

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 96.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1902.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE, CHELTENHAM.

This afternoon and to-night,

"A COUNTRY MOUSE."

NEXT WEEK—

"THE SECOND IN COMMAND."

Times and Prices as Usual.

Prize Photography.

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

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

Photographs must not be smaller than quarter-plate size, must be mounted, and must be printed on silver paper with a glossy finish.

Competitors may send in any number of Photographs, all of which, however, will become the property of the Proprietors of the "Chronicle and Graphic," who reserve the right to reproduce the same.

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

The winner of the 94th competition is Mr. F. R. Willis, of 7 Clarence-street, Cheltenham, with his bazaar pictures.

Entries for the 95th competition closed this (Saturday) morning, Nov. 1st, 1902, and in subsequent competitions entries will close on the Saturday morning preceding the award, so as to allow time for adjudication and reproduction.

Prize Drawing.

The proprietors of the "Chronicle and Graphic" also offer a weekly prize of half-a-guinea for the best drawing submitted for approval.

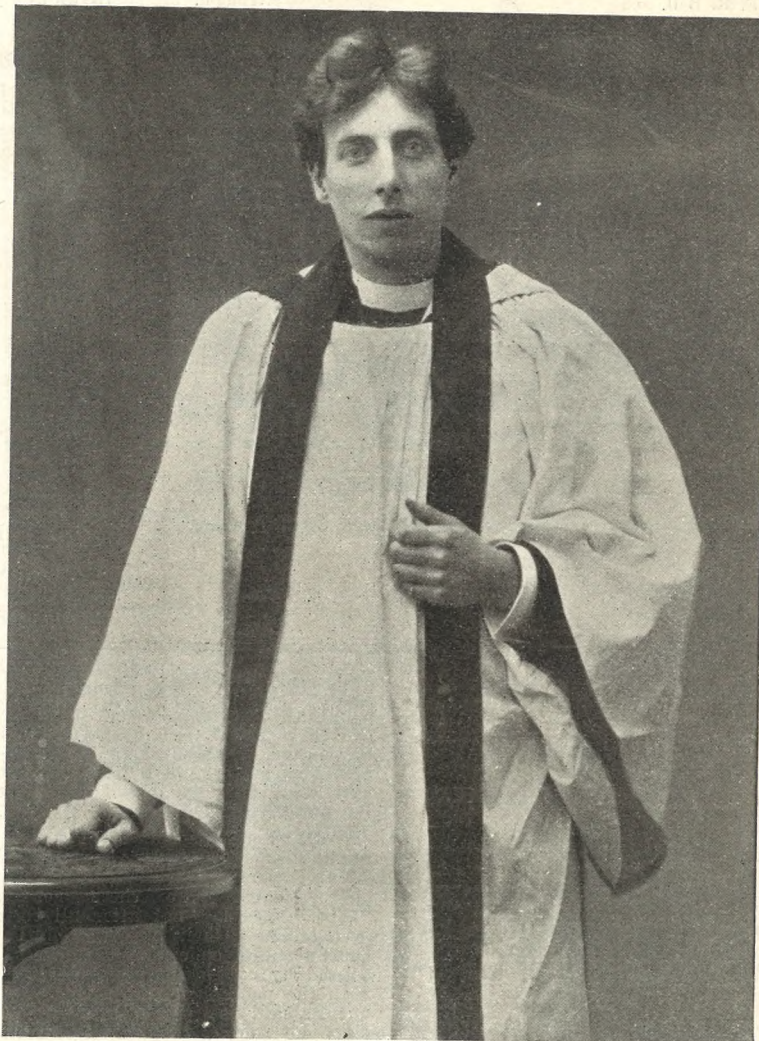
The competition is open to the county, and any subject may be chosen—sketch, portrait, or cartoon—but local subjects are preferred.

Drawings must be in Indian black ink on Bristol board.

In both competitions all specimens received will be retained and may be reproduced, but any drawing the return of which is particularly desired will be handed over on personal application.

The winner of the fifth competition is Mr. H. S. Wheeler, 18 St. Paul's-street North, Cheltenham.

Entries for the sixth drawing competition closed this (Saturday) morning, Nov. 1st, 1902, and the result will appear, together with the reproduction, in next Saturday's issue. In subsequent competitions also entries will close on the Saturday morning preceding the award.



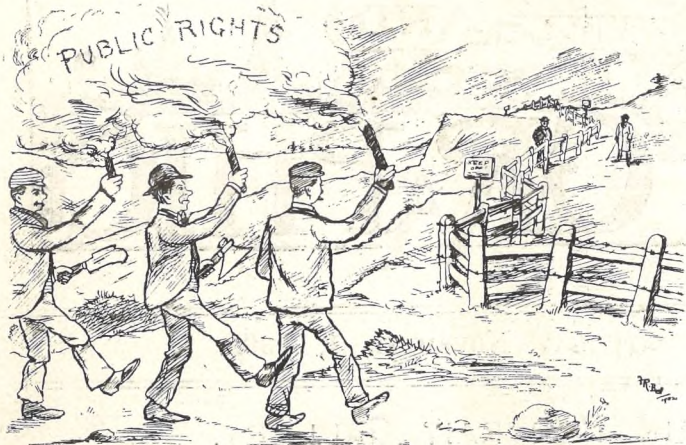
Rev. H. E. Hoott, M.A.,
Vicar Designate of St. Luke's, Cheltenham.

Mr. Edward William Wallington, C.M.G., late private secretary to the Governor-General of Australia, has been appointed Groom of the Bed Chamber to the Prince of Wales. Mr. Wallington comes of an old Gloucestershire family, being the son of Col. Sir John Wallington, K.C.B., who formerly commanded the Royal North Gloucester Militia.

Permission has been received by the Brighton Town Council to borrow £42,000 for the establishment of a municipal telephone service.

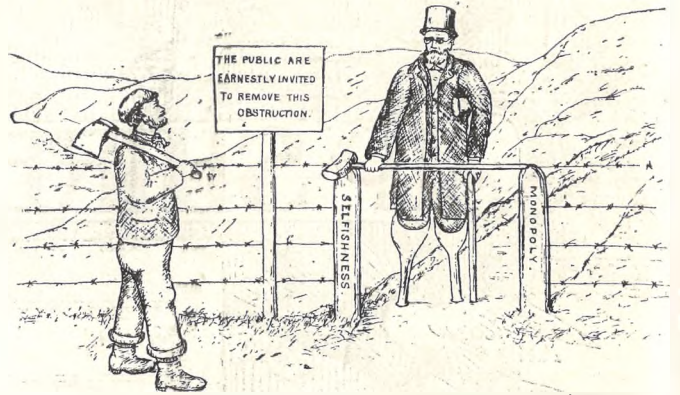
Sir Robert Symes on Monday accepted an invitation to become the new Lord Mayor of Bristol. He has already occupied the position of chief magistrate four times.

LECKHAMPTON . CARTOONS.



Drawn by F. R. Bell,

Cheltenham.



VILLAGE HAMPDEN: I'll jolly soon remove the obstruction. Why, man, you haven't a leg to stand on.

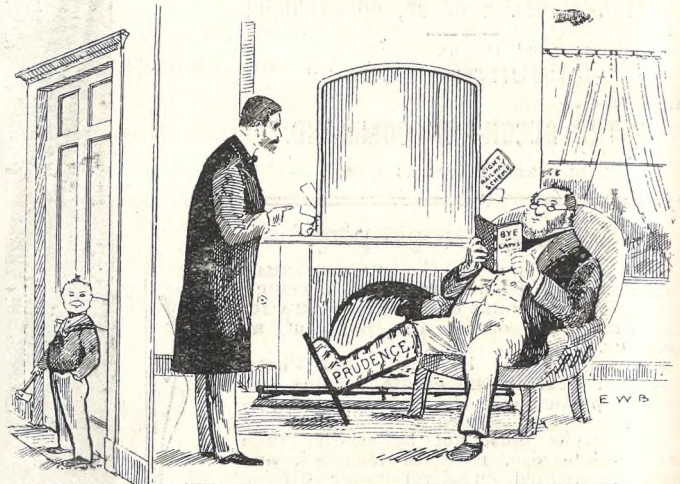
Drawn by C. A. Probert,

Cheltenham.



Drawn by J. Halm,

Cheltenham.



Leckhampton Quarries Co appeal to Rural District Council because of mischief done by that naughty little Leckhampton boy. Mr. R.D.C.: I am unable to INVESTIGATE. You should not be so exclusive, don't you know. Boys will be boys!

Drawn by E. W. Beckingsale,

Cheltenham.

“Selina Jenkins Letters.”

SELINA JENKINS “UP” FOR THE EAST WARD.
“A HITCH IN THE PROGRAMME.”

Oh, dear! Wot a time I 'ave 'ad! Why, I used to consider as a washin' day in the old days, when Sunlite Soap and washing machines wasn't 'eard of, were quite enough of a knock-out, as you mite say; but now I knows different. For downrite 'ard work I'd recommend anybody as was spiling for a bit of muscular mental hexercise to 'ave a go at putting up for the Town Council!

There's been a good few hupsets in this 'ere business, but I think the worst as I knows were the deception I 'ad when I went down with the Major-Kurnel to 'and in me nomination papers to Alderman Mr. Norman the other day.

I 'ad everythink in happle-pie horder, as the sayin' is—six different nomination papers a-filled up, one all with teetotallers and another with fieldmale ladies, and another with women, so as not to 'ave no mistake at the last moment.

We goes into the room, where Alderman Mr. Norman were a-presiding over a hink-pot and several sheets of 'riting-paper on to a table, wich we 'ands him our papers, so proud as any dook to think so many 'ad superscribed their names thereunto; and I must tell you there were one list as was filled hup entirely

from them as figures in the “resident gentry” in the “Hannyair,” 'aving made it a stipulation that their names wasn't to be mixed with ordinary people, sich as earns their livin's and other disgracefulness! (N.B.—This is meant sarkastick, as I don't altogether hold with sich ideas, not meself; only the Major-Kurnel would 'ave it so).

Well, when Alderman Mr. Norman sees the nomination papers, he hups and he says, “You'll pardon me, madam, but this won't do! I can't take these nominations!” “Wot,” says I, “not after all they gentry 'aving signed their names, wich I will say there's a blot on one of the sheets, as were caused by a helderly gent, a-trying to 'rite with the pen-holder, the nib 'aving dropped out, as said 'is sight 'ad never been so good since he were bit by a boreconstructor in Hindia, and 'ad to 'ave the sting took out under chloroform?”

“Tut, tut, madam,” says he, just like that; “you mistake my meaning! The nominations would be quite in form, but I cannot accept the nomination of a woman, accordin' to Hact of Parleyment!”

“Dew you mean to say that yew, Alderman Mr. Norman, as 'ave been Mayor I don't know 'ow many times following, can't get over a little difficulty like that?” says I. “Now look 'ere, Alderman Mr. Norman,” says I, “Selina M. Jenkins isn't one as is going to stand any nonsense of that sort,” sayin' wich, I hups with me humberella and bangs it down on the table that 'ard it made 'im

and the Major-Kurnel jump, and knocked a tidy bit of dust hout of the table-cloth, 'aving said wich I turns to the Kurnel-Major and asks him if he be a-goin' to stand there and see all my riteful dew's a-taken from me at a glance, as you mite say, and not so much as go and fetch his saber and fire a volley or 2 in self-defence, and such like, and so forth, and so on.

“Well, madam, I'm dumfounded,” says he, “to think that it never occurred to any of the committee as you was a fieldmale lady. I'm sure the thought never passed me mind till this minute. Wot a hunfortnit position to be sure.” “Just so,” says I, “and you've got to get me hout of it, or I'll raise the town on you, that I will. Houtdacious do you call it? Houtdacious isn't the word,” I says, “refuging to omit a lady to ascend the pole just becoss she 'appens to be a fieldmale. Don't talk to me about yer Hacts of Parleyment or Hacts of the 'Postles, nether. Wot I wants is me rightful dew; and I'll 'rite up to the King, that I will, to 'ave sich injustices altered,” and so sayin', I bangs me umberella on another dusty spot, wich is a very good vent for the feelin's, so I considers, and is the only thing ladies can do, not being omitted to use vilent Irish language, like the gentlemen does when they be out goffin on Cleeve 'Ill, as 'ave before now been known to wither the grass all round where they 'ave been standin' with the strength of their egspressions!

“Owver, we all three puts our 'eads together and looks through a serious of dusty volumes

about laws and all manner, and we calls hin the Depitty-Town Clerk, a very nice young chap, as quite took me fancy, and the Medical Hossifer of 'Ealth, and the Surveyor, wich between the lot of us we got that muddled we didn't know where we was and wot we was lookin' for. "Owever, it comes to this: somebody, amongst the chatter as went on, said that they thought women, being a inferior sort of man, could be elected with inferior sort of votes, so if I liked to put hup and not to 'avé me name made public, and not to 'rite columns of horatory to the advertisements of the papers, nor to do nothink helse unlady-like, I could 'ave all the votes of them as didn't go to the poles!—that is to say, every-one as didn't vote for the three other men would count one vote for me! This were better than nothink, so after all this 'ere scrimmage my papers was took, and I were considered duly nominated, anonimously, as is French for "name not to appear"; and perhaps 'twas just as well, after all, for these things causes a lot of hillfeeling sometimes, even in Christun Cheltenham! And then, you see, on the whole it's very thoughtful of the law to arrange things like it, cos for why? —it saves me all the hexpense and bother of hiring motor-cars and pony-carriages and sich like to bring people hup to the pole. My job's to keep 'em away. See!

So I issues a card like the forthcoming, as reads very tellin'-like, and is recommended to keep many a pore body from catching all manner of coffs, colds, chills, etc., and so 4th, and so on:—

RATEPAYERS ARE WARNED

to remain in their houses the whole of Saturday, Nov. ... next, which is likely to be a very dangerous day to all liable to coffs, colds, politics, and all other fevers. Householders appearing outside their houses are liable to be suddenly seized and carried off to the polling stations and in other ways

DEPRIVED OF THEIR LIBERTY

by the agency of motor-cars and other machinations of the Evil One. Temperance advocates should become total abstainers for the day, the risk is so great. The Englishman's home is his castle; bolt yourself in your castle, then, and give your support to Selina Jenkins by

NOT RECORDING YOUR VOTE.

I've been that busy since, you can't think, persuading all the people as 'ad promised me their votes to keep hindoors for the day; and now it's come to Saturday morning, and all manner of vehicles is beginning to dash about and go hup in price, and the boys is starting to shout "Ooray!" and sing "Dolly, I must leave you" around the polling stations; and there's them 3 candidates working like a odd pair of old boots, as the sayin' is, to get in or turn each other hout, or something; but little does they think of the great body of 'ard-working non-voting voters as is honconsciously recording their votes to S. J.!

Well, well! we shall see to-night, shan't we? If I gets on, I does me duty, and if I'm left hoff, well—I does the same!

SELINA JENKINS.

P.S.—I 'ave my letter of thanks to the helectors for voting me on already 'rote out; so it'll be a pity to waste it, won't it? I merely mentions it to some as likes economy and p'raps mite be tempted to vote for one of the other candid chaps, if they didn't know.

Lord Kitchener arrived in Alexandria on Monday. On disembarking he drove to Ras el Tin Palace, where he had an interview with the Khedive. Later his lordship left for Cairo.

*

Mr. W. C. Steadman has been asked by the Liberal and Radical Association of Kennington to stand as Parliamentary candidate in that division.



A Champion of the Truth.

Drawn by H. T. Rainger,

Cheltenham.

To Our Readers.

Owing to the large number of illustrations in this week's Art Supplement, many special articles are crowded over into the main sheet of the "Chronicle and Graphic." These include Book and Magazine Chat, The Presidency of the United States (by Theodore Roosevelt), The Sunday Corner, For a Quiet Hour, Profitable Poultry-Keeping, Leaves from a Detective's Note Book, Chimpanzees and Cannibals (by Sir H. H. Johnston, K.C.B.), The First Ladies of the Day: The Queen (by Sir Lewis Morris), and the continuation of the Serial Tale ("The Conquering Will").

The third instalment of "A Surprise Honeymoon" is unavoidably held over until next week.

Sir John Gorst, M.P., contemplates a visit to Egypt at the end of November.

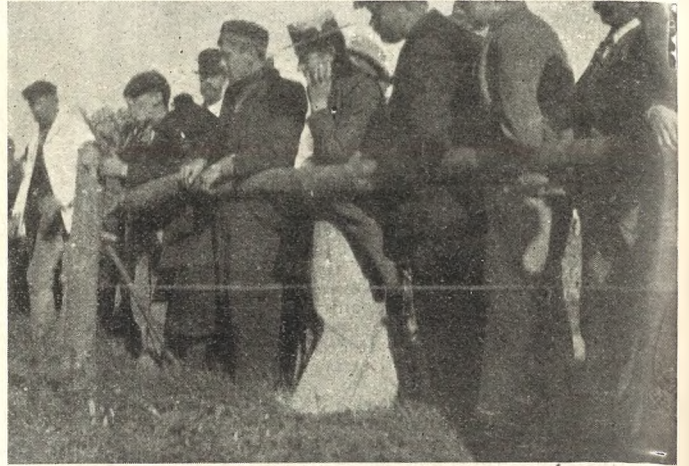
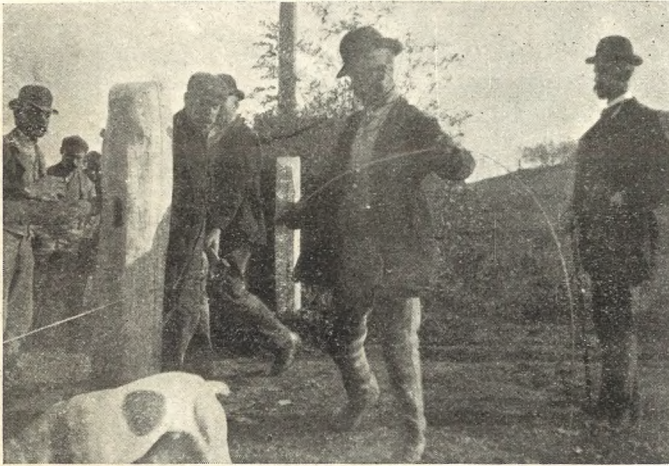
Great preparations are now in progress at Lowther Castle, the seat of Lord Lonsdale, for the visit of the German Emperor, who will arrive there on the evening of November 17 for a stay of about four days.

Mr. Austin Taylor, head of the firm of Hugh Evans and Company, shipowners, Liverpool, was on Monday night selected as Conservative candidate for the East Toxteth Division of Liverpool.



HERR WURM.—Drawn by E. R. Parker, Chelt.

LECKHAMPTON HILL DISPUTE.



'WARE WIRE
PIONEERS CLEAR THE WAY.

LOOKING ON.
QUARRY Co.'s REPRESENTATIVES.

"Gloucestershire Graphic."

Photos by

Gloucestershire Gossip.

November has come, and with it cubbing will give place to hunting proper, to be continued for half the year, till the next month without an "r" in it. The preliminary canters and the bleeding of hounds, later in commencing this season owing to the delayed harvest, have been very satisfactory in Gloucestershire. The Cotswold Hounds were ten days late. There are foxes enough and to spare left, although Lord Fitzhardinge's Hounds killed a leash of cubs (three) on one particular day (Oct. 18th), and five on another (Oct. 23rd); and the Ledbury pack accounted for four on Oct. 3rd, and the North Cotswold a leash on Oct. 23rd. One of the latter was killed under somewhat remarkable circumstances: he had sought sanctuary in the Monastery gardens at Broadway, and a county alderman, who, being invalided, was out in his chair, held the varmint until the happy despatch was performed, he receiving the brush of the fox and one of the monks being presented with the mask.

I am glad that the nine packs of foxhounds that hunt this county have no changes of masters, for the transformation of Mr. Dudley Smith from joint into sole master of the Croome can hardly be accounted an entire change. The Duke of Beaufort, Earl Bathurst, Mr. Butt Miller, Mr. Albert Brassey, Mr. Carnaby Forster, and Mr. McNeill, however, have made slight changes

in their staffs. Two important changes, however, are impending in regard to the Cotswold—the removal of the Kennels from Whaddon-lane, owing to the unhealthy state of the ground for puppies, to Seven Springs; and the Hunt Committee undertaking the collection of the £500 from "the town and trade," for which the Town Committee have hitherto been responsible. The two packs of harriers will not meet the fields as they were, for Mr. Frank Green, from Sharnbrook, has taken on the mastership of the Longford, and both he and Mr. Gibbons, of the Boddington, have made changes in the hunt servants. If Mr. Green shows anything like the sport that Mr. Blagrave (who killed nearly 200 hares in three seasons) did, the Longford supporters ought to be well satisfied. What music we shall have throughout the county with 917 hounds chasing foxes and 90 hunting hares!

Although the municipal elections are always concurrent with the opening day of fox-hunting, I don't imagine that any voters who follow the sport of Kings will be canvassed in the field this year, like the sporting Radical sweep, immortalised in a print, was, and who, when solicited at a meet by the Liberal candidates for West Gloucestershire at the election in the year 1853, replied, "To tell the truth, gemmen, I can't vote for you 'cos I 'unts with the Duke." And whether a man hunts with the Duke's or any other subscription pack, I hope he will contribute to the funds according to his means, and ride after hounds without doing any damage.

Railway travelling makes one acquainted with strange passengers at times, and the room of some of them would be better than their company. My latest experience was a few nights ago, when, just before a Great Western train moved out of Churchdown Station, there jumped into my compartment two young fellows with a number of dead rabbits ranged on sticks. When the train was in motion the squeaking from canvas bags under the seats denoted the presence of six ferrets there; and two ladies in the near corners naturally began to get uncomfortable, and they had a bad eight minutes to Gloucester. The fellows had been ferreting at Badgeworth, and between the hours of 10 a.m. and 5 p.m. had netted 29 rabbits. They ought to have gone in the luggage van with their "bags" and ferrets.

Talking of Badgeworth reminds me that church matters in that parish remain *in statu quo*. But a good time is coming, and the folk there will soon be joyful again, like the Chosen people. A new vicar will be appointed or instituted, and I venture to predict he will be no stranger to the parish. Then the Bishop has had his eyes, through the Archdeacon, upon the regrettable dispute between the curate-in-charge and the choir at Bentham chapel-of-ease. And I verily believe that before Christmas comes the deadlock will be removed in a manner quite satisfactory to the congregation and choir, and that peace on earth and goodwill towards man will reign on the slope of Crickley Hill.

GLEANER.

OUR PRIZE PICTURES.

BRITISH SCHOOL BAZAAR.



BRITISH EMPIRE.



ENGLAND.



SCOTLAND.



CANADA.



AUSTRALIA.



NEW ZEALAND.

Photos by F. R. Willis,

Cheltenham.

LOCAL MUNICIPAL CANDIDATES.



MR. GEORGE BENICE,

Who is seeking re-election for the East Ward of Cheltenham.

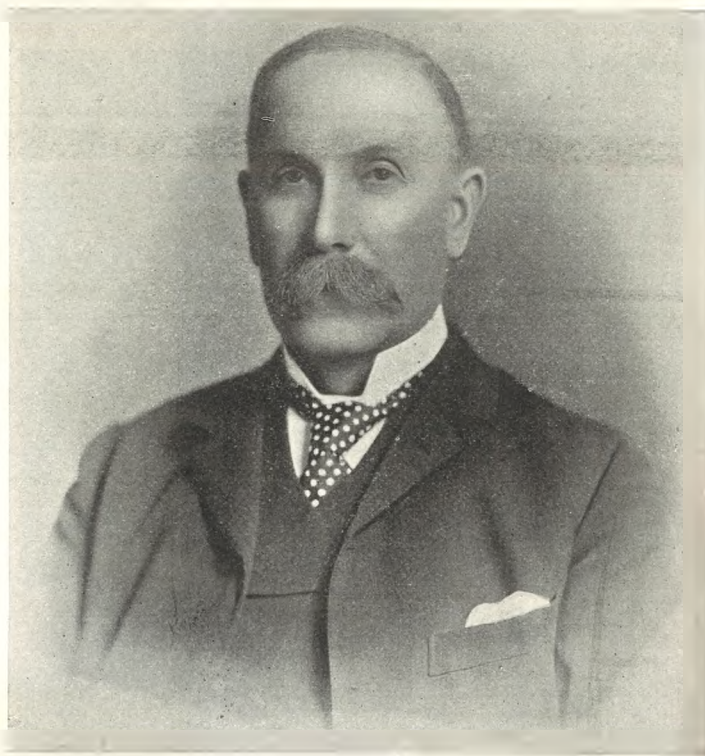


Photo by H. W. Watson,

Gloucester.

COUNCILLOR A. V. HATTON,
Kingsholm Ward, Gloucester.

Mr. Hatton represented the old West Ward for four years and the new Kingsholm for the last two years. He has been chairman of the Markets and Baths Committees, and was High Sheriff 1898-99



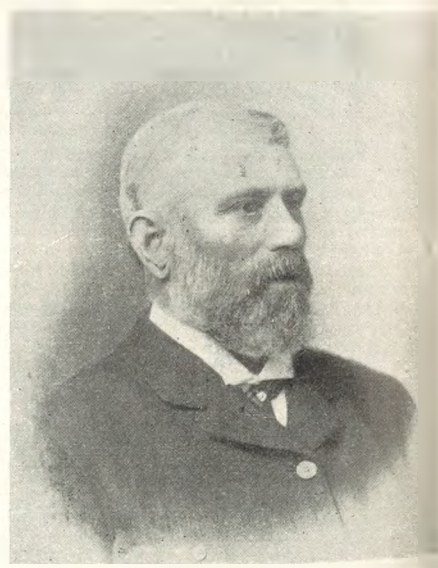
DR. DAVIES,

Who is seeking re-election for the North Ward of Cheltenham.



MR. JAMES FISHER,

Labour candidate for the South Ward of Cheltenham.



MR. NEHEMIAH PHILPOTT,

Conservative candidate for the West Ward, Gloucester. Mr. Philpott was for many years Deputy Chief Constable of Gloucestershire.

Land of the Setting Sun.

By DOUGLAS M. GANE.

II.—THE LION IN THE PATH.

Gibraltar is a more imposing spectacle when approached from the Mediterranean than from the Atlantic. In respect of armaments, the Mediterranean is its weak side, while the Atlantic is its strong; but, in point of natural strength, the conditions are re-

versed. On the eastern side the Rock rises nearly to its 1,400ft. sheer out of the sea, whereas on the western side its slopes afford room for the town, and its appearance is rather that of a steep ascent than an actual precipice. As we view it, with the sun not yet over its brow, its dark heights frown upon the tawny town, and a tuft of cloud that crowns its summit conceals its real altitude. A Levanter is blowing down the Mediterranean, the air in the harbour is still, and life in the town dull and enervating. As we

steam slowly to our anchorage we pass the new harbour works, where life is beginning to stir, and where the Titan cranes are commencing their giant labours for the day. What can be said of Gibraltar that has not been said over and over again, and said effectively? To describe a place so part and parcel of our own national flesh and blood is unnecessary. The famous galleries, with their heavy ordnance and sinuous passages cut in the solid rock, and lit only by the shafts of light that steal in past the nozzles

LECKHAMPTON HILL DISPUTE.

of the obtruding guns—the heights from which the eyes wander over the expanse of Mediterranean water, blue and glistening in the sunlight, and contracting as it is squeezed in between the closing African and European shores, a commanding spectacle that comprises two Continents and two seas, a region replete with classic interest; the town, with its long, busy street and its cosmopolitan atmosphere, a place where Europe and Africa meet, producing a confluence of races that gives variety to its streets; the Alameda Gardens, now dry and withered; the markets, with their superfluity of fruit, with peaches as plentiful as potatoes and grapes that may almost be had for the asking; its barracks, where a heavy atmosphere and contracted space do not help to relieve the tedium of garrison life—all these, and more, have been described, and repetition is unnecessary.

From whatever point of view, the great lone fortress looks the embodiment of settled strength, as it reaches like a lion in repose conscious of acknowledged power. As the first station in Great Britain's main line of communication with her Eastern dominions, it takes its place as an Imperial buttress, and it is worthy of its destiny that its contour should take the form of the king of animals. The king of rocks it certainly is, for in the singular accident of its position at a critical spot, not less than in its natural powers of defence, it is without a rival. Yet, though it has a giant's strength, it bears upon its brow the outline of a woman, as if its rude nature were softened by a gentle hand and its powers of destruction restrained and directed only to the maintenance of right. If we can see sermons in stones, surely this singular combination has its interpretation!

If this be the secret of our long occupation of Gibraltar, as I believe it to be in all else the secret of the endurance of our greatness—this blending of the masculine and feminine natures, the strength that achieves, the wisdom that guides and controls—we are at least sparing no effort to perfect the strength of the Rock. It is provisioned against siege for seven years. A harbour that in previous years was shelter enough for the fleet of the times nestling beneath its batteries is so no longer. It affords no refuge from torpedoes, and no vigilance can keep torpedo-boats from sometimes effecting an entrance unobserved. The harbour the Government is now constructing—a harbour within a harbour—is to remedy this defect by affording our warships an escape from this method of attack. The space which the new moles enclose covers an area of nearly four hundred and fifty acres of moderately deep water, in which a fleet of battleships can ride in safety. The new harbour flanks the town, and is enclosed by an extension of the new mole on the south side by some 2,700ft., and by the commercial mole on the north side. Between these, sunk in some 50ft. or 60ft. of water, is the detached mole, completing the enclosure, but leaving a waterway at either end of 200ft. in width. The construction of the detached mole is a feat in modern engineering. Operations were begun by the sinking of a huge caisson that deposited as a base for the erection of plant a column of concrete some 9,000 tons in weight. On this was erected a Titan crane, with a lifting capacity of 50 to 60 tons, and by means of this the mole has grown, the crane being projected forward on lines as each extension of the base has reached completion, the crane depositing one day the blocks that the next will constitute its support. The blocks weigh thirty-two tons apiece, and are placed diagonally, according to a modern French method, and suggest in their appearance the herring-bone structure. In the southern corner of the new harbour, and shielded by the new mole extension, the new docks are in process of construction. Gibraltar has never had a dry dock, and the scheme now in hand will provide three, and these suitable for the largest battleships. Altogether, the improvements are of great magnitude, and will render Gibraltar not only more valuable as a shelter for our ships, and as a depot for refitting, but will make our hold upon the Rock more tenacious than it has ever been.

The criticism to which the scheme was subjected by Mr. Gibson Bowles seems to suggest



OPENING THE ATTACK.



THE CLOSING REVIEW.

Photos by W. Moorman,

Cheltenham.

rather the inherent defects of the station itself than any shortcomings in the new works. There can be no doubt that the surrounding Spanish shore affords full opportunity for the effective mounting of heavy ordnance. The distance is not great. Algiceras is only half-an-hour's steam in a ferry-boat; and Linea, with the cone-shaped height immediately in rear, is just on the other side of the neutral ground. Big guns placed on the surrounding hills could not fail to impair the security of Gibraltar as a harbour of refuge. But they would do this whether there were an inner harbour or not, and it is surely claimed for Gibraltar that no ordnance that is likely to make its appearance on the Spanish shore could long withstand the batteries of the Rock. But if they could, if upon a combination of European powers heavy guns were brought into position and screened in such a way as to defy all

efforts to displace them, the disastrous consequences that would result to our shipping would be the consequences that would result quite irrespective of the new harbour. It will be to the credit of the new harbour that it will prove an effective protection against torpedo attack, and that is the purpose it is intended to fulfil. I have not been able to procure a copy of Mr. Bowles's pamphlet to refresh my memory with regard to its contents, as it appears to be withdrawn from circulation; but if it be that he deprecates an outlay upon works that are liable to be destroyed by an enemy's guns he does nothing more nor less, since there is no other place for the shelter, than deprecate outlay upon Gibraltar, and in that way he draws attention to what after all may some day prove its most serious defect, the vulnerability of the harbour.

(To be continued.)

PETROL AND PICTURES.

[By "ARIEL."]

THE USE OF THE MOTOR-BICYCLE IN TRADE.

That the motor-bicycle is of other use than simply that of pleasure is shown in the accompanying illustration. A local tradesman uses his motor illustrated (a 2½-h.p. Excelsior) to draw a carrier, in which a large quantity of goods can be conveyed. If a sack or large parcel has to be taken out, the carrier can in a few minutes be detached, and the sack, etc., placed on the framework. As much as two cwts. has been conveyed in this way, the motor proving itself quite strong enough for the work.



RAILWAY COMPANIES & CARRIAGE OF PETROL.

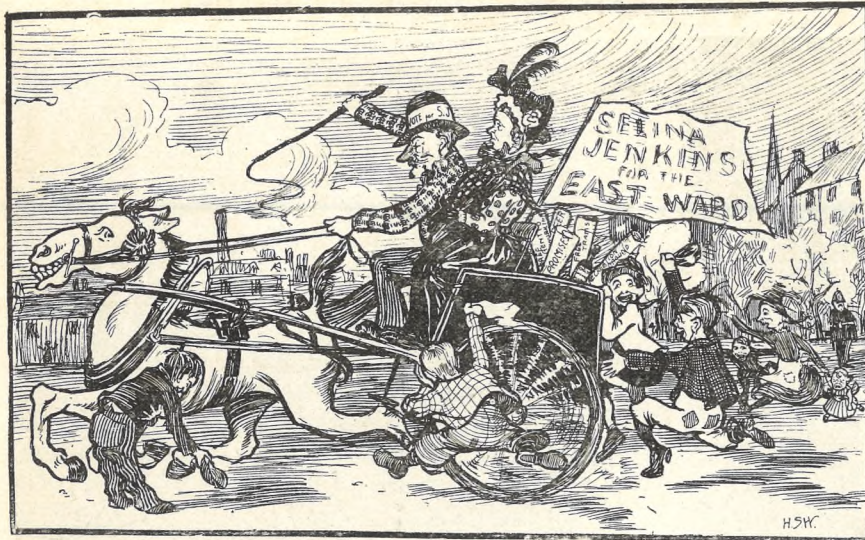
For some time the senders of inflammable goods by railway have been supposed to sign an agreement holding themselves liable for any accidents or damage that might occur from the carriage of such goods, unless through negligence on the part of the railway servants. Previous to last week the senders have been in the habit of striking this clause out of the consignment note. The railway companies have not enforced its being signed. Now, owing to the enormous quantities of petrol and motor-spirit which are sent all over the country for use in motors, the companies have issued a notice to senders and buyers that these goods may not be carried unless this clause is signed by either the sender or buyer. The risks are too great for private owners, consequently a great deal of harm threatens the motor industry in this country. Motors in outlying districts are very likely to be stranded in the near future. Wealthy owners of cars, including the King, it is said, anticipating the action of the companies, have laid in large stocks of petrol to ensure having a supply.

A METHOD OF WASHING PRINTS FROM HYPO QUICKLY.

Place a sheet of glass in the sink, and round its edges arrange a ring of prints. Within these, with their edges just overlapping, place another ring, and so on till one print in the centre just covers with its edges the edges of those around it. Let the water flow on the centre print, when it will gradually pass over the others without moving them. After five minutes in this position, turn them over. After another five minutes reverse them, and finally give ten minutes more. By following this method all hypo will be thoroughly removed.

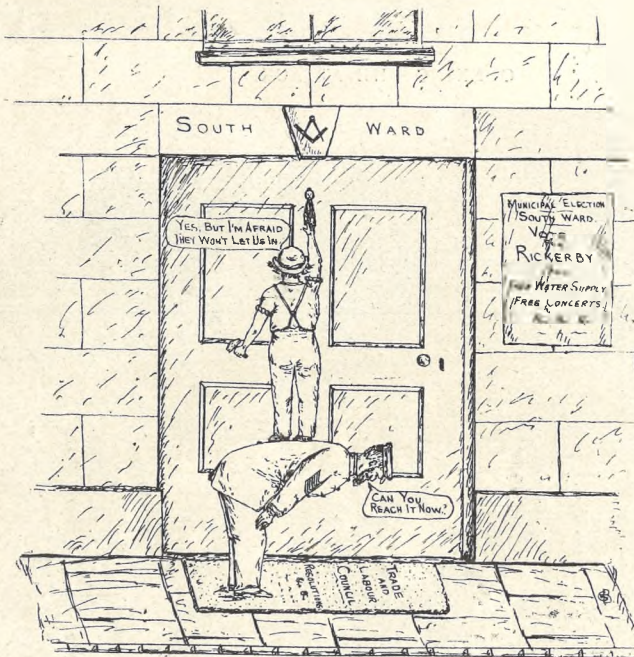
HOW TO PACK EXPOSED PLATES.

When on a tour it is often impossible to develop the plates exposed. If exposed plates are packed in the following manner they will keep for a long time without developing:—When packing, care should be exercised that only plain paper be used. Printed paper will spoil the plates. Each pair of plates should be placed film to film, with nothing between, and every four plates wrapped in plain paper. Then pack them in the cardboard box in which they were purchased.



THE PRIZE DRAWING.

Extract from Selina Jenkins's letter (Nomination Meeting)—"We drives down together, and dozens of boys and girls a-runnin' behind and 'ollerin' a good 'un," etc.
Drawn by H. S. Wheeler, Cheltenham.



"UNINVITED"



UNAPPROACHABLE

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 97.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1902.

THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE, CHELTENHAM

This afternoon and to-night,
"THE SECOND IN COMMAND."
 NEXT WEEK—
"THE MESSENGER BOY."

Times and Prices as Usual.

Prize Photography.

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

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

Photographs must not be smaller than quarter-plate size, must be mounted, and must be printed on silver paper with a glossy finish.

Competitors may send in any number of Photographs, all of which, however, will become the property of the Proprietors of the "Chronicle and Graphic," who reserve the right to reproduce the same.

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

The winner of the 95th competition is Mr. H. H. S. Escott, of 2 Granley-villas, Gloucester-road, Cheltenham, with "The Staverton Mail."

Entries for the 96th competition closed this (Saturday) morning, Nov. 8th, 1902, and in subsequent competitions entries will close on the Saturday morning preceding the award, so as to allow time for adjudication and reproduction.

Prize Drawing.

The proprietors of the "Chronicle and Graphic" also offer a weekly prize of half-a-guinea for the best drawing submitted for approval.

The competition is open to the county, and any subject may be chosen—sketch, portrait, or cartoon—but local subjects are preferred.

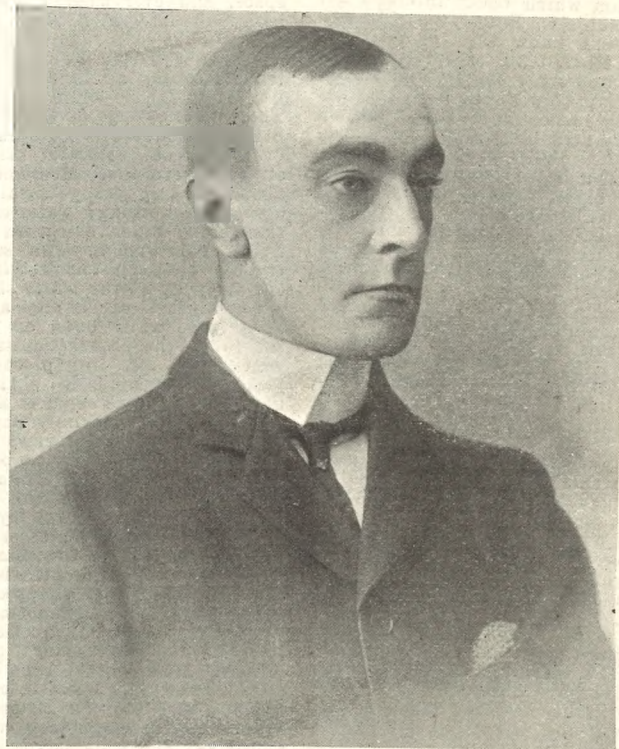
Drawings must be in Indian black ink on Bristol board.

In both competitions all specimens received will be retained and may be reproduced, but any drawing the return of which is particularly desired will be handed over on personal application.

The winner of the sixth competition is Miss Constance Smith, of "Rowanlea," Hewlett-road, Cheltenham.

Entries for the seventh drawing competition closed this (Saturday) morning, Nov. 8th, 1902, and the result will appear, together with the reproduction, in next Saturday's issue. In subsequent competitions also entries will close on the Saturday morning preceding the award.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.



* Mr. John William Coren, *

Under-Sheriff of Gloucestershire, who died October 30th, 1902, aged 36 years.

400 YEARS OLD AND ALIVE.

A very large live tortoise, weighing 600lbs., was shipped from Boston, U.S.A., on October 18, consigned to the Hon. Walter Rothschild at Tring Park. Experts state that it is about four hundred years old, and that there is every indication that it will live for many years longer. The value of the tortoise is placed at £500. The greatest care has had to be taken in its transport. From San Francisco it was carried to Boston in the express car of a fast passenger train, the temperature of the car being kept above 60degs. Fahrenheit. As a travelling companion to Tring the big tortoise has a little one weighing only 17ozs.

WHOM THE SOLDIER LOVES MOST.

Lord Methuen, unveiling a memorial to the Gloucestershire Regiment, at St. Stephen's Church, Bristol, on Monday, paid high tribute to the invariable kindness and courage of the doctors during the late war, and referred to the nurses as the most beautiful of God's gifts to the soldier on active service.

BISHOP IN A CHAPEL.

Bishop Thornton, assistant bishop of Manchester, on Sunday accepted an invitation to address a P.S.A. brotherhood at the Congregational Chapel, Blackburn, and spoke to 2,000 men on freedom.

Surprise Honeymoon.

III.—FROM SIR ALGERNON NUGENT TO HIS FRIEND LORD BRISCOE.

On Board the s.y. Argonaut, off Lisbon.

Dear Old Man,—My wire from Malta must have astonished you. And now, though I don't know yet whether I am going to be happy or miserable for the rest of my life, on the bare chance of the former I thank you many times over for the good advice which tore me out of the rut into which I was gloomily settling, sent me rolling across the world, finally landed me in Sicily, and plumped me down on board this yacht beside the most unexpected of travelling companions.

You will say, perhaps, that your advice wasn't solely disinterested; that, as you couldn't go yourself, you were glad to have me play proxy and escort back your little *fiancée* and her mother after their wanderings. Let me here and now relieve your mind. Not once have I had to play the dragon. Though life on the Argonaut has offered plenty of opportunities, not once has Miss De Lacey shown the least inclination to flirt, and the only conversation which really interests her has you for its subject. But my poor, beautiful Madge doesn't know this, or anything else about the De Laceys, except that they are apparently under my charge, and I have been flattering myself with the hope that she is not quite easy in her mind concerning my wholly brotherly attentions to a very charming young lady.

In the first moment of my astonishing meeting with Madge I decided on my line of conduct, for I realised that all my troubles had come from letting her go, and instantly I made up my mind not to let her go again. What a fool my obstinacy and stupid pride made me. Instead of saying: "Very well, do as you please," as I did when she proposed leaving me, I should have made her a prisoner in my arms. But, if only all ends well, I shan't forget having had to learn by heart the most difficult pages of my lesson. Experience has softened me and shown me my faults. She is softer and sweeter, too, though she would hide it from me if she could.

I felt by instinct that the only way to gain my end was to enter into the spirit of the situation, and play her a comedy. I wished to surprise her, and finally to take her by storm. Well, I have done the first; the rest remains to be seen.

If your delightful *fiancée* has unwittingly given Madge a few uneasy moments (as I wickedly hope), a certain Major Swift has, alas! given me many. I have had to remind myself a thousand times a day that, notwithstanding all that's come and gone, she's *my wife*, or I should have done something desperate. I could hardly keep my hands off the fellow at Algiers and Gibraltar, where he monopolised Madge, and she allowed it. But I determined that a change should come over the spirit of his dream for the rest of the trip, and I thought of a plan. I introduced the man (against his will) to a Miss Wharton, who has not forgotten that she was once a flattered beauty, and won't permit anyone else to forget it for a single moment; only she confuses the past with the present. Once she has her grip upon a man, it takes the strength of a Sampson and the wit of a Macchiavelli to elude her. Poor Swift has neither, and since our landing at Tangier he has been the lady's most unwilling, but obedient slave.

Never shall I forget that day of ours at Tangier. Tangier is true Africa. We approached it at that exquisite hour when the Argonaut usually contrives to reach beautiful places—the first limpid moments of dawn. From the sea Tangier looks curiously simple and unostentatious. There are no signs of European domination. There is no harbour, no boulevards, no electric tramways. The dazzling white houses are spread along the sides of gently sloping hills which run down to the blue edge of the water. The yacht had to anchor well out to sea, and we went ashore in the electric launch, landing at a jetty, where donkeys were waiting to carry us into the town.

In Tangier there was nothing to disguise the fact that we were in Mohammedan Africa. Europe has made no mark upon this seaport of Morocco, which yet lies within sight of Gibraltar. From the landing-place we passed up a steep street to the main thoroughfare of Tangier. Crowds of swarthy, well-knit men filled the streets, and the veiled women were as numerous as they had been in Algiers. All the common people were bare-footed, or else they wore flopping slippers in which they walk with great dexterity. Some of the men went bare-headed, others wore coloured turbans; many were enveloped from head to foot in the heavy white burnoose with a hood coming right over the head. The streets were crowded, and heavily-laden donkeys were everywhere pushing their way among the streams of foot-passengers. Bells were tinkling, half-naked children were laughing. We walked in pools of yellow sunshine, walled with sharp-cut, black shadows.

We turned at last under a gateway and came out in a great open space surrounded by walls. It was the sok, or market-place, and luckily for us it was market-day. To European eyes it was an extraordinary scene. A row of wretched booths, and still more wretched huts or tents, stretched all round the open space, and everywhere were human beings, both men and women, bargaining and chattering. By the long causeway that cuts the sok in twain squatted hundreds of brown-faced traders selling all kinds of things, the very use of which I could scarcely understand. There were strings of what looked like dried beans; curious fruits or nuts simmering in pots over charcoal braziers; trays of succulent, sticky sweetmeats. Men and boys wandered about emitting strange nasal cries apparently *appropos* of nothing; water-sellers with great skins slung under their arms sold the precious fluid; old women, who scarcely took the trouble to keep themselves veiled, stared curiously up at the white strangers.

We lunched excellently and out of doors at a large white hotel on the outskirts of the town—the cooking entirely French, the waiters Arabs, in picturesque cutaway jackets, with wide, loose knickerbockers. I had contrived to secure a chair next to Madge, and was entirely happy. I'm afraid I looked more at her than at the exquisite panorama at our feet; the piled, white town, with its tiled roofs like blue and green jewels; the mingled sapphire and emerald of the bay, where the Argonaut lay at anchor; and across from the barren coast of Africa to the mighty lion-rock of Gibraltar, keeping ward for England upon the Straits.

Luncheon over, we shopped in the bazaars, which must be wholly fascinating to women, and I bought some turquoises which I mean to lay at Madge's shrine, if the Fates be propitious. I have never been this way before, as you know, but I had a letter of introduction to a man who, for his princely generosity as well as his magnificent way of living, is known far and wide as the King of Tangier. Through his kindness, I was able to give Madge, her friend Mrs. Greenough, and the De Laceys a peep underneath the surface, and to show them things which the eyes of mere tourist-Europeans seldom see. For instance, they were invited to tea at the harem of the Governor; while the other ladies had to content themselves with an imitation entertainment of more or less the same sort. I could go with them only as far as the outer door of the house, which was in a cool, quiet street, between high walls protecting the hidden garden. Under a great portico squatted upon a richly-coloured rug a fat and consequential Moor, whose ringed fingers the poor stooped to kiss as they passed by. At our approach he arose, salaamed, and announced that he was prepared to show the ladies into the harem, where they were eagerly awaited. Away they were spirited into mysterious regions, and an hour afterwards returned to the outer world describing a gorgeously-attired lady, sparkling with jewels and spangled gauzes, who had been their hostess, providing them with luscious cakes and an incredible decoction of tea, dead sweet and flavoured with peppermint. The guests had sat on rugs on the floor of a room which had no furniture save cushions and splendid draperies; they had been in-

troduced to the hostess's two little girls, copies of herself in every detail of dress; while outside the curtained door slaves and inferiors of the household, with their humbler offspring, watched the entertainment with vivid curiosity.

At Lisbon again I was in luck. I had been reading Borrow's "Bible in Spain," and could tell things which Major Swift couldn't. The Tagus is a noble river, and Lisbon a remarkably imposing town, both when seen from the Argonaut at anchor, and at close quarters. We landed at a great public *place* of enormous size, splendidly planned, and adorned with an immense triumphal arch, so that our first impressions were good; but the earthquake destroyed practically all there was of old Lisbon, and there is little in the architecture of the modern city, spacious and majestic as it is, which particularly appeals to the eye of the educated traveller. "Koly-Poly" square, as it is slangily called, is one of the most interesting things—certainly the most amusing—in the geography of Lisbon; and Madge laughed like a child at the strange optical illusion of walking over hills and valleys, which one has by means of the wavy lines in which the black and white tessellated pavement is arranged.

The second day we went to Cintra, taking train from Lisbon for about an hour through hilly country, alighting at a station in a charming little town, where we visited the Palaccio Real.

This, however, was but the prelude to the real event of the day. Mounting into carriages (you may take it for granted that I had successfully schemed to be in the one occupied by Madge), we began the ascent of an exquisite, winding road that serpentine through a noble wood up a steep mountain side. Soon there were wide views over the sea and the lower land, and then far above us, crowning the summit of the mountain, there shone through the pines a fantastic pile of buildings which was the royal palace of Cintra. At a gateway everyone alighted, and we passed into a splendid garden, with steep, winding walks, transparent pools, and tumbling cascades, and trees and flowers of an infinite variety. Up and up we mounted into purer and nobler air, when suddenly we came to a great palace itself—a pile huge, fantastic, irregular, a conglomerate of several periods, bewildering to the eye, deeply impressive to the imagination. I suppose nowhere in Europe, perhaps nowhere else in the world, is there so wonderful a royal palace as this of Cintra, perched high in the heavens on its lonely mountain. We wandered for some glorious hours through its great courtyards, and climbed its dizzy battlements to see the entrancing view that spread itself at our feet. "Here," I kept thinking, "if ever, is my opportunity with Madge. If in the midst of such beauty as this she can close her heart to me and refuse to forgive, forget, and begin all over again, there's no hope for me." But, somehow, I seemed always on the very point of seizing that wished-for opportunity, yet never grasping it. She was charming, even gracious, but continually elusive, and I could not once succeed in getting her alone. Major Swift I had put hors de combat, but there were other men left, and as you must remember, Madge is all-conquering.

Now we are on board the yacht again, and have steamed out of the Tagus, homeward bound. We have four or five days of sea-life before us, and I have kept back this letter to add the latest news, though that means that it can't be posted till we reach England.

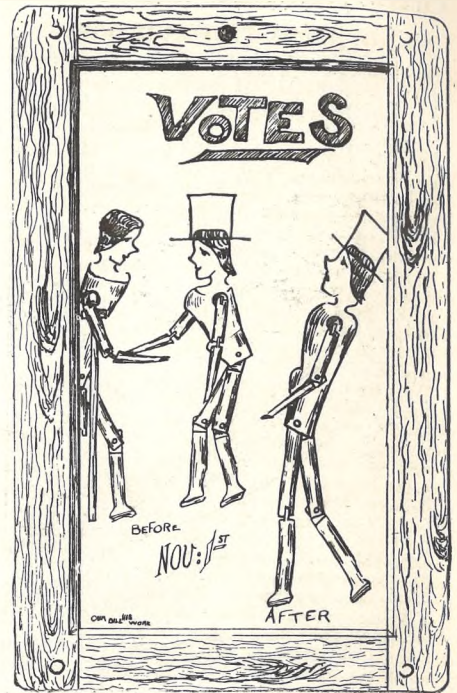
On our last night but one there is to be a fancy-dress ball on the quarter deck, which will be masked in with flags of all nations, and lighted with quaint Eastern lamps. Every woman on board who has not passed her dancing days has bought a costume at Algiers or Tangier, or made something, and as the musicians of the Argonaut know how to play, we look forward to a good night, especially look forward. I have made up my mind that, if I have to kidnap her in the middle of a dance, I will snatch Madge away from the "madding crowd" and propose. Yes, "propose!" That's the only word for it. The law still says that she is mine, but it's

THE PRIZE DRAWING.



Drawn by Miss Constance E. Smith,

"Rowanlea," Hewlett-road, Cheltenham.



Schoolboy: Mr. ——— called at our house last week, and spoke to father in the street, and he gave me a penny, and a lot of other gentlemen called. I wonder why they don't do so now.

verdict is valueless unless her heart is ready to say the same. I will write no more now, but will put in a line or two after the ball—just a line or two, but they will hold as much, for good or evil, as a whole volume could contain.

P.S.—She has said yes. There's no past, only the present and the future. This has been the most glorious trip I have ever had; a sort of second honeymoon. A Surprise Honeymoon!—Your deliriously happy friend,
A. N.

[THE END.]

Tour Of Our Churches.

ST. CATHARINE'S, WORMINGTON.

The parish church of the extremely quiet little village of Wormington, situate at no great distance off the main road, Cheltenham to Evesham, is an extremely well-ordered place of worship. It is in a capital state of repair, having been through the hands of the restorers some seventeen years ago. It is built in the Anglo-Norman or Transitional style, with little pretension to ornamental work. It has a chancel, vestry or organ chamber, nave, north and south aisles, and a small western tower or bell turret built of wood. Supporting this turret are some rather queer corbel heads. The east window is a fairly good one, and the upper parts of it are filled with stained glass. On the chancel wall is a brass, well worthy of inspection. It is to the memory of Ann, wife of John Savage, who died in 1605, and depicts a woman in bed with a child at her side, and is unique—certainly for this part of the country. It is a most curious piece of workmanship, and would well repay a visit of anyone interested in such things. There are several mural tablets, most of them to members of the Gist family, of Wormington Grange. A new brass states that the lectern was presented by the Misses Du Pre, in memory of the Rev. Edward and Mrs. Du Pre. The font is Norman, and was fortunately not touched by the restorers.

I was at service at this church on Sunday morning last. The congregation was a small one. As the church has sittings for 120 persons, and as the whole parish con-

tains but 79 inhabitants, I suspect it is seldom overcrowded. The minister and choir of three young men marched from the western end of the church to their places in the chancel, a lady organist playing a soft voluntary. The prayers, etc., were nicely recited, and the Venite, Te Deum, and Jubilate chanted, but the Psalms were read by the priest and people. Hymns A. and M. were used, and No 428 was brightly sung; but before the sermon, coming to No. 439, the singing was at such slow time that getting through the eight verses was wearisome. I noticed there was a Miserere desk for the Litany, but the Litany was not said; Holy Communion being administered after the sermon.

Ascending the pulpit, the Rector took for his text Philippians iii., 18 and 19. He maintained that if St. Paul had been living in the beginning of the twentieth century he could not have written truer words of what was now passing in England than what was contained in the text. It was a terrible accusation against society. But look at modern life! They could not take up a daily paper without noticing such things as were described by St. Paul. Many lives were given up to the pleasures of the body; religion was on the ebb. This was pointed out at Church conferences, at diocesan meetings, at parish gatherings—religion was shown to be less and less thought off. What about the attendance at Sunday schools? According to calculations at a certain place, instead of an anticipated attendance of 50,000 scholars there were only 35,000. At the present day they found a war with religion going on with regard to the Education Bill. Whatever their views of education might be, it was a sad thing to those who had the highest education at heart to have religion brought into politics, and to see a fight going on on religious grounds. That was not the place to say (neither would he venture to say it if it was) whether or not there was truth in the asserted effects the Bill would have upon the Church. Those who had the Bill at heart, and were earnestly striving that religion should not be kept out of the schools, were men of honesty and integrity, who desired to see the children of England not merely brought up in secular education, not merely prepared for the battle of life, but that they should be prepared for that which came afterwards—the life everlasting, the life

eternal; that their minds should be directed to God, in whom they lived and moved and had their being. There could not be at the bottom of the animosity shown to the Church any real desire for the souls of men to be brought out of darkness. Upholders of this antagonism were enemies of the Cross of Christ. The Bible was neglected more and more in the homes of the people, and some would have it kept out of the schools also. There were many who thought England had had her day, that she was beginning to go back, like Rome of old. The beginning of Rome's decadence was the loss of agriculture, and they could not shut their eyes to the fact that agriculture in England was not now the leading industry. They did not want to be pessimists, rather they wished to be optimists; but the best optimist was he who looked at things all round—not shut his eyes to the black spots—and guided his life accordingly. The Bible was the most suitable guide for their day, their needs, their country, the rising generation, and all should pray God to enlighten those in authority at the present crisis.

I have no doubt if the worthy rector had been taxed with it he would have denied preaching a political sermon. It, however, touched a good bit on the burning political question of the hour, and one could see the preacher was hindered in his attempt to keep from politics and yet preach upon them. *Adhuc sub judice lis est*; and those who live longest will—probably—see most.

CHURCHMAN.

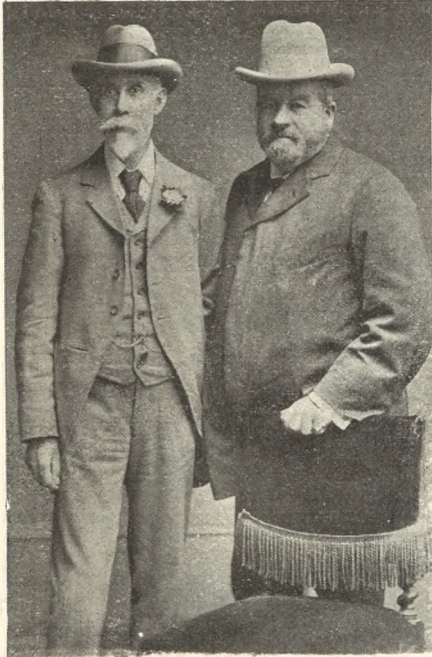
The position of Chancellor of the Royal University of Ireland, which has been vacant since the death of Lord Dufferin, will, it is believed, be filled by the Marquis of Lansdowne, who has had not merely a distinguished public life, but a University career of exceptional brilliancy.



Captain Delaval Astley will shortly relinquish the Mastership of the Bath and County Harriers, a position which he has filled with much success for several seasons.



Mr. J. Weston Stevens is to be proposed as the new High Sheriff for Bristol.



"COMRADES, COMRADES, EVER SINCE WE WERE BOYS."

Messrs. Roberts (Swansea) & Gilding (Cheltenham).

Land of the Setting Sun.

BY DOUGLAS M. GANE.

II.—THE LION IN THE PATH.

(Continued from Nov. 1).

The Rock is now fast fading from us as we round the Spanish headland and pass on along the coast towards Cape Tarifa. The shore is soft and undulating in the foreground, and carpeted with a dry, yellow turf, with here and there small clumps of scrub that from the distance look like terebinth. Behind are wild and jagged hills bare of all verdure. It might be the Cornish coast, so innocent is it of vegetation, and so true to their love of isolation are the dwellers on its brink. Though we have a glorious atmosphere, and no haze greater than is usual with the east wind in these parts, the African coast, except for a dim view of the Hill of Apes, is invisible; and, for all we could tell, ships without number might be passing through the Straits beneath its shores. If the guns of Gibraltar are intended to command the Straits, as some say they are, may the day of their trial be blessed with weather more favourable to their purpose than we have just experienced!

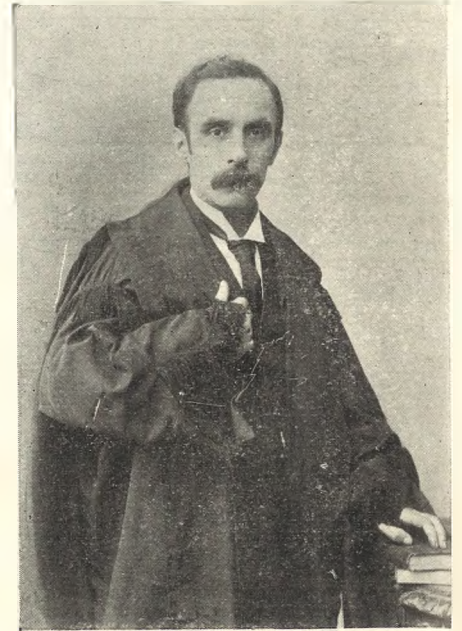
III.—SHOULD WE RETAIN GIBRALTAR?

In retaining Gibraltar we debar Spain from an exercise of power to which her unique natural advantages entitle her. She is keenly alive to her lost privilege. At the end of two hundred years she still regards Great Britain as in temporary occupation only, and herself the freeholder awaiting the falling-in of this "lease for lives," the lives that are contemplated in the duration of the British Empire. This condition of things is not without its pathos, and it is not surprising that the ethical view of the subject should have lately found expression in an English review. But Spain has no claim to consideration upon ethical grounds. If she appeal to the principles of equity to alleviate the rigours of natural law—the law that might is right—she must come into court with clean hands. And this she can never do until she abandons Ceuta to the Moors. Her occupation of Ceuta dates from a time long anterior to our occupation of Gibraltar, and our occupation of Gibraltar would seem to come as the natural accompaniment of her occupation of the Moorish headland.

But though the *abandonment* of Gibraltar has been suggested on ethical grounds only, its value has been depreciated on strategical. It is said that "this watch-tower in the midst of the sea" will disappoint us when we put it to the test. We are told that modern ordnance, great as its power is, cannot dominate the Straits, and that the enormous armaments of the Rock will be powerless to check a passing fleet that hugged the Barbary shore. If the value of Gibraltar rested upon its powers of offence our inducements to retain it might be less obvious than they are. But it has never justified its reputation on such grounds. As an impregnable base of naval operations, as a protected field for naval mobilisation at the neck of a great trade route, for the opportunity it gives of concentrating power at a vital point—these are its merits. And as a shelter for our ships, as a point of observation, as a place of storage for ammunition and provisions—these in addition, and one and all, are the advantages of Gibraltar which were demonstrated by Nelson in the Napoleonic wars, and which obtain to-day to greater rather than less degree in that to Gibraltar is now added the further advantage of forming a secure station for coal supply. Gibraltar is valuable to us by reason of her harbour more than by virtue of her fortifications, but her peculiar merit is that her harbour lies at the foot of an impregnable natural fortress. As long as the Rock is capable of defending the harbour, Gibraltar will have lost none of its virtues; and to depreciate it upon grounds of failure to do what it was never intended to do, and what it is unnecessary for it to be able to do, is to disregard its true place in the architecture of the Empire.

But if Gibraltar suffers no diminution of prestige by reason that its guns cannot command the Straits, its strategical value is discounted by the fact that it is not self-sustaining. The siege of Gibraltar is a record of privations on the part of the inhabitants and troops, and of supplies brought under great difficulties, and at long intervals, from home. Since then, by virtue of conventions made with the Sultan of Morocco, the Rock has drawn its supplies from Barbary. Nelson regarded it as essential to his success that he should keep open his communications with the African coast, and in his despatches we continually read of his provisioning at Tetuan. This weak point in an otherwise invulnerable fortress has no doubt led Spain from time to time to tempt us with offers of a port on the Barbary coast with a view to the recovery of her lost estate. During the siege itself she offered us Oran in exchange, which we refused, and it is well known that she is now prepared to give us Ceuta.

Whatever might be the advantages of the exchange, and some are obvious, sentiment will ever work to prevent its being accomplished. Our associations with Gibraltar, the blood and treasure we have spent in its defence, the prestige that comes to us as its possessors, will all avail to keep the subject out of the domain of serious discussion. Yet the merits of Ceuta are such that it is a debatable point whether we should lose by the exchange. Gibraltar may be a "lion in the path of the French squadrons of Toulon and Brest," as Mr. Mahan regards it, but a starving lion is not an insuperable foe. The advantages of Ceuta, on the other hand, while they include many that Gibraltar possesses, present some that Gibraltar does not possess. It is a natural fortress capable of great defensive strength. It is joined to the mainland by an isthmus, and it commands a harbour which, though not the equal of Gibraltar, yet is not menaced by a hostile shore as the Rock is by Algiceras, and yet can give anchorage to battleships, and by dredging, and the construction of a mole protecting it from the northerly winds, is capable of vast improvement. As a base for naval operations it might be rendered the equal of Gibraltar, and constitute, as a Portuguese Admiral said at the time of the naval supremacy of Portugal it did constitute, the key to the Mediterranean. But its value is determined before all else by the fact that it is in touch with Barbary. Mr. Mahon refers to the importance of a surrounding friendly population to an isolated station like Gibraltar. But Gibraltar can



MR. ABEL EVANS ("The Little Docker"), Chairman of Gloucester School Board, and now Councillor for the South-End Ward.

never count upon a surrounding friendly population, and the consequence is she is compelled, to meet the chances of investment, to store seven years' provisions in her adamant bowels. It would be a stretch of the imagination to suppose that an English occupation of Ceuta would bring her into touch with a surrounding friendly population, but it would at least bring her into touch with a people from whom for many decades supplies have been drawn. The British would be in immediate contact with the fertile district of Tetuan, a district that even now, by way of Tangier, supplies the Rock, and with which communications could be maintained at far less hazard than across the Straits. Moreover, when the coal deposits which are believed to exist in northern Morocco are opened up, we should have in Ceuta a coaling station drawing its supplies from the very spot, and no longer dependent on what in time of war must be the precarious service of sea transit.

Modern events have given the necessity for our hold upon the key to the Mediterranean (whether it be by the occupation of Gibraltar or Ceuta) quite a new emphasis. Twenty years ago it was the shortened passage to the East that we desired to maintain, a means of communication with India and Australasia that rendered unnecessary the doubling of the Cape, and Gibraltar and Malta were intermediate stations without which it was impossible, by this route, to keep up communications with our distant possessions, and to protect our traffic along it. But Gibraltar and Malta were stations that maintained a thoroughfare that was at the best precarious, since the Suez Canal might at any time be blocked, and the blocking of the canal would present a serious barrier to our shipping. It could be no permanent substitute for the main thoroughfare by way of the Cape. With the canal destroyed, or our utilisation of it hindered, Gibraltar and Malta would have lost their chief value to us, and the key to the Mediterranean Sea its chief interest. But our occupation of Egypt has changed all that. We entered as mortgagees in possession, bound on protecting our property in the canal, and more especially the canal itself, and we have remained in possession, and our grip on the country is such that our occupation has all the complexion of foreclosure. With Egypt a part of the British Empire, while we have the means of keeping open the canal, we shall at the same time have created for ourselves a great stake in the Mediterranean, and the



Photo by H. E. Jones.

Gloucester.

A GLOUCESTER MEMORIAL.

Unveiling, in Gloucester Cemetery, Oct. 25th, 1902, of the Gloucester Co-operative Society's Memorial to Mr. Joseph Clay, J.P., its President for thirty-six years.

necessity for preserving Gibraltar and Malta as bases of communication is doubled, since they are not only means, with an alternative, of access to India and our Colonies, but they are the means, and the only means, of access to Egypt.

By reason, therefore, of our occupation of Egypt our burdens are increased, for whereas the need for communication with our Eastern dominions made it imperative for us to maintain only one thoroughfare, and that *via* the Cape, an annexation of Egypt will make it compulsory that we should maintain both.

This gives Gibraltar a new importance, and whatever contributes to the permanence and stability of Gibraltar must be more than ever of vital consequence to the Empire. It is said that with Tangier occupied by a hostile force Gibraltar could not be held; for though Gibraltar is the key to the Mediterranean, Barbary is the key to Gibraltar. Nelson himself is reported to have said, though he took his supplies from Tetuan, that the possession of Tangier was necessary to render Gibraltar impregnable; and Sir Charles Euan-Smith, on his mission to Fez, made it clear to the Sultan that Great Britain would allow no other country to occupy Tangier. This, in view of the expectations of the European nations which are awaiting like vultures the dissolution of the Empire of the Sultan, is what renders the Moorish question one of such concern to us, and Morocco itself, as the theatre of a possible conflict in the future, a region of such absorbing interest.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

November commenced well in regard to weather, and up to now it is generally belying the dreary eleventh month as conceived by Tom Hood in his witty vein:—
 "No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease—
 No comfortable feel in any member—

No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
 No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds, November."

We certainly have most of the things which Tom Hood lamented as lacking. The leaves have the sere and yellow tint, but they look charming, and, with the very green pastures, add to the effect of the landscape. And even the blackberries have not yet vanished. Still, the Fog Fiend has obtruded his presence, as he did during the corresponding month last year, though nothing like so persistently; and the red-collar brigade have been out on the railways acting as signallers.

It cannot be written of Gloucestershire, like Iceland, that there are no snakes in it. I frequently come across them in various parts of the country; but they are generally of the harmless kind. I know there are poisonous adders in Cranham Woods, and I hear that a few days ago a resident in the pottery village saw an adder trying to cross the road near the gate leading into Cranham Churchyard. He quickly gave it its quietus, and it proved a very fine and large one, measuring 2ft. 7½in. long.

The present Lord Fitzhardinge is maintaining the reputation which the rent audit dinners of the Berkeley estates gained in the time of his late brother and predecessor in the title, of being the occasions for some candour, originality, and humour of speech. Last week his lordship took the tenants, and the public too, into his confidence in regard to the annoyance that he felt because the recent flying visit of Lord Kitchener to the Castle got wind, resulting in the spoiling of sport, when he was cub-hunting on Stinchcombe Hill, by the exuberant enthusiasm of the school children, who had been given a holiday in order to see and welcome him. It appears that Lord Kitchener was not prepared with correct hunting costume, except that his servant had put a pair of riding breeches in the kit-bag. I am sorry that

the conqueror of the Boers had no peace of mind when "a-hunting he did go." And "thrusters" would do well to take heed of the warning of Lord Fitzhardinge's steward at the same dinner—that they "are going to have the hedges made in such a way as to compel those hunting gentlemen who flock into the vale to jump them, instead of running through them, or they would come a cropper in the ditch."

Of the three municipalities in the county, Tewkesbury alone had a quiet first of November. Cheltenham only indulged in contests in three out of the six wards, and it was "as you were" in the results, the two Labour candidates being nowhere. But at fighting and commercial Gloucester the representatives of this class did far better, as two out of the three put forward were returned. It was a disastrous day for the Conservative party, only two of their eight nominees being successful, and they lost three seats, further reducing their minority on the Council. As showing how equally parties are balanced, the winning side scored but a majority of 178 altogether in the eight wards. It is interesting to note that of the three members of the School Board who were candidates one alone, and he the chairman and a Labour man, was victorious. But the "Eddication Bill," as one of the crushingly-defeated Liberal candidates called it, had very little to do with deciding the contests. There were far more potent influences at work.

I see that Mr. Hicks Beach, who has always retained the sporting rights over the Witcomb Waterworks and from whom you must get an order if you want to fish there, has obtained permission from the Corporation of Gloucester to put a new pleasure boat on the pools, with certain restrictions. I suppose it is too late to suggest that the boat should be a gondola, or perhaps too risky, for fear that some City Councillor might advocate the provision of a pair of gondolas to be mated.

GLEANER.

"Selina Jenkins Letters."

* * *

ON THE ELECTION RESULTS.

Well, of all the surprises that was ever known, and after that there Mr. Pates 'aving stated on unimpeached authority as 'e were a certain winner this time, wick even the great George 'imself never egspected to get in, and were that unbelieving about it he demanded a recount, so they do say, for fear Mr. Stewart mite 'appen to turn hout to be the one as was really helected after all!

But no; it were correct, and "in spite of all temptations and evil machinations" Geo. Bence is on again! for good or hill, for better or worse, for the next few years; wick I should advise anybody as wants anything done by the Council, such as new drains, better lights, improved roads, and sich like and so forth, 'ad better call round to Mr. B.'s residence at onest, before the halow of victory dies hoff 'is marble brow, as the sayin' is, wick he will put it thro' like shelling peas, if it can be did at all, not forgetting the Sunday concerts, wick is goin' to be started straight hoff. 'Ow do I know, do you say? Well, because George B. 'ave said it, and when he says it the 23 other Council men don't count; it has to be done!

But, talking about Sunday concerts, the electors did a very 'andsome trick last Saturday, wick they elected Mr. Rickerby because he'd stopped the Sunday concerts, and Mr. Bence because he promised to renew the same, as is a very awkward dilemma, so you mite say, and leaves us just in about the same place as we started. But there, wot can you egspect? People gets egsited these times, and does many things they wouldn't if they thought a minute! Mary Tompkins told me that her brother 'ad been to a lecture or somethink, all about the Stuarts, who was Kings of England back in Roman times, stating as they were a bad lot and entirely under the thumb of the Primrose League of them times, and used to borrow money rite and left, without so much as "by yer leave." So Mary Tompkins's brother considered if that sort of thing were "Stuart," he were going to vote "Bence," wick he did, and persuaded a lot of his mates likewise the same. Then there was a lady next door to me, Sarah Jane Gaskins by name, as voted for Mr. Bence because of being a "hommyhopy-thathist," as they do call them as don't believe in drugs, wick she do keep a medicine chest and a book about hall the diseases you ever 'eard tell, with 2 drops and a globule to cure anything, from a pimple up to the delirium-streamers, and wouldn't vote for a druggist and apothecary, not she, considering as drugs was the curse of the humane race, and oughtn't not to be indulged in, not on no account whatever!

But wot I considers as done the job for Mr. George B. was that letter of his in the "Echo," being wot you may call a literary achievement of the first water, and good enough to be framed and hung hup in the Council Chamber as a model for future things of the sort. I couldn't 'ave done it better meself; and wot more can a body say? wick it 'ad a wonderful effect in bringing hup the vcters, egspecially becoss it didn't make no promises wotsoever, as couldn't be broken if they wasn't made, could they, now? Hundreds of folks voted like one man for the candidate as were able to issue sich an address without promising anything; and they as were a bit wobbly-like about this 'ere Eddication Bill was so himpressed with the hintellect as could put together such a harrang that they halso voted for Mr. George B., him being evidently a hexcellent authority on the heddedication crisis and who's to pay the Bill!

So, hall things being took into consideration, I weren't so surprised as Mr. Bence were himself when I 'eard the result, wick come hup our street in the shape of a numerous body of young fellows singing "Britain's never shall be slaves" and other hims, in several different keys to onest, disturbin' the inhabitants with their unholy din, and slamming to my front garden gate as they passed, wick cost me one and thrippence of me

'ard-earned money to get it mended on the Monday, and the hengineer as did it said were a job worth 2s. anywheres, 'aving been broken by someone as must 'ave had the strength of a helephant and the brains of a house-fly to do such 'arm to a lone widdier's gate jist becoss his favourite candidate 'ad got in! Why, bless me 'art and soul! I should think it were enuff of a job to carry Mr. George B. round the East Ward, being a very tidy weight, altho' worried out of several pounds by the 3-cornered fight, 'ithout breaking anybody's gates for them!

Personally, I sympathises with considerable strength with Mr. George B., carrying about on men's shoulders not being the most comfortable style of getting about in my hapynyun, besides 'aving 'ad a 'arassing time, one thing with another, all through. But I egspect, if you was to ask him, now 'e's returned with a 'andsome majority, 'e would say (like the boy as was putting away the Christmas pudding too fast and 'is mother warned 'im of the stommick-ache in store), "it's worth it." Now 'e's on, 'e's on, and we shall 'ear more of Mr. B. now the clouds 'ave rolled by, and the 'orror of a kick-out 'as passed from 'is soul like the dust from my mantil-piece when I passes the duster round it of a morning, wick I always lifts up hall the hornaments and dusts underneath, not like some places I goes to where you can write yer name on the furniture, as is a thing I should be ashamed of meself, that I should.

Well, now, to turn to they as wasn't elected! As to Mr. Pates, of course it's very 'ard to 'ave the skellington from the cupboard thrown in your teeth, as the sayin' is, but I'm afraid the prophet as told 'im he were a certain winner must 'ave been more 'opeful than candid, that's all I can say about he.

That there Mr. Railway Carr, I considers he run on the 'rong lines for success, 'aving 'ad a signal defeat on a first-class poll; his platform weren't broad enough for everybody, and it would 'ave took a bigger man than 'e to 'ave engine-eered the points so as to shunt Mr. Doctor Davies off the main line; 'ard lines, 'owever, very 'ard lines; wick is also and moreover true for Mr. Charles Fisher, wick is a very intelligible man, and works 'ard for 'is cause, the labouring man being 'is spesshull study; but lawdyme! 'ould take a miracle of a man to overthrow Mr. Lawyer Rickerby, being of a very good family, and one of the ablest men, as don't talk much, but works a lot, on the Town Council. Mr. Fisher didn't 'ave a "bite" this time, but I will say I don't 'old with they as lives in old tubs and things theirselves and then writes to the papers stating as they don't agree with the lower classes (so-called) being placed on the Council, 'aving so much as they can do to get their living without attending committee meetings; as is outdacious reasoning and not to be thought of at all. The Town Council is meant to represent all classes, and all classes can only be represented by representatives of each class; wick is, I 'ope, clear, altho' 'rote with a cross-nib pen, wick 'ave gone 'rong ever since the elections.

Then there was me, as you knows, Mr. Hedditor, being only of the fieldmale persuasion I 'ad to be content with the votes as wasn't recorded in the East Ward, wick was so few you could put the lot in your eye and see out very well round the corner; so, of course, I weren't elected. I calls it a scandalous shame as fieldmale women shouldn't 'ave seats on the Council. But, no! so long as the men 'ave it all their own way, never shall we ladies be emancipated in the chains of slavery.

SELINA JENKINS.

The Lancaster Town Council has unanimously decided to confer the honorary freedom of the borough upon Mr. James Mansergh, F.R.S., president of the Institution of Civil Engineers, who is a native of the borough.

* * *

Two Roman coins, one a silver token of Domit an, A.D. 81-96, and the other a brass piece of Trajan, A.D. 98, have been unearthed in Dowgate-hill, E.C.



GHOST IN A GARDEN NEAR CHRIST CHURCH.

Photo by Miss Annie Peatfield, Cheltenham.

PETROL AND PICTURES.

[By "ARIEL."]

* * *

HOW AN ACCUMULATOR WORKS.

An accumulator consists of a series of lead grids or plates, which are coated with oxide of lead, and are immersed in dilute sulphuric acid contained in celluloid or vulcanite cases. The celluloid cases are the best because, being transparent, the interior can be readily seen. The accumulator has to be charged by means of either a primary battery or a dynamo. Certain chemical changes take place on the surface of the plates which enable an electric current to be taken from them at will. When all the chemical energy is converted into electricity the battery is said to be discharged, but it can be re-charged by sending an electric current through it. Accumulators can be re-charged any number of times, and for this reason are more useful than dry batteries for motor-cycles and cars.

CLEANING THE ENGINE OF MOTOR-BICYCLE.

The engine should be cleaned out every 200 miles or so with half a wineglass of paraffin. Place motor on stand, removing the sparking plug, and pour the paraffin in through the holes, first having drained oil out of the crank chamber. Close the hole with a cork, and slowly pedal motor with exhaust lifter raised or compression tap open. Let it stand for a few moments, and drain out the paraffin through the tap in the bottom of the crank case. Re-charge engine at once and replace the sparking plug.

THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER.

The following amusing incident is culled from "Motor Cycling":—"The other night a motor-car was passing a certain post-office in London, when a couple of loud reports were heard, greatly to the discomposure of a nervous old lady who was standing on the kerb waiting to cross. A bright newspaper boy promptly rose to the occasion. 'Don't be frightened, mum,' he said encouragingly, 'the silly old jossier's only letting off his fireworks a monf too soon. 'E finks it's Guy Fawkes Day.'"

TO REMOVE SILVER STAINS FROM NEGATIVES.

Silver stains on negatives are produced by placing P.O.P. in contact with unfurnished negatives which are slightly damp. The following is a good way of removing them:—If the printing paper has adhered to the negative, it should be removed by immersing the negative and print in a dish of water, when the print can be easily separated from the negative. The following solution should be prepared:—Metallic iodine 3 grains, Methylated spirits 1 ounce. First wash the negative well; then immerse in the solution till the stains change colour. Next wash in running



Miss Helena Counihan (in straw hat), the sister superintendent of Jacob's Concentration Camp, at West Durban, with the chief officials. She was all through the Boer War, and was the first woman who up to May 4th, 1901, had ridden through the Umparti Valley, 60 miles, to succour the wounded. Miss Counihan, who is a daughter of Mrs. J. Nicholls, Churchdown, and granddaughter of the late Dr. Edis, of Gloucester, was awarded a war medal and one of the nation's wallets.



Photo by H. H. S. Escott, Cheltenham
A WEEKLY VISITOR TO CHELTENHAM,
locally known as "The Staverton Mail."

water for thirty minutes. Finally place the negative in a solution of hypo till all the stains disappear, and then again thoroughly wash.

THE POWER OF NEXT SEASON'S MOTOR-BICYCLES.

"Motor Cycling" says:—From remarks the makers have let leak out concerning next season's machines it is certain the standard horse-power will be greatly increased. The makers of the Quadrant will adopt 2-h.p. as standard, but will also market a 3-h.p. engine. The Humber people have already a 3-h.p. machine, which, by the way, performed exceedingly well recently in the Automobile Club's reliability trials, beating all cars and other vehicles that competed. The Rex machine will be 2½-h.p., and the makers will also market a 3½-h.p. engine, water-cooled. The 2½-h.p. Excelsior will doubtless be the staple line of Bayliss Thomas, and all the other makers will increase the power of their machines. It is to be hoped that the speed limit will be raised proportionately.

A TIP CONCERNING BROMIDE PAPER.

Beginners sometimes find a difficulty when working in the dark-room to discover the sensitive side of bromide paper. There are three good methods of determining this. One is to look for the sparkle of the coated surface, a second is to moisten the tip of one's finger and feel for the sticky gelatine (of course at an extreme corner of the paper), the third, and I consider it the best, is to note which way the paper curls when held flat on the palm of the hand, it always turns in such a manner that the sensitive side is innermost.

THE SPARKING-PLUG IN WET WEATHER.

Misfiring will often occur in wet weather through the high tension current leaking over the wet porcelain of the plug. This can be prevented by smearing some rubber solution on the porcelain, and then fixing round it a piece of patching rubber.

HOW TO OBTAIN A TRIAL PRINT FROM A WET NEGATIVE.

One may at times require a rough print from a negative as soon as developed and fixed, in order to know whether or not to make another exposure. This may be done without in any way injuring the negative, if a little reasonable care be employed. After fixing, give the negative at least five minutes' washing under the tap. Meanwhile, take a piece of smooth bromide paper; with a pencil mark the wrong side. Soak it in cold clean water for two or three minutes (protected from light, and in the dark room of course). Now in a deep dish filled with water bring together the sensitive side of the paper with the film of the negative, avoiding any air

bubbles. Remove from the water, and blot off any moisture from the glass side of the negative. Set the negative in a draining rack, and make the exposure with a wax match. Develop the print with metal, and fix in the usual manner. A little care will prevent any injury to the film of the negative.

SENDING PRINTS THROUGH THE POST.

To avoid the annoyance of having one's photographs broken or cracked during transmission through the post, place them between thin sheets of cardboard, such as are found in packets of sensitive paper, and wrap them in black paper. Attach a white label, on one side of which is written the name and address of the intended recipient, and on the other the postage stamps. All postage stamp obliterations will be made on the label, as the ink used for such purposes cannot be rendered visible to any extent on the black wrapper.



AN ELECTRIC-PROOF GARMENT.

It is reported from Kiev that Professor Artemiev, of that place, has invented a garment that is proof against electricity, or rather which conducts to the earth even enormous volumes of current directed against the wearer. The dress consists of fine brass wire gauze, which must envelop the whole figure to be effective, but which can be worn under the clothes. It is claimed that the inventor does not hesitate to submit himself to a current of 150,000 volts, when clothed in this protective suit. Such wonders are easily believed by a generation that has seen for the first time the transmission of telegraphic messages without wires and the photography of things invisible. But in order to be effective there must be much more in the invention of Professor Artemiev than has been disclosed in the modest telegram from Kiev. It is likely that insulation plays a more important part in the immunity conferred by the garment than the mere conducting of the current to earth.



As they now own nearly fifty swans, Carlisle Town Council is anxious to give away about a dozen of the birds to corporations wishing to have them.

The Wesleyan hymn-book is likely to undergo great changes. The drastic proposal is made to omit 155 hymns and to excise 255 verses from others.

POETRY.

*

BY-GONES.

When we went bilberry picking
On the hill side, you and I,
In the golden summer weather,
'Mong the honey-scented heather
'Neath the blue, just cloud-fleck'd sky:
How we clamour'd and made merry
When our fingers, purple stained,
Met above the dewy berry,
Fought for it till none remained,
Was there ever such heart laughter
In those happy summer days?
Our spirits loosed to madness,
With wild unthinking gladness,
That can never come hereafter
In life's wind-swept wild'ring way.

Once again I climb the hill top,
Sink my knees among the fern,
See the yellow tented wheat crop
In the golden sunset burn.
Other boys and girls are roaming
Thro' the bilberry bushes by,
Plucking berries with stain'd fingers
Whilst the dying sunlight lingers,
Just as we did—you and I.

Comes their laughter from the distance
Wafted to me, where I stand
Thinking of a past existence
In my boyhood's fairy land.
Gently gliding comes the twilight,
Blinks a star from out the blue—
Ah—how bounded is my insight,
Here am I—but where are you?

THE BOY ON THE GATE.

The rosy-cheeked urchin that swings on the gate
Is the right merry monarch in all but estate:
But treasure brings trouble—what title is free?
Thus better without one, thus happy is he;
For the ring of his laugh is a mirth-moving
strain,

Which a choir of young creatures respond to
again.

The birds are all singing, each heart is slate
With the rosy-cheeked urchin that hangs on the
gate.

The rosy-cheeked urchin that swings on the gate
Hath Nature's own pages upon him to wait;
His joyous companions—a cherubim crew,
With posies of daisies and buttercups too.
He boasts not of jewels on forehead or breast;
But his heart is all gladness—his mind is at rest.
Oh! what are the honours, the glories of state,
To the rosy-cheeked urchin that hangs on the
gate?

The rosy-cheeked urchin that swings on the gate
Waves proudly on high his satchel and slate;
The sky is all brightness—the fields are all gay;
Green branches are waving—the lambs are at
play:

And where is the bosom that pines not to be
Thus bathed in the sunlight as happy as he?
For the heart's purest pleasures we find when too
late,

And sigh to be swinging again on the gate.

JOHN ORTON.

Book and Magazine Chat.

"The Art of the Age" continues to be an attractive feature of "Pearson's," and the fiction includes the further doings of the immortal Kettle. Nature lovers will be attracted by Marcus Woodward's "Story of the Squirrel." Holbein tells how he "Failed to Swim the Channel"; and George Griffith contributes an interesting article on "French Convict Life in New Caledonia."

"The Idler" contains a series of remarkable photographs of President Roosevelt arguing for "the strenuous life." The story of "The Greatest Swindle of the Century" (the Humbert-Crawford case) is continued; and the stories, word-painting, and sketches are generally of a lively character. There is quite an American flavour in Mr. Robert Barr's revived "Idler."

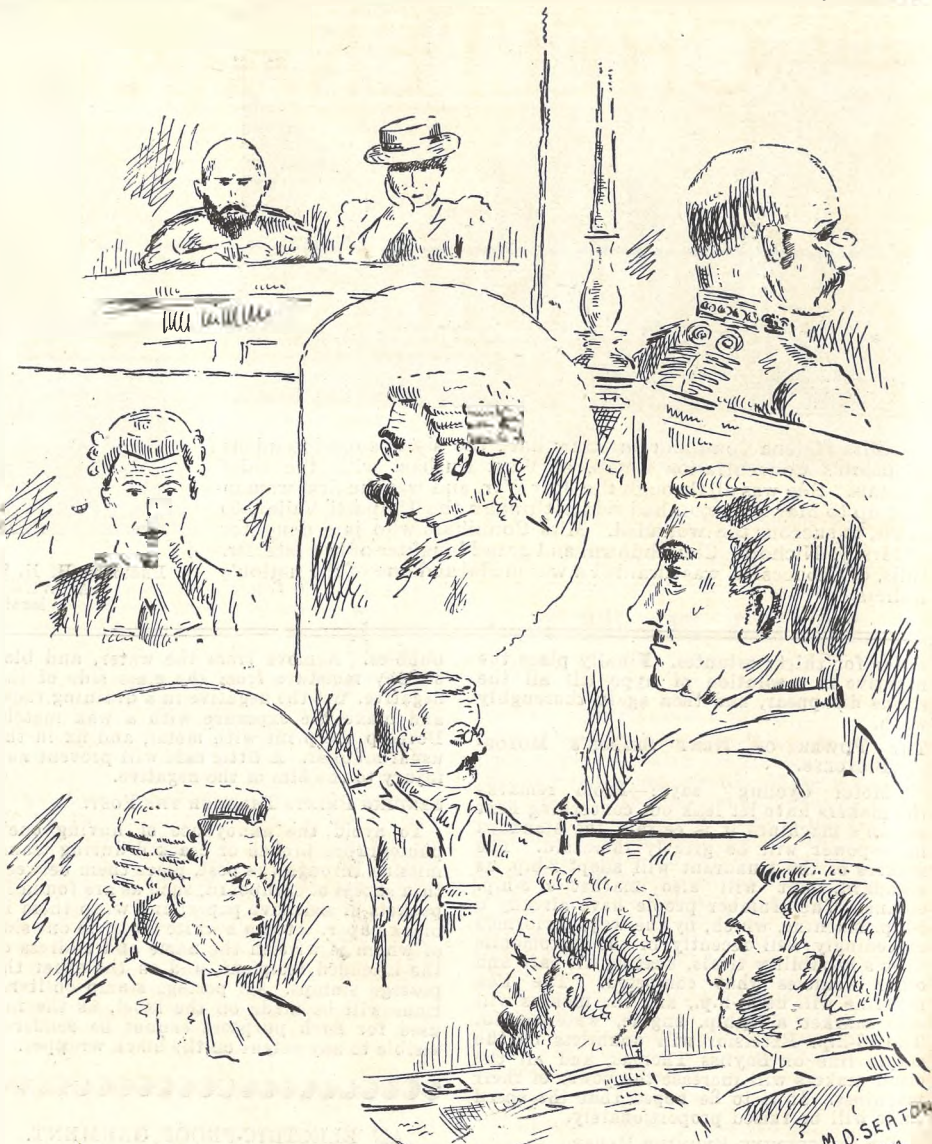
Isbister's magazines "Good Words" and "The Sunday Magazine" contain much that will appeal to home-circle readers. Sir Charles Warren is amongst the contributors to the former, and with bright short stories and instructive articles its general contents are as varied as could be desired. Miss Stone concludes her exciting narrative in the other magazine, which is filled with chatty, instructive comment and wholesome fiction. The illustrations are in both cases a capital feature.

"The Quiver" has a charming frontispiece representing the Venerable Bede on his death couch dictating the last lines of his translation of the Gospels. Joseph Hocking starts a new serial, "A Flame of Fire," a story of the Armada. Dr. Hugh Macmillan has an attractive article, charmingly illustrated, on "God's Beautiful Creatures," the "Dog" being his subject for the current month. Mr. Phiipott has penned an interesting account of "How Deaf Children are Taught"; and "Peers in the Pulpit," etc., make up an excellent beginning for the new volume.

Literary and political criticism of an independent character are a marked feature of "The Monthly Review." An able appreciation of President Roosevelt appears from the pen of Mr. Sydney Brooks. A pleasing article by Cornelia Sorabji, entitled "English and Indian," should help the British mind to grasp the subtle Oriental outlook on life of our Indian fellow subjects. Arthur Morrison has a series running in "The Painters of Japan," and Edward Hutton analyses some of the literary freaks of that extraordinary and, in some respects, rather brutal genius, Gabriele D'Annunzio. Emil Keich, D.C.L., offers some judicious remarks on the great literary enterprise, "The Cambridge Modern History." "How Zola Worked" throws fresh light on the methods of the most industrious of novelists.

One of the most readable things in "Blackwood," from a popular point of view, is the attack by the writer of "Musing Without Method" on the "Nonconformist conscience," though it gives one the impression of being rather "below the belt," if that sporting metaphor can be applied to anything so serious as a conscience. His criticism of Zola is much more discriminating. Hugh Clifford, C.M.G., contributes a sympathetic article on a recent political martyr, José Rizal, the Filipino leader and writer, who was shot by the Spaniards, and gives an interesting sketch of his stirring career. Lieut.-Colonel A Court, C.M.G., gossips about "Old Prints" with the affection of an expert collector. Amongst serial features are "On the Heels of De Wet," Joseph Conrad's "The End of the Tether," and Neil Munro's "A Tale of the Outer Isles." There is also a well-written article on "The Border Minstrelsy"; and Sir Theodore Martin, K.C.B., translates Giacomo Leopardi's poem "The Dream."

In this age of "books about books," a handy, readable, and inexpensive life of Tennyson has long been felt to be a serious want. That want is supplied in the monograph of Sir Alfred Lyall which forms one of the recent additions to Macmillan's "English Men of Letters" series. The large majority of readers of the most popular of



Types at Quarter Sessions.

Drawn by M. D. Seaton,

Cheltenham.

the Victorian poets require neither minute details respecting the lives of Lord Tennyson and the members of his family, nor exhaustive disquisitions on the genesis and construction of the poems; but a pleasantly written work containing just the number of facts and amount of criticism necessary to form a useful frame-work for their study of individual poems. Sir Alfred Lyall has accomplished his task in a manner which is lucid, sympathetic, and scholarly without being pedantic. The poems are carefully analysed and criticised, with numerous illustrations; and all that an average reader could wish to learn respecting the somewhat uneventful life of the late Poet Laureate is concisely told without elaboration of unnecessary detail. The book is an acceptable addition to a useful and fascinating series.

"Arnold's work," writes Mr. Herbert Paul in the opening chapter of his new study of the life and writings of Matthew Arnold, "was written by a scholar for scholars, and only a scholar can fully appreciate it." Starting from this premise, we are not surprised to find in a work thus appealing to a somewhat restricted and academic circle of readers the scholarly element predominates. The book is, in fact, an essay in criticism rather than a biography, although the somewhat scanty details of Arnold's life are dealt with in due course; and many fine and occasionally controversial points of scholarship are dealt with

in a manner which lends additional fascination to a very delightful and vigorous little work. Forming, like Sir Alfred Lyall's "Tennyson," another of the "English Men of Letters" series, Mr. Paul's monograph will be studied with advantage by the ever-widening circle of readers who, thanks to the spread of culture, are learning to appreciate the chiselled poetry and thoughtful and classic prose of Matthew Arnold.

MEMORIAL TO SCOTS FUSILIERS.

The Earl of Eglinton and General Sir A. Hunter, K.C.B., on Saturday afternoon took part in the unveiling of a bronze statue in Ayr to the officers and men of the Royal Scots Fusiliers killed in action or who died of disease in campaigns taken part in by the regiment since (but not including) the Crimea. The pedestal contains 234 names of the officers and men commemorated.

GOLD IN JAMAICA.

A despatch received in New York from Kingston, Jamaica, states that the newspapers there report that an American syndicate is concluding negotiations for some property in Jamaica in order to work gold and copper deposits, which have been located there in paying quantities.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 98.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1902.

THE PRIZE DRAWING.

THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE, CHELTENHAM

This afternoon and to-night,

"THE MESSENGER BOY."

NEXT WEEK—Mr. Tom B. Davis's chief Company in
the American Military Play—

"ARIZONA."

Times and Prices as Usual.

Prize Photography.

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

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

Photographs must not be smaller than quarter-plate size, must be mounted, and must be printed on silver paper with a glossy finish.

Competitors may send in any number of Photographs, all of which, however, will become the property of the Proprietors of the "Chronicle and Graphic," who reserve the right to reproduce the same.

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

The winner of the 96th competition is Mr. J. A. Probert, of 8 Brighton-road, Cheltenham, with his Ilfracombe picture.

Entries for the 97th competition closed this (Saturday) morning, Nov. 15th, 1902, and in subsequent competitions entries will close on the Saturday morning preceding the award, so as to allow time for adjudication and reproduction.

Prize Drawing.

The proprietors of the "Chronicle and Graphic" also offer a weekly prize of half-a-guinea for the best drawing submitted for approval.

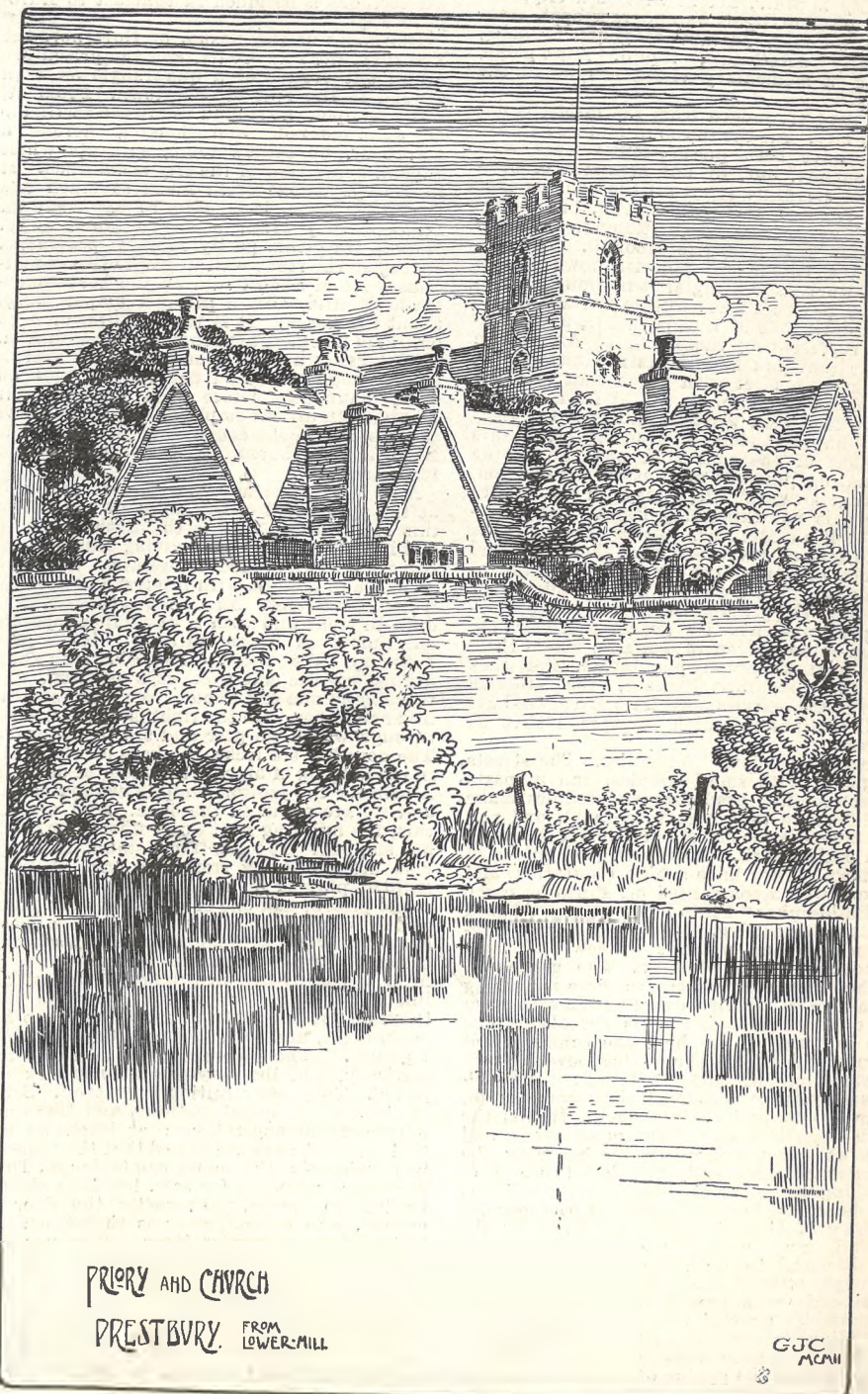
The competition is open to the county, and any subject may be chosen—sketch, portrait, or cartoon—but local subjects are preferred.

Drawings must be in Indian black ink on Bristol board.

In both competitions all specimens received will be retained and may be reproduced, but any drawing the return of which is particularly desired will be handed over on personal application.

The winner of the seventh competition is Mr. George J. Cox, of 15 Priory-terrace, Cheltenham, with his Prestbury Church drawing.

Entries for the eighth drawing competition closed this (Saturday) morning, Nov. 15th, 1902, and the result will appear, together with the reproduction, in next Saturday's issue. In subsequent competitions also entries will close on the Saturday morning preceding the award.



PRIORY AND CHURCH

PRESTBURY. FROM LOWER-MILL

GJC
MCM

Drawn by George J. Cox,

Cheltenham,

Land of the Setting Sun.

By DOUGLAS M. GANE.
IV.—A LOST POSSESSION.

Tangier from the sea by night, with the light of the full moon upon its amphitheatre of pearl-white buildings, is a sight never to be forgotten. At all times it is fascinating, but in the moonlight Tangier is a veritable vision, ethereal, mystical, a thing of beauty that holds you in a spell. As we lay a mile from the land the city did not at first disclose itself. We saw the lights of streets and dwellings extending along the shore, and these were Tangier to us. The white cloud upon the right we thought to be only the evening mist rising from the soil and obscuring our view. Yet this same white cloud was the city, and as the moon rose its nature gradually revealed itself. Or seen by day, in the early morning, or, rather, not seen at all at first, but screened by the morning haze, upon which the sun's rays are playing, it suddenly appears, not at first as a city, but as an effect of light, as one vast opal, from before which a curtain of gauze is being gradually withdrawn, liquid, impalpable, fleeting, a momentary vision caught in the passing.

Yet Tangier, judged from the inside, is not a fairy city. All the towns of Morocco I have visited have been picture-towns when seen from outside, but, by our standard of comfort and cleanliness and all the benefits that come from municipal control, they are sepulchres within. That Tangier is less so is merely that it is less Moorish. The predominant colour of Moorish town life is white, whereas in Tangier it is brown, a compromise it would seem due to the admixture of the dark tone of European life, and faithfully representing the blend of Africa and Europe that you find in its inhabitants.

Though we meet with much that is objectionable in Morocco, we are at least brought face to face with what is genuine. On visiting India or Ceylon, or even Egypt, we are conscious of the fact that over all is the dominating presence of Western civilisation, and that Oriental life, except in its smaller aspects, is not expressing itself. Far otherwise is it in Morocco. There, barbarism is in the seat of authority, and, there, life and conduct are regulated by the standards of barbarism. We may not like it, but we at least have the genuine thing, and the genuine thing always has its fascination for the human mind. Even in Tangier, where there is a large European population, and Jews live in comparative peace, the Moorish Government carries out its native methods in all matters in which Europeans have no interest.

Tangier is "done" on mules. The streets are paved with small cobbles, and in parts are steep. But gradients and cobbles make no difference to a mule's foothold, and you may traverse the streets of Tangier in safety on a mule's back. There are good guides in the town. They have a high reputation, and the one who accompanied us, Pinto by name—"Philosopher" Pinto by courtesy—did good credit to his calling. Morocco is a land without wheels and without windows, at least without external windows. The garden of the house is in the centre, so there is nothing attractive in Moorish dwellings as seen from the outside; though this is not always the case in Tangier, for here the confluence of Europe and Africa shows itself even in the construction of the buildings. Moorish houses are made to conceal what they contain, their wealth and their women. It was the Jewish Sabbath on the day of our visit, and even at seven o'clock in the morning the synagogues were full, the babel of voices reaching us as we passed their open doors. An hour on foot, plunged in the quieter recesses of the city, then breakfast at the Bristol, and away on our mules to see the life and turmoil. And what a bustle! Through narrow streets, at times all but impassable with crowds of donkeys, mules, and camels; a population, rich in its variety, threading its way amongst the laden beasts, or knotted in groups around the shops, exemplifying the genius of repose, and at all

times picturesque. From the fair and courtly Moor leaning beside the doorway of a mosque to the negro of Timbuctoo with his headgear of black strings and shells; from the Franciscan friar to the Moorish saint sitting at the street corner giving his hand to be kissed and receiving offerings; from the portly Jewish merchant to the water-carrier who brushes by you with his reeking skin of water which he sells at a penny a time; from the Shereefian soldier with red fez and magazine rifle to the keen-eyed Riffian with the blood of pirates in his veins—these are the people with whom Europeans rub shoulders in Tangier, and who give life and contrast to its streets.

And the places! I should like to tell of the heat and bustle of the market, of the native encampment at its upper end, of the Moorish café where we drank sweet coffee and listened to the native dances and love-music; of its buildings, too, its mosques, its gateways, and its modern growth; but space does not permit, and I can do no more than give a brief impression of the Government quarters, where there is so much in contrast to European ways.

The house of the Basha, or Governor, the Treasury, the Law Court, and the prison are all in one corner of a quadrangle on high ground in the rear of the town. From it, standing upon the mound where the bastinado is administered, and looking across a marabout, or saint's tomb, with its white cupola, a fine view of the city is obtained. If in Europe things often mean so much less than they seem, it is safe to say that in Morocco they often mean so much more. Who is this—this portly Moorish personage, sitting on the stone wall in front of the courthouse—I had almost said on the kerbstone—while a child with a penny trumpet hangs about his knees? It is the Khalifa, or high official of Tangier, next in order to the Basha. He is trying a case, a summons for assault as we should say, and the two old men on their haunches before him giving their points, with all the emphasis the Moor knows the use of, are the contending parties. The Khalifa looks bored, and adjourns the case for witnesses.

And who is the high-bred person reclining at the open front of the house at the end of this side turning? It is the Basha himself, administering affairs and giving orders to the two soldiers who stand before him. We draw nearer, and eye him with interest and caution. No one interferes. And what is this building open in front and with a vestibule supported on numerous stone pillars? It is the Treasury. We enter. The old man half dozing by the entrance says nothing, and there is no one else about. We pass into the inner chamber. On the right is a grated door, through which we peer and see the treasure. The door has six locks, the keys of which are in the keeping of an equal number of officials. A coin for the janitor, sleepily acknowledged, and we are again in the open. And what is this, the building next door, where our guide has stopped? It looks like a stable, in which men are sheltering from the heat. A little child is playing on the floor. We go in. It is the prison, and one of the men is the jailer and the others idlers. On the right is a heavy doorway, with a hole in the centre, and through it we look and see the prisoners. A heap of chains lies on the floor. One of the inmates, an eager fellow, lifts a set and puts them on for our instruction. They clasp his neck, arms, and legs, and hold them chained together. The Moors do not take life too seriously, and the prisoners do not look dejected. They are awaiting their trial. Some of them are desperate fellows, and there are murderers amongst them; at least, we are told so. But none are so bad that they cannot be bought off if the money can be found. They are making baskets for sale, lest they should be left to starve. Presently the door is opened, and a new-comer is thrust in; by looks a better class of Moor. Were not life and death, and even worse, involved, this might have been playing at prisons, so harmless did it all seem.

No reference to Tangier, however brief, should omit mention of the new English church, designed by Mr. Alexander Cameron, a Scotch architect resident in the town, and



THE FLOWER OF ENGLAND'S YOUTH.

built by his firm, Messrs. Thompson and Co. It is an attractive and delicate structure that exemplifies the poetry of Moorish architecture, and is remarkable in that it has introduced into the country a specimen of Moorish art and the only true examples of which are on foreign soil.

Tangier was once a British possession, but it is so no longer. It came as part of the dowry of Catherine of Braganza, and was abandoned to the Moors soon afterwards. A house close to the Government quarters and the ruins of the mole remain to testify to our occupation. Whether it will become a British possession again, only time can reveal, but it is the settled policy of this country that no other nation shall have it.

GREEK AT OXFORD.

The Congregation of Oxford University on Tuesday rejected by 189 votes to 166 the resolution proposing to allow an optional alternative for Greek in Responsions. Mr. P. E. Matheson, Fellow of New College, who brought forward the resolution, pointed out that the modern side boy who came to the ancient universities must pass through the laborious stage of learning a language with which he was unfamiliar, which meant very little to him, and in which he had to reach a minimum standard which implied no real human knowledge of the Greek language or life or spirit. The Rev. L. R. Phelps, Fellow of Oriel College, led the opposition, declaring that the adoption of the resolution would be the greatest victory that obscurantism had won since the University was founded.

* * *

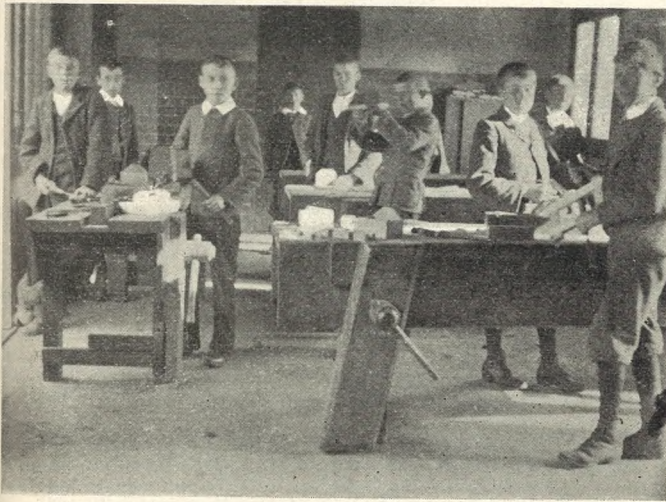
At a meeting of the Wednesbury Town Council on Tuesday night it was decided to give the South Staffordshire Tramway Company notice of the council's intention to purchase the tramways at the earliest possible time.



GARDENING LESSON.



CHESTERTON'S PHYSICAL EXERCISES.
 STANDARDS VI. AND VII.



CARPENTER'S SHOP.



GARDENING LESSON.
 St. Mark's.

Photos by H. Dyer,

Gloucestershire Gossip.

*

"Monday, mayor-making" was the first item on the agenda for the November statutory meeting of the various municipalities in the kingdom. It cannot be said that there was a rush for the mayoralty in the three municipal boroughs of Gloucestershire. Colonel Rogers is such an ideal Mayor of Cheltenham that I am glad he yielded to the urgent solicitations of those of his friends who had the disposal of the office to take it on for the fifth time. There was a particular reason why he should have continued on yet another year, namely, to open the Town-hall, which was begun in the early part of his last mayoralty, and the memorial stone of which he laid with such success. The thanks of the burgesses of Tewkesbury are due to Mr. Cecil Moore for having accepted the chief magistracy of his native place in an emergency. In Alderman E. Sidney Hartland, who has been impressed into their service as mayor, the citizens of Gloucester have an educated man, a writer on folk-lore, and one who is well-versed in School Board law, which latter

qualification will serve him in good stead in dealing with the position of Gloucester as the local education authority under the new Education Act.

* * *

Two out of the three mayoralties go to Tewkesburians, for Mr. Moore and Mr. Hartland are both natives of the Severn-Avon-side borough. The appointment of Mr. Hartland to Gloucester reminds me that members of the legal profession have enjoyed a very good share of the succession to this office in the ancient city since the year 1836, when its administration was reformed by the Municipal Corporations Act. During the 66 years that have intervened, I have found by an analysis of the list of mayors that the office has been held in 18 years altogether by lawyers, eight of them being of Liberal politics, for 12 years; and five of Conservative politics, for six years. This gives a percentage of about 27, which I think is not bad. Physic, which I am told could always win the East Ward, has been but poorly represented in the mayoral chair, for only four disciples of Esculapius have filled it. Merchants, however, have been the occupants in greater proportion than any other class. As showing the disrating of the office of sword-

bearer, time was when the salary was £70 a year, and even ex-mayors have been known to take it, but for years past £5 has been the full emolument. Curiously enough, the Garden Town has never had a lawyer as mayor.

* * *

I have always been in favour of writing Winchcombe with a final "e," and I observe that the Literary and Debating Society in that Mercian town have deliberately settled that it is to be so. Ample precedents in this county could be cited for this conclusion, to wit, Brimscombe, Rendcombe, and Witcombe. Some Gloucestershire folk are very susceptible as to the name of the place in which their lot is cast, and it is only a few years ago that the inhabitants of Moreton-in-Marsh in public meeting assembled decided to eliminate the "the" in the name, the being of opinion that this definite article was very detrimental in emphasising it as a marshy town.

* * *

Dean Spence had a very interesting announcement to make to the great congregation assembled in Gloucester Cathedral last Sunday night, at the first nave service of the season's series. It was that he intended to deliver sermon lectures on the Reformation.



Photo by F. Davey,

MEET OF LORD FITZHARDINGE'S HOUNDS, WHITMINSTER HOTEL, NOVEMBER 4, 1902

Gloucester.

His Lordship (mounted on his grey horse) is the central figure, while Will Rawle (the veteran huntsman) is on the Master's left.

Book Chat.

"The Ladies' Magazine," one of Pearson's most successful publications, appeals to the feminine fancy chiefly by its short stories and articles on dress, etc. The patterns given away are practical and useful. Harold McGrath's serial "The Double," a tale of Central European political intrigue, is still running; and "Behind the Scenes" is an attractive article on stage favourites.

The choosing of gift-books for children is one of the somewhat trying responsibilities of Christmastide. Amongst a wide choice are two interesting books published by Cassell and Co. Mr. Edward S. Ellis has written several bright and wholesome stories of adventure for children, and one now before us, "Bear Cavern," is in his best style, telling of a little American girl's doings. For somewhat older children there is a timely re-issue of Mrs. L. T. Meade's popular tale of girls' school life, "Bashful Fifteen." How curiously different the atmosphere from that of the average tale of school life for boys! The heroine is a lively Irish girl, and we have an interesting picture, sometimes amusing and sometimes pathetic, of life in an old-fashioned English girls' school, and also of school girl intrigue.

If an illustration were needed of the remarkable growth of the English language, chiefly, of course, on the technical side, in recent years, it would be found in the massive volume just issued by Messrs. Cassell and Co. as a supplement to their "Encyclopædic Dictionary." The first volume of that work, now recognised as a standard authority on the language, was issued in 1879; but it was not completed until 1888, a fact which is in itself sufficient to show the monumental character of the enterprise merely from a publishing point of view. Since then, barely fourteen years ago, discoveries in every branch of science, and in the application of abstract knowledge to the practical service of civilized man, have gone on with ever-increasing rapidity; the interests and activities of the race have become more complex than ever; and nearly every new idea, whether abstract or realised in some concrete object, very soon finds its recognised representative in speech. Some 28,000 words have had to be dealt with in the supplementary volume. At the time of the last annual meeting of the British Association there were complaints that a considerable portion of the terms used by the readers of the papers were not to be found in any extant dictionary. That drag on the spread of knowledge amongst newspaper and general readers has been removed by the present publication. Not only are the mere spelling and pronunciation of these new technical terms given, but the derivation of each word is traced, and in cases where it stands for a tangible object its meaning is made unmistakable by a picture of that object. Such words and combination of words as ectoplasmic, teleostosis, arborescent vascularity, rheumatoid arthritis, Röntgen rays, cinemato-

graph, fluorescent screen, heteroblasty, etc., have, of course, been carefully explained; but the dictionary is also up to date with the new "current coin" of the language as well as with its less familiar technical tokens. For instance, we find such words and combinations as ramp, rougemontade, ping pong, pin prick, pom pom, pro Boer, birrell, Anglophile, free wheel, hooliganism, josses, kodak, kopje, Krugerism, Liberal-Imperialism, Little Englander, motor cycle, open door, thumb print, twopenny tube, zarp, Zionism, and others too numerous to mention. Even our new friend, the verb "to maffick," is defined as "to celebrate a victory or other auspicious national event." As we have already mentioned, Cassell's have begun to republish the revised work in sixpenny weekly parts. Numerous coloured plates have been expressly prepared for the new edition, and revisions will be made up to the time of the passing press of each part. The work will consist of upwards of six thousand quarto pages, or nearly 20,000 columns of text and illustrations.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

COMMUNICATION UP TO 3,000 MILES.

Rome, November 11.—The captain of the Italian cruiser Carlo Alberto, now anchored at Port Sydney, has sent a cablegram to the Italian Ministry of Marine stating that the Carlo Alberto was in daily communication by wireless telegraphy with Poldhu in Cornwall, throughout the voyage from England to Canada, and even when the vessel had entered Port Sydney harbour. The cablegram further states that this achievement confirms the possibility of holding simultaneous communications with Europe and America during the navigation of the Atlantic at least up to a distance of 3,000 miles. It will thus be still easier to assure communication between the two continents by means of stations provided with instruments of greater power than those which can be conveniently carried in ships.—Reuter.

While James Carter, a South Shields pilot, and his assistant, Philip Young, were endeavouring to reach the Tyne on Tuesday evening, their boat was swamped in a heavy sea. Carter was rescued by a tug, but Young was drowned. The deceased was twenty-two years old, and married.

A postcard, posted in Maryport, has taken 15½ years to reach a well-known Liverpool firm. This is a local record.

Gloucestershire Epitaphs.

AT HASFIELD.

In the church is this one to Henry Browne, who died 1620, and his wife:—

"A carefull father and a worthy freind,
True to a faithfull wife, to all men just;
He whom the poore now want doth here attend

Till God shall raise his bodie from the dust
At the last day. As here he kept his name
In every good man's mouth still free from blame.

"And he that lived with him so long, and joy'd

So little since he went to live, but still
Long to be joynd with him by death, as cloy'd
With living longer than to doe his will,
Doth here with him in hope securely sleepe,
Friends, neighbours, servants, bid farewell
and weepe."

In the churchyard are these two:—

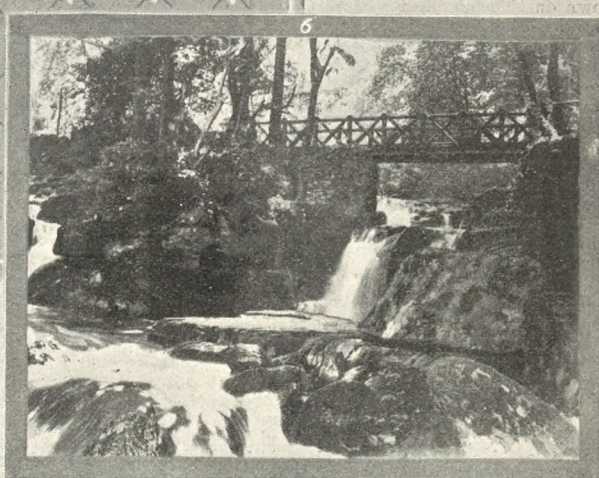
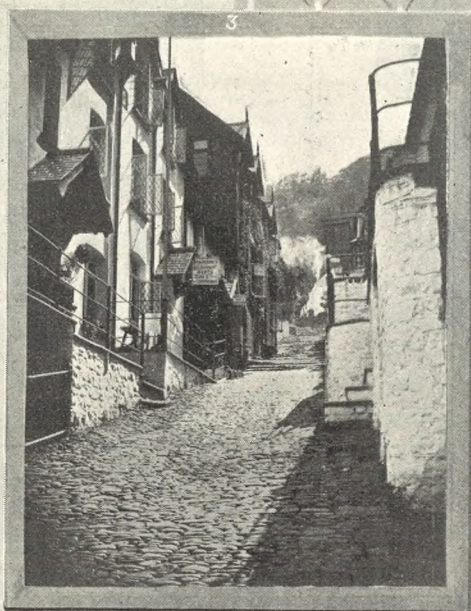
"Here lies interr'd within this bed of clay,
A woman chast whom death had took away.
A sober life she lived beloved of all,
And always ready to obey the call,
Of ye great God with whom she sits and sings
Sweet Halleujahs to the King of Kings."

"I was a flower cropt in the bud,
God cut me down when he thought good,
And placed me in this bed of clay
Until the Resurrection Day."

This is a local in memoriam notice which has appeared in print:—

A correspondent sends us the following copy of a stencilled mural inscription in Minchinhampton Church:—"Of yr charitee pray for ye soules of John Hampton, gent., and his children four; also for ye soule of ye Dame Alice Hampton, his daughter, who was right beneficial to this church. On these soules Jesus have mercy.—Amen." He asks:—Is not "right beneficial" unique?

A fire broke out in a building occupied by Army pay clerks at Chatham Barracks on Tuesday morning. In spite of the efforts of the garrison fire brigade, the premises were gutted.



IN AND AROUND ILFRACOMBE.

- 1. Lee-on-Sea Village.
- 2. Parade from Capstone Hill.
- 3. Street in Clovelly.
- 4. Watermouth Cave.
- 5. Victoria Pavilion (used as a market during rebuilding of old market place).
- 6. Falls on the Lynn

Photo by J. A. Probert,

Cheltenham.

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Chinese Marriage Customs.

By "KA JIT BIN."

* * *

"Alas! What a pity!" "How unlucky!" "Get rid of the thing." "A girl!" With these and similar ejaculations, the neighbours, who have flocked in to hear the news, shake their heads and noisily depart, leaving the unhappy and disappointed father to nurse his wrath, or vent it on the miserable mother of the unwelcome offspring. Save one, the proud father of a son of three summers and his infant brother, who sees in his friend's misfortune a kind providence to himself, in the shape of a possible daughter-in-law. He is in no hurry to be gone, so takes another whiff of the fraternal pipe, which has already circulated freely among the departing callers. There is a pause of silent sympathy, and a talk on a dozen other topics, before, with considerable caution, the subject is broached. According to Chinese etiquette, the boy's parents must take the initiative in this matter, which, however, cannot be settled without consulting the horoscopist, who must be furnished with full particulars as to the time and circumstances connected with the birth of the boy and girl. From the day of her birth, till she is about sixteen years of age, a Chinese girl is an eligible bride, but rather less than ten per cent. are betrothed in infancy. Sometimes, particularly among the poorer classes, she is brought up by her mother-in-law, but more often the betrothed couple do not see each other's faces until the wedding day.

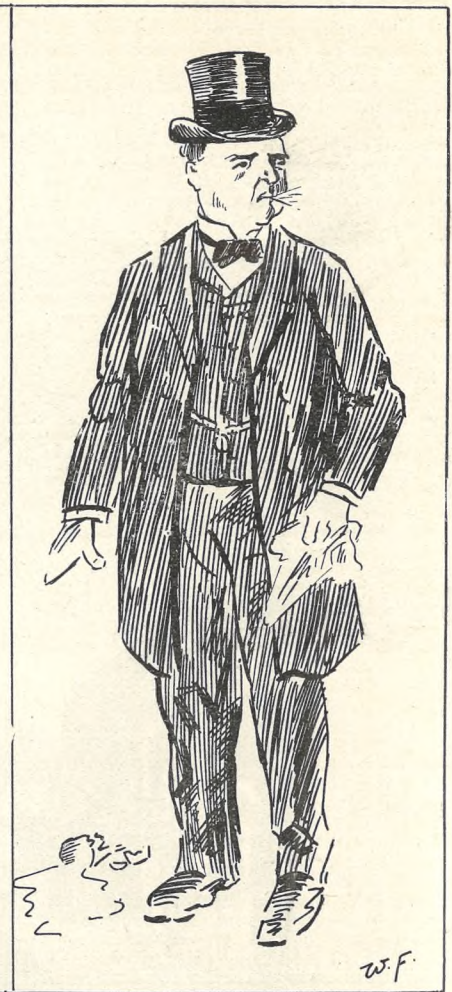
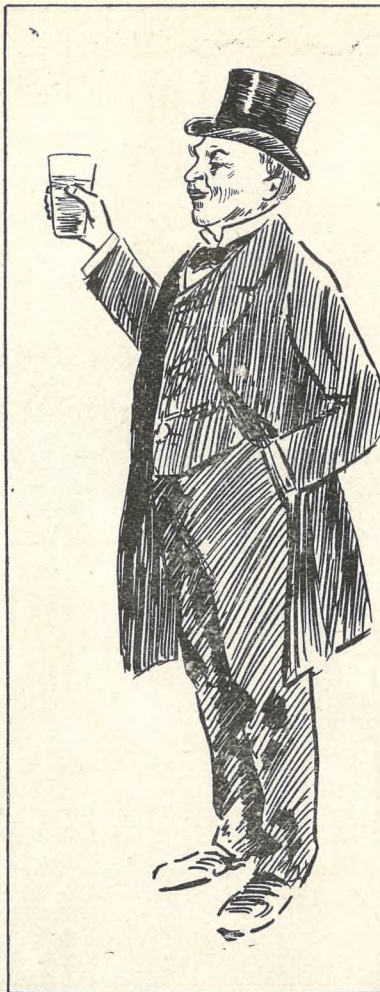
China is essentially a land of "births, deaths, and marriages." Before these three important events, everything else sinks into oblivion. A war, a coronation, a coup d'état, a Boxer rising—in these the average Chinaman takes little interest, but the birth of a son! who can estimate the importance of such an event? The occasion, and its anniversaries, will be celebrated with great joy by the whole household. Of more immediate importance to the individual himself, however, is his wedding day, on which he attains his majority. Henceforth he is entitled, within certain limits, to manage his own affairs. Yet not for one moment, during the lifetime of his parents, is he released from the obligation of absolute submission to their will. Whether the command of the parent be reasonable or unreasonable, it must be implicitly obeyed. A mother, in a fit of passion, commanded her son of 40 years of age to lie down on the floor and receive a beating at her hands—and he did it!

All the world may see the spectacle of the Emperor Kwang Hsu, setting to his subjects an example of the highest virtue China knows, filial piety, as he sits quiescent on the throne, in obedience to the will of his step-mother, who on account of her relationship to the Emperor's late father, assumes supreme control over her step-son, even carrying her authority so far as to practically usurp the throne. Hence the liberty which comes to a son on his wedding day is qualified by the idiosyncrasies of his parents.

THE "GO-BETWEEN."

The matrimonial arrangements are made by the parents, through the medium of a "Go-between." This indispensable and ever-welcome news-monger travels from house to house, ascertaining the ages of sons and daughters, hearing and coining their virtues, pocketing fees, and perhaps receiving specimens of the tiny shoes worn by the girls, which more or less determine the social position of their fathers. The higher the social position, the smaller will be the girl's feet, or mangled remnants of these extremities.

It may be well to note in passing that the process of foot binding usually begins when the girl is from four to seven years of age. The services of a professional binder may be employed who will bring with her samples of shoes, for the parents to select the desired size and shape to which the foot is to be bound. The four toes are bent underneath



Brown takes the Waters for the first (and last) time.

Drawn by Wilson Fenning,

Culham College, Oxon.

the great toe, and the bandages tightened every day, until the tips of the toes can be seen on the inner margin of the foot. The more painful process of shortening the foot then begins, the object being to bring the great toe close to the heel, so that the remainder of the foot is pushed out of place and forms a lump above, only the heel and toe going into the tiny shoe. Public spirit has at length been roused to fight this ancient and barbarous custom, and anti-footbinding societies are springing up in all directions.

Returning from this digression to the betrothal—the question is frequently asked, "How is it that the Chinese youth never resents the control of his parents in matrimonial affairs?" In order to understand this, it must be remembered that one important characteristic of Chinese politeness is the strict seclusion of women. The history of China shows that there was a time when woman took her place on the battlefield or in the mart, side by side with man. With the dawn of a moral reformation, came an appreciation of the gentleness of woman, and a desire to protect her. The custom of separation of the sexes, pure at its source, has become corrupted into a seclusion which causes the woman to feel the restraint of her unnatural confinement, while the man not only misses her companionship, but has no possibility of making a free choice of his partner in life.

It is not unusual for Chinese parents before contracting an engagement for their children, to give them the full particulars which they have learned from the "Go-between," and allow them to have a voice in determining the matter. On the other hand, some parents will heedlessly make most unsuitable arrangements, without consulting their children, or

even in the face of their opposition, tears, and entreaties. Thus an intelligent, refined, well-educated girl may be betrothed to a cook, with whom she has little in common, because he is earning good wages, or, as is more often the case, a student may be betrothed to an illiterate girl, who lives for nothing but dress and show.

RESORTING TO THE HOROSCOPIST.

When a preliminary agreement has been arrived at between the two families, they resort to the horoscopist, in whom great confidence is placed. If his verdict is propitious, the boy's parents announce the engagement by sending a number of wedding cakes and fruits, prepared specially for the occasion, to the girl's home, to be divided equally among her relations.

The gold "wedding bracelets"—or, if the family cannot afford gold, silver, heavily plated with gold—and an even number of dollars, usually twelve, twenty-four, forty-eight, or more, are sent with the cakes; and last, but not least, a red document containing full particulars as to the wedding gifts, the date of the betrothal, and the names of the young couple, their parents, and the "Go-between." This document is carefully preserved for reference in case of a law-suit or any other emergency. The girl's parents acknowledge the receipt of these presents on red paper, at the same time returning some of the cakes and fruits. After this there is no withdrawing from the agreement. To cancel a Chinese betrothal is only possible when a family is in disgrace, and is exceedingly expensive.

The horoscopist must again be consulted as to the day and hour of the wedding. There may be an interval of a few days only, or of

several years, between the betrothal and the wedding day. As soon as the date for the wedding is fixed, the girl's mother will set to work to prepare the trousseau, which will be sent to the bridegroom's house in red boxes on the third day after the wedding, the number of boxes varying according to the circumstances of the families. The trousseau will consist of silk and fur dresses, and gold, silver and pearl ornaments for the head, hands, and feet. The girl's mother also furnishes the bridal chamber, with its richly embroidered bed-hangings, pillows, and coverlid. A few days before the wedding the bridegroom's father must again send a number of presents, together with from sixty to a thousand dollars (always an even number) to the bride's father. This custom has given rise to the statement made by Europeans that a Chinaman buys his wife. He indignantly repudiates the suggestion, though he acknowledges that there is in the "present" some recognition of the trouble and expense to which the girl's father has been put in bringing her up. The writer has heard, too, of parents who have met the expense of marrying a son by marrying a daughter, as the "present" received by a father who has fed and clothed his daughter for sixteen years, will more than cover the cost of her trousseau.

DRESSING THE BRIDE.

At length the auspicious day has arrived. "Would you like to come and see the bride dressed?" was the form of invitation I received to witness this interesting ceremony. There she sits, on a stool in the middle of the room, perfectly stolid, yet looking the picture of misery, while a number of women busy themselves over the performance of her toilet. One, with twisted cotton, plucks all the hair from her face, others bring rouge for the lips and cheeks, and white powder for the face. But the hair-dressing is the crowning sight. It is carefully brushed with a kind of gum to heighten its glossy appearance, and then row after row of ornaments are arranged in geometrical designs all over the head. Her own new and pretty garments are donned and immediately eclipsed by the hired conventional wedding garment of orange embroidered in blue with symbolical characters. Lastly comes the all-important and most uncomfortable heavy metal wedding bonnet, decorated with artificial flowers, and destined to be worn for a longer or shorter period, according to the custom of the district in which she lives—in the case in question, three days. The toilet is now completed, and not a moment too soon, for the sound of music announces the approach of the bridegroom in his green cloth bridal chair. He does not enter the house, but his younger brother goes in, and is received by the younger brother of the bride (or a boy of about 10 years of age who acts in this capacity).

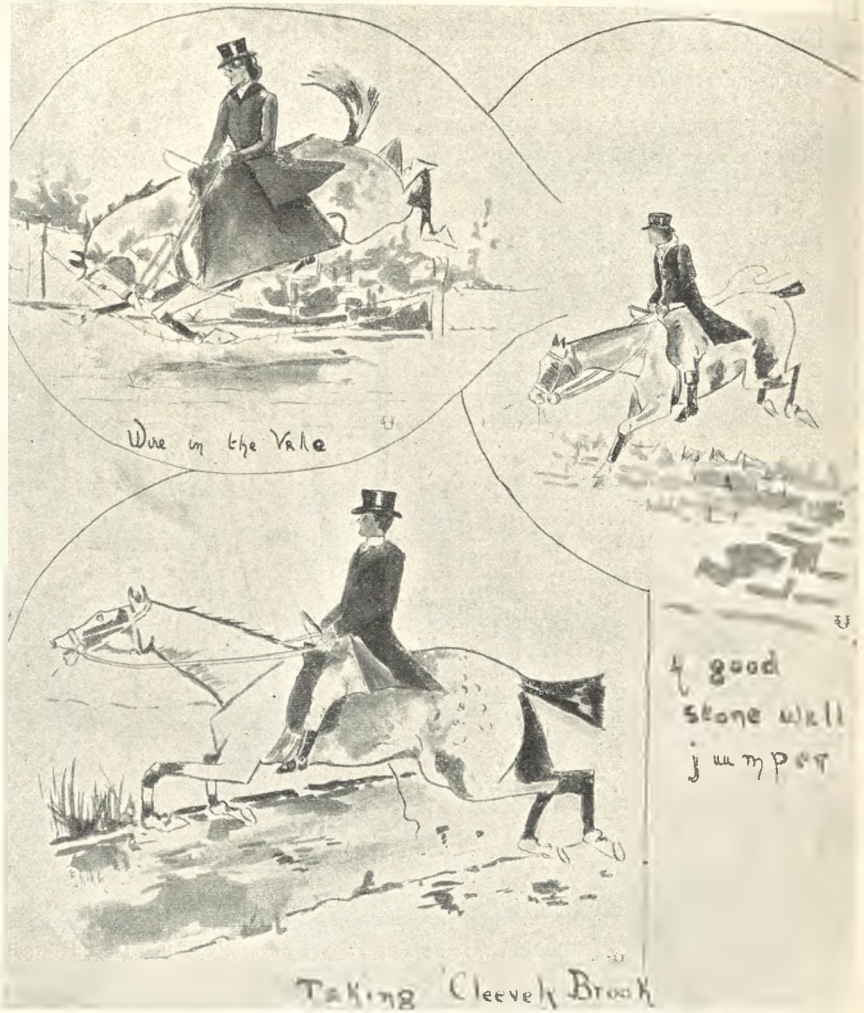
The elaborately decorated red cloth chair is borne by four men into the room where the bride stands ready to depart, maintaining the same stolid mien while the good-byes are said and she is lifted into the chair, and carried away, accompanied by the bridegroom, the band of musicians who came with him, the "Go-between," and the two younger brothers.

Louder and louder the din waxes as she approaches her future home, where the bridegroom's relatives are letting off crackers, beating drums, and clanging cymbals, to inform the general public of the happy event which is taking place.

The guest-hall is elaborately decorated with red silk scrolls, the gifts of relatives and friends, red being the predominating colour on all joyful occasions.

The first duty of the bride and bridegroom on entering the house is to worship the bridegroom's ancestors, his father and mother, uncles and aunts, and heaven and earth. The services of a professional woman must be engaged to instruct the bride how to perform these arduous duties aright.

Hereafter the bride's ancestors will have no further claim upon her; from this day forth she will worship only her husband's ancestors. Herein lies one of the reasons of a Chinaman's preference for sons, who will care for him in his old age, and in Hades.



Drawn by Miss Dorothy Unwin.

Dowdeswell Court.

"WITH THE COTSWOLD HOUNDS."

When the young couple have spent some hours in prostrating themselves before their superiors, the marriage ceremony proper is performed by the "Go-between," who takes from before the ancestral shrine two prepared red cups of spirit, tied together by a red string, which she offers to the bride and bridegroom. Together they drink the cup, and receive her marriage blessing, and then retire to the bridal chamber to rest, and take their first meal together.

THE WEDDING FEAST.

The wedding feast or feasts may take place at any time within a month after the wedding, each city having its own custom as to when the feast is spread and who are invited to partake of it. No white tablecloths cover the square tables, which are set for eight guests. The tables are decorated with a plentiful supply of fruits, sweetmeats, and nuts,—ivory chopsticks, a spoon, a tiny bowl or saucer, and a wine glass for each guest.

The courses, numbering from twenty to thirty, or even more, are brought in hot. At each table is one who undertakes to attend to the comfort of the guests. He pours the hot, though scarcely intoxicating, wine from the pewter wine decanter into the tiny glasses, and presses the guests to drink. He also takes up his chopsticks and invites the guests to partake of the bowl which has just been placed in the middle of the table, assisting them to dainty morsels, which he often carries to their mouths with his own chopsticks. By a delicate and courteous consideration for the peculiarities of foreigners, when there are present, special chopsticks may be

provided with which the foreigner will be fed. The feast will last for several hours, and should there be too many guests to be invited on one day, the feast will be repeated on successive days, the most honoured guests being invited first. After the feast comes the "teasing of the bride," and a terrible time she has of it.

The bridegroom's friends are invited to enter the bridal chamber, where the bride stands to listen to the remarks which are freely passed on her trousseau, which is inspected and criticised while not a muscle of her face must move. Woe betide the bride who betrays the slightest sign of emotion during the trying ordeal, which is continued for hours, and sometimes for several days after the marriage.

Poor little bride! she has undergone years of training for this, the hardest trial of her life. On the twelfth day after the wedding, the bride and bridegroom pay a visit to her parents, but must not stay over-night with them, and at the end of the first month the bride goes along to her parents' home, this time staying as long as her mother-in-law allows her to do so.

The prolonged festivities are now at an end, but the process of adapting herself to her surroundings, on which the bride's happiness in life depends, continues.

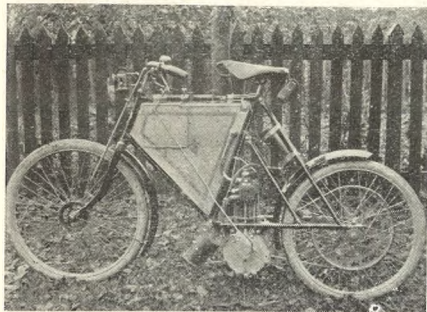
Next week: "How Norwegian peasants earn a living," by Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart., M.P.

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

PETROL AND PICTURES.

[By "ARIEL."]

THE MOTOR-BICYCLE ILLUSTRATED.



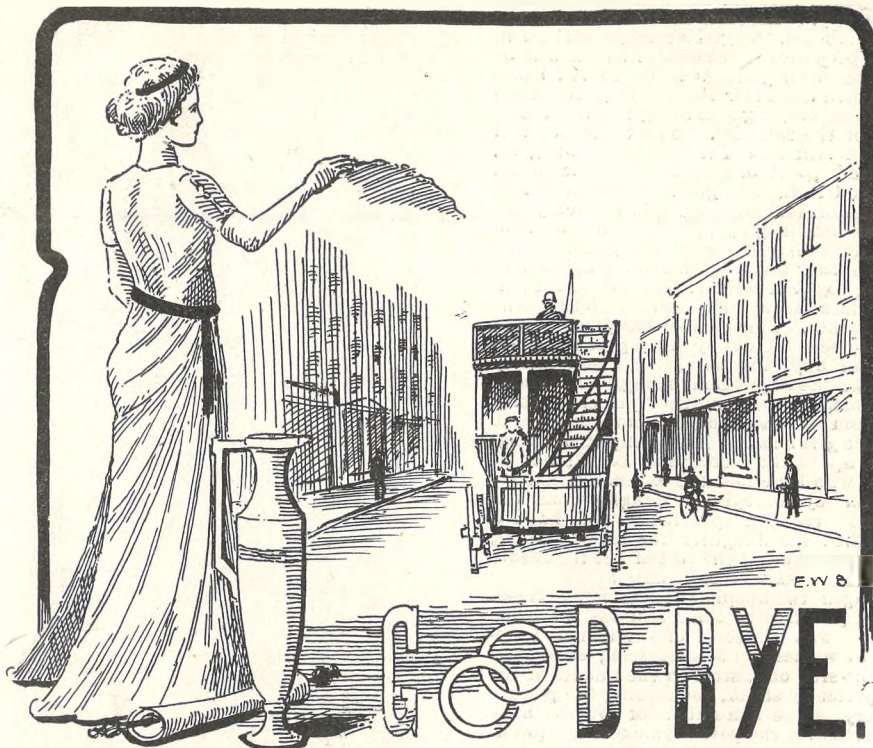
The illustration depicts the "Shaw," manufactured by Shaw and Son, Crawley, Sussex. It will be observed that the machine is quite unique in appearance. It is rather high-powered, being 2½-h.p. The gear is very low, to enable the machine to surmount any hill likely to be met with. A special feature is the 1½-in. flat belt, which gives a very good drive. Enough petrol can be carried for a run of 150 miles. Another unique feature is the bar, covered at both ends with rubber, which acts as a rest for the feet. This bar can be displaced and pedals fitted if desired. The engine is lubricated by means of an oil-cup screwed into the crank case. A charge of oil in this cup will run the machine 30 miles. This machine can be recommended if the intending motor-cyclist lives in hilly country. The speed can be regulated from four to thirty miles per hour.

TAKE CARE OF THE BELT.

To obtain the best results from a leather belt, either round or flat, it is important that it should be dressed occasionally with castor or collan oil. Personally I prefer the latter. The leather should first be thoroughly cleansed from all grit and mud. A brush and some petrol will soon cleanse it. The oil should be well rubbed into the surface of the leather with a piece of rag, and any surplus wiped off. The castor or collan oil keeps the leather beautifully soft and pliant, and gives a more elastic drive to the belt. It will be found that a belt dressed in this way can be slackened without any slipping taking place, thus saving the engine bearings much unnecessary wear. A better grip on the pulleys can be thus obtained, transmitting the maximum power of the engine to the driving wheel. The advantage of this will be found in hill climbing. If the belt is run for some time without proper attention it will harden and rot, besides requiring to be run at a greater tension to get an efficient grip on the pulleys.

THE USE OF THE EXHAUST VALVE LIFTER ON A MOTOR-BICYCLE.

Until recently the only means the motor cyclist had of relieving the compression of the engine, to enable him to walk or pedal the machine, was by the use of the compression tap, which opened a small hole in the cylinder head, thus allowing the gas to escape on the compression stroke of the engine. On most modern machines this has been dispensed with, and an exhaust valve lifter substituted. I do not think that the compression tap should be abolished. It is still useful for injecting petrol or paraffin into the cylinder to enable the machine to be started easily. On my own machine I retain the compression tap for this purpose, and also have an exhaust valve lifter fitted. There are several patterns of valve lifter on the market. One of the best known is the "Bowden," which is worked with wire and lever on the handle-bar. The action of all is the same. A small bar lifts the valve from its seat and allows the gas to escape as fast as it is drawn in through the inlet valve. Consequently, as there is only air in the cylinder, the machine can be pedalled easily. The valve lifter is also useful for regulating speed, especially in crowded streets, or when



Drawn by E. W. Beckingsale,

(With Apologies).

Cheltenham.

Standing one day in the High-street,
I was weary and ill at ease;
My feet were tapping the pavement,
The East wind made me sneeze,
I know well what I was thinking,
And of what I was dreaming then;
I thought with regret of the twopenny 'bus,
And dreamed of the coming tram.

It may be in the spring-time,
After weeks of discomfort and rain,
That, thanks to Messrs. Nevins,
We'll get cheap locomotion again.
It may be the coming tram-car
Is worth all the waiting and fuss;
But why keep us all the winter
Without the twopenny 'bus?

passing restive horses, etc., as it reduces control to a single lever. If the lever is pulled right back, no charge enters the engine, and so it rides as an ordinary machine. If the lever be only slightly raised, only a part of the charge enters the engine and explodes, thus decreasing power and speed considerably. It is necessary to switch off the current when the lever is pulled right back, or misfires may occur in the exhaust box.

INCREASING POWER OF BELT-DRIVE.

The majority of the racing motor cyclists who use belt-driven machines increase the power of their machines by facing their pulleys with leather. It is a well-known fact that leather to leather gives a better drive than leather to metal. From one and a half to twice the power is thus obtained. The art of facing the pulleys with leather to wear for any length of time requires a little skill. The following method has been tried successfully by the writer:—The small engine pulley was removed from the shaft, first roughened with a coarse file, and then a piece of tough leather cut to shape and firmly fixed to the pulley with fish glue. Knowing that this would not hold when the friction of the rapidly-moving belt had heated the glue, copper rivets were inserted in several places. The leather, if fixed in this way, will wear for a long time.

DARK-ROOM WATER SUPPLY.

The majority of amateur photographers have no room which they can use solely as a dark-room, and have to be content with a pantry or cellar, where it is difficult to obtain a water supply from the main. To such, the following plan (which I have tried, and still use successfully) may be of use. Procure two buckets, one larger size for the waste, and a smaller one to contain the water to be used. This bucket is put on a shelf above, or hung from the ceiling, or in any position which may be convenient, so that it is above the head. Take a length of ¾-in. lead gas piping, and bend at one end, so that one end may touch the bottom of the bucket, and the other hang over the top. The end in the bucket must be cut one side so as to taper. Fix a

rubber pipe of the required length to the end of the pipe hanging over the top of the bucket, and at the other end of the rubber pipe attach a small tap. The apparatus is now ready. To use: Fill the bucket, place bent lead tube in position, and turn on the tap. Suck the end of rubber tube until the water is drawn over the highest point of the tube, that is, at the top of the bucket. When the tap is turned on the water will continue to flow until the bucket is completely empty.

FILTERING TAP WATER.

Amateurs may often be annoyed at finding their negatives covered with a fine grit, which comes from the tap water used in washing the plates after fixing with hypo. A very useful precaution for preventing this is to use a "nosebag" of flannel tied over the tap, and through which the water is thus made to filter itself. This assures the absence of finely deposited grit on the plates, and acts equally well for prints. Photographers trying it for the first time will be astonished at the amount of granular dirt which it intercepts.

SELF-TONING PAPERS.

These appear to be coming into use very extensively. The only drawback till recently was the difficulty of obtaining a glazed surface to the prints. This has now been overcome. The Paget Co. have issued instructions for glazing their self-toning paper. If the instructions are followed the prints can be mounted after glazing in the ordinary manner without any loss of gloss. All that is necessary is to lay the wet prints as they come from the washing water face downwards on a sheet of well-cleaned plate-glass, and squeeze them into contact. Leave them to dry, or they may be dried by heat in a few minutes. When thoroughly dry, the backs should be well damped, and the prints allowed to rest for five minutes. Lift one corner of the print and pull steadily without stopping. The prints will come off easily, and when dried again will have a highly-glazed surface, not injured by wetting. This will be found an advantage when mounting.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 99.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1902.

THE PRIZE PICTURE.



NETTING AT WITCOMB RESERVOIRS.

Large numbers of roach and dace were taken, and some thousands of fine fish were transferred in cans to Pittville Lake.

Photo by J. Johnson, Cheltenham.

MEMORIAL TO RICHARD JEFFERIES.

On Saturday, Lord Avebury unveiled a memorial at Swindon to Richard Jefferies, the Wiltshire writer. In the course of an eloquent address his Lordship said he hoped the result of that meeting would be that Jefferies's works would be more widely read, for everyone who took them up would benefit. Jefferies's last years were spent in poverty and suffering, and it was sad to feel that if he had been able to spend a winter or two in the Sunny South, in the fresh air which he so loved, he might even now have been alive. Lord Avebury referred to the fact that Jefferies rejected theories of design and evolution with regard to the condition of the universe, and said he sometimes spoke on these matters from imperfect observation and insufficient consideration. Another point on which he was in opposition to Jefferies was his condemnation of the poor-law system; and although Jefferies was very severe on the Charity Organisation Society, his lordship felt sure he would have approved of that society if he had understood it. He was also opposed to the railway system, his idea, perhaps, being that railways should be made

by Government. No large system, however, could be built up from taxes, and if the money were borrowed it would go back again to the capitalists, who were a hard-working but a much-abused class of the community. We owed Jefferies much because of his brilliant writings, his wise counsels, and his beautiful descriptions of nature, and last, but not least, for the example he set by his gallant struggle against poverty and affliction.

BRISTOL AS A PORT.

ANOTHER IMPORTANT MOVE.

An official announcement was made in Bristol on Monday that Messrs. K. P. Houston and Co., of Liverpool and London, are about to inaugurate a regular service of steamers from Avonmouth to South Africa, calling at Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, East London, Natal, Delagoa Bay, and Beira. The first steamer of the new service to load at Avonmouth will be the Hostilius, on 1st December. The establishment of this communication between Bristol and South Africa is regarded as of immense advantage to the trade of the West of England and the Midlands. This is the fourth new line of steamers at Avonmouth announced during the last two months.

THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE, CHELTENHAM

This afternoon and to-night,

"ARIZONA."

NEXT WEEK—Mr. George Edwardes' Company in
"A COUNTRY GIRL."

Times and Prices as Usual.

Prize Photography.

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

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

Photographs must not be smaller than quarter-plate size, must be mounted, and must be printed on silver paper with a glossy finish.

Competitors may send in any number of photographs, all of which, however, will become the property of the Proprietors of the "Chronicle and Graphic," who reserve the right to reproduce the same.

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

The winner of the 97th competition is Mr. J. Johnson, 16 Montpellier-terrace, Cheltenham, with his Witcomb picture.

Entries for the 98th competition closed this (Saturday) morning, Nov. 22nd, 1902, and in subsequent competitions entries will close on the Saturday morning preceding the award, so as to allow time for adjudication and reproduction.

Prize Drawing.

The proprietors of the "Chronicle and Graphic" also offer a weekly prize of half-a-guinea for the best drawing submitted for approval.

The competition is open to the county, and any subject may be chosen—sketch, portrait, or cartoon—but local subjects are preferred. Drawings must be in Indian black ink on Bristol board.

In both competitions all specimens received will be retained and may be reproduced, but any drawing the return of which is particularly desired will be handed over on personal application.

The winner of the eighth competition is Mr. H. S. Wheeler, 18 St. Paul's-street North, Cheltenham, with his hounds cartoon.

Entries for the ninth drawing competition closed this (Saturday) morning, Nov. 22nd, 1902, and the result will appear, together with the reproduction, in next Saturday's issue. In subsequent competitions also entries will close on the Saturday morning preceding the award.

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HOW NORWEGIAN PEASANTS EARN A LIVING.

By SIR HERBERT MAXWELL, BART., M.P.
(Author of "Meridiana," etc.).

Take a Scottish small farmer or farm-labourer, not a highland Celt, but one from any of the English-speaking seaboard districts—Orkney or Caithness, the east coast from Helmsdale to Berwick, the shores of Solway, or where you will—invest him with singular suavity of expression and courtesy of manner, deprive him of the means of access to spirituous liquors until his stomach recoils from the very suggestion of any stimulant stronger than the lightest beer, and you will produce something indistinguishable, till he begins to speak, from the typical Norseman of the fjords and dals. Of a population of about two millions, three-quarters or thereby earn their living from the soil or from the sea, oftenest by a combination of both, for the towns of Norway all told do not contain more than 500,000 inhabitants.

Grave, resourceful, dignified, thrifty, daring, temperate, the Norse peasantry hold a high place among the children of men. Towns need the advocate or compulsory temperance search for more convincing argument in support of total prohibition than we shall find in Norway. Formerly, those tell us who remember the country a generation ago, there was no more drunken nation on the face of the earth than the Norse; at the present day the people do not drink, for the same and simple reason that cherubs can't sit down—they have not the wherewithal. A moined Gounerburg system has stamped out the vice by removing the temptation, or, at least, made it well nigh impossible to gratify the craving; and with the vice have disappeared most of those ugly blots which mar and impede civilisation in other lands. Wives are not battered to death; horses have nothing to fear from the lash; poverty remains, it is true, but it is not embittered by close proximity to excessive luxury. The whole rural population—three parts of the community—is poor; but their poverty has not its source in the public-house; it is that noble poverty which conceives but simple wants, and gratifies them by wringing subsistence out of a physical environment that would overcome any except a dauntless race. So the poor man holds his head as high as his richer neighbour, who salutes the other as punctiliously as he does the English millionaire who rents the salmon fishing, and is a source of such profit to the owner of carriages.

POVERTY—NOT SQUALOR.

It is seldom, also, in Norway that poverty, even when extreme, assumes the complexion of squalor. Bellies may be empty and backs but poorly clad, yet the house that shelters both generally has a trim, cheerful appearance, owing to material whereof it is built, and that which furnishes fuel for the hearth. The abundance of wood and the absence of coal, with its concomitant grime, tend to keep the aspect bright without and fragrant within. Wooden walls, resting on a stone foundation, is the uniform plan for houses great and small, and a lick of paint from time to time keeps these weathertight and cheerful to the eye. Wood is an excellent non-conductor, and as there is no stint of fuel, these houses are warm in winter. But they are noisy dwellings; every footfall resounds through them. Rising as five this morning, stealthily, so as not to disturb the sleeping household, I was painfully aware that, in stamping into my fishing-boots, I sent a reverberation from end to end of the whole structure. Red tiled roofs are the rule near towns and harbours, especially in the south; but towards the north wooden shingles are generally used, which sometimes get a coat of red paint, at other times are left bare, to assume lovely silvery tones from bleaching in the sun. The humbler dwellings are sometimes roofed with turf, which becomes a perfect parterre of delicate and brilliant flowers. Yesterday, half-way up the Suldal,

I saw a truly exquisite roof garden. A deep growth of moss, varying from rich russet to intense green, was here veiled by a purple mist of blossom, spangled with gold. The sun being behind the house, I was puzzled at first to identify the flowers, which had the appearance of raised embroidery upon dark velvet. Nearer inspection showed them to be those of a small wild pansy and scattered plants of yellow hawkweed. One is accustomed to wonder at the elaborate and ingenious combinations in the flower beds of London parks, but here was haphazard loveliness on the roof of this lowly mountain cot, surpassing the costliest efforts of the gardener's craft. Perhaps it is in the profusion and beauty of their wild flowers that it to be found the reason for the general neglect of horticulture by the Norse peasant farmers. It is the rarest thing possible to see any attempt at decorative gardening, even round the houses of the weather farmers. In the cemeteries, it is true, it is the custom to plant flowers, perhaps in traditional symbolism of the resurrection; but nothing of the kind is done near the homestead. Then all through the summer the woods are full of small fruits—blackberries, bilberries, cowberries, cranberries, raspberries, strawberries; higher up the hills you may fill your biggest baskets with the most delicious of all, the orange cloudberry; and therefore it is that nobody follows the example sometimes set by the parson of the parish in growing cherries, plums, and gooseberries. The utmost that is done is to plant a few apple trees; and these, at this present time of writing, are weighed down with ruddy fruit. Fruit farming is perhaps a trade overdone everywhere at present; but certainly the favourable climate, the extraordinary abundance of fruit produced under the prolonged sunshine of summer days, and the facilities for transport offered by the frequent steamer service in the fjords, suggest that the Norsemen might derive their snare or profit from the industry.

Leaving matter-of-moment for matter-of-fact, it must be owned that the resources of the country are no more than to suffice the existing population, which has remained almost at the same figure, slightly over two millions, for a very long time, upon a total area of 124,500 square miles. Compare this with another country which has many features in common with Norway, but without the important one of a sea-board. Switzerland maintains the population of three millions upon a total area of 15,469 square miles. Deprive it of the harvest of the sea and rivers, and Norway would in truth be a poor country. As it is, the nation of Norsemen increases, but the stationary population is kept within the limits of subsistence by emigration. As much as one-sixteenth of the inhabitants have been known to emigrate in a single year. For those who remain at home, the life is a hard but healthy one; and the traveller through the land becomes aware of little or no discontent.

STRANGE HARVESTINGS.

As may be imagined in a country whereof one-third lies within the Arctic circle, with nearly 5 per cent. of its total area under glaciers or perpetual snow, agriculture is an industry more precarious than even in the British Isles. Not more than 2 per cent. of the face of the country can be reckoned arable, although there is a large extent of land affording good pasture, or producing natural hay. Accordingly, except in the lower Ostland or Sonden-rjeldske, where the natural features are least prohibitive of husbandry, Norwegian agriculture is of a somewhat sketchy character. Nothing is vital but the hay harvest, for if that were to fail, there is nothing to keep the cattle and sheep alive during the long, dark, and terribly rigorous winter. So at the end of June the whole population is astir; rows of mowers pursue their rhythmical toil in the meadows, men and girls turn the math, and the glorious sunshine, enduring at midsummer for twenty hours out of the twenty-four, does the rest. The hay ripens "while you wait." This is the only reason at which Norsemen seem to be in a hurry. "There is no use for haste," runs their proverb, "except in catching fleas." Once the main hay crop is secured in the roomy wooden barns, the stress

of work is past; but there still remains enough to occupy the days. The riverside meadows have yielded their spoil, but the woodland glades and mountain lawns remain to be shaven, and this is done with scrupulous and minute diligence. By means of miniature scythes, every green thing is shorn close, and, where the sun comes not readily, is hung on what resembles a gigantic towel-horse, to be converted into what passes for hay. I have seen swathes containing less of grass than lily-of-the-valley leaves; sprays of birch, ash, and rowan also serve their turn, cut and dried, to be mumbled in the dark of winter by the patient live-stock. Even potato tops are carefully garnered for the same purpose; and, inasmuch as these are not full grown till early autumn when there is less sunshine, they require special care in preparation.

Primitive methods of culture suffice for the patches of potato, oats, and rye which constitute the entire arable effort on most of the farms. One seldom sees a rich "midden" or dungstead, such as is the glory of a Scotch steading; and although much of the land under cultivation, often composed of merely granite sand, and therefore naturally poor, shows signs of extreme exhaustion, the owners generally seem indifferent to the virtues of manure. Hence some of the oak-fields contain as much poppy as corn. I could not but smile yesterday as I beheld the operations of a farmer-proprietor or more advanced views. His was a good and substantial house, a fine verandah along the sunny front, and a broad expanse of meadow land stretching away to the Logen River. He sat in his verandah in a wide-brimmed straw hat, watching two lads who were manœuvring a cart in the meadow. In the cart was a tank, and a chance blow of wind waited that to my nostrils which left me in no doubt as to what was in that tank. It was liquid manure of the most concentrated and overpowering aroma. So far so good, from an agricultural point of view; the comic part was in the application of this fluid gold. The two lads each plied a utensil like a rather large breakfast cup, holding about an imperial pint, which they plunged into the tank, regardless of the appalling stench, immersing their arms to the elbows, and then scattered the contents on the grass. It seemed never to have occurred either to them or their employer (who was no doubt their father) how much labour might have been saved by using a larger vessel, attached to a long handle, and how much more economically the manure might have been applied in spring, instead of just as all growth was about to be stopped by the winter's snow.

The corn harvest is of infinitely less moment than the hay crop to the farmers, small and large; but it is not less elaborate and picturesque, because, although the grain may be poorly ripened and of indifferent quality, the scraw grows long and rank in the heat and moisture of sheltered valleys, and it is of high value as winter fodder. Generally it is battered and twisted into an apparently hopeless condition by the August rains before it is nearly ready for the sickle; but the area under corn is seldom considerable, and long practice has made one husbandman skilful in reaping oats and rye under the most adverse conditions. So far the operations have differed not at all from what may be witnessed on any highland croft; now comes the picturesque feature which distinguishes the true Northlander harvest. Birches or young pines, ten or twelve feet high, having been felled in readiness, all the branches are lopped off except those on one side, which are left as pegs about six inches long. Then these poles are set up, and the sheaves are hung on the pegs, so that the little field assumes the aspect of a grove of golden columns at fair intervals. It is a method both practical and scientific, for the grain is kept off the wet soil, and the sheaves are exposed to every breath of air and ray of sunshine, but it would not serve the Scotland farmer's turn, by reason of the scarcity of wood in his country and the superfluity of wind.

The mention of wood brings us to a notable feature of rural life in Norway. Every farmer owns the land he tills, and always a good deal more than he doesn't till—uncultivable forest, to wit, whereon he relies to supply him with building material, with fuel, and often the main part of his income by sales to the wood merchant. Economically the system is a disastrous one. Every owner cuts and carves his own portion of the great forest according to his fancy, without any obligation to provide or to protect young growth. Anything marketable may be felled, and sent down the river to the sawmill or the shipper at the mouth. The great bulk of what is so disposed of consists of Scots pine of 40 or 50 years' growth—almost the most valueless timber that could be grown; for pine timber is not mature under from 70 to 100 years of age. The pine sows itself profusely; there is no ground game except in "lemming years" to interfere with its growth; but with the young pines springs up a dense crop of birch and alder which are often allowed to overshadow and destroy the young pines. In many fine dals, therefore, the pines have well-nigh disappeared, and the mountain sides bear nothing but birch and alder, which, however beautiful to the eye in summer, are fit only for firing. Obviously a source of material wealth to individuals—immense in the aggregate—is herein neglected. Co-operation between proprietors and the application of sound principles of forestry would increase incalculably the value of this vast extent of natural forest, and it is difficult to estimate the return that might be secured from a few hundred weights of larch seed sown on a mountain side; for larch timber is not only of far earlier market value, but when mature produces superior timber to the native Scots pine.

WINTER LIFE IN NORWAY.

So much for the summer life of the men of the fjords and dales, but how many of the irresponsible tourists and sportsmen who witness it in the sweet o' the year are at pains to realise what it is in winter? Take a typical valley such as the Romsdal. During the summer months it teems with active, healthful toil such as I have endeavoured to describe. On the north, the range which culminates in the impressive Romsdalshorn is cleft by a mighty gorge. Facing the Horn, at the distance of only a few hundred yards, rise the weird Troldtinder, forming the other wall of the gorge, the height of these opposing masses being 6,000 feet, nearly sheer from crest to base. Between these stupendous cliff-curtains rolls the might Rauma, with here and there a narrow selvage of meadow and corn land. Here, even at midsummer, when it is never dark, the face of the sun can only be seen as he passes over from one side of the gorge to the other, between the hours of 10 a.m. and 4 p.m. How must it be in winter, when the dwellers in that dread valley behold neither sun nor moon for three whole months? From noon to noon the stars shine down upon that solitude; lights glimmer from houses three-parts buried in snow; silence reigns supreme, for the summer cascades have been smitten into pillars of ice; the great river itself lies paralysed in fetters of frost. Only from time to time the dark vale resounds to the thunder of an avalanche, or the awful crash of a frost-rent pinnacle of rock. No post, no newspapers; no marketing or junketings, such as enlivened the summer days and nights for the dwellers in that dale. The fancy of most of us recoils shuddering from such a dreary experience. Yet such is the life of these cheerful, patient people; and it may be that none except those who pass through winters such as these can fully understand the ecstasy of returning spring.

Many of the men avoid the tedium of compulsory idleness in winter by going off to the North Sea fishery. A large proportion of the male population are afloat at all times, for there are no more excellent seamen than the Norse. The United States Navy is largely manned from among them. Their splendid daring and steadiness at sea is the one trait by which we recognise the Viking of old in the Northlander of to-day. In all else—in



their gentleness, patience, courtesy, industry, and temperance—they seem to present the very antithesis to those terrible pirates who swarmed across the North Sea in their black kyuls—they and their cousins the Danes—laid heavy tribute upon all our coasts, held a great part of our land in thrall for three centuries, and left behind them memories of cruelty and rapine darker than anything else in our history. Yet there is scarcely any nation of Europe which has kept so pure in race as the Norse; for theirs is not a land either to brook invasion or invite immigration. It is a breeding ground for heroes and hardy colonists; those who stay at home are perhaps the most contented community on earth; those who go forth to settle in other lands take with them that habit of thrift and homely austerity of life which sets a man far on the road to welfare.

Next week: "The Sorrows of a Sultan's Subjects," by A. J. Dawson.

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DEATH OF A CENTENARIAN.

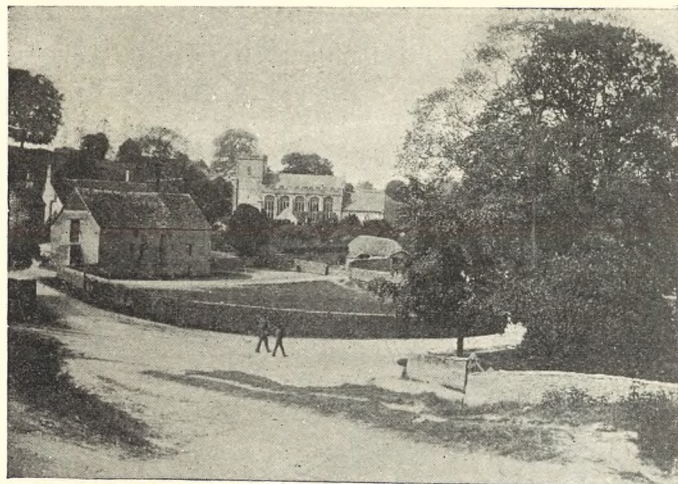
The death has taken place at Pendleton, Manchester, of Mr. Robert Lyons, who is believed to have been one of the oldest men in England. Mr. Lyons was born in 1800, and had lived in the reign of five sovereigns, fifteen years of age he joined the army, and took part in the battle of Waterloo. After severing his connection with the army he went to Birmingham, where he followed the avocation of iron-puddler. Many years ago he and certain members of the family took up their residence in Pendleton, and he worked until nearly eighty years of age. Lyons had been a smoker from boyhood, and was a'so fond of a glass of beer.

* * *

At a meeting of Liberal delegates at Haverfordwest and Pembroke boroughs, held at Pembroke on Tuesday, Mr. Terrell, K.C., was rejected as Liberal candidate at the next election, consequent on his having declared himself a follower of Lord Rosebery.

* * *

A horned toad—a reptile which is not a toad and has no horns—has just been placed in the Zoo. It looks like a toad, and has a bristly head, hence its name. When angry it is said to squirt a drop of blood from the side of its head.



CHEDWORTH.

Photo by W. A. Walton.

Gloucester.



SCENE AT AN ELMSTONE HARDWICKE FARM.

Photo by C. T. Deane,

Cheltenham.

Land of the Setting Sun.

By DOUGLAS M. GANE.

* * *

V.—ON THE CONFINES OF BARBARISM

In accordance with the programme of the tour, I visited three Moorish seaport towns besides Tangier, namely, Casablanca, Mazagan, and Mogador. We arrived at each in the early morning, and were taken on shore in the native boats, manned by crews representing all the gradations of type from Moor to negro that an absence of caste and indiscriminate unions have suffered to appear. The towns are confined within high walls, and occupy well-defined areas with no suburban fringe. They stand out upon a low, arid shore as studies in white flecked with splashes of yellow, drab, fawn, and grey. The minarets of the mosques, which form the only architectural features that bear inspection, rise above the flat-roofed dwellings and give point. In Mogador the wall is projected forward to the sea line as a fortress, with the gateway in the middle and low turreted towers at either end. Connecting the northern tower with the wall is a picturesque stone bridge with numerous arches, and in front a bastion, a remnant of Portuguese days. These give character to Mogador, and, combined with the island in front of it, the rocks and leaping surf, justify its title of the Picture City.

Tangier has been called the Paris of Morocco, and the other Moorish towns are as little like it as the seaports of France are like the chief city. The cosmopolitan air is gone, and Moors, in their white-hooded cloaks, give the tone to the streets. These towns tap the agricultural districts, and caravans of camels, laden with farm produce, come in from the interior. As a free definition, not ethnologically exact, the Moors are the townsmen and the Arabs the farmers. The streets abound with both, and in the markets, long open spaces outside the city walls, the Arabs congregated with troops of camels and bundles of produce. The scene is a brisk and noisy one, for the disputes you witness in the streets are multiplied here, and the presence of the animals aids the general clamour. On each side are the warehouses of the merchants, who send out agents for miles into the country to meet the approaching caravans and effect contracts, the finality of which is a frequent matter of contention. The chief articles of export are maize, peas, eggs, skins, wax, olive oil, seeds, and almonds. There are, or were, restrictions upon the shipping of wheat and barley.

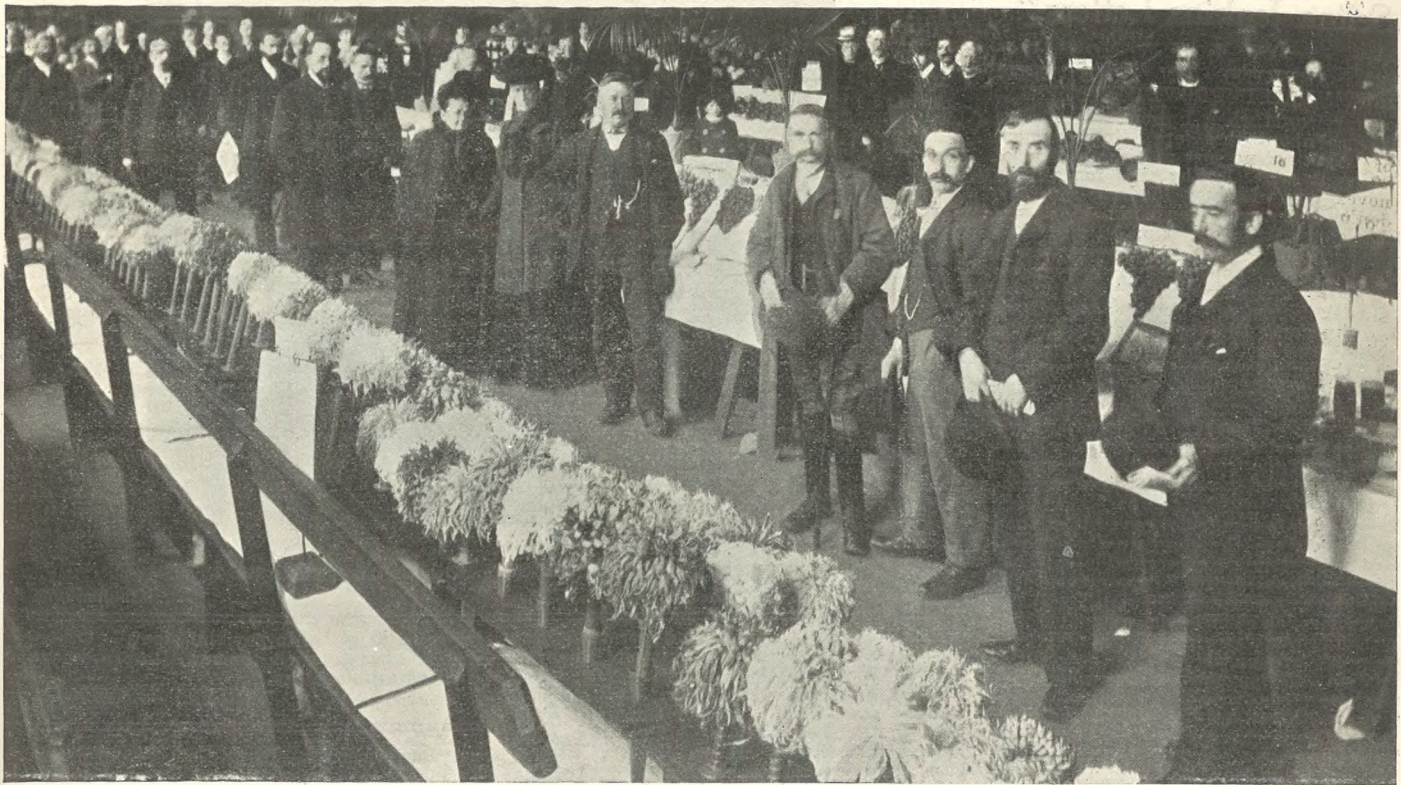
There is so much resemblance between Casablanca, Mazagan, and Mogador in their general features that we will refrain from separately describing them. We have seen them in the dry season and have found them laden with dust. But they have no smells. At least they have no smells such as come when the rains begin, and, as no drainage is better than bad drainage, they have no smells the equal of those we noticed in Madeira later. To this generalisation exception must be made in the case of the landing-place at Casablanca, which at low tide, when the mud is exposed, has an odour too appalling for words. Once on shore you are in the hands of an exuberant crowd of boys and men, who press their services upon you, and constitute themselves your bodyguard. The natives are masters in emphasis. In every street you see wrangling. The merest trifle evokes a volubility that looks to the stranger bound to end in blood. Yet no blows are struck, and the storm subsides as suddenly as it arose. These displays of native ardour meet you on your arrival, accompany you on your way, and, when the time of payment comes, burst forth anew with startling suddenness. You have had one boy whom you have attached as your personal attendant, and who is loaded with your purchases, and him you pay. But there are a dozen others who think themselves equally entitled, and whom the sight of a passing coin rousees into sudden vehemence. Were your own boy satisfied you would have some consolation, but he is not, and until you are back again in the boat plies you with a piteous look and querulous appeals.

Attended in this way, we explored the cities and their precincts, brushing past camels, mules, and donkeys with their burdens, inspecting native shops—mere rows of covered stalls—and at once becoming the central figures of pressing groups of members of a dozen tribes or nationalities; purchasing Fez or Saffi pottery, leather slippers, fruit, or curios; rubbing shoulders with unsavoury Jews, with Berbers, Negroes, Nubians, Moors, and Arabs; noting the shrouded figures of the women, at times catching a glimpse of a withered face; peering in the doorways of mosques or native schools, both guarded against the intrusion of the Christian "Kafir"; then passing out of the city through the heavy gateway of the tower, watching the life of the city as it flows thickly in and out; then across the market, past resting caravans, inspecting the trifles of country traders, with their goods spread out before them on the sand, watching the Moslems bowing to the east on their praying-ground, in the very centre of the market, the sun blazing,

the air thick with dust, reaching the roadway dust-laden also, fringed with aloes, prickly pear, and belladonna—these, too, white with dust; arriving at the settlement of native dwellings, built, as it were, upon a refuse heap, built of mud and palmetto; coming at last (it may be) to a Spanish garden, eating pomegranates beneath pomegranate trees, or to a Moorish garden, green and fresh, an oasis watered from the well in its midst, the water raised by a winch turned by a blindfold donkey; then back to the city and to the hotel, Spanish or Portuguese or English, whichever there may be; and so out of the streets and into the coolness and shelter of a Moorish dwelling, the only part of Moorish cities that is tolerable for long at the end of the dry season. There is an English hotel at Mazagan, kept by an English lady formerly in residence at Saffi. The house in earlier times was the British Legation. It is a typical Moorish dwelling of the better kind, with a large cool *patio*, or central garden, and fine lofty rooms. English visitors will not fail to visit this refuge, for in it they find the quiet and orderliness of civilisation, which will come to them with peculiar relish in a Moorish town.

In Casablanca I visited the doctor who is at the head of the North African Mission in that town, a genial and accomplished man, whose wife has converted an old Moorish residence into an English home of taste and refinement. He told me of his work, and how it was the policy of the mission to press the medical side first, and then passing on to the ethical, and so to the doctrinal. The contrast between the women of civilisation and barbarism is a pathetic one. To ourselves, accustomed to conditions that permit women to remain young and beautiful at forty, a tyranny that renders them aged and haggard at thirty is too terrible to contemplate.

From Mogador we went across country to the Palm Tree House, a hotel and sanatorium dumped down in the midst of a howling wilderness. It is the resort of sportsmen and invalids—of sportsmen since the game of the neighbourhood is plentiful, including hyenas and wild boar; of invalids, because the littoral of Morocco, and Mogador especially, is recognised by exceptionally suited for bronchial and pulmonary complaints. Palm Tree House is five miles from the city, and to reach it we mounted mules and passed out of the city gate, an imposing cavalcade. For the first part of the journey we kept along the seashore, striking inland gradually, fording a stream, and then taking the deep ruts made by the camels that come in in caravans from the country, from Morocco city, and even from Timbuctoo. Several of these we saw, crawling along at their uniform two or three miles an hour, half-a-dozen laden camels and



SHOW OF THE GLOUCESTERSHIRE ROOT, FRUIT, AND CHRYSANTHEMUM SOCIETY, Shire Hall, Gloucester, Nov. 10th, 1902.
Photo by G. Coles, Gloucester.

many Arabs to each caravan. We were not on the dessert, but the wind had blown the sea sand inland, and all the country within sight was choked with it. Generally speaking, there are no trees in Morocco, and we saw none on this journey, only tall, spare brooms, the stems buttoned with white snails, large and small. Palm Tree House is an imposing building, standing at an elevation, well built, roomy, well furnished, and containing a collection of the best specimens of Moorish art. Were it not for its isolation, it should attract numerous visitors. Within, it is all and infinitely more than could be expected in such a region, and for anyone in search of health, and content to look to the hotel itself for distraction, no better quarters can be found in Morocco outside of Tangier. If the landscape on this expedition lacked variety, the travelling did not. A mule will give variety to any journey if time is short, and especially a mule carrying a Moorish saddle. In the first place, everything in Morocco is in a state of dilapidation, and it is no good to go a journey on a mule without string in your pocket, for the bridle comes to pieces before you have finished your first mile. Then, a Moorish saddle is a veritable howdah, and is made to create friction over a larger surface of the human body than any saddle known to civilization. Furthermore, who can exaggerate the tribulation of the trotting mule? If time is short, and your ship is going without you, and the prospect of being marooned in Mogador is a nightmare, what can you do but let yourself be shaken to pieces, and trust to time to repair the damage?

Christmas Books and Numbers.

The Christmas numbers are beginning to arrive with their more or less artistic presentation plates. "The Graphic" makes a great feature of series of pictures in colours, chiefly comic; "Holly Leaves," the Xmas number of the "Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News," is full of short stories and pictures, and is accompanied by Canon Woodville's "All that was left of them" as a coloured supplement; and with "The

Queen" is given away an artistic reproduction of Snowman's "Confidences" in the form of a Rembrandt gravure.

Part 4 of Cassell's "Social England" carries on the story to the beginning of Norman times. Anglo-Saxon or "old English literature," "art and architecture," form the subject matter of deeply interesting sections, and "trade and industry" and "social life" are also fully dealt with. Numerous illustrations of remains, relics, etc., together with facsimiles of drawings from ancient MSS. helping to explain the letter press. The beginnings of the Norman era are entered on; and the frontispiece is a map of the Angevin Dominions.

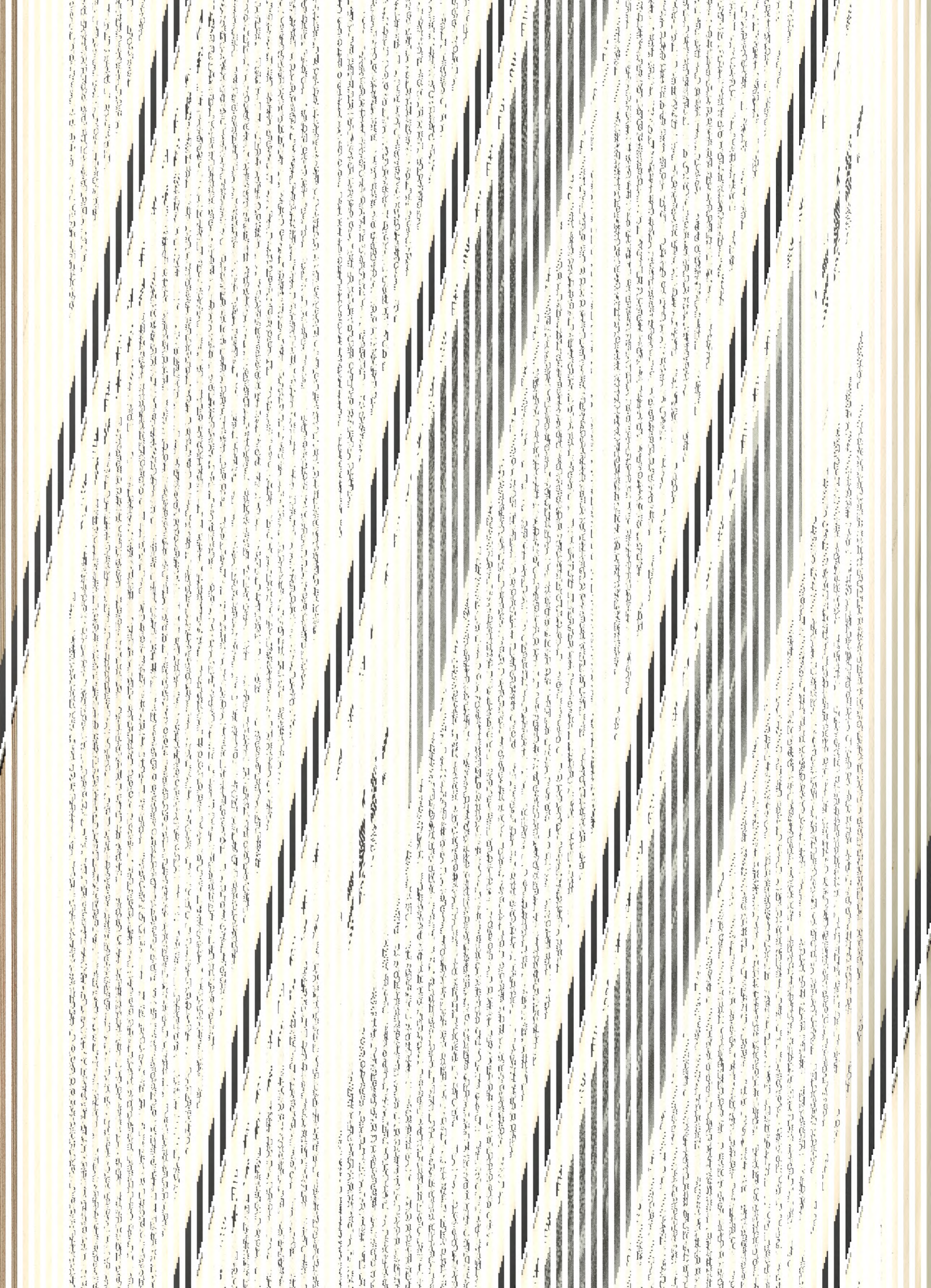
Christmas features are not obtruded on readers of "The Pall Mall Magazine," which goes on the even tenour of its high artistic and literary way, though it does publish "Old English Christmas Customs," illustrated from old prints, and "A Christmas Carol" by Christian Burke, with an illustration of Abbe Altson. The full page and other illustrations, in both colours and black and white, are, as usual, superbly brought up; and a charming feature is L. Van der Veer's criticism of Henner and his works under the title of "A dream of Fair Women, with examples." "The Taming of Garden Birds," by the Rev. Francis Irwin, is a delightful article; and as attention has recently been directed to Sandringham by the Kaiser's visit, Mr. E. M. Jessop's account of "The King at Home," illustrated from special photographs, is likely to be doubly interesting. Mr. H. B. Philpott's sympathetic description of "Seven New Cathedrals" would seem to show that the age of the building of these fanes of faith is still far from having passed. Fiction is well represented; and a new feature is "The Month in Caricature."

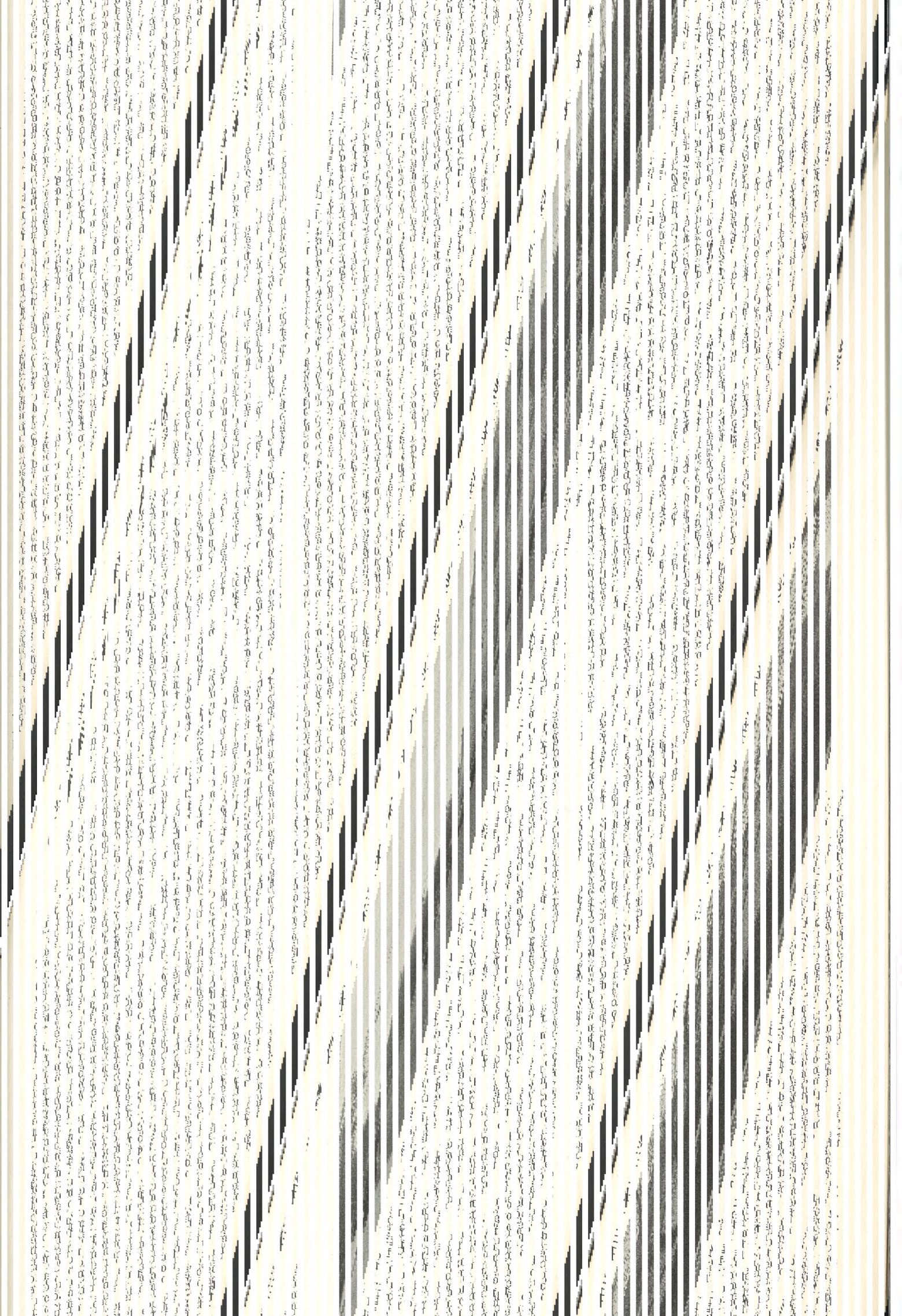
"A Patrick's Day Hunt," by Martin Ross and E. A. Somerville, will appeal to those blithe spirits who not only enjoy "the sport of Kings," but also appreciate the humorous side of its adventures and mishaps. Here we have illustrated for us by the facile pen of

Mr. Martin Ross and even more expressive brush of Mr. Somerville, the joint authors of "Some Experiences of an Irish R.M.," the comic side of hunting in the Sister Isle. The book, which is published in attractive style by Messrs. Archibald Constable and Co., Limited, at 6s., is a veritable portfolio of coloured sporting plates fit to rank, in humour of conception and vigorous realism of treatment, with the best work hitherto done in that direction. Mr. Martin Ross, who is responsible for the letter press, displays an acquaintance with the vernacular of the sons (in a spiritual sense) of St. Patrick that is extensive and peculiar. The spirit of the fun may best be gleaned from a quotation of the opening paragraph: "I wash meself every Saturday morning, whether I want it or no, and 'twas washing my face I was when William Sheehan came in the door, and it no more than ten o'clock in the morning." William had come to borrow some harness with which to drive his wife to Cork; but says Conny, his friend, "Sure, it is not to town you're going on Patrick's Day in place of going to Kyleranny? Sure you know yourself there's the fun of Cork in Kyleranny when the Hunt's in it on a Holyday." How the wife is given the slip and the two friends go to the hunt, what strange adventures they have, and the tragic ending of the run in Sheehan's own farm yard, may best be followed and laughed over in the lively dialogue and the numerous pictures, coloured and pen-and-ink, in the book itself. The artist has happily realised all his amusing Irish characters, and is equally good in both line and brush work. Great havoc was created when "The villyan wheeled into the yard as nate as a bicycle." Conny's description of an interview he subsequently had with Sheehan's woman is significant: "Well, now, I declare to ye, divil such an ateing I got from any woman! The dogs wouldn't pick me bones after her!"

* * *

A stray torpedo has been found on Clacton beach.





THE PRIZE DRAWING.



Drawn by H. S. Wheeler,

Cheltenham.

A CANINE EXODUS.

"THE COTSWOLD HOUNDS.—It has been decided to remove the kennels through illness of dogs from Whaddon-lane to Seven Springs."—Vide "Echo."

Gloucestershire Gossip.

Strange, indeed, it is that Lieut. Frederick Brooks Dugdale, of the 5th (Royal Irish) Lancers, should have gone through the perils and dangers of the Boer War unscathed and have gained renown and the Victoria Cross for an act of heroism on the battlefield, and yet have met his death when taking what proved to be a treacherous fence in the hunting field, following the North Cotswold Hounds, scarcely four months after his return and welcome home. And it is a singular coincidence that on the following day, elsewhere in the hunting field, Major Fitzclarence, who also gained a V.C. in the Boer War, should have met with a serious accident as well through his horse falling on him. Yet the same spirit doubtless animated these gallant officers as that of which a Cheltonian poet thus wrote:—

"No game was ever yet worth a rap,
For a rational man to play,
Into which no accident, no mishap,
Could possibly find its way."

I have been looking through my list of local fatalities from injuries in the hunting field for the past 27 years and I find they number 14, or an average of one in two years. This list, which is as follows, will doubtless prove interesting:—Mr. Paul Butler, at Aldsworth, with the V.W.H. Hounds, in 1875; Mr. John Bolt, at Wanswell, with Lord Fitzhardinge's, in 1876; Mrs. Wm. Crawshaw, at Tewkesbury Park, with Lord Fitzhardinge's, in 1877; Major G. J. Whyte Melville, with the Duke's, in 1878; Mr. James Tribick, the Ledbury huntsman, in 1883; Capt. Whittle, Mr. G. W. Toogood, and Mr. W. Fielder Croome, all

with the Cotswolds, in the same year (1886); the Hon. Mrs. Campoelli, in 1881, and Miss L. C. Spicer, in 1889, with the Duke's; Mr. J. M. Hart, near Gloucester, with the Cotswolds, in 1894; Mr. T. H. Friday, master of the Longford Harriers, seized with a fatal apoplectic fit near Gloucester, in 1894; Mr. H. G. Creek, at Shurdington, with the Cotswolds, in 1890; and Lieut. F. B. Dugdale, V.C., with the North Cotswolds, in 1902.

It is not often that the meets of two local packs of foxhounds are suspended at one and the same time because of accident and death. Still, this is the case with the North Cotswolds, owing to the fatality to Lieut. Dugdale, and with Lord Fitzhardinge's, in consequence of the lamented demise of the wife of the noble Master. When such concurrences happen, I think they deserve recording.

It is something more than amusing how some newspapers, London and provincial, bungle over the names of Gloucestershire persons and places. I could cite many instances, but perhaps one or two references to High Sheriffs will suffice. Mr. Fane Gladwin, whose name is placed third on the list for the office, is called "Gladcom" by several contemporaries. And a few years ago the appointment of Mr. W. Meath Baker to the Shrievalty was actually announced by a Cockney organ as Mr. W. Meath, baker, of Hasfield Court. Might I add that Morecon-in-Marsh, to which I alluded last week, was on April 21st, 1885, called by a certain fashionable contemporary "Banks Le-Mouton-in-Marsh."

Official testimony to the salubrity of Cheltenham can be gleaned from the last quarterly report on vital statistics issued by the

Registrar-General. Therein I find the death-rate was the lowest in the county, namely 10.6 per thousand, as compared with 10.0, the highest, at Stroud, and 15.9 throughout the whole country. On the other hand, the birth-rate is also the lowest, namely 17.8, as against 31.9 at Westbury-on-Severn, which is the highest, and 29.0 in the whole country. Charlton Kings ranks among several places which had the highest rates of infant mortality. Neither at Painswick nor Minchinhampton did any infant die last quarter. Those whom the gods are supposed to love lived there.

Happily there was an appeal from the Light Railway Commissioners to Parliament in the scheme for girdling Stroud and district with an electric railway and connecting Painswick and Cheltenham by the same means of communication, and I am delighted to find that a body of enterprising gentlemen are making that appeal in a thorough business-like manner. I think it will be short-sighted policy for the two railway companies to again oppose the scheme, as I believe the line would act in one way as a feeder with traffic for their systems.

GLEANER.

A window has been placed in St. Andrew's Chapel of Canterbury Cathedral, in memory of the late Canon Ellason, founder of the Church of England Temperance Society.

If one can imagine a frog as big as an ox an idea can be formed of the prehistoric monsters, relics of which have been discovered in Oklahoma, U.S.A.

Major-General Plumer, commanding the 4th Brigade of the First Army Corps, Aldershot, has been appointed President of the Committee to report on certain experimental infantry range finders.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 100.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1902.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE, CHELTENHAM.

This afternoon and to-night,
"A COUNTRY GIRL."

NEXT WEEK—

"A ROYAL DIVORCE."

Times and Prices as Usual.

Prize Photography.

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

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

Photographs must not be smaller than quarter-plate size, must be mounted, and must be printed on silver paper with a glossy finish.

Competitors may send in any number of Photographs, all of which, however, will become the property of the Proprietors of the "Chronicle and Graphic," who reserve the right to reproduce the same.

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

The winner of the 98th competition is Mr. C. E. Rainger, of Bath-parade, Cheltenham, with his Weston series.

Entries for the 99th competition closed this (Saturday) morning, Nov. 29th, 1902, and in subsequent competitions entries will close on the Saturday morning preceding the award, so as to allow time for adjudication and reproduction.

Prize Drawing.

The proprietors of the "Chronicle and Graphic" also offer a weekly prize of half-a-guinea for the best drawing submitted for approval.

The competition is open to the county, and any subject may be chosen—sketch, portrait, or cartoon—but local subjects are preferred.

Drawings must be in Indian black ink on Bristol board.

In both competitions all specimens received will be retained and may be reproduced, but any drawing the return of which is particularly desired will be handed over on personal application.

The winner of the ninth competition is Mr. H. S. Wheeler, 13 St. Paul-street North, Cheltenham, with his drawing of the Devil's Chimney.

Entries for the tenth drawing competition closed this (Saturday) morning, Nov. 29th, 1902, and the result will appear, together with the reproduction, in next Saturday's issue. In subsequent competitions also entries will close on the Saturday morning preceding the award.



THE MAYOR OF GLOUCESTER

(ALDERMAN E. SIDNEY HARTLAND, F.S.A.)

Photo by Paul Coe, Eastgate-street, Gloucester.

[All Rights Reserved.]

The Sorrows of a Sultan's Subject.

By A. J. DAWSON

(Author of "Bismillah," etc.).

It is a wonderful city, is Tangier, the gleaming and white-walled; in one sense less wonderful than any other in mysterious Morocco, because less purely Moroccan; in another sense the most wonderful, because sufficiently Moorish, which is to say quite barbarous, whilst almost within gun-shot of Europe and of a British fortress.

Do you remember the sort of life you read about in your childhood as being the life of the world's infancy; the period of Jacob's dream, of Joseph's coat of many colours, of Abraham and his flocks and herds? That life precisely, unchanged in any smallest particular, is being lived from day to day throughout Morocco, within sight of twentieth century Europe. You remember the Bible story of the sacrifice of Abraham's sheep, the narrowly escaped sacrifice of his beloved son. The day or that miracle is annually commemorated throughout Morocco, and every respectable household sacrifices his sheep, in circumstances and surroundings which are absolutely those of the Old Testament.

In one direction it is possible that the subjects of Mulai Abd el Aziz IV. of Morocco have gone beyond any point reached by the Canaanites. They know more of tyranny, corruption, and oppression in the administration of their beautiful land. What we Westerners call corruption is the very fibre of every root and branch of the absolute despotism which rules Morocco. From his youthful Shareefian Majesty under the Royal Parasol to the meanest city-gate beggar in all Sunset Land, every man buys place, sells honour, and (according to European notion) cheats over every bargain.

At this moment there lives a Moor named Hadj Abd el Kareem, known intimately to the present writer, whose father was a boughten slave, and who, himself, is now a pedlar of water in the market-place. Abd el Kareem has once held one of the highest official positions in the land, and twice he has been the honoured, feared, and wealthy Governor of a large province. Once he has been bastinadoed within an inch of his life (he stood eight hundred strokes), twice he has languished for a period of several years in dark and foetid country dungeons, and twice he has been submitted to torture in order that a confession might be wrung from him of the whereabouts of his secreted treasure; on the first occasion his right eye was destroyed by the lid being pierced with a fish-hook suspended from a beam at such a height that the unfortunate man had to stand upon his toes to avoid the dragging out of the eye-lid, and on the second occasion he lost his right hand by having it slit open and balled up with sand in a strip of bullock's hide.

Understand, this man has never been charged with any offence against the laws of the land; he has never been tried in any court; and even as he has been ruined by those given power over him, so has he himself ruined many over whom he was given power. And in Morocco this man's career is not considered at all remarkable.

THE WAYS OF THE ASSASEEN.

In this one nominally independent strip of the Dark Continent all official positions of every sort and rank are obtained quite openly by purchase. To purchase the governorship of a given province means to acquire the right of extorting from the people of that province every farthing that can be ground out of them, by fair means, by force, or by such foul methods as torture and starvation. Out of this a certain annual tribute must be sent to his Shareefian Majesty, Lord of all the Faithful, maker and breaker of all officials. In the same way, to be a guard or policeman (the word in use is *assaseen*, from which, naturally, we derive our *assassin*) implies, not the holding of a post bringing in a salary of so much a month, but merely that one is a licensed extortioner and rogue, within the limits of petty larceny. As, for example, the Basha of a town sends two of his *assaseen* to

arrest a certain citizen, who is suspected of the crime of possessing secreted savings. Those *assaseen* may not attempt to force his treasure from the citizen for themselves. That is meat for their master. But usage says they may and will extort what they can from the man—a handful of silver, say—with threats of rough treatment or promises of favour. That is their business, and its rewards are understood to be their sole source of income.

Habeas Corpus is, of course, unknown in Al Moghreb. A judge's dictum usually runs in this wise: "Take him to the prison" or "Let him be beaten." In the latter case the matter is put in hand forthwith, while the judge takes snuff, and turns upon his cushions, a slightly bored spectator, his nod sufficient to decide whether the culprit should be merely bruised, maimed, half killed, or actually done to death. A deliberate sentence, in which a period of months or years of imprisonment is named is never pronounced. Such a method would never answer, for the duration of any prisoner's confinement depends entirely upon the length of time taken by his friends in scraping together a bribe which shall satisfy the responsible official. And this, whether the crime be the most dastardly kind of murder, or the merest bagatelle, or nothing at all beyond the misfortune of being judged a prospering man with a nest-egg worth plundering.

While in prison—and you will bear in mind that the best and the worst of men are equally unable to avoid the risk of imprisonment at any time—a man is given nothing whatever by the authorities if there is a friend within reach who can be induced to supply as much as a piece of bread per day. If, on the other hand, a prisoner should prove to be absolutely friendless (a state of things fortunately very rare among all primitive peoples) the authorities allow him one bran loaf, the shape and size of an English Bath bun, each day. And that is all. For water, Moorish prisoners depend upon the door-keeper of their prison, who usually supplies two skins-full per diem paid for out of pence taken from in-coming and out-going prisoners. The door-keeper, being an official, is unpaid, and pays, in presents to the official next in rank above him, for the privilege of making just as much as he is able by extortion. He appoints one prisoner as Kaid or captain of the whole number confined. This, again, is a license to rob and oppress, in return for which the prisoner Kaid pays daily tribute to the door-keeper. He keeps order among his fellows, distributes water, metes out corporal punishment, and extorts tribute in money, food, tobacco, and the like from every prisoner possessed of friends to bring him these things. The prison itself is a noisome and foetid dungeon of reeking stone-work, open to public inspection through a loop-hole at which the door-keeper sits at the receipt of bribes. The prisoners, sick and whole, mad and sane, melancholy and savage, halt, blind, maimed, silent, and noisy, all are herded together like swine in one dim and filthy apartment—a terrible gathering.

They may smoke—when they have anything to smoke. They may talk, fight, sing, play or sleep, when and how they choose. They are many of them philosophers and all of them fatalists, and all Moors are generous. Hence even friendless prisoners take a long while to die. Capital punishment is practically unknown; but a man takes his chances of death in many forms; under torture, the question, starvation, and the like. In cases of rebellion the Government pays as much as four pesetas (say, half-a-crown) apiece for the heads of rebels, the which are used when pickled to adorn the gates of the capital cities; have been so used this year, and will be so used next year, if the Moorish Government survives so long.

A BAD PLACE TO BE POOR IN—BUT WORSE TO BE RICH IN.

Taking it altogether, however, Moorish life is remarkably free from crime, as crime figures in the Newgate calendar. One might almost add that upon the whole the Moors are an innocent and law-abiding people.

Particularly when one remembers that they have no laws—as an Irishman might put it. But the Moorish administration is one of the most corrupt on earth, and in no other country is money, or the desire of it, so emphatically the root of all evil as it is in this realm of Mohammed's scion, Abd el Aziz IV.

"A pretty bad place to be poor in!" you might exclaim, when you heard of a man and wife tramping twenty miles to market, very heavily laden, and devoting three days to the earning of fivepence. True, but, in a sense, it is a worse country to be rich in. A man who is notoriously and unmistakably poor, and without moneyed relatives, is tolerably secure from the risks of imprisonment or persecution, unless he commits crime or offends some powerful person. A warm man, as we say, is never safe, no matter how softly spoken, or how generous in the matter of judiciously distributed hush-money.

The Basha of a Moorish town, or the Kaid of a district, are veritable autocrats. Their lieutenants (Khaleefahs) are minor autocrats. Both sit in public judgment every day. All serious cases involve serious, that is large, bribes. Such cases are heard by the Basha. All petty cases, domestic quarrels, brawling, and the like, involve small bribes of chickens, tea, eggs, butter, sugar, small silver, etc. Such cases come before the Khaleefah. Purely civil cases, or those involving reference to Koranic injunctions, go before the Kadi, a dignified person who can read and write his name, and must be bribed through his clerk. I have seen three loaves of sugar and a packet of candles change the whole complexion of a case involving many months of imprisonment and starvation. I have seen plaintiff and defendant both bound and soundly bastinadoed, and their case dismissed with scorn and contumely; and I wondered not at all when I learned that the foolish fellows had come to court bearing no more valuable gifts than a pound of butter and two candles.

Let me instance a case as briefly as may be from recent court proceedings in Al Ksar el Keber. Mahomet, a Tangier Moor, appeared in the Khaleefate and complained that Cassim Riffi had man-handled him in the open market; Mahomet desired that Cassim might be beaten in the *kashbah* for this. At the same time he placed three packets of candles and two dollars, a very respectable gift, on a mat beside the Khaleefah. His Worship grunted affably, and sent two soldiers for Cassim. Mahomet waited to watch events. Presently Cassim appeared between two soldiers, a splendid specimen of a mountain man, with wild eyes, which he kept down-cast. And that was the loss of him, for, even in the complainant's presence, his eyes might have telegraphed the Khaleefah promise of a bribe, this being quite a customary method. However, Cassim obstinately eyed the floor. Seeing then that he had a hardened rogue to deal with the Khaleefah sighed (he naturally prefers a bribe from both sides) and without a question of any sort, said to Cassim:—

"So, dog, you will fall upon good Muslims here in Al Ksar, and beat them, huh?" Then to the soldiers: "Take him to prison and scourge him well—two hundred strokes. Leave him there." (This quotation is unadorned and as literal as I can make it). Cassim was led away too proud to speak. I rode after him toward the prison, leaving my servant in the court. Just as we reached the prison's outer courtyard, a soldier overtook us, breathless, and followed closely by my Moor. We were ordered back to court. Cassim's uncle, so my servant explained to me, was a man of substance. He had arrived at the court five minutes after Cassim's departure thence for prison. He had spoken with the Khaleefah, and counted out ten dollars into his worship's hand. On our return, I entered the court at Cassim's heels. This is what passed:

The Khaleefah, good-humouredly: "How is this, Riffi (Cassim)? How comes it you did not tell me that you had not really beaten Mahomet?" Cassim, the Riffi, sulkily: "Lord, why should I talk of such cattle?" The beating that I gave him he—

The Khaleefah: "Eh, eh! Shwai, shwai! This my court is not the market-place. I cannot have so much noise here. Go away!"

all of you!" Complainant Mahomet stepped forward: "But, Lord—" "Outside! away with ye, I say—or would ye eat stick, Mahomet?" roared the Khaleefah.

An inconsiderable affair truly, though it put twelve or fourteen dollars into the Khaleefah's pocket. But it is illustrative of ordinary Moorish methods in the administration of justice, as well in great matters as in small. And withal, what is the attitude of Moors themselves, the sufferers, in these matters? Would they willingly exchange this sort of rule for what we of the West consider a just and proper administration? It is not an easy question to answer. Freedom from oppression must needs be desirable to all men. But regular taxation, an efficient police service, and submission to the intricate code of rules, big and little, which is at the root of our civilisation—these things form the price which has to be paid for justice of administration as we understand it, and it is greatly to be doubted whether Moors would ever willingly pay that price. Meanwhile, the feeling with which they regard a fellow-countryman, who shows himself well-disposed towards Christians and Christian, or European, innovations of any sort, is well exemplified by the following little story, a perfectly true one, of an event which marked my last year's stay in Tangier: Tangier the infidel-afflicted, where Moors are more accustomed to the ways of Europeans, and more tolerant towards them, than in any other part of the empire.

THE STRANGE STORY OF SID TAHER'S DEATH.

A new Basha was sent to Tangier, Sid Taher Tazzi, an enlightened man as modern Moors go, and one related to a Moorish family living in Liverpool. He had the unenviable reputation among Moors of being well-disposed towards Christians. A fortnight after his arrival in Tangier, Sid Taher died, from causes unexplained, and was buried. Inquests are unknown, and post-mortem examinations unheard of in Morocco, where they would be deemed abominable and sacrilegious acts. I enquired first of one and then of half a dozen other Moors as to the real cause of the new Basha's death. This is what I was told:

The original owner of the Basha's palace in Tangier was a Muslim of the Muslims, a Moor to the finger-ends, and one to whom intercourse of any sort with an unbeliever, a Nazarene, had seemed the basest sort of blasphemy. He was the creator of that famous phrase—"The knife for the Hudi (Jew); the hook for the N'zrani (Christian)." The hook was just a hook—a giant fish-hook—which was kept conveniently fixed over city gateways, in order that a believer, when so minded, might take a Christian to the top of the wall, and drop him upon the hook, there to hang and squirm, impaled, till death did him release. I recently examined one of these hooks at Fez myself; though, to be sure, the good old days of their constant usage (as a Moor might say) are no more.

Now this first owner of the palace carried his hatred of the infidel with him when he was wafted into Paradise. Instead of lying idly feasting in his especial pavilion there, he has visited earth every night since his death, and glanced round his old palace in Tangier to see how things were going.

The most of Tangier's Bashes have been men whom even the inventor of the hook phrase could not have accused of friendliness with the unbeliever, or of any tendency to take up with Western civilisation. Then came Sid Taher Tazzi, with his enlightenment, and his opening up of relations with the foreign ministers; for all the world as though he were a Turk, or even a N'zrani. His deceased predecessor, in Paradise, endured the thing for a few days. Then, at midnight, he descended upon sleeping Tangier, stalked gloomily past heavy-eyed guards, and entered his old palace. Straight to the bedside of his unworthy successor the old Muslim strode, took him by the throat, shook the appalled wretch, and in tones of fearful significance bade him begone from out that place.

Then the visitor from Paradise disappeared, leaving poor Sid Taher Tazzi in an icy sweat of terror. The icy sweat continued, and

within thirty-six hours the new Basha passed away, praying despairingly. The story may be—what you choose. The death, physically unaccounted for, is an indisputable fact. I saw the body buried.

Next Week: "Seen on the Great Trunk Road," by Mrs. B. M. Croker.

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SOME ANCIENT LIGHTHOUSES.

Just when the first lighthouse was erected, or by whom, is purely speculation, but it must have been by easy and natural transition that, as shipping increased, a permanent utility was given to the fire or torch which served to guide ashore the venturesome fisherman who plied his art at night. It is certain, however, that at a comparatively early period of the world's history, light towers, or lighthouses, were constructed to enable mariners to enter harbour during a period of darkness. The first lighthouses of which infallible record exists (says the writer in an interesting article in "Syren and Shipping") were those erected on the shores of Lower Egypt—the Is towers. But here, again, the towers appear to have been "contrived a double debt to pay"—as well to guide the mariner home as the people generally to the spiritual haven whither the priests, who constructed and controlled these towers and made them play some part in the national worship, would lead them. It is, however, to the Pharos, or Pharos, of Alexandria that we must go for the first absolutely authentic lighthouse. Whether the lighthouse was named after the island upon which it stood, or the lighthouse stood sponsor for the island does not appear, but it is interesting to note that pharus, faros, phare, and pharo are some of the designations of a lighthouse among the languages of Western Europe. Undoubtedly this name, whether derived from the island or no, has become largely generic, while even in England we dominate the science and knowledge of lighthouse construction, &c., pharology. It was constructed in all probability under the orders of Ptolemy II., about 260 B.C., but that it was 600 feet high, as is sometimes claimed for it, is clearly apocryphal. "This lighthouse," says Pliny, "has not its equal in the world for excellence of construction and strength, for not only is it constructed of a fine quality of stone, but the various blocks are so strongly cemented together with melted lead that the whole is imperishable, although the waves of the sea continually break against its northern face; a staircase of the ordinary width extends as high as the middle of the structure, where there is a gallery; above the staircase are the keeper's apartments; above the gallery the tower becomes smaller and smaller, until it can be embraced by the arms of a man. From the same gallery there is a staircase much narrower than the tower reaching to the summit; it is pierced with many windows to give light within and show those who ascend where to place their feet. At a distance the light appeared like a star near the horizon, that sailors were frequently deceived by it." This was the Pharos seen through coloured spectacles, but still it was a marvellous production, and was copied on a smaller and less pretentious scale in many lighthouses which were constructed by the Romans to facilitate the operations of their fleets during the conquest of Western Europe. What the plan of lighting in these ancient lighthouses was is not certain. The earlier types had from their upper storey a metal pole from which was suspended a brazen basket in which the fire was placed, while in those of later years the custom appears to have been to secure a huge cresset on the topmost roof and so exhibit a light to mariners, the fire being allowed to burn itself out during the day. Thus these ancient lights were literally a pillar of fire by night and smoke by day, and the labour and discomfort of providing them with requisite fuel must have been considerable. This was, it is likely, a semi-military duty, for the early light towers were forts, barracks, and watch towers as well as lighthouses,

BEQUEATHED MORE THAN HE HAD. Harlow, who died on Nov. 4, aged 72, left estate valued at £151,125, but the legacies under his will, in sums of £20,000 and £30,000, to relatives, appear to dispose of more than £500,000.

CHAPLAIN TO HIS PARISH CLERK.

A Gilbertian state of things obtains at Tenby, in Pembrokeshire, where the parish clerk, by six votes to five, has been elected Mayor. As a result of this, the rector of the parish becomes chaplain to his own clerk.

THROWING AWAY MONEY.

St. Martin's Day — Martinmas, as it is called—regulates the farm labourer's term of service in the North of England. The "Yorkshire Post" reminds us that Saxon chronicles tell how by "Martin's Day" the numerous oxen, sheep, and pigs, whose store of food would naturally be exhausted, were slaughtered and salted down. When this necessary work was done, and not until then could the farmer part with his men. This gave rise to an ancient proverb, His Martinmas will come—meaning all men must die. After Martinmas came the hirings, the holidays, and the change of servants. When old Martinmas Day falls on a Sunday, as it has done this year, the servants leave on the Saturday, and so it comes about that Saturday saw the country roads alive with them. They began their week's holiday, and those who know most about them will agree that no class of the community deserve a holiday better. The carelessness of some of them is incredible. Not long since a girl left her place with her wages (£17) done up in a corner of her handkerchief. She journeyed home by rail, beguiling the time by shelling and eating nuts. The shells she collected in her handkerchief, and when she threw them out of the window she threw her wages out too!

The King has conferred the Coronation Silver Medal upon Sir George Hayter Chubb Bart.

Kidderminster Free Library Committee has rescinded its resolution to black out the racing news in the daily papers placed in its reading-room.

Lord Dudley, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, has given his patronage and a donation of £250 towards the exhibition to be held next year at Cork.

The Dean and Chapter of Worcester have elected Canon Knox Little sub-dean, and Canon Teignmouth Shore receiver-general, of the Cathedral.

Before Parliament is prorogued an official announcement will be made regarding the personnel and the scope of the proposed Royal Commission upon the best means of relieving the congestion of traffic in the streets of London.

Dr. Henry Edmund Ford, who is the "father" of cathedral organists in this kingdom, is about to retire from the active duties of the office of organist at Carlisle Cathedral, which he has filled for more than 60 years without a break. He will still retain his appointment, but the Dean and Chanter have arranged to engage a deputy to do the work.

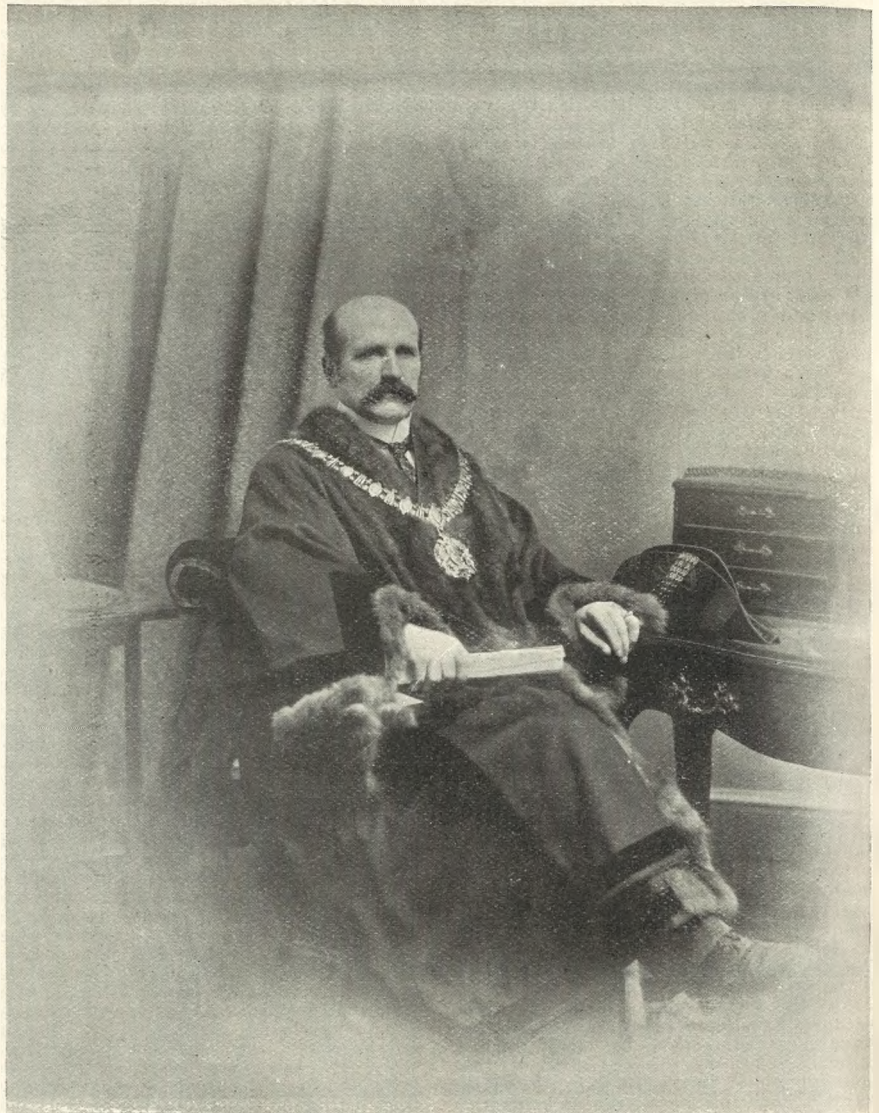
The "Record," which has been examining the character of the existing appointments made by the Keble College trustees to the 36 benefices in their gift, says in its issue of Saturday:—"Of the 36 incumbents mentioned in these articles as promoted to benefices in the gift of the Keble College trustees, 29 are members of the English Church Union, 25 are priests-associate of the Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament, five are members of the Society of the Holy Cross. In regard to the services, the following results appear:—Mass vestments are worn in 30 churches, incense is used in 17 churches, and the Sacrament is reserved in seven churches. The services at these churches include some instances of the Mass of the Pre-sanctified, the Black Mass, and a Mass in honour of the Sacred Heart. Of the clergy concerned, only eight are Keble College men."

* * *
 Four long days were absorbed in the business of the Assizes at Gloucester. The calendar was heavier than usual—24 prisoners from the county and two from the city, but the work was lightened through nine of them pleading guilty, and the Commissioner (Mr. John Forbes, K.C.) sat early and late to dispose of the others in time to be at Monmouth on the Friday. It was again a bad assize for the gentlemen of the long robe. There are about 180 names on the bar list of the Oxford Circuit, including eight King's Counsel. Yet not a single "silk-gownner" was briefed, and therefore none of them put in an appearance. Only ten barristers had a brief at all, four of these having a solitary one, while two Cheltonians had seven and four respectively, and five went to another counsellor much sought after in legal circles in the town. The bar, on the whole, must sigh for the good old times when Gloucester was the "washpot" of the Oxford Circuit to clear up remanets. By the death a few days ago of Mr. Cleave, Mr. George S. Griffiths becomes the "senior junior" of the circuit.

* * *
 Matters are not yet sufficiently settled to justify me in announcing the name of the vicar-designate of Badgeworth, which living has been vacant since May 31st last. I am glad that the cherished intention of the late vicar to perpetuate the names of many of his predecessors is to be carried out, for these clerics from as far back as A.D. 1272 are to be denominated on a brass tablet, 3ft. 6in. by 2ft. 6in., placed on the wall behind the reading desk at the entrance to the chancel of Badgeworth Church. It is but fitting that this tablet should also be inscribed in remembrance of the late Rev. A. W. Ellis Viner, vicar from the year 1849, and who originated the idea of the interesting record. A rumour reaches me that the Bentham people are moving strongly to have their hamlet constituted a separate ecclesiastical parish from Badgeworth. They have a beautiful chapel-of-ease there, thanks to the munificence of Mrs. Strangways, and I think they are fully entitled to be placed in the same position as the Shurdington folk, who were severed ecclesiastically from Badgeworth in 1887.

* * *
 If it had not been for the "Echo" the brief connection of Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar with Gloucestershire might have gone by the board. Still, I well remember, as duty called me there, the big encampment on Minchinhampton Common in July, 1876, of the 3rd Division of the 5th Army Corps that he commanded. Some of the Militia boys, notably the Tower Hamlets, in his command were an unruly lot and very handy at using their belts when frequently tackled by the Gotham lads. To the official inspection on July 25th people from far and near flocked in their thousands. The county frequently had a chance of seeing Regulars in those days, and a pleasant sensation was caused by the 17th Lancers ("Death or Glory Boys"), then commanded by the present Lieut.-Gen. Sir D. C. Drury-Lowe, G.C.B., marching through in easy stages on their way from Holyhead to Pointington Down, to be mobilised with the 5th Army Corps; followed as they were by a battery of Artillery. I know that these marches were good recruiting agencies. I often wonder that no one has suggested or moved to get a permanent military camp, with a horse-breeding establishment, put somewhere on the Cotswolds, where plenty of land is to be had for a mere song.

* * *
 It is not every mayor born in a workhouse who has had the courage to avow it. Yet Mr. W. Crooks, the popular ex-mayor of Poplar, who attained the highest position in his native borough, and whose wife hails from Maisemore, near Gloucester, glories in the fact. This reminds me of the strange case of the eldest son of a certain baronet who used to reside unostentatiously in the Cathedral city, following his avocation as a temperance



THE SHERIFF OF GLOUCESTER

(ALDERMAN G. A. BAKER).

Photo by G. Coles, Southgate-street, Gloucester.

society's agent. This heir to the title was described in the baronetage as having been employed for several years as a pawnbroker's assistant prior to 1882, when he enlisted (more credit to him) and served in the Nile Expedition and afterwards in the Egyptian service. And I have heard an alderman who, on being taunted by an ill-bred political opponent on his humble origin, smartly passed it off by saying it was a fact that "he came into the city without a shoe to his feet or a rag to his back," referring, of course, to his having brought nothing into this world.

GLEANER.

FUNERAL OF MR. HENTY

The mortal remains of the late Mr. G. A. Henty, known to all boys as the writer of a number of fascinating historical romances, were on Saturday afternoon laid to rest in West Brompton Cemetery, in a grave close by the catacombs. The interment was preceded by a service in St. Paul's Chapel of Ease, Clapham Junction. The body was conveyed from his late residence at 33 Lavender-gardens to the church in a Washington car, the coffin being covered with beautiful wreaths. The family mourners included the widow, Captain Henty, of the London Irish Rifles (son), and Miss Henty, and amongst others present were Mr. G. Byron Curtis, editor of the "Standard," Mr. W. W. Blackie, Captain Farquharson, Captain St. Vincent Ryan (London Irish Rifles), Mr. Mackenzie Bell, Dr. Cameron, Mr. Atkin, and Mr. Leighton. The Savage Club

was represented by Sir William Treloar, Mr. E. E. Peacock, Mr. Gerald Fitzgibbon, Dr. Rae, Dr. Coffin, and Mr. J. Stokes. There were also present thirty-two children from the Masonic Institution, and a number of boys from Emmanuel School (one of the Westminster Endowed Schools). The service was choral, and was conducted by the vicar, the Rev. James Hughes, assisted by other clergy.

POETRY.

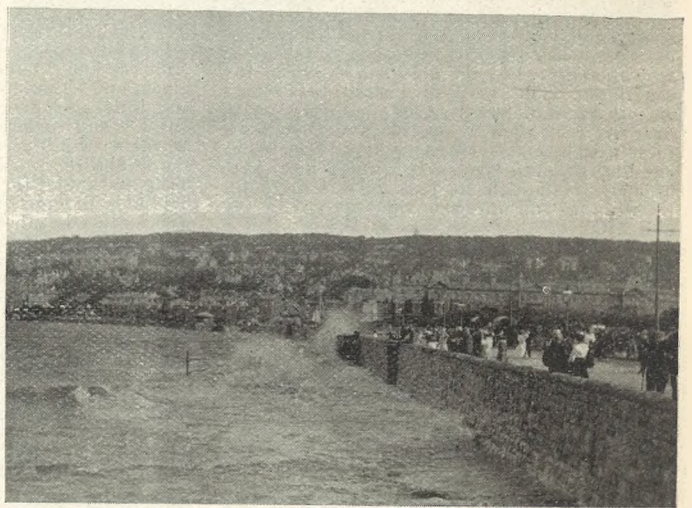
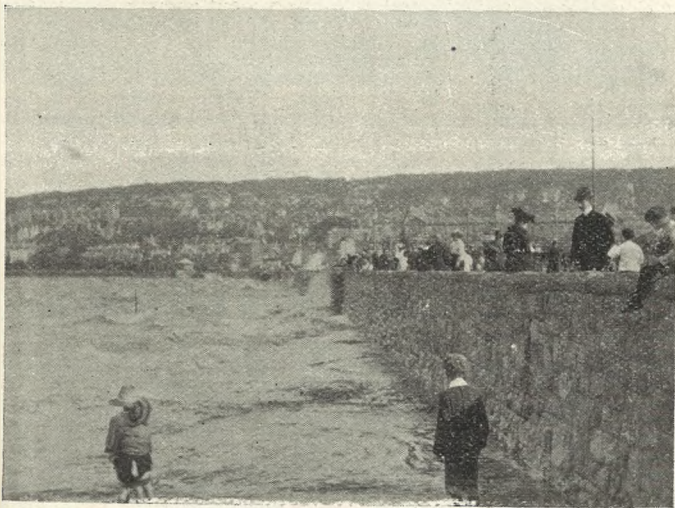
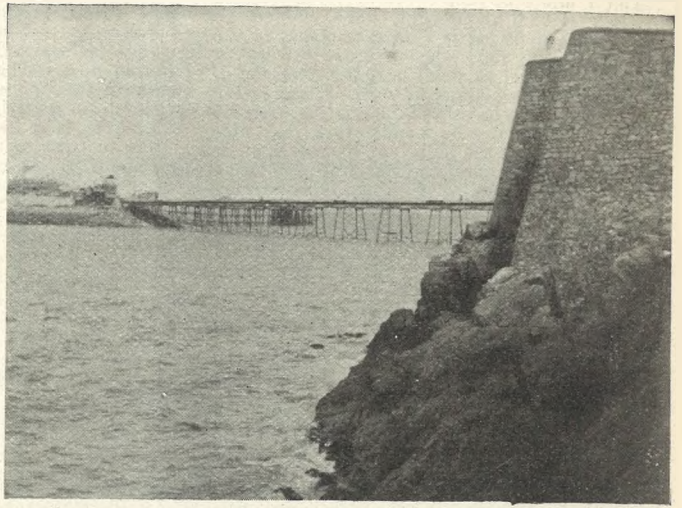
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THREE LESSONS.

There are three lessons I would write—
 Three words as with a burning pen,
 In tracings of eternal light
 Upon the hearts of men.
 Have hope. Though clouds environ now,
 And gladness hides her face in scorn,
 Put thou the shadow from thy brow—
 No night but hath its morn.
 Have faith. Where'er thy bark is driven—
 The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth—
 Know this—God rules the host of heaven,
 The inhabitants of earth.
 Have love. Not love alone for one,
 But man as man thy brother call,
 And scatter like the circling sun
 Thy charities on all.
 Thus grave these lessons on thy soul—
 Faith, hope, and love—and thou shalt find
 Strength, when life's surges rudest roll,
 Light when thou else were blind.

THE PRIZE PICTURES.

WESTON-SUPER-MARE.



Photos by C. E. Rainger, Cheltenham.

Tour of Our Churches.

ST. MARY'S, GREAT WASHBOURNE.

A student of ecclesiastical architecture cannot visit one of our old rural churches without noticing some peculiarity. Here it is a gem of a piscina, as at Shipton Oliffe. Here everything carved out, even to the stone sconces for the candles, in pure Norman style, as at Overbury. Again, there is the splendid west front at Bishop's Cleeve, the Palimpsest brass at Old Broadway, the Perpendicular on the top of Norman work at Dumbleton, or the Italian dome at Bourton-on-the-Water. At Great Washbourne the peculiarity is a "saddle-back" bell-turret, the vicar asserting that this is a great rarity, and he believes there are only one or two like it in England. Certainly I have not come across another such a one, and it well repays a visit of inspection.

The building is old, as a tablet on the east end records the fact that the chancel was rebuilt by James Cartwright, D.D., "Anno Domini" 1642. In the floor of the chancel is a stone to the memory of James Cartwright, gentleman, obit 1613. The church is in three styles of architecture—Norman, Early English, and Perpendicular. It consists of chancel, nave, and vestry. The dividing wall between the chancel and the nave is of solid masonry, with only a narrow doorway, and a pretty hagscope on the southern portion

of the wall. At a recent restoration a splendid specimen of a squint was uncovered in the north wall. There are several portions of fresco paintings on the walls. The font is a fairly good work, and is in the chancel—a most unusual place for it. Over the south entrance door is a very curious stone cutting, with some "dog's tooth" work in it; but it has never been made evident what it is intended to represent.

I was at service at St. Mary's on Sunday afternoon last. A small congregation assembled; but as the parish only numbers some 85 souls, one could not expect to see many people there. As the vicar entered from the vestry, an instrumental voluntary could be heard in the distance, and it transpired that the harmonium in the winter time is removed to the vestry, to prevent the dampness of the church affecting it. The clergyman read the prayers, Psalms, and lessons in a voice strong enough for a large building. The Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis were nicely chanted, and three well-known hymns were sung.

The preacher took for his text Hezekiah's prayer as found in II. Kings, 19th chapter, and said that prayer to Almighty God was a good man's chief support in the time of difficulty and distress. When the events of life were opposed to their wishes, when duties were beyond their strength, to pour out their souls to God was the Christian's source of all comfort. With confidence they relied on God's power and promise, and felt that they

were protected under the Almighty guardianship, and could withstand the fury of their most powerful enemy. They had a most remarkable instance of the success of prayer in the chapter from which the text was taken. God gave the most gracious promises of protection and support, and all who sought this promise in earnest prayer would obtain it. At the present day they had not the signs of God amongst them, as in King Hezekiah's day; but He was still in His Church, continually giving her the victory over all her enemies, protecting her with guardian angels, encompassing round about them that feared Him. Should they not, then, in their prayers, dwell upon His past favours, and ask for the presence of His ministering spirits? King Hezekiah also prayed to God on account of His glory and majesty; he contrasted the God of Israel with other deities—the only One worthy of adoration. When they came to God's mercy seat, let them remember that He was the Universal Ruler in heaven and earth, and was able to do for them whatsoever they asked. Could He that made the earth be without supplies? Could He that created the heavens be wanting in power to guide them? What enemy possessed them that His supreme power could not overcome? Let their humble adoration be proportionate to His greatness. He was the God of His Church now, as He was God of Israel of old.

A well-reasoned discourse, and worthy of being heard by a larger congregation.

CHURCHMAN.

"Selina Jenkins Letters."

ON THE MICE SHOW AND THE REVOLVING DOOR.

And I don't wonder a bit at folks writing to the "Echo" about that there door to the Winter Gardens, as is a fair caution, as the sayin' is, the man who invented it never 'aving stopped to consider the feelin's of them as 'as to emerge into the thing. My hapynun about that there door is just this: I considers as it mite be made into a very nice case into a museum or a haquarium or summat, and I won't say but wot it miten't make a very tidy bit of fun on the stage in a pantomime, with the hold man and the clown a-rushin' round after each other like wild-fire, and never catchin' one another hup; yes, it mite be very decent as a joke, but as a respectable Corporation door to let people in to 'ear the Reverend Grundy and see Mrs. Grand (as is the great authority on "Twins" so they do say), that revolving door's a dead failure!

Not that I 'as anythink against the door personally, wich I think it does its best in the awkward position it be placed in, but I should like to 'ave a word or two of a sort with the man as invented it, seein' as 'ow I were that flustered last week, I bein' of a mind to go for to see the mice show, and 'aving a nephew showing a banty cock and a fancy rat, wich he considered ought to have wonned a prize each, but didn't, the judges not being of the same mind as he, unfortnity. 'Owver, about this door; I had a bit of difficulty with the turntable out to the gates to commence with, the old gent as sat in the sentry-box bein' positive certain that there was three of us went thro', and very nasty over it, too, wich I should 'ave thought a man with a glass eye one side and no sight the hother could 'ave see'd I weren't the sort of body to smuggle no free passers in under me wing, as you mite say, there only bein' me and Alick.

'Aving got over wich, we makes for the revolution door, as were goin' round like 1 o'clock, and 'ardly stoppin' long enuff for you to say "Jack Robinson, let alone to take yer place in the happerture. There were a tidy little crowd waiting, and there was a good few bad language used by them as was left behind by this 'ere door as it come round; wives were tored from their 'usbands, children from their lovin' parients, and there wasn't no chance wotever to ask the man as were wh skin' it round so free to turn hoff the steam a bit, for altho' us could see 'im through the glass, not a word were deciferable one side or the other. After losing about 6 chances for the hopenings to come round to me, I makes a bold rush and squeegees hinto a division where there were a elderly gentleman of a very stout build and a short temper as you ever see'd, a young couple appariently in love's yung dream, and 2 schoolboys in Eaten jackets and big white collars, wich, besides me and Alick (bein' my nephew's name), was a pretty good 'ouseful, as you mite say. Not a moment 'ad we to think whose feet we was standin' on, or hother little politenesses, 'owever, for we was whisked around like a carpet-beatin' machine, and, if you believe me, before I could say a word if I 'adn't been took rite around by the force of the revolution, and carried outside again, Alick (bein' more sry on 'is pins than me) 'aving succeeded in escaping into the building as his turn come round.

Wile I were collecting me breath to 'ave another try I see'd several such tragic sites; one elderly gent were carried round 3 times before 'e fell out of the machine, and were that wild it were with difficulty he could be prevented from layin' wicked and violent 'ands on a cock as were crowin' in derision close by the door. But, as for me, I managed better the second time, and managed to get in at last, but not till after I'd received a very severe shaking to the system, and lost my temper and 1½d. in coppers on root, bein' positive of 'aving the money in me muff before entering the door, as couldn't be found no-where; the man as shoved the door around said it must 'ave dropped into the works around the revolvin' spindle, and couldn't be

got at without pullin' all the porch down; 'owever, he said I'd better claim it from the Corporation, as would no doubt be very generous to me, seein' as 'ow the amount wouldn't burden the rates, so 'e said, wich I thought were like 'is imprence, 'is business bein' to shove around the door, and not to add hinsult to hinjury, by laffin' at the loss of my 'ard-earned money, as will all be wanted now we be a-goin' to 'ave to raise a 6d. rate to support the involuntary schools, without no questions being asked as to 'ow the money is to be spent.

But to turn to the mice show. There was a wonderful lot of things to be seen there (after gettin' through the door). Alick rushed me hoff direct to hinspect the mice and fancy rats, not that I altogether relishes the things meself, not since a mice made a nest and brought up a thriving young family in the pocket of my silk skirt, as were laid away in a chest of drawers, with plenty of camphire in the corner of the drawer, too, as shows mice isn't insects at all, but is most likely reptiles, and very mischievous little varmintes they be, too, as got into Mary Ann Tompkins's pianna last year and het away all the 'ammers to the bass notes; and my uncle Jim, as were in the chemistry line, 'aving got on very well and made a bit, and a credit to the famby, he told me the mice used to carry away 1d. boxes of bilious pills every Sunday from 'is shop, and 'e considered it were a certain sure proof they was very reg'lar in their 'abits, and must 'ave been able to read the labels on the boxes, seein' as they never took Pill Cocher Pills from the same drawer!

Well, at this 'ere mice show, there was 'underds and 'underds of mice in little cages; black, and chocolate, and browney, and white, and blue, and every colour on the rainbow; but I didn't care not to stop too long lookin' at them, thinkin' of the hawful dilemma I should be in if all they mice was to break loose and make for me. Wot could a elderly fieldmale like me do against all they, and me with only a humberella and a 'at-pin!

So we moves on to see the guinea-pigs, wich I 'aven't never seen one with 'is eyes dropped out yet, in spite of "tails" to the contrary, and the rabbits of hall sorts and sizes, and the pigeons!—why! Lor' bless your 'art and soul, there was knock-kneed, and 'en-toed, and 'umpbacked pigeons, and pigeons with frills, and pigeons with crinolines, and pigeons with feathers all down their legs—white pigeons, black pigeons, bluey, and greenery, and yallery pigeons—pigeons with so much neck they couldn't look out over it, and others as was all tail and no 'ead; I never see'd sich a lot of varieties in my born days, wich it did seem to me as the more expensive they did get the huglier they was to look at!

Then there was the cocks and 'ens, a brave show; birds so big as a heggul many of them, and there was one or two looked so fierce I shouldn't 'ave cared to 'ave met them hout of a dark night, not meself; great louting things, as looked as if they'd been drinkin' 'ard and 'adn't been able to sleep hoff the effects of the same; and wot with the crowing and the quacking and the squeaking it were about as lively a little show as I've been to for some time, not forgettin' the cats, as took my fancy remarkable, bein' very near so 'andsome as my old Tom; some, I've 'eard, was considered very chise, as 'ad silk cushions in their cages to lie on, and they do say as one pore lady forsook her virtuous couch, as the sayin' is, an stayed up in the Wintry Gardens all nite alongside her favourite Tabby's cage, for fear 'e mite be lonely! Besides the cats, there was rabbits by the score, and ducks, and parrots, and a magpie as said "Maggots" like any Christian, besides a brave lot of canary-birds; but the thing as I noticed most of all were the smell, as well filled the bilding rite up to the roof-beams, and mite 'ave been out with a bread-knife down the end where the mice was! Still, I s'pose poultry and mice and negroes is bilt that way, so it's no good a-grumblin', but I just venture to remark that I likes the smell of a good roast fowl just out of the oven better than the hodor of the same in a live state at a poultry show!

Wich 'aving said, I signs meself
SELINA M. JENKINS.

Land of the Setting Sun.

By DOUGLAS M. GANE.

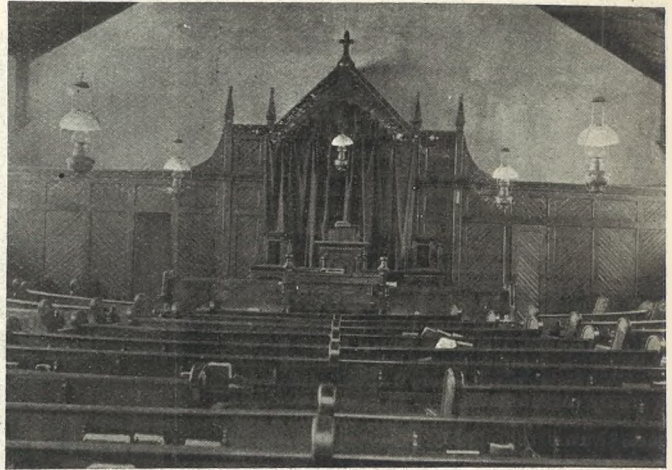
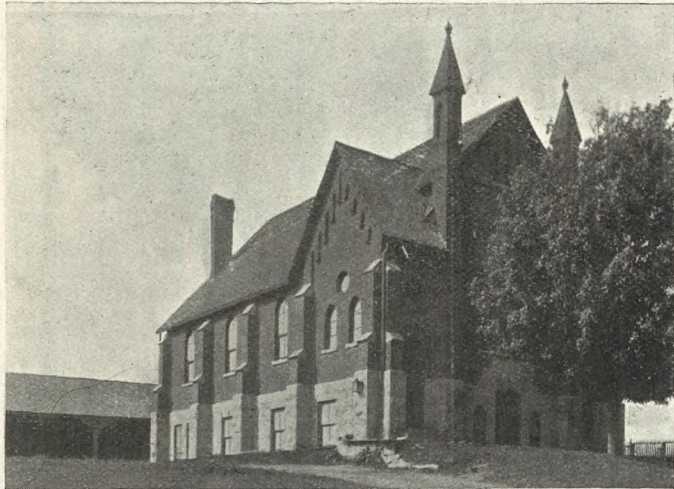
VI.—THE MOROCCO QUESTION.

The conflicting aims of Great Britain and France with regard to Morocco make the political outlook of that country one of great interest. France, in her dream of a North African Empire, checked towards the East by our occupation of Egypt, is tightening her hold upon the dominions of the Sultan. By reason of her occupation of Algeria her position is a favourable one, and she has been making the most of her opportunities. Fine military roads have been constructed to the westernmost limits of her territory, and the Algerian Sahara Railway has been extended until in a short time it will be within a four days' journey by road to Taflet. Moreover, France has her military mission in attendance upon the Sultan; she has her secret Algerian Mohammedan agents throughout the country; and, what has hitherto been full of portent, the frontier between Algeria and Morocco has remained undefined. But the frontier question can no longer constitute a pretext for strife for, according to the "Times" of October 20th, 1902, the Joint Commission of French and Moors lately deputed to argue the points in difference have, contrary to expectations, brought their labours to a successful end. Great Britain, on the other hand, desires things to remain as they are. Though the abortive mission of Sir C. Euan-Smith in 1892 was ostensibly directed to bring about an amendment of the Customs Tariff of 1856, its primary aim was, by inducing the Sultan to abandon "his isolation from civilisation," to render him the better able to preserve the integrity of his dominions. Nelson is reported to have said that Gibraltar could never be considered impregnable until England had possession of Tangier, and the importance that he attached to it has in no wise diminished in our own day. But the next thing to Tangier being a British possession is that it should be owned by a nation without the thought of disposition to use it offensively towards us, and this is the way in which it is owned by the Sultan of Morocco at the present time. The policy, therefore, of Great Britain is one of inaction. By contrast with Germany, whose aims are purely commercial, it is condemned in mercantile circles as wanting in vigour and a due regard to British interests. But the truth is the resources of diplomacy, directed to the advancement of our commercial position in Morocco, were exhausted on the mission of Sir Charles Euan-Smith, and nothing more could be done except at the risk of political consequences. As Lord Salisbury said in his final letter to the Ambassador, the inconvenience that would result from an impression amongst the other Powers that we entertained projects inconsistent with the independence and integrity of the Moorish Empire would far outweigh any advantage which could be conferred by the conclusion of a commercial treaty.

Had the overtures for the improvement of our commercial relations with Morocco been made with the present Sultan it is more than probable they would have been attended with greater success. The late Sultan was dominated by the fear of offending the religious Moslem world, which in Morocco is more fanatical than elsewhere, and is unconquerable in its determination, to quote Sir Euan-Smith's words written in explanation of the failure of his mission to oppose all Christians in their designs in every form, under every circumstance, and at every time. The reigning Sultan, on the other hand, seems differently disposed, and if he only has his own way reforms will come, and the amelioration of the lot of his subjects be in some measure achieved. But he is a young man, only twenty-three, and he has to face the deep-rooted prejudices and interests of officials who live by their deprivations. Already disturbances have occurred. The recent rising near Mequinez, if report be true, was occasioned by the presence of surveyors making observations for the construction of a road, thought by the people to be a railway, and it had political importance by reason of the fact that it is taken to indicate the general temper of the country at the Sultan's progressive aims.

Cheltenham (Ontario) Baptist Chapel.

Cheltenham, Ontario, Canada, was founded by a man named Charles Haines, a millwright who migrated from Cheltenham, England, in 1815 or 1816. The accompanying photos of the exterior and interior of the Baptist Chapel at the Canadian Cheltenham were sent home by a great grandson of Charles Haines. Not much is known of the latter, but we are informed that he had a family of six sons and three daughters, that the sons were very tall and big men, four being over 6ft. high and two 6ft. 3in. and proportionately built, and that Frederick (grandfather of the sender of the photos) was the biggest of them all, being 6ft. high and weighing when in his prime 230lbs (without superfluous flesh) and being known as the most powerful man in his neighbourhood. Any reader who can impart information as to the ancestry and local history of Charles Haines is invited to call at or send to 145 High-street.



Already he has a good record. The late Sultan maintained an entire prohibition against the shipping of wheat and barley to foreign countries, and a virtual prohibition against shipping coastwise to other ports in his dominions. By reason of prohibitive duties, grain was at times five or six times the price at Tangier that it was at Casablanca. The present Sultan has cancelled the prohibition against the shipment to foreign ports, and he has removed the duty upon the shipping coastwise. Furthermore, he has sanctioned the exportation of potatoes, tomatoes, bananas, and other farm produce, and already signs of returning life are apparent in agricultural districts where farming has been abandoned. But the country is in a very low state—according to report it has never been in a lower—and the first requirement in an effective scheme of reform is a curb upon the greed of those in office. To bring this about the Sultan has inaugurated an equitable system of taxation, which, should it be practicable in so lawless a country, should relieve the people of one of their chief afflictions. According to latest Government reports, the tribes are now being assessed by properly-qualified commissioners.

But the Sultan's desires for reform does not stop here. In the summer of last year he sent a mission to England, and several of the decrees we have referred to were the outcome of it. He has had consignments of quick-firing guns, a threshing machine with a portable engine, electrical plant, a light narrow-gauge railway plant, a dairy outfit, and bicycles. He has even had a motor-car, and has ridden on it—and, it is reported, come to grief with it. He has had a long series of lessons in photography; and, to crown all, the report has been current for a year past that he contemplates taking a British lady for his wife. What truth there may be with regard to the particular lady whose name is associated with this rumour, whether it be a French canard coined for political objects, I do not know, but sure enough it is that the rumour prevails in Morocco, and by some is believed.

However beneficial these reforms may be to Europe generally, and to England in particular, as tending to open up Morocco to commerce, there is another side of the question. The Moors are a virile race. The want of co-operation alone makes them a negligible quantity in the political game. Educate them in the methods of civilisation, prevail upon them to develop the splendid natural resources of their country, give them the in-

centive to unity that comes of the joint interest in a combined achievement, and the Moors may once again prove the masterful nation that they showed themselves when for seven centuries they ruled Spain, and when, later, and until quite modern times, they placed all Europe under tribute. It must not be forgotten that the people of Morocco have enormous reserves of health. For generations past, in the turnover of the national life progress, they have been storing up energy; whereas the expenditure of civilisation has for a long time past exceeded its income. They have a fertile country with all the potentialities of great wealth. During the first four centuries of the Christian era Morocco was the chief granary of Rome, and Sir Charles Euan-Smith gave it as his opinion that no one could doubt that it might now become the granary of Europe. With these natural resources, the development of Morocco seems fraught with the most doubtful consequences to the nations of Europe. The lesson of civilisation is quickly learnt, as Japan is showing us, and modern arms in the hands of the Moors, reinforced by the Berbers, the unconquered mountaineers of the Atlas, and led by the Mahdi for whom they wait, might prove irresistible to nations whose yeoman classes are being used up in the recuperation of town life. The Moorish national flag has displayed upon it a pair of open shears. The European Powers think these shears are destined to close upon Morocco. What if they close upon the European nations? What if they close upon us? The Moors have only to learn the modern methods we seek to teach them to constitute themselves a power capable, at the least, of withholding from us supplies, and proving itself a menace to Gibraltar, and capable, at the worse, of barring the passage through the Straits and cutting our communication with the East. This seems to be a phase of the Morocco question in no way subordinate to the jealousy of the European Powers, and one which is not generally touched upon.

"CHRISTIAN ANTHEMS."

During the hearing of a charge at Thorpe (Essex) Petty Sessions on Monday of damage to flowers the prosecutor stated that the defendants had smashed his greenhouse and pulled up his "Christian anthems." The magistrates' clerk, mildly: "Chrysanthemums," you mean. Prosecutor (firmly and with dignity): "'Christian anthems,' I said, sir."

WORKING MEN AND EDUCATION.

The Countess of Warwick on Saturday afternoon laid the foundation-stone of a new school at Clutton, near Bristol, and in the course of a short address said that parents would do well to impress upon the children the lesson that their school belonged to the people, that it was to the people and to no single individual they were indebted for their education, and that it was to the people by serving their fellow creatures, especially by fulfilling their duties as citizens, that the debt must be paid. Everyone should try to get into the habit of thinking that in our Board schools what was wanted was not a cheap education for the children of the poor, but the best education for the children of the people of the country.—In the evening the Countess of Warwick delivered an address at the Co-operative and Trades Union Festival, held in Bristol, the subject being "Trades Unionism and Co-operation in their relation to popular education." In the name of education so much party and sectarian strife was she said, being waged at present that sometimes one doubted whether education in the true sense of the term was being furthered by that strife. The Trades Unionists and Co-operators, acting through their organisations, were strong enough numerically to control the educational policy of the country. Why should not the two movements combine on this question? Why should not they formulate a Labour education programme? Why should they not provide an education programme which should give a strong lead to educational reformers, and formulate, not merely a negative policy of opposition to a bad Bill, but a constructive policy which might form a basis for a good Bill, and provide a standard by which educational legislation might be judged, which should point the way, not merely to the training of machine-made "hands" to pile up wealth for others, but to the training of citizens capable of worthily taking their part in controlling the destinies of the Empire? She could not help hoping that such a programme would provide that schools maintained by the people would be controlled by the people. It was because she wished that education should not be made a political question that she appealed to the great non-political working-class organisations to rescue the children from the disaster which would follow, unless the organised workers would resolutely look up this question.

PETROL AND PICTURES.

[By "ARIEL."]

A USE FOR OLD NEGATIVES.

Every amateur photographer has on hand a collection of old and waste negatives. They may be made useful in the following way:—Clean off the film by immersing the negatives in water, and then the glasses can be used for mounting P.O.P. prints. Print these with a white margin, and squeeze them down on the glasses. When dry, sheets of stout paper or card can be pasted on the backs, and then pieces of tape, to form loops to hang them up by.

HOW TO TEST THE SECURITY OF THE DARK ROOM LAMP.

To test the security of the dark room lamp, take a dry developing dish, and place it on the spot where it generally rests during development, and put into it a new sensitive plate. Cover half of the plate with a card or a piece of ruby fabric, and let it remain about half an hour. Then develop the plate in the usual manner, and if it shows any discolouration, the lamp is not perfectly safe, and should be made more non-actinic.

REMOVING THE SHARP EDGES OF NEGATIVES.

When cleaning the backs of negatives before printing from them, cut fingers are a common occurrence, from the sharp edges of the negative. A simple means of avoiding this is to procure a coarse emery rubber, about six inches by three inches, and to grind the edges of the negative, back and front, on this a few times. This thoroughly removes the sharp cutting surfaces.

DEVELOPING ROLL FILMS.

I can recommend the following way of developing roll films to all amateurs who have found it difficult to develop them in the usual way:—Procure a piece of thick glass tubing, about 1 1/2 inches in diameter and about two inches longer than the length of the film, and a cork to fit each end of this tube. Bend the entire roll of film into a sort of half tube, and push it into the glass tube. Cork one end up, pour in sufficient developer, and cork the other end up. The tube can then be kept on the move and the process of developing watched closely without the film being once touched with the fingers. When development is completed, take out the corks and let water run through the tube. Again cork one end up, fill the tube with hypo, and then cork the other end up. When the film is fixed, the hypo is emptied out and the tube put under the tap, with water constantly running through, and the film will be thoroughly washed. The advantage of this plan will be seen at once, as the fingers never touch film or solution through the entire process of developing and fixing. Another good plan is to have a number of pieces of glass slightly larger than the films, smooth the sharp edges by the method given in another paragraph, and attach each film to a glass with two thin elastic bands, which must, of course, be put at the extreme ends of the film negative. The glass need not be detached from the film till after its removal from the fixing bath. A third way is to soak the films before development for five minutes in a dish of cold water till they are quite flat.

THE TIRES OF A MOTOR BICYCLE.

The idea of getting a puncture in a motor-bicycle tyre is by no means pleasant to contemplate. After about two thousand miles running, a band should be solutioned on both tyres. This has always been looked upon as nearly impossible for the average amateur to accomplish. It is not really a difficult matter. It is simply a question of setting about the work on correct lines, if the bands are going to remain permanently fixed. Both the tyre and inside of the band must be very carefully cleaned and roughened with a file card or wire brush. Smith's Patents, Ltd., sell an excellent article for the purpose. Here petrol will be found of use to clean the rubber from all grit. Next apply at least four coats of solution to the tyre and the inner side of the band. The best way of solutioning the band is to roll it on a round piece of wood as the solution is applied. Give the solution time to get quite tacky, and then the band can be applied to

THE PRIZE DRAWING.



The Devil's Chimney.

Drawn by H. S. Wheeler, Cheltenham.

the tyre. Care should be especially taken to see that the joint where the ends of the band come together is firmly solutioned down, as this is generally the first place to work loose. **THE STEERING HEAD OF A MOTOR BICYCLE.**

A novice is apt to pay all his attention to the engine of his machine and neglect the bicycle bearings. Attention should especially be paid to the head of the machine. This should always be kept thoroughly lubricated, and it is even more important to keep the adjustment perfect. Once there is a sign of any play or shake in the head—which can be easily tested by taking hold of the two handle grips and trying to pull them upwards, when the looseness can be felt—the bolt that passes

through the clip should be undone, and then the adjustment ring given a turn or two; then the head clip should be carefully tightened again. If the head is allowed to work loose, the balls are liable to wear oval, and so cause the steering to become very erratic.

"Ariel" will be glad to answer questions addressed to him at this office.

Rome, November 24.—The King has given £4,000 to the Hospital for Foundlings and a similar sum to the medical institutions for indigent invalids.—Reuter.