King Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra will have been crowned in Westminster Abbey and have made the Royal procession through the Metropolis, and the million and one celebrations throughout the Empire of the formal but splendid investiture of Sovereignty will have become matters of history. I am glad to be in a position to state that the "Graphic" will be fully worthy of the occasion. The special Coronation number to celebrate the auspicious event will be a veritable triumph of local pictorial journalism. I understand that about a ton of the best glazed paper has been used in the production of this beautiful art supplement of the old "Chronicle," which will now have described the Coronations of four Sovereigns of England. Let me advise promptitude to all persons who have not taken the precaution to book their orders for this remarkably cheap permanent record of the events which will transcend all others for some time to come.

I have been diligently making inquiries for some months past as to any local survivors who actually witnessed the last Coronation. I can only find one with this unique experience—Mr. Joseph West, of 56 Worcester-

street, Gloucester; but the Rev. Canon Maddy, rector of Down Hatherley, whose father, Dr. Maddy, was Mayor of Gloucester at the Coronation time, informs me that, when a boy, he witnessed the procession to the Coronation from a very excellent seat between Westminster Abbey and St. Margaret's Church. Mr. West, who was gaining Press experience in London at the latter part of the thirties, has kindly acceded to my request to furnish a few notes of what he saw of the Coronation. I am glad that the counterfeit presentments of Mr. West and his neighbour, Mr. S. H. Hayward, who, as a chorister boy, sang at the service in Gloucester Cathedral on the day Queen Victoria was crowned, will find fitting place in the "Graphic" as interesting living contemporaries of the good Queen's Coronation Day.

Mr. West writes:—"The 28th of June, 1838, was the day chosen for the Coronation of our late beloved Queen. By the influence of a friend I obtained a 'standing' on the roof of the Admiralty Offices at Whitehall, from which position I had a splendid view of the procession from Charing Cross to Parliament-street. I need hardly remark that the sight has never been erased from my memory. The splendid equipages of the Ambassadors accredited to the Court, I should say, had never before been excelled. Marshal Soult represented France, this being his first official visit to this country since the battle of Waterloo (1815), and his carriage and the harness of the horses had solid silver decorations. From the Admiralty I repaired forthwith to the Abbey, passing through Dean's-yard to the South Cloisters, and by the aid of another friend was admitted to the South Vaulting, from which commanding height I was one of the comparatively favoured few in the Abbey who had a full view of the act of crowning. At the moment of my arrival the Archbishop of Canterbury was performing this ceremony. On the following morning I again visited the Abbey and had the enviable pleasure of taking a seat in the Coronation chair. On the Coronation night fireworks of a costly character were displayed in the Green Park, and a monster fair of the Greenwich style was held during the week in Hyde Park, and it extended from Hyde Park Corner to Oxford-street."

The portrait of Mr. William R. Maby, which I understand is to appear this week, unfortunately arrived too late to be included in the Coronation number. His is a most interesting personality: he celebrated his 88th birthday on May 23rd last; he played the cornet at the proclamation of the Queen in Bristol, and 60 years later (in 1897) had the honour of being presented to her Majesty when she visited the city. He heralded the proclamation there of King Edward VII. Mr. Maby is also well-known and respected by not a few Cheltonians, as he was Bandmaster for 25 years, in the late Duke of Beaufort's time, of the Royal Gloucestershire Hussars, and as he was a bandsman at the formation of this regiment in his Grace's father's days, he is now, I should say, the last survivor of this gallant band. I am glad that all the surviving gentlemen to whom I have referred in these notes are hale and hearty.

GLEANER.

## THE DIAMONDS OF SOUTH AFRICA.

Now that the Boers have at last given in, and the Transvaal and Orange Free State have been added to our South African Colonies, there will doubtless be a steady flow of energetic emigrants to develop the rich resources of the vast countries which will be thrown open to the world under the just and orderly rule of Great Britain. Prominent among these resources will doubtless be the diamond mines, which have already been most successfully tapped and their wonderful riches disclosed. A sketch of one of the most successful of these diamond mines, namely Kimberley, the determined siege of which by the Boers was so gallantly defeated by Gen. French and the splendid troops under him, will doubtless prove interesting to our readers.

Some few particulars of this most notable siege are well worth recalling. So far back as June, 1899, it had been generally recognised in Kimberley that war was inevitable. The proximity of the town to the Free State and Transvaal kept its inhabitants in close touch with what was going on within the Boer republics, and opened all eyes to the reality of the danger. But Mr. Schreiner, the Premier of the Cape, like the British Government, did not believe in the coming Boer invasion. Kimberley was then, with its nearly 50,000 inhabitants, the second city of Cape Colony, and in point of wealth the first, it having grown up with the prosperity of the diamond mines, the property of the De Beers Company, which was controlled by Mr. Cecil Rhodes, and in which some 30 millions of British capital was invested. Mr. Rhodes had settled in Kimberley, and after many years of hard work had effected the amalgamation of the various diamond mining interests into the De Beers Company. Subsequently he became Premier of Cape Colony, and organised the Chartered Company of South Africa. His exertions during the siege of Kimberley, as it has been truly stated, endeared him to everyone in the beleaguered town.

In the earlier stages of the siege of Kimberley the Boer forces had been assembled at Boshof and Jacobsdal, in readiness for a move when President Kruger gave the signal. Subsequent movements of the Boer forces cut off Kimberley from the outer world. The enemy then "annexed" Bechuanaland and Griqualand. Most of the British residents took to flight, but a few who remained were impressed by the Boer armies, in violation of the laws



THE KIMBERLEY MINES.

of war. To protect Kimberley from assault a hedge of thorn bushes was built round the town and earthworks were raised. A reconnoitring force from Kimberley drove the Boers back, and they lost Commandant Be'ha and several men, while the British had 24 killed and wounded. Later on the Boer force was strengthened. Either by accident or by one of the enemy's shells the dynamite stores of the De Beers Company were exploded. After two days' notice, the bombardment of Kimberley was begun. About seventy inferior shells were fired, with no other result than to shatter a cooking pot. Amidst general mirth the fragments of this vessel were put up to auction, the best specimens fetching as much as a couple of pounds. The Boers crossed the Orange River in considerable force on November 1st, 1899, making for Stormberg Junction. In the following February the grand army advanced to the relief of Kimberley, Cronje making good his retreat, to be, however, afterwards captured. Things being "so desperate (as Lord Roberts told his men) that a dash must be made," Lord Kitchener put the sacrifice stronger, and said the cavalry "were to reach Kimberley, even if they left half their strength upon the road." After overcoming immense difficulties

from the heat and absence of water, through which many horses "dropped out," our forces came in sight of Kimberley, and the advance column broke into a tumult of cheering. Gen. French's heliographic signals were at first mistaken for signals from the Boers; but on the assurance that Alexandersfontein had been captured only five miles from his cavalry, two squadrons were ordered to push on into Kimberley.

The great Boer 6in. Creosot gun was still showering its deadly bolts upon the town; but as night fell our troops and guns entered the town, weary and thirsty. This memorable relief of Kimberley demonstrated that the Boers were helpless against flank attack by a mobile cavalry; and the highest praise is given to General French for the masterly tactics he had pursued, first in overcoming the immense difficulties on the route, and then his attack at the finish.

Now that peace "has come at last," to use a widely diffused phrase, we will devote the rest of this paper to the grand diamond workings which Kimberley has so well guarded.

The fame of the diamond fields of South Africa has spread over the world, and, conjoined with the gold and other valuable mines there, have drawn to them the longing eyes, not to say the jealousy, of several nations. Mr. E. W. Streeter, of New Bond-street, London, is our great authority on precious stones and gems. From the second edition of his beautifully-illustrated volume we gather many remarkable facts, which have derived additional interest since England's great struggle with the Boers.

Diamonds, we learn, are found of different colours—pale yellow, ochre yellow, light bottle green, yellowish green, blackish green, blue, red, brown, and even black. In their purest state they are colourless. These colourless diamonds come from the mines of the Cape, Australia, India, and Brazil. The most valuable precious stones are found in the oldest formations, such as granite, gneis, porphyry, and mica slate, which occur in South Africa, Australia, California, the Ural, Siberia, and with bygone glory in India. They are sometimes embedded in the rock, at other times protruding on the surface. Many are found in the sands and gravels of river beds, broken up from their primary rocks, often rounded by the friction of being long driven through rushing torrents. Some authorities insist that diamonds ought to be found in the south of Spain, because of its geological formation. Iron and other metals are regularly worked in some parts of that country, which once had a strong voice in the destinies of the world.



THE KIMBERLEY MINES.

ORIGIN OF THE DIAMOND.

There has been a good deal of mystery as to the origin of the diamond. While diamonds can be entirely destroyed, leaving no ash behind them when subjected to intense heat, rubies become the brighter from being so heated. This and other experiments, it is considered, prove that the diamond is really pure crystallised charcoal. Some high authorities consider it is formed immediately from carbon or carbonic acid by the action of heat; and others that it is formed from the gradual decomposition of vegetable matter, with or without heat.

THE DIAMOND'S FIRST DISCOVERY.

The first discovery of the diamond in South Africa, curiously enough, was made by a child of a Dutch farmer named Jacobs, who had amused himself by collecting pebbles near Hopetown. One of these was sufficiently bright to make the mother regard it as a curious pebble. Some time afterwards a neighbouring Boer named Van Nickerk visited the farm, and Mrs. Jacobs called his attention to the bright transparent stone, but nothing was done, and it appeared to have become the child's plaything again, for when sought for it was found outside the house, where it had fallen when last played with. Van Nickerk, thinking it might be of some value, offered to buy it of Mrs. Jacobs. She laughed at the notion of selling so common a stone, and gave it to the farmer, who asked Mr. O'Reilly to endeavour to ascertain its nature from some trustworthy mineralogist. It was sent through the post in a gummed envelope to Dr. Atherstone, of Grahamstown, who, after careful examination, pronounced it to be a genuine diamond. The French Consul at Capetown confirmed the doctor's determination as to the stone, and it was sent in due course to the Paris Exhibition of 1867. It was there examined by savants of all nations, and at the close of the exhibition it was purchased by the Governor of the Colony (Sir P. Wodehouse) for £500. Its weight was found to be 21½ carats.

This discovery was soon followed by others, and led to the development of the great diamond fields of South Africa. These are chiefly situated in Griqualand West, which was proclaimed British territory in 1871. It is in the Vaal Valley, and that of the tributary streams of the river Vaal, which draw their waters from the Drakensberg or Quathlamba range, that most of the diamonds have been found. This is the greatest known stream in South Africa, and runs for more than 900 miles in a westerly course, discharging its waters into the Atlantic. The diamond fields (of which we publish two remarkably fine photographs) are situated in the neighbourhood of the Middle Vaal.

But diamonds have also been found in the valley of the Orange River, at least fifty miles below its junction with the Vaal. In fact, the area from which diamonds have been already obtained is of vast extent, reaching to the north of Blomhof, near Pretoria. On the south side of the Orange River, they occur some miles to the north-west of Hopetown. Jagersfontein, 96 miles south of the Vaal, is a well-known locality; and a stone of 70 carats has been found at Mamusa, 75 miles beyond Jagersfontein. But it is in the agate-bearing gravels of the Vaal and Orange Rivers that the diamond-washer has successfully established his river diggings.

THE SUPPOSED HOME OF THE GEMS.

Some geologists consider that the Drakensbergs are the possible home of many of these gems. Terraces of similar gravels to those found in the river beds run along the margins of the river at a considerable elevation, and many of the larger diamonds have been found in these old high level gravels. Many of the kopjes, or low stony hills, which our brave soldiers have only secured after fierce fighting, have been famous for their yield of diamonds. Such is the Kimberley mine, on the north side of the Vaal, where dry diggings have been prosecuted with remarkable success.

The first photograph shows the workings at the Kimberley Mine, giving a fair representation of the numerous claims in this cele-

brated mine. In the centre of the picture, and towards the top, Hall's tramway and pumping engine are shown.

The second picture gives a north-east view of the mine, showing the tramway running to the north and east. The sand bay on the right exhibits an "aerial tram." The details of these photographs, remarkable for the distance they cover, are rendered more apparent with the aid of a magnifying glass.

THE SECOND DISCOVERY.

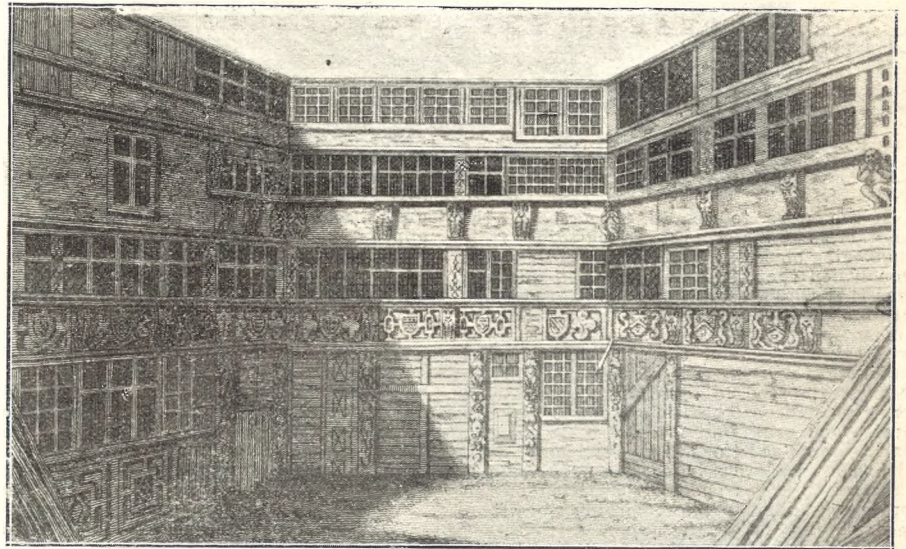
The second early discovery of diamonds was even more remarkable than the first, by the child of a Boer farmer. A Dutch Boer named Tan Wyk, who occupied a farmhouse in this locality, was surprised to find diamonds actually embedded in the walls of his house, which had been built of mud from a neighbouring pond. This led to examination of the surrounding soil, wherein diamonds were found. On digging deeper diamonds were still brought to light, until the bed-rock was reached. Such was the origin of the famous Du Toits Pan.

THE GEMS OF SOUTH AFRICA.

Although only a comparatively short time has elapsed since the discovery of gems in the South African fields, a large number of stones of unusual size have been brought to light. The first which acquired notoriety, the

"Dudley Diamond," was about the size of a small walnut, and weighed 83½ carats, reduced by cutting to 46½ carats. It is triangular in shape, perfectly colourless, and of great brilliancy. It was eventually shipped to England and purchased by Messrs. Hunt and Roskell, but whom it was cut and sold to Earl Dudley. It was mounted by them with other diamonds with enhanced effect as a head ornament. Several other large stones have been discovered since, but the most famous is the Stewart, which weighed in the rough 288 3-8 carats (nearly two ounces troy). It is of a light yellow colour, beautifully crystallised. It was unexpectedly discovered by Antoine, who was working a claim on shares with a Mr. Spalding. He was spell-bound when with his pick he disclosed the treasure, and it required a great effort for him to reach Mr. Spalding's cart, which had to be called into requisition. For two days, it is said, he was unable to eat anything from the intensity of his excitement.

Many other large stones have been since discovered, and numerous claims have been sold at fabulous prices. While the size of many of the South African stones have been large, their quality has been no less satisfactory, a very fair proportion being diamonds of the first water, rivalling in beauty and purity the finest Brazilian and Indian stones. J.M.



Whittington's House, Hart Street, Crutched Friars.

FROM AN OLD ENGRAVING.

It has been claimed by local antiquarians that the celebrated Dick Whittington, "thrice Lord Mayor of London," was a native of Gloucestershire. Just past St. Bartholomew's Church, Notgrove, is the Manor Farm, once the home of the Whittingtons. In proof of this the enquiring tourist has been shown a beautiful stone fire place, surmounted by the emblazoned arms of the Whittington family, and also some fine oak bannisters—all that is left of the old staircase. The ancient church is also worth visiting, Cromwell's soldiers destroyed the stained glass windows, painted subjects, and gilt canopies. A recumbent figure of a supposed Whittington dame is on the north side, bearing date 1630, while on the south side is a high tomb, surmounted by the Whittington arms, and below are the marble effigies of a warrior in armour, and a lawyer in legal robes and a ruff. Some finely carved oak pews are also on the south side, the first bearing date 1619. Three holes were noticeable in each of the pews, which holes were formerly occupied by pegs for the worshippers to hang their hats on. Unlike the old churches in Gloucestershire, St. Bartholomew's has a spire. A fine yew tree stands in the churchyard, which tree is claimed as one of the oldest in Gloucestershire.

Mr. J. F. Proffit has been appointed United States Consul in Pretoria.

Earl Roberts has accepted the offer of an honorary degree from Durham University.

Mr. G. G. Greenwood has accepted the post of secretary to the New Reform Club. Mr. Greenwood, who was an original member of the Eighty Club, and contested Peterborough in 1886 in the Liberal interest, is well known in political circles.

In presenting Ostend with a magnificent golf links and extending the local racecourse accommodation, King Leopold of Belgium has practically made the town a free gift of £32,000 from his private purse.



BROADWAY.

Photo by W. Slatter,



BROADWAY COTTAGES.

Cheltenham.

[All Rights Reserved.]\*

## THE BODY'S COMMISSARIAT,

By DR. ANDREW WILSON.

\* \* \*

If we were to search through all the characters which separate living things from non-living objects, we might well come to the conclusion that the "daily bread" question was that which constitutes the sharpest line of division between them. Whether it is the lichens on the wall, or the stately tree, or whether we consider the animalcule or the man, we see in the case of each of them the demand for food as a necessary condition of their existence. The lifeless object may increase and grow, but it does so irregularly, and by mere additions to its outside surfaces. Crystals may grow in certain very definite fashions, but the sudden suspension of the process of addition means nothing more than lessened size. With the animal or the plant the case is very different. There, food has to be more or less constantly supplied, and what is more to the point, the food requires to be converted into the actual substances of the being that consumes it. There is thus a great deal more in the matter of our nutrition than is involved in the mere taking of food. A deliberate process of transubstantiation converts the diet we consume into ourselves. The mutton chop we ate a few hours ago, has in reality become us; that which was sheep has become truly a corporate part of that which is man. If this were not so, the food we consume could not be utilised for our growth, for the renewal of tissues, or for the repair of our wastes. So that a first and by no means uninteresting feature of the diet question is found in this veritable transformation of that we eat into our own substance. One might go further with perfect safety and declare that in proportion to the perfection with which this process is accomplished, we define the merits of any food as a body-builder and as a force or energy producer.

### WHY THE BODY DEMANDS FOOD.

When we begin to investigate the duties which food may be said to discharge in our frames, and to ask ourselves why we demand our dinner at all, we discover that the reply to this question involves a greater amount of scientific knowledge than might at first sight be supposed to be necessary. Everyone knows that from our food we gain the material necessary to build our bodies. What we eat

and drink in truth represents our only source of bodily income, but we must not neglect to add to the sum total of our incomings the air we breathe, seeing that the oxygen therein contained is as necessary and important a part of our dietary as the water we drink or the solids we consume. The growth of the body is only possible when we receive in the shape of our food the raw material, which, assimilated with the blood, supplies every cell and tissue with that they require for their due increase. From bone to brain, all parts grow because they are supplied with their appropriate food. But when growth falls into the background, and the body has attained its adult condition, the food question does not pass away into the background of our bodily affairs. We still want our dinner, and that for an all-sufficient reason. Our bodies are machines which are perpetually working. We know that even in sleep, heart, lungs, brain, and other organs do not cease work, even if their speed is slowed down. All through our lives we are encompassed with this constant expenditure of force or energy, and as it is evident that all work implies waste, we see clearly enough that we demand our daily bread in order to keep pace in the way of repair with the wear and tear to which our frames are perpetually subjected.

So it becomes clear to us that we feed ourselves because we work and toil. Even an idle man's body must be a physiologically active machine, for if he does nothing for the good of the State, he is nevertheless expending energy with every stroke of his heart, and in the execution of every other act of life. Summing up what we have thus contrived to learn regarding our daily diet, we may say food discharges two great ends in our economy. It builds up our tissues, and it provides us with energy, which is "the power of doing work." Now a scientific classification of the things we eat may be founded on this distinction between the duties performed by foods in the body. We might very well classify them into tissue or body builders, or "nitrogenous" foods as they are named, and with energy-producing ones, these last being included in the "non-nitrogenous" division. To descend to details, foods such as meat-juice, white of egg, curd of milk, the g'uten of flour, and the legumin of peas and beans, illustrate the body-builders. On the other hand, articles represented by fats, starches, and sugars represent the energy-producers. We may remember that in our full-diet list we have to include water, minerals and oxygen, and all food considerations tacitly recognise these latter items as essential features of healthy life. But dealing with the more prominent phrase of the feeding-question, we note the division above indicated as the

foundation of all the science which teaches us the outlines of our nutrition.

### DIVISION OF FOODS.

The division into tissue-builders or nitrogenous foods, and energy-producers or non-nitrogenous, while it is essentially a correct one is not necessarily a sharply drawn one. Thus we may on occasion derive energy from the first class, just as fat may under certain circumstances assist in building up the tissues. There is no hard and fast line to be set up between the two classes, although, as I have said, the general functions of the foods for all practical purposes may be regarded as essentially distinct. It is in this respect as if we compared the body to an engine. The building of the engine is accomplished through the nitrogenous foods aided by the mineral section and by water, while the coal and water out of which the energy of the engine is evolved would be represented by the fat and starch and sugar we consume. If such are the outlines of the food question treated from the physiological standpoint, we may next note that we consume our daily diet in a compound rather than in a simple fashion. That is to say, with the exception of water and air, our foods contain, as a rule, both classes of nutriment. A bit of bread is thus composed of so much water, a percentage of gluten, a very little fat, about 50 per cent. of starch and minerals. It is thus a compound of both classes of foods with the non-nitrogenous starch bulking over all the rest. Beef or mutton contains water (over 70 per cent.), meat juice and other nitrogenous items, fat and minerals. Here again we are receiving both nitrogenous and non-nitrogenous materials. Milk, which is nature's own food for infancy, is a similar combination of casein or curd, fat, sugar, minerals, and water, and the egg that forms the whole body of the bird also consists of a like combination. From these facts we learn a fundamental rule of all healthy feeding, namely, that we demand a mixture of the two classes of foods for our adequate support. We have seen that the body is composed of both substances, and that both are required for its due maintenance, and so it comes about that all diets must include so much nitrogenous and so much non-nitrogenous matter. We certainly do not require as much of the former as of the latter. The engine consumes many times its own weight of coal and water, and does not require an equal renewal of its brass and iron. So we require much more non-nitrogenous starch and fat than nitrogenous food, and we may take it that in the average diet of a man doing a fair amount of daily work, the proportions will be represented very nearly by one of nitrogenous diet to four and a half of the other class.

CLIMATE A REGULATOR OF DIET.

Very interesting questions naturally arise regarding the sources from which mankind draw their food supplies; and a good deal of bigotry is occasionally displayed when this apparently simple matter is discussed. The fact is that man can eat anything that is edible at all, and a glance through the diet lists of civilised and savage races will suffice to confirm this opinion. The real factor which determines the food of any nation is its geographical position. In the extreme north, where plants are scarce, man is an animal feeder, and gets from animal fat the heat which external nature has denied him. The diet of the Eskimo is a case in point. In the South, surrounded by the fruits of the earth, and by plenty of vegetables, man is a vegetarian. Midway, he is a mixed feeder. The great regulator of food is therefore climate, and all attempts to show that man universally is destined either for a wholly animal diet, or for an exclusive vegetable bill of fare, partake of the nature of special pleading, and of very fallacious argument to boot. Individual taste, a man's state of health, and like conditions will naturally impel people to select special dietaries, but the main laws of our food-getting are laid down clearly enough for us by nature. Our diet, in other words, is largely a matter of environment. That it is possible to feed on animal matter alone is proved by the habits of certain races just as from vegetable matters other races obtain the necessary items for their support. These facts alone indicate to us how cosmopolitan man really is in the way of diet, and how readily life can be supported on dietaries of the most diverse description. The main point of all is that whatever may be the source of our food, it shall present to us the necessary combination of items for the body's upkeep, and for the maintenance of the body's working powers.

CONCLUSIONS.

The main lines of the dinner question may be settled on lines similar to those I have suggested, but there are many highly interesting items connected with our bodily commissariat which lie beyond the scope of this article, save in respect of mere mention. Water thus might, indeed, be regarded as our most important food, seeing that our bodies consist of two-thirds of water by weight, and that it is required constantly for the due performances of all our vital processes. The importance of water can be estimated when we realise that a man will be kept alive on water alone (and air of course) for periods varying from 20 to even 40 days. Another item which is of real importance in our diet is that of our mineral foods. We demand phosphate of lime for the building of our bones, we require common salt to aid digestion and possibly for other purposes as well, and we must also find in our food sundry other minerals, whereof potash is one of the most important. If potash and certain allied substances are absent from human dietary scurvy breaks out. This is a curious but well established fact. Other minerals will not supply the place of potash and its allies. Starvation will not of itself cause scurvy, for in famines where potatoes alone have formed the chief food, scurvy has not appeared, because potatoes are rich in potash. Fresh meat also prevents scurvy, and fresh vegetables are preventives because they contain the minerals in question. Lime juice is given by way of preventing scurvy, and it does so because it contains citric acid and citrate of potash, and these are oxidised in the body into carbonic acid gas, which is given off by the lungs, and carbonate of potash which remains in the blood.

*Andent*

Next Week: "The Pleasures of a Garden," by Sir Lewis Morris.

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



BURFORD TOLSEY.

Photo by T. R. Pritchard,

Cheltenham.



GLOUCESTER DOCKS.

(From an Old Engraving.)

An esteemed Gloucester correspondent, Mr. H. Y. J. Taylor, says:—This is a representation of the Severn and the Gloucester Docks from an original drawing or painting by the late Gloucester artist, Mr. Edward Smith. This was engraved about 1850. It exhibits the old Gloucester and Cheltenham tram-road or railroad. This railroad from Cheltenham to Gloucester was opened July 4, 1811. It put Cheltenham in direct communication with Gloucester Quay on the Severn. Representations of the old trams may be seen on the left side of the Severn under the west wall of the county prison. Mr. William Taylor, of Gloucester, remembers having seen a steam engine making an experimental trip on this

tram-road about 1834. He was a child, but he saw it steam briskly along the Windmill Hill Cutting, and cross the Barnwood turnpike road on its way to Cheltenham, but he cannot state if it reached its destination. The late aged Mr. Phelps said it returned to Gloucester for want of sufficient water. The late Mr. Loveridge had my medal, which he gave to the Cheltenham Corporation. It gave a view of the engine and the Severn. An engine was placed on the tram-road called the "Royal William" in honour of the Duke of Gloucester, who died in 1834, in the same year when Messrs. Taylor and Phelps saw the experimental trip.

**A Coronation at Gloucester Cathedral.**

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The Coronation of King Edward VII. in the month of June is likely to pique our curiosity as to the kind of function the Coronation of an English Sovereign really is. Especially is this the case with regard to residents in the shire of Gloucester, when it is remembered that 686 years ago, at a critical period of our history, such a ceremonial, with all due attention to precedent, was actually performed in Gloucester Cathedral. The Papal Legate Gualo, with all the pomp of Romish solemnity and ceremonial, carried out this interesting function on the death of King John, and the accession of his son Henry III., then a boy of nine years old, who did homage to the Pope for his dominions. The urgency of this being promptly carried out in order to still the agitation and confusion which John had brought about by his ruinous reign of tyranny and cruelty is attested by the fact that the gold circlet which the Queen wore was used, in lieu of the hereditary crown, which had been lost in John's crossing the Wash in his march to the north to escape the Dauphin of France, Louis, to whom the Barons had offered the Throne. King John had just died a wretched death in Newark Castle, and he had been buried in Worcester Cathedral. Queen Isabella was then a visitor to Gloucester Abbey, with all her children, except to all appearance the Heir Apparent, and the country was rent in confusion. The Earl of Pembroke in this crisis marched to Gloucester with the Royal Army and the young Prince, and arrived on October 27th. The same day he heir to the Throne was proclaimed in Gloucester's streets, and the next day, the Feast of St. Simon and St. Jude, he was duly crowned in the Cathedral, the Pope's Legate being accompanied by the Bishops of Worcester, Bath, and Winchester, the Earls of Pembroke, Ferrers, and Chester, four barons, and several of the Abbots and Priors of the district, and other ecclesiastics of the great religious houses of St. Oswald, Deerhurst, Tewkesbury, and Winchcombe. Though John had been dead only ten days, the Queen rightly regarding the urgency of the occasion, felt she must assist at the Coronation of her child, and despoiled herself of her throat necklet of gold to serve as a crown for the loss of the gem-set one buried in the sands of the Lincolnshire Wash. Time was too pressing to allow of Edward the Confessor's crown being obtained from London. The Abbot of Gloucester doubtless celebrated High Mass, and the other ecclesiastics took their part in the imposing ceremony, a curious scene being thus presented in so many dignitaries of the Church miles from the Metropolis, joining the Boy King in acknowledging the authority of the Pope over England and Ireland, and the legitimacy of the Coronation of a boy who could not be expected to exercise regal authority for years to come, but who, as he knelt at the steps of the altar, the relics having been produced, took the usual oaths, and promised to rule with justice and clemency. Old enough to understand the responsibility of his position, he required neither persuasion nor force to induce him to consent to do the required homage to the Pope for England and Ireland, and to swear to pay his Holiness the thousand marks a year his father, in his tyrannous weakness, had promised. The ceremonial was made the more impressive and binding by the speech which the faithful Earl of Pembroke made when he brought the young Prince into the presence of the assembled nobles and ecclesiastics, and made what the old chronicle calls the following "short and sweet oration":—"Behold, right honourable and well-beloved, although we have persecuted the father of this young Prince for his evil demeanour, and worthily, yet this young child whom here you see before you, as he is in years tender, so is he pure and innocent from those his father's doings. Wherefore, insomuch as every man lies charged only with the burthen of his own works and transgressions, neither shall the child (as the Scripture teacheth us) bear the iniquity of his father. We ought, therefore, of duty and conscience, to pardon this

young and tender Prince, and take compassion of his age as you see. And now, for so much as he is the King's natural and eldest son, and must be our sovereign King and governor, let us remove from us this Lewis the French King's son, and suppress his people, which are a confusion and shame to our nation; and the yoke of their servitude let us cast from off our shoulders."

Some silence and a conference, the chronicler tells us, followed, and then immediately with one consent they proclaimed the Prince King of England, and the Bishops of Winchester and Bath "did crown and anoint with all due solemnities in presence of the Legate."

Thus happily for the country closed the outrageous reign of John, leaving a legacy of wrong to be redressed, of cruelty to be mourned over, of justice and clemency to be hoped for. Yet, strange as it may seem, at first only a portion of England recognised the claims of the young Monarch. The clergy of Westminster and Canterbury, who considered their rights invaded by the hurried and informal ceremony in Gloucester, appealed to the Pope. The high-handed Gualo at once excommunicated the appellants for contumacy; they, however, persevered in spite of the Legate, and great national trouble ensued in reference to this matter until on the 17th of May, 1220, King Henry III. was crowned again by Archbishop Langton, of Canterbury.

In this historical reminiscence we need not enlarge on the horrors and amours of the tyrant John, or indeed on the virtues of Henry, who, though gentle and credulous, was warm in his attachments and forgiving in his enmities. Lingard, in fact, summarizes his character as a good man and a weak monarch, under whose reign the country grew rapidly in wealth and prosperity.

A glance at Gloucester Cathedral as it then stood may fitly close this sketch. The Abbey Church, as it was then termed, was not much like the Cathedral as it is known to us. Abbot Serlo's great Norman edifice was little more than a century old. The massive columns now exposed in the nave were continued in the chancel, which terminated with an apse. The inspired architects and scientific craftsmen who clothed the choir with its delicate tracery, who originated the Perpendicular style in the south transept, and fan tracery, the most refined of all art in stone, in the cloisters, who erected the Lady Chapel and the great tower, were not born until many long years after. Again and again had the Abbey been devastated by fire, and its gilded and painted wooden roofs were destroyed; but it was not until Henry had been on the throne for a quarter of a century that the stone vaulting of the nave was erected. J.M.

\* \* \* \* \*

Our old friend H.Y.J.T. sends the following notes on the same subject:—

1214.—Henry the Third, when ten years of age, was crowned at Gloucester on the 28th of October, in the presence of the Pope's Legate, Henry Archbishop of Dublin, Peter Bishop of Winchester, and other Bishops and great ecclesiastics. The crown which the King had worn having been lost at Wellstream with the other regalia in the inundation, a plain circlet or chaplet of gold was used on the occasion.

1241.—The King held his Court here, and Nicholas de Farnham was consecrated Bishop of Durham. In the same year also David ap Llewellyn, Prince of North Wales, came and did homage for the Principality.—Rudder.

Dr. Fuller observes that Gloucester was more beloved by Henry than London itself; and with good reason, for it was strong and loyal, and the place of his Coronation. As upon former occasions, however, so now, its attachment to the Sovereign was the occasion of great suffering.

Dr. Collier says:—"He died worn out by the troubles of his reign—the longest in our annals except that of George III."

Linen manufacture introduced by the Flemings; leaden water pipes; license granted to Newcastle to dig coal; gold coinage introduced; candles were made; magnifying glasses and magic lanterns gained Roger Bacon the unenviable reputation of a wizard;

and it is said the mariner's compass was also invented in this reign.



A GALLANT NEWSBOY.

Ernest Whittaker, aged 14, who for eight years has been an "Echo" newsboy at Stroud, has received a bronze medal from the Royal Humane Society for saving the lives of two younger boys who were in danger of drowning. The younger boys, brothers, were playing on the ice on a deep pond at Stroud, when it broke, and they fell into the water. Whittaker plunged in, and brought out one boy safely, and went in again and rescued the second boy when he was sinking for the third time. He took one boy on his back and the other by the hand and ran home with them. Mr. F. A. Hyett, the Chairman of the Stroud Bench, in making the presentation, said "so long as England produced boys of the stamp of Whittaker she need not be afraid of the malicious inventions or one undisguised enemy of her neighbours." The photo is by Mr. Elliott, of Stroud.

**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 76th competition is Mr. T. R. Pritchard, of Grattton House, Great Norwood-street, Cheltenham.

Entries for the 77th competition closed this (Saturday) morning, June 21st, 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 CORONATION.

"GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC."

SPECIAL PHOTO COMPETITIONS.

THE Proprietors offer a SPECIAL PRIZE OF A GUINEA for the BEST AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPH and a SPECIAL PRIZE OF A GUINEA for the BEST PROFESSIONAL PHOTOGRAPH of the Coronation Celebration in the county of Gloucester. Not smaller than half plate size preferred. The winning photos will be reproduced in the "Gloucestershire Graphic" of July 5, and the right to reproduce either of the competing photos is reserved. Specimens should reach the office not later than first post on Monday, June 30.

“Selina Jenkins” Letters.

SELINA JENKINS'S “AT HOME.”

(2nd Instalment).

Yes, well. I was just a-telling you 'ow me and Mary Ann Tompkins, as reads “Society Notes” in “’Ome Chat” reg’lar, and might be mistook for a lady any day, 'ad compiled a “At Home” between the pair of us, and I come to the point where the guesteses was about to arrive. I must tell you, however, that we'd got Mary Ann's brother, as is a brave 'and at making up a bit of readin', and often 'rites letters to the papers about vaccination and vivisection and all manner of outlandish things wich it's a wonder to me 'ow 'e can think of all the things he do 'rite down as looks wonderful well in print and must be a God-send to the papers to fill up when there 'aint much news on the market, as you mite say; well, this 'ere Obed-Edom Tompkins ('is name 'aving been took from Scriptural times, as I don't altogether agree with meself, being very awkward to announce till you've got into the swing of it a bit) he wrote us out a report, as they do call it, of the “function” we was going to have, before hand, to send to the press, and I'll give it to you in 'is own words:—

Scrubs Villa.

On Tuesday last a brilliant and blue-blooded function took place at the town residence of our esteemed and venerated townswoman, Mrs. Selina Jenkins, who, with her friend and confidante, Miss M. A. Tompkins, was “at home” to a large but select assembly of nobility, gentry, and persons at the above address for upwards of 2½ hours.

The hall and front door steps were tastefully ornamented for the occasion, a special feature of the scheme of decoration being a handsome fuchsia in full-flower, while portraits, which we understand were intended to represent the King and Queen, were suspended from the door-knocker. A prominent object on entering was a fine new door-mat, decorated with red, white, and blue rosettes at the corners, and over the entrance to the reception room was draped a sheet of white demy with “Welcome, beloved” in Mrs. Jenkins's characteristic Græco-Roman handwriting. Amongst the guests invited were the Member of Parliament for the Borough, the Chairman of the Chamber of Commerce, the Lord Lieutenant of the County, the Mayor, Mrs. Gaskins, Mrs. C. Crofton, Mr. Obed-Edom Tompkins, Mr. James Chidgey (who we understand is shortly to lead to the hymeneal altar Miss M. A. Tompkins's cousin Jane), and others too numerous to mention.

The select company were received on the lawn by Mrs. Selina Jenkins to the strains of “God save the King,” performed by Rascaloni's Italian orchestra of one performer located in the grounds at the rear of the house, and after a stroll round the establishment and partaking of elegant confectionery, the party broke up in peace, as befitted a gathering which was held in honour of the great peace.

N.B.—The door-mat was supplied by Smith and Co.; the sugar-cakes and the tea by Shamrock and Bacon, Ltd.; and this report was supplied by Mr. Obed-Edom Tompkins, who is prepared to write up similar functions for the press on reasonable terms.

Now, I thought that there looked powerful well, that I did, and I only wish as it 'ad a-come off all-right, but I s'pose twasn't to be, for everthink went wrong. I must tell you that in the report (as didn't appear) we puts down all the names of the important people as we'd sent a invite-ticket to, wich that's 'ow it's did, so I 'ave 'eard say, in perlite society; it don't matter a flip whether they comes or not; you can put their names in the list as 'aving been invited, as looks very imposing, and, after all, you could invite HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY 'IM-SELF ('ats off) if you liked, and no-body a penny the wiser!

Well, for a bad start, it were a pourin' wet day, just by way of a change to the remarkable fine weather we 'ave been getting, and



Photo by T. R. Pritchard,

STANTON CHURCH.

Cheltenham.

everybody as come brought buckets-fuls of water into my front 'all with them about their persons, and as for the mud!—why, my sitting room carpet were quite unrecognisable before the “function” were over, not to speak of Mrs. Crofton 'aving slipped down and egstinguished my lovely future as were flowering on the front steps.

'Owever, we all crowds into the sitting room until there wasn't a hinch of standing room anywheres, wich you must know as we'd hired a Hightalian organ player to go out in the back and grind out “God Save the King” ('ats off) when I give the word. So I just sends the little maid down to 'im to say we was ready, wich cousin Jim, 'aving a very good tenner voice, cleared 'is throat to start, and we all stands hup most reverent, when, you mark my words, if that there organ-grinder didn't strike up “Yankee Doodle” with us singing “God Save his Majesty” as were a fair “fiasco,” as the sayin' is, one verse 'aving been quite enough to go on with, so everybody seemed to think. I likes things done well, you know, and I were very put about at a Hightalian 'aving made a fool of a decent body like me, so I gives cousin Jim the word to go down and turn 'im out, wich 'e very kindly did, but you never 'eard the bad wicked language that there musician made use of as 'e were brought through the 'all by the scruff of 'is neck, wich there was as good as a free fight on the lawn, and in the “melay,” as them Hightalians call such violences, the musical box come undone, and there was notes and quavers, and wheels and things all over the place, not to mention of a monkey, as the organ-grinder 'ad secreted in his pocket, 'aving appeared on the scene, and got trod on several times and bitten Jim severely in the calf of his leg. I can tell you it were a very egsciting time, for that there Hightalian wouldn't go until we 'ad sent down to the corner of the street for the pleeceman, 'as 'ad to put 'im and 'is machine and the monkey all in bits into a truck and cart 'im off to the station for being drunk and disorderly, wich it turned out afterwards as he'd been 'elping 'imself to my parsnip wine down in the larder, the thieving suppositious villian that 'e was!

No sooner was this over than there was another egscitement amongst the guesteses, as might 'ave been fatal. Mrs. Crofton, bein' a very tidy weight, sits down rather more 'eavy-like than she did ought to in one of them folding-chairs (as costs 4s. 11d., but is reg'lar death-traps so I thinks), and if that there chair didn't give way with the pressure as was brought to bear upon it, and folded hup with poor Mrs. Crofton inside, wich we couldn't see nothink of 'er but one of 'er 'ands and 'er 2 feet! I can tell you it were a pretty 'ow-dye-do, wot with the screams

of the wounded, and Mary Ann Tompkins and Jane Gaskins in high-strikes, and Cousin Jim with a black eye and 'is coat tored all down the back from the affair with the music!

Two or three of the neighbours come running in to see who was being murdered, as I considered was like their impurence, not 'aving been asked, and in the middle of it all the man called for the Poor Rate! For, you believe me, I 'ad to pull meself together or I should 'ave gived way, but we sets to wolk, and with the 'elp of the young fellows and a bottle of salts we pulls the poor old lady out of the folding-chair and brings 'er round, wich the 1st thing she done was to call for 'er cloak and bonnet, wich she said the 'ouse were haunted, and she wouldn't stop there another minnit, and 2 others also took their departure with 'er sayin' nasty things about people 'aving “At Homes” as wasn't fit to be trusted with 'em.

'Owever, there was worse to come; the rest of us tried to be so happy as we could under the circumstances, wich it were very awkward about the refreshments, the little cakes 'aving been thrown down and stepped upon in the confugion, and the tea like dish-water; but we 'adn't been more than 5 minutes in quietness than there come a crowd of people rushing up our street with the fire-escape and the pair of hose and several firemen, and we was startled enough to see them start operations on our house as squirted tons of dirty water into the hall and through the bedroom-window afore we could tell them we wasn't on fire.

That was the hend of our “At Home,” as you might think; nobody didn't want to stop till 4.30; they'd 'ad enough, so they said, and it turned out that some busybody of a hidiot 'ad 'eard the huproar when Mrs. Crofton fell thro' the chair, and seeing our chimbley a-smoking a bit, jumps to the conclusion there were a fire on, and daps off to the constabulary for the fire-engine to onct. That there fire-engine put a complete damper on our “At Home,” and it's my hapnnum as we shan't 'ave another not for a bit.

SELINA JENKINS.

AN HISTORIC HANDKERCHIEF.

The pocket-handkerchief which was used as a flag by Captain W. W. Watson, an Australian officer, when he formally demanded the surrender of Pretoria, is still in the possession of that officer. It contains the autographs of Lord Roberts and other generals, and it is understood that the King has expressed his willingness to add his name to the celebrated relic.



**THE KING AND PHOTOGRAPHY.**

It is not generally known that the King has an exquisite taste in art. This is a similar trait to that of his mother, the late Queen. The King would certainly not give away the gaudily-coloured prints which are being sold to-day. His preference is for good bromide photographs or very high-class photogravures. Rumour states that a certain number of photos will be taken of the chief events of the Coronation, which the Royal Sovereign intends to give as presents to the highest officials of the State.

**EARLY MORNING CYCLING.**

The nicest time in June for a cycle spin is between three and eight in the morning, says "Cycling"; and yet how many cyclists in every hundred take advantage of it? Not one, we venture to say; one in a thousand would be nearer the mark. We are creatures of convention, and convention decrees that a man shall sit up smoking, or drinking, playing cards, or talking drivell till 11 p.m., as a preparation for the eight hours' sleep which the consensus of medical opinion pronounces to be necessary; but why should not a man who knocks off work at five in the afternoon go to bed straight off (feeding first, if he feels inclined), sleep through the hours of darkness, and start his exercise or recreation on a rested frame (his own, not the bicycle's) in the inconceivable freshness and beauty of a June daybreak? The thing seems to be worth trying, anyhow; and if any reader, gentle or otherwise, has the moral courage to go to bed at eight and get up at three or four and do a quiet 15 miles or so before breakfast for a month, perhaps he or she will (if alive) give us the benefit of his or her experience.

**CYCLE INVENTIONS.**

According to the annual report of the Comptroller-General of Patents, there is a marked decrease of inventions relating to cycles. The class velocipedes is lower than for any year since 1892, and wheels (including pneumatic tyres) lower than for any year since 1891. But although the cycle inventions of to-day are fewer in number, they are probably much more practical than those we had around the boom years.

**PHOTOGRAPHY IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.**

Since the last Coronation, photography has become an indispensable adjunct of existence; hence one cannot wonder at the suggestion that flashlight photography should be introduced in Westminster Abbey during the magnificent ceremony of crowning the King. The nobility would be extremely pleased, if it were accomplished, and needless to say such photographs would have an enormous sale. However, the King has not given his sanction yet, as there is no precedent for such a course of action.

**CORONATION PHOTOGRAPHS.**

The Council of the National Records Association is appealing to photographers throughout the country to co-operate in securing for the British Museum collection a good series of photographs of representative local celebrations and scenes of the Coronation. Any such photographs unmounted and printed in platinum, or other permanent process, will be much esteemed, and may be sent to George Scammell, hon. secretary, 21 Avenue-road, Highgate, London. It is hoped that the appeal will be well responded to by all photographers, both amateurs and professionals.

**SNAPSHOT SUGGESTIONS.**

It has been suggested that photographers of Coronation processions would be well advised to rehearse a day or two before, using the same plates and the same shutter exposures as they propose to do. They may take a hint from Boer marksmen with advantage, and measure off the distances of known points within the range of their cameras. It will be well also to remember that a near view of one small group of a procession will most likely prove more pleasing than a long stretch of figures.

**J. K. STARLEY MEMORIAL.**

A national memorial to the late Mr. J. K. Starley is being promoted by a strong and representative committee. It is safe to say that had it not been for Mr. Starley's introduction of the "safety" bicycle, bicycling would never have attained its present popularity. It was in 1885 that Mr. J. K. Starley introduced to public notice the low frame or safety type of bicycle, which set the fashion to the world and brought cycling within the capacity of everybody, whether old or young, lady or gentleman. Mankind at large has thus benefited by the work of Mr. Starley, and it remains for cyclists to respond to the appeal which is being made. The form and extent of the memorial must necessarily depend upon the total sum received, but it is the intention of the committee that it shall be associated with the pastime and be of general value to the great community



**THOSE DRAINS AGAIN !**

**SMART PARTY :** I congratulate you, Mr. Dunn ; hear you've had some property left you.  
**SEEDY-ONE :** Alas ! quite true. But, sir, I've had to sell the house to pay for altering the drains !

of cyclists, and that the whole of the income, after deducting the necessary expenses, shall be devoted to this end. Subscriptions and offers of assistance will be gladly received by Mr. J. C. Parkinson, hon. treasurer, or Mr. R. T. Lang, secretary, 27 Chancery-lane, London.

**AN IRISH ROAD BOOK.**

Messrs. Gall and Inglis have added a preliminary volume of Ireland to their famous and well-known Contour series. It contains 200 maps and plans, with full and accurate descriptions of all the principal roads in Ireland. Nearly every route thus dealt with is illustrated by a plan, which is in reality a miniature picture of the road, showing the rise and fall, the hills, villages, etc., with perfect fidelity. Each plan is accompanied by a description of the condition of the road, its measurements, gradients, principal objects by the way, and the places where there are hotels or inns. The routes chosen offer an infinite choice of roads, and a series of tours are given for the benefit of the intending traveller. The book is issued in a size suitable for carrying in the pocket, and its great merit is its simplicity. It is also fully indexed. Similar volumes for England and Scotland have already been published.

**TOURING IN IRELAND.**

The book gives some interesting notes on touring in the Emerald Isle. It is stated that at the present moment hardly any county can be said to have the pre-eminence in regard to superiority of roads. The average main road is very bumpy wherever there is heavy traffic, and were it not that footpath riding is sympathetically looked on by the constabulary the tourist would have a bad time of it in many districts. In Phoenix Park, Dublin, the cyclist may ride on the footpaths. The leading tourist districts are:—Co. Wicklow; the Blackwater, near Youhal; Killarney, including Co. Kerry; the Clare coast; Connemara and Achill, Donegal; the Antrim coast (including the Giants' Causeway); and the Mourne Mountains. Nearly all the scenery is scarcely over more than a few miles from the coast line. The inland parts—mostly undulating agricultural land or bog—are quite uninteresting, except where architectural relics, lough, or river lend charm to an otherwise featureless spot. As regards coast cliff scenery, Ireland easily takes the lead, for the mountain ranges bearing the brunt of the Atlantic waves have two cliffs each about 2,000 feet high—Croagh-naun and Slieve League—ranking next to those in

Norway for magnificence, while the cliffs of Moher are as straight and much higher than any in Cornwall. There has been a marked improvement in the hotels of Ireland within the last few years.

**THE CYCLE'S USEFULNESS.**

As one goes about, it cannot fail to be noticed that the cycle is often put to queer uses. Here are three instances of what a cycle can carry, personally vouched for as having been witnessed by a correspondent to "Cycling":—(1) A child's coffin, taken home at dusk by the coffin-maker, on the handle-bars; (2) a full sack of pig meal, balanced on the saddle, the rider walking; and (3) a bundle of timber that would half fill a cart, lashed lengthways to the handle-bars and saddle. Probably the worst use to which a bicycle can be put is to carry a child in front of the handle-bars, as is sometimes seen, not only on the quiet country roads, but amidst the traffic of big cities.

**CHATTER BY THE WAYSIDE.**

It is stated that six miles an hour is the limit of speed allowed for motor-cars at Kimberley, where it is the duty of the sanitary inspector to see that the regulation is not infringed.

The amateur photographer is often careless over his fixing bath. He should see that he has a clean bath, with the crystals well dissolved and the negative thoroughly cleansed from the developer.

The modern powerful rim-brakes should be applied gradually, especially when the roads are greasy or very dusty.

Considerable developments in the direction of foot-applied brakes are promised next season.

Northampton has a unique cycling club. Every member must be capable of doing fifteen miles an hour.

Boating and river scenes generally afford excellent material for the amateur photographer. What more picturesque than the Thames or the Avon of Shakespeare in the holiday months of the year?

France can commandeer 975,000 cycles and 5,000 motor-cars if war should break out.

Few of the public seem to be aware that motor-bicycles are taxed. The tax is one of 15s. per annum.

In the last issue of "Notes and Notices" the Automobile Club enclose several post-cards addressed for posting to the secretary. On these, members are requested to give the names of any hotels at which they may have stopped and have been well treated.



# THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART  
AND  
LITERARY  
SUPPLEMENT

## CORONATION NUMBER.

No. 78.

SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1902.

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STOCK

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for Cash.

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Photo by]

[Gunn & Stuart.

"The King and Queen—God Bless 'em."



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Second-hand Pianos from £8.

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Moderate Charges.

ADDRESS :

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WHEN YOU ARE REQUIRING  
Drapery or Millinery,  
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Gentlemen's or Boys' Clothing,  
Bedsteads, Bedding,  
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ties), Dish Papers (all sizes), Foun-  
tain and Stylo Pens. All makes  
kept in stock, and cash discount  
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The oldest established Toy and Fancy  
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**S. J. OLIVER,** From Marshall and  
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High-Class Ladies' Tailor.

All the Latest Designs & Newest  
Materials for the Present Season.

Mr. Oliver personally fits and supervises every Garment.  
Perfect Fit from Pattern, Bodice, or Measurements.  
SKETCHES & MATERIALS SUBMITTED FOR APPROVAL.

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PHOTOGRAPHY in all Styles; Children  
a Speciality. Outdoor Groups. Prices  
Moderate.



Photo, York & Son,]

[Notting Hill.

EDWARD THE CONFESSOR'S TOMB AND CORONATION CHAIR.

**Montpellier Gardens, Cheltenham.**

THE ENTERTAINMENT COMMITTEE OF THE CORPORATION have pleasure in submitting to the public of Cheltenham and neighbourhood this List of Amusements for the Summer Season, 1902. Subscribers will be admitted free to 66 Concerts; half-price to 79 special Concerts; half-price to any Concerts which may have to be held in Winter Garden; also free to Pittville Garden, including all Concerts, except 5 which are half-price.

- Thursday, July 3rd, One Day,  
GORDON HIGHLANDERS' BAND.
- Monday, July 7th, One Week,  
BRESCIAN FAMILY.
- Wednesday, July 9th, One Day,  
IRISH GUARDS' BAND.
- Monday, July 14th, One Week,  
CERISE PIERROTS.
- Wednesday and Thursday, July 23rd & 24th, Two Days,  
BEN GREET'S PASTORAL PLAYERS.
- Friday and Saturday, July 25th & 26th, Two Days,  
BAND OF THE ROYAL ARTILLERY.
- Monday, July 28th, One Week,  
THE JESTERS.
- Monday, August 4th, One Week,  
THE FOLLIES.
- Monday, August 11th, One Week,  
WHITE VIENNESE BAND.
- Monday, August 18th, One Week,  
ASHTON'S REAL HUNGARIAN BAND.
- Monday, August 25th, One Week,  
MADAM LLOYD'S CHOIR, &c.
- Monday, Sept. 1st, One Week,  
"THE POM POMS."
- Thursday, Sept. 4th, One Day,  
BAND H.M. COLDSTREAM GUARDS.
- Monday, Sept. 8th, One Week,  
BERLIN-MEISTER ORCHESTRA.

SUBSCRIPTION, 5 - EACH PERSON.

Tickets at the Municipal Offices, Cheltenham; Messrs. Westley & Co., Stationers, Promenade, Cheltenham; where the Plan of Reserved Seats may be seen and all information obtained.

**BEETHAM & CLARK,**

From SAVORY & MOORE,

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Photographic Chemists.

A LARGE SELECTION OF

- Photographic ✨ ✨
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- Plates, ✨ ✨ ✨
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leading makers. ✨

Dark Room for use of  
Customers.

22, PROMENADE VILLAS,  
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ABBEY CHURCH OF ST. PETER, WESTMINSTER (from an old engraving.)

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The Corset Emporium,

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EGS to call attention to his leading SPECIALITIES, of which he holds a very choice and large assortment.  
THE NOTED HOUSE FOR CORSETS, SKIRTS, BLOUSES, DRESSING GOWNS, and FANCY DRAPERY.

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Parisian & West End Styles at Moderate Prices.

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Shortly Opening NEW SHOWROOMS for  
DINNER, TEA, & TOILET SETS.

**FLETCHER'S,** the Largest and  
Cheapest Stores.

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Established 10 Years.

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HOURS 9 a.m. TILL 8 P.M.

A SET OF TEETH FROM £1.  
SINGLE TOOTH 2/6.

NO EXTRACTIONS NECESSARY.  
REPAIRS IN ONE HOUR.

Country Visitors supplied in One Day.  
Old Cases re-made. 1/- per tooth, or 10/- a set.

New Teeth fitted to Old Cases.  
Old Plates altered and made to fit in  
the work previously.

TWICKENBURY: First and Third Wednesdays in month (12 to 5 p.m.), Clarke's Restaurant, 136, High-street.  
STROUD: Saturdays 2 to 5 p.m., Collins's, 11, King-street.  
NAILSWORTH: Saturdays (11 to 1 p.m.), 3, Bridge-street.  
BOURTON-ON-THE-WATER, WINCHCOMBE, and STOW-ON-THE-WOLD: Alternate Wednesdays.



Photo by F. G. O. Stuart.]

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

[Southampton.



Photos by

[Gunn & Stuart.

**Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales.**

The Royal Family.—Notable Dates.

King born at Buckingham Palace	November 9, 1841	Thanksgiving Service .. ..	February 27, 1872
Created Prince of Wales .. ..	December, 1841	Installed Grand Master of Freemasons .. ..	1875
Christened at St. George's Chapel	January 25, 1842	Visit to India .. ..	1875
Undergraduate at Oxford University .. ..	1859	Silver Wedding .. ..	March 10, 1888
Visit to Canada and United States .. ..	1860	Marriage of Princess Louise .. ..	July 27, 1889
Undergraduate at Cambridge University .. ..	1861	Duke of Clarence died .. ..	January 14, 1892
First visit to Egypt and Palestine .. ..	1862	Wedding of Prince of Wales .. ..	July 6, 1893
Marriage .. ..	March 10, 1863	Birth of Prince Edward of York .. ..	June 23, 1894
Member of House of Lords .. ..	1863	Attempted Assassination at Brussels .. ..	April, 1900
Freedom of City of London .. ..	June 8, 1863	Accession .. ..	January 22, 1901
Duke of Clarence born .. ..	January 8, 1864	Opening of First Parliament .. ..	Feb. 14, 1901
Prince of Wales born .. ..	June 3, 1865	Crowned at Westminster Abbey .. ..	June 26, 1902
First State Visit to Ireland .. ..	1865		

Interesting



From 827 to 1901 55 Monarchs reigned, averaging 19½ years each.

The House of Coburg is the eighth from Saxon times.



Photo by] Prince Edward of York. [Gunn & Stuart.

Facts.



Although two new Kings have reigned by right of conquest, yet King Edward VII. is a blood descendant of Alfred the Great.



The following are dissections of the different Houses:

Number of Monarchs.	Period.	Years.	per Monarch.	Number of Monarchs.	Period.	Years.	per Monarch.
Saxons and Danes	20 .. 827—1056	239 ..	12	Tudor	5 .. 1485—1603	118 ..	23½
Normans	4 .. 1056—1154	88 ..	22	Stuart	6 .. 1603—1714	111 ..	18½
Plantagenet	8 .. 1154—1399	245 ..	30½	(Commonwealth 10 years 1649—1659.)			
Lancaster	3 .. 1399—1461	62 ..	20½	Hanover	6 .. 1714—1901	187 ..	31
York	3 .. 1461—1485	24 ..	8	Coburg	1 .. 1901		



King Edward VII. on his Charger.  
Cheltenham Visit, 1897.

**JAMES CYPHER,**

Queen's Road Nurseries,  
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Wedding & Ball Bouquets  
and Floral Decorations  
of all kinds.

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Wreaths, Crosses,  
& Anchors, &c.

A CHOICE COLLECTION OF ORCHIDS,  
And all kinds of Plants for the Conservatory  
and Garden.

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steads, Bedding, &c.

SPECIAL VALUE IN LEATHER SUITES  
COUCH, 2 EASYS, 4 SMALLS, £5 10S.

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QUEEN VICTORIA. Died January 22nd, 1901.

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Every comfort. First-class menu. Moderate terms.

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Plough Hotel), Cheltenham.



Photo by

Gunn & Stuart.

Queen Alexandra.



E

CORONATION DAY.





Photo by

Gunn & Stuart.

King Edward VII.

R

JUNE 26, 1902.

THE PRIZE PICTURE.



J. A. PROBERT CHELTENHAM

Photo by J. A. Probert,]

Animal Studies.

[Cheltenham.

**"God Bless our King!"**

Tune—"Moscow," or "National Anthem."

FOR our good King to-day  
We, Lord, a blessing pray,  
Rich, great, and free.  
Oh! send a blessed show'r!  
For all who meet this hour  
Within this sacred bow'r  
We built for Thee.

How many days of strife  
May mar his future life  
From foes abroad!  
Thou King of Peace and Love,  
Come quickly from above!  
His soldiers, brave they stood,  
With Thee their Sword

On this most happy day,  
For our dear Queen we pray,  
Her faith increase.  
With Wisdom all Thine Own.  
Oh! bless our English Throne,  
That side by side as *one*  
They reign in peace.

May nothing evil come  
To curse their royal home.  
Circled by Love.  
Kept from all idols free  
Our British Throne must be,  
'Till thro' Eternity  
They reign above.

Now bless King Edward, Lord,  
And may Thy Holy word  
His life endow.  
When Thou shalt call Thine own,  
And make Thy Jewels known,  
Oh! place a Heav'nly crown  
Upon his brow!

Now praise we Father, Son,  
And Spirit, Three in One.  
Hallelujah!  
All Wisdom comes from Thee,  
All Joy and Liberty,  
Holy Divinity,  
Hallelujah!! Amen.

MRS. G. PHILIPS-PEARCE,  
St. Paul's Vicarage, Cheltenham.

**W. E. KIMBER,**

Tailor, Hatter, Hosiery, & Juvenile Outfitter,  
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Perfect Fitting Suits made to special  
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Trousers, to special order from 8/11.

Best London Cut. Over 3,000 patterns to select  
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JAMES STARS, and TRUSCOTT'S CYCLES.  
MOTOR BIKES TO ORDER.

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THE DOWSING RADIANT HEAT & LIGHT BATHS  
(MASSAGE & MEDICAL ELECTRICITY.)

Bath Rooms on Each Floor. Corporation Sanitary Certificate

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*Permanicous,*

*Travelling*

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*Dressing Bags,*

BASKET TRUNKS.

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Florist and Seedsman,  
2, Clarence Street, CHELTENHAM.

Wreaths & Crosses made to order. Telephone 236.

**T. GEORGE, Boot & Shoe  
Maker,**

Is now showing a Large and Varied Stock of  
*Walking, Tennis, Cricket,*  
*Evening & Dress Goods,* suitable  
All kinds made to measure. Repairs. \* for present wear.  
94, Winchcombe St., CHELTENHAM.

111, HIGH STREET (Opposite  
Pough Hotel.)

Colonial and School White,  
Coloured & Flannel

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HOSIERY, . . .

COLLARS, . . .

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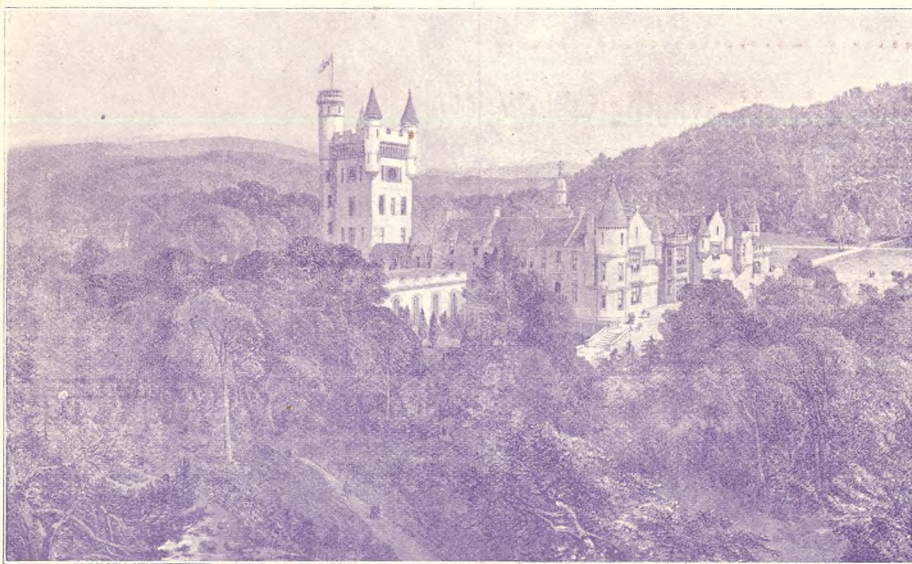
BUCKINGHAM PALACE.



ANY volumes—nay a whole library—would be speedily filled in setting forth what was said and done and the divers ways in which the people rejoiced and were glad throughout the Empire on which the sun never sets at the crowning of Edward VII., King of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and of the Greater Britain beyond the seas, and Emperor of India. And even when graphic pens had done their best they would fail to convey to posterity an adequate sense of the loyalty to the Crown and to its personal representative, the wide and sympathetic patriotism, the just pride in glorious traditions, the determination to preserve untarnished the heritage of the past, the gratitude for past national blessings and for present Imperial solidity and prosperity, and the hopes, as well as, perhaps, the fears for the future, which this remarkable celebration by a quarter of the human race focussed and symbolised. In our main sheet will be found descriptions, as detailed as space will permit, of the rejoicings in our own town and district; but, however

numerous the columns so filled may be, and however wide the circle to which they may appeal as an aid to pleasant reminiscence, they are the record of what occurred in but one small corner of his Majesty's wide dominions, which cover an area three times as large as the continent of Europe and three and a half times as large as the great Republic of the United States. More than three times as many subjects as are governed by the Czar owe allegiance to Edward VII., and, what is more, he rules through their love and free assent, not through their fear.

The story of past rejoicings on similar occasions in Cheltenham and district shows that the general and spontaneous enthusiasm of the whole community irrespective of class, despite tradition with regard to the heartiness of "the good old times,"



BALMORAL.

reached its present intensity within comparatively modern days. The two Victorian jubilees have left an indelible impression on the minds of the present generation; but somewhat longer memories are required to recall the national celebration of the marriage of our present King on Tuesday, 10th March, 1863. In Cheltenham, at least, it was the high-water mark of what had hitherto been done in the way of public rejoicings. £1,000 was raised in subscriptions; and chief among the events of the day were the entertaining of 5,000 children, a procession of volunteers, &c., with four bands, a public dinner at which 800 of all classes were present, and decorations and illuminations on a scale never before locally attempted. The town was scarcely half its present size at the Coronation of Queen Victoria on Thursday, June 28th, 1838; but our recently republished account of what transpired shows that our grandfathers did their best to enjoy themselves. At the Coronation of William IV. on September 9th, 1831, 1,405 Cheltenham children were regaled with roast beef and plum pudding, and on passing in procession the statue of his Majesty in Imperial Gardens were each "presented with a bun by Mr. Henry." For the first time in the history of Cheltenham there was some attempt at a general illumination by means of gas devices. George IV. was crowned on July 19th, 1821, and for the due recognition of the event in Cheltenham a committee, of which Mr. Theodore Gwinnett was chairman, collected 130 guineas, and distributed their value in bread, meat, and beer to every poor person of good character; while cakes stamped with a crown and the royal arms were distributed amongst the children. Twelve years further back in the file of "The Cheltenham Chronicle" we come across the oldest record of any local public rejoicings in an account of the jubilee of George III. in October, 1809; when the tradesmen of the town and their families, to the number of 180, had a ball and supper at Sheldon's Hotel; the gentry had a ball at the Rooms; and some of the windows in the town were illuminated with wax candles and coloured lamps.

On the occasion of the visit of King Edward, then Prince of Wales, to Cheltenham on the 13th May, 1897, our historical survey of "Previous Royal Visits" bore reluctant testimony that since the days of George III. the town had been somewhat neglected by the Royal House. In fact, notwithstanding the whilom ancient connection between the Manor and the Crown, and the undoubted reputation of the district for royalty—upheld, by the way, during the Civil War, on the occasion that Waller fought for his bed in the village when he came to raise the siege of Gloucester—royal visits were few and far between in our history, both before and after the patronage extended by George III. to the new fashionable spa. The ancient Manor may, at least, boast of some connection with royal Edwards. For instance, so far back as the reign of Edward the Confessor, it had the honour of subscribing 3,000 loaves for that Saxon King's dogs; and it is an indisputable historical fact that Edward IV. halted at "Chiltenham" on the eve of the Battle of "Tewkesberie." Let us hope that the present King, who has publicly visited the town, and is credited with having been here several times *incognito*, will give us additional proof that its destiny is bound up with the

reigns of the Edwards. In this connection it is worthy of remembrance that it was once an open question whether our King should have his country seat at Sandringham or at the neighbouring Castle of Hatherop, and that some still think he made the wrong choice.

Enough of the brief glance at the past and at the aspirations to which it gives rise. Our modern celebrations of great national events may lack in some degree the picturesque setting of public rejoicings in the "good old times." Our conduits no longer run with wine; our revelry is not so boisterous, nor the good cheer so coarsely profuse; we are no longer able to feast our eyes on gay processions of knights and gallants in armour and cloth of gold; but the word pictures we have had drawn for us by innumerable pens during the past week show that this so-called prosaic age can boast of its stately pageants on sea and land never equalled in dignity, impressiveness, and grandeur by anything of which history tells. Under present conditions, also, our people are not merely spectators of celebrations, but keen participants in them, and this applies with special emphasis to the part played by the poor. In our own case efforts were directed towards fulfilling the public duty to both extremes of life. The children had the day impressed on their memory by treats and medals; and for the poor old folk over sixty there were provided the means of obtaining the creature comforts of which they stood in need. Even the workhouse was, for the nonce, a centre of festivity. Then we had the laying of the memorial stone in our splendid Town Hall that is to be; and the concerts and entertainments to help the public in keeping holiday. But the comparatively little which was done, or could be done, in that way would have been of poor account without the spontaneous loyalty and enthusiasm which entered into and assured success for all the proceedings; which was made manifest in the heartiness of the religious services; which was seen in the good humour everywhere prevalent in our principal streets and places of assembly; which was typified in the gay colours of the flags and bunting and in the glory of the illuminations and concluding firework display.

Of biographies of his gracious Majesty there is no end; but we feel that we should be lacking in a number embellished by beautiful photographs of himself and of his charming consort, as well as by those of our future King and Queen and of their eldest born, if we did not glance at the chief occurrences in his eventful career. Albert Edward, the eighteenth Prince of Wales, was born at Buckingham Palace on November 9th, 1841. Ordinary mortals are not considered legally of age until they are twenty-one, but even during the infancy of the Prince of Wales a chair was placed for him on the right of the throne in the House of Lords. When a month old, by virtue of a patent under the great seal, the titles of Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester were conferred on him, the announcement in the *London Gazette* of that day stating that he had been ennobled and invested with the principality and earldom by "girding him with a sword, by putting a coronet on his head, and a gold ring on his finger, and also by delivering a gold rod into his hand." He was the ninth Prince of Wales to receive the distinctive title in infancy. His baptism took place in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, on



WINDSOR CASTLE.

January 25th, 1842. Two Archbishops and four Bishops performed the rite with water from the Jordan, and the arrangements for the ceremony, at which the King of Prussia, the great-grandfather of the present Emperor William, was one of the sponsors, cost £250,000. At the age of three, the Prince attended a military spectacle in honour of Czar Nicholas I. He reviewed the Guards when they were leaving for the Crimea. He toured Ireland and Wales at nine years of age, and Europe at sixteen. On his seventeenth birthday he was made a colonel in the army, and invested with the Order of the Garter. Meanwhile, owing to the anxiety of the Queen and the Prince Consort that he should have a good education, he was undergoing rigorous discipline, which earned for him the sympathy of Mr. "Punch," as expressed in the once oft-quoted verses on "dear little Wales." He acquired an early fluency in French and German, to which was added Italian. The King, who takes a great interest in educational questions, has often urged the study of foreign languages on modern youth. In 1859 he entered Oxford as an undergraduate, mastered the regulation share of Greek, Latin, and mathematics, showed aptitude in playing and drawing, stored his mind with the wisdom of standard authors, and passed his examinations readily. Thus he was "educated" in the best sense of the word, by travel, mental training at home and in the university, and physical recreation and useful "hobbies," including gardening and shoe-making. He was, however, a perfectly natural and healthy boy, the very antithesis of a precocious prig, and many amusing stories are told of his love of mischief. Abundance of outdoor fun, frolic, and sport were indulged in by the Royal children, especially on birthdays and festive occasions. On his eighteenth birthday the Prince received a touching letter from his mother informing him that he was legally of age, and free from paternal control. He was now provided with a bachelor establishment at White Lodge, Richmond Park, where he lived with several gentlemen, rather older than himself, selected by the Prince Consort. A few months later, at the age of 19, he paid a visit to Canada, landing at St. John's, Newfoundland, on July 24th, 1860, and creating by his bright, happy, face, his unaffected simplicity, his perfect good manners, and his genuine kindness a pleasant impression wherever he went. In response to the



SANDRINGHAM.

cordial invitation of President Buchanan the Prince extended his tour to the United States, and, in the course of an extremely successful stay in that country, paid a visit to the grave of Washington. The President, writing to Queen Victoria, spoke enthusiastically of the good impressions created both in public and private by the Prince, and the many distinguished Americans who will come to see Edward VII. crowned will not be unmindful of the gracious part he played in their country when a youth. It should augur well for the future friendship of the two countries. On his return home in 1861 he transferred his undergraduateship from Oxford to Cambridge, and there he was engaged in his studies when his father died. He was the chief mourner at the funeral. Next year he visited the Nile and the Holy Land. In 1863 he took his seat in the House of Lords, and Parliament voted him £50,000 a year in addition to the £75,000 which he was believed to have derived from the Duchy of Cornwall.

On Saturday, the 7th of March, 1863, there arrived in London a royal lady who has since endeared herself to the British people. Princess Alexandra, "the sea king's daughter from over the sea," landed at Gravesend, where she was most cordially and affectionately greeted, and her reception in the city was equally enthusiastic. Her marriage with the Prince of Wales was celebrated on March 10th, at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, amid a scene of great pomp and splendour, the festivities in honour of the event extending throughout the whole of the Empire, into every town and hamlet, and into every hall and cottage. The union was blessed by a number of children—the Princess Maud, who, in 1896, married Prince Charles of Denmark; Prince Alexander, who died in infancy; the Duke of Clarence, who died in 1892; Prince George Frederick, Prince of Wales, Duke of Cornwall and York, who in 1893 married Princess May of Teck; the Princess Victoria, who is still unmarried; and Princess Louise, who in 1899 married the Duke of Fife.

During the next eight years the Prince of Wales divided his attention between state and public functions, and the pleasures of a country life at Sandringham, which had been purchased for him in 1861. He superintended the arrangement of his farm, and planned the decorations of his home, and such was the simplicity and homeliness of his life that a single policeman was invariably the sole guard of the person and property of the heir apparent to the throne. This happy life was seriously disturbed towards the close of 1871, when a deep sensation was created throughout the country by the dangerous illness of the Prince. Early in November he contracted typhoid fever while on a visit to Lord Lonsborough. On the 8th or December there was a relapse, and the news was flashed throughout the country that the Prince was in imminent danger of life. The whole British people became as members of a great family anxiously watching by the bedside of one of its best loved members. On the 14th December, the day on which ten years before his father succumbed to the same disease, a change for the better took place, and from that date the Prince gradually rallied. A solemn service or thanksgiving for his recovery was held in St. Paul's Cathedral on the 27th of February, 1872, and the day was observed as a general holiday.

A few more years passed as uneventfully as those that preceded his illness, and then

in October, 1875, the Prince set off on his famous tour to strengthen the ties uniting Great Britain to her vast Indian possessions. En route, he paid a visit to King George of Greece, meeting with a magnificent reception in Athens, and he also passed through Egypt, making a state call on the Khedive in Cairo. Bombay was reached on the 8th November, and the reception of the heir apparent was stately and splendid. During his stay in India the Prince travelled about ten thousand miles, and not only was he the central figure in many gorgeous pageants, ceremonies, and receptions, characterised by the pomp and display of precious stones and coloured raiment in which the "richest East" delights, but he was also received by all classes with a kindness which left a lasting impression on his mind. The royal visit was followed by the proclamation on New Year's Day, 1877, of Queen Victoria as Empress of India.

It was in the years following his return from his Eastern tour that his great victories on the turf, recompensing him for previous ill-luck, began, and though this is not the place for a survey of his long and honourable association with England's greatest sport, suffice it to say that it contributed not a little to his popularity with both the masses and the classes, and that his racing career has been closely followed by all who believe in perseverance, fair play, and the elevation of the turf. Precluded from taking an active part in political life, he devoted not a little time to shooting, yachting, and nearly all manly sports, and his records at the big shoots at Sandringham and elsewhere gained for him the reputation of being one of the best shots in the Kingdom. The Prince was extremely fond of deer stalking in Scotland, at Abergeldie, Balmoral, and Mar Lodge. From time to time he has had splendid sport with the Emperor of Germany and the Duke of Coburg in the immense forests of Central Europe. During his trip up the Nile the Prince enjoyed the somewhat unusual sport of crocodile hunting, and he is said to have shown great patience and dexterity in stalking and shooting those wily reptiles.

The home life of himself and his beloved wife was divided between Marlborough House and Sandringham. The affection inspired by the future Queen Alexandra in British hearts by her sweetness and beauty as a shy girl she has kept, and increased as the years rolled on. They grieved over her during the painful and wearisome attack of acute rheumatism which endangered her life soon after her marriage. They rejoiced when her health was restored, and when she was called on to bear the trial of the loss of her elder son, the nation mourned with the mother bereaved. Those who look at our beautiful portrait of Queen Alexandra will probably be amazed at her youthful appearance, but all who have seen her declare that she looks as young and as beautiful in reality as the pictures of her indicate. She is, so say those who know her, a born homemaker, delighting in everything artistic and harmonious, but never going in for society crazes and caring little for the latest style. In her boudoir she keeps family photographs and a big rag doll to amuse little grandchildren. Flowers and pets are among her interests. Dogs, of course, are favourites; and she is patroness of the Ladies' Kennel Association and the Ladies' Kennel Club. She used to be very fond of dancing and of fancy dress balls, but since the death of the Duke of Clarence she has never danced.

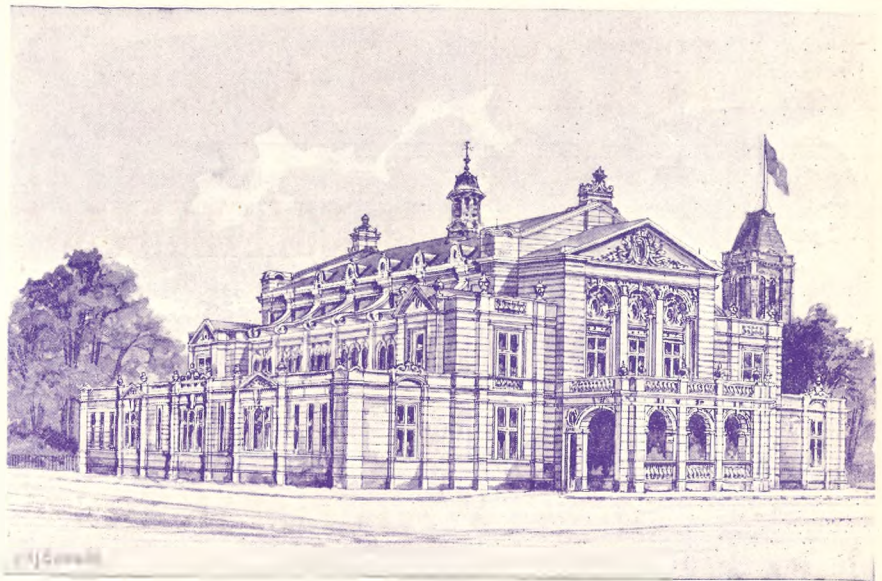
The account of the home life of the Royal children shows that they were brought up very simply. The Prince and Princess celebrated their silver wedding in 1888. Among the presents was a silver statuette of Viva, the Princess's favourite horse. A wedding cake six feet high was presented, and the Princess's eight bridesmaids came in a deputation bearing a silver casket. One lady said "We all looked old women, and she was as young as ever." If the Queen is renowned for her tactful attention as a hostess, she is also beloved amongst the poor and suffering in both Great Britain and Denmark for her charity. She was long regarded as an accomplished horsewoman, and her model dairy is a proof of her practical interest in agriculture. Since her husband became King, the Queen has been much in the public eye as the devoted grandmother and guardian of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York's children; and her general life and character, both public and private, acclaim her at once to be a queenly woman and a womanly queen.

The untimely death of Prince "Eddy" at Sandringham, January, 1891, on the eve of his marriage, was the one bitter drop in the cup of their Majesties' family happiness. Prince George—to call our popular Prince of Wales by his early title—is of a somewhat more vivacious character than his late brother, but he is withal an excellent "all-round" man of affairs, well-educated, tactful, and of eminently shrewd business instincts, as his economical management of his household proves. He has travelled far and observed much, and his statesmanlike speech at the Guildhall Banquet, when the city welcomed him back from his great tour of the Empire, proved him to be an admirable speaker, as well as keenly alive to the best interests of the country. We give beautiful copyright photographs of the Prince and Princess of Wales (the popular Princess "May" of Teck, to whom he was married in July, 1893), and of their eldest son, Prince Edward, our little "future King," who is quite to the manner born, and a child of precocious intelligence. The growth of Prince Edward, Prince Albert, Princess Victoria, and Prince Henry is watched with sympathetic interest by a loyal nation, and their engaging ways are said to be a constant amusement to the King and Queen.

That his Majesty has since his accession to the throne performed his kingly duties well is the universal opinion of all who have been brought in contact with him. So much was expected of him by many illustrious men who knew him intimately during the late reign. His political leanings are unknown, and the leaders of each party have always been, and are, numbered among his friends. As a diplomat he has been singularly successful. It is largely through his personal influence that harmonious relations have been restored between Great Britain and Germany, and that good feeling has been established between Russia and England. As a Sovereign, the principal State ceremony in which King Edward VII. had hitherto taken part was that in St. James's Palace, where the constitutional oaths were administered to him, and he received the allegiance of his Privy Counsellors. One or two sentences of his address may be reproduced, for it is in these that the assurance is given of what his reign will be. "My constant endeavour will be to walk in the footsteps of my beloved mother. In undertaking the heavy load which now devolves on me, I am fully determined to be

a constitutional Sovereign in the strictest sense of the word, and so long as there is breath in my body to work for the good and amelioration of my people."

The magnificent ceremony, whose details have challenged the descriptive powers of the most realistic writers of our generation during the past week, consisted of a series of intensely symbolical observances. For instance, the investiture of the ring signified an espousal of the King to his people, and the presentation of the spurs signified the bestowal of knighthood. The main features, the anointing and crowning, were those by which the Israelites used to be placed in authority over their subjects. It was essentially a great religious act. The Sovereign was vested with garments that correspond with those of the ancient Bishops, and these, with the emblems of power, gave a double capacity of ruler and priest. He received the Crown from the altar, thus acknowledging the source of all earthly power. Add to this that when the latter-day British Sovereign, "King by the grace of God and the will of the people," assumed the orb and sceptre, he did so in undisturbed assurance of that people's acquiescence throughout all the vast expanse of his realm. The answering applause of that great people did not take the form of official demonstrations paid for out of the State Treasury, nor was it prompted by motives of personal ambition, but was a spontaneous outburst on their part to celebrate an act in their own history, the forging of another link in the long train of national traditions which constitute their glory and their grandeur, as well as their united expression as a people, not merely satisfied with, but also proud of their form of government, and their achievements under its mild constitutional sway—a constitution and a government which afford them a complete guarantee of liberty with order, progress with stability, and prosperity with security.



From a drawing by Mr. E. J. Burrow.

Cheltenham.

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