

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY
SUPPLEMENT

THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE, CHELTENHAM.

Till Saturday, January 10, inclusive,
Pantomime

"SINBAD THE SAILOR."

Morning performance at 2 p.m. Monday,
Thursday, and Saturday.

Time 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 103rd competition is Mr. J. Bye, General Hospital, Cheltenham, with his hospital series.

Entries for the 104th competition closed this (Saturday) morning, Jan. 3rd, 1903, 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, and should not be larger than 10in. by 7½in.

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 fourteenth competition is Mr. W. C. Robson, "Veraville," Marble Hill-road, Cheltenham, with his calendar.

Entries for the fifteenth drawing competition closed this (Saturday) morning, Jan. 3rd, 1903, 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.

No. 105.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1903.



WILLIAM KILLIGREW WAIT, Esq.,
When M.P. for Gloucester, 1873-80. Died Dec.
13th, 1902, aged 76 years.

Mr. Councillor Johnston-Vaughan, as chairman of the Gloucester Conservative Club members who passed a vote of condolence and sympathy with the family of the late Mr. Killigrew Wait in their bereavement, has received the following letter, dated New-place, Porlock, Taunton, Dec. 28th, from Mr. H. W. K. Wait:—"Dear Sir,—I am much obliged to you and other members of the Gloucester Conservative Club for their kind expressions of sympathy with me on the death of my father, William Killigrew Wait. Your letter was the more appreciated owing to the long connection my father had with Gloucester commercially and politically. I think it was the proudest and happiest moment of his life when he was first elected to Parliament for the ancient city; and, although he had retired from public life for so many years, he never ceased to take the utmost interest in everything that related to the place. My mother joins with me in thanking you for your most kind and beautiful letter."

A RAILWAY HERMIT.

For a lonely and many-sided job, says the "Railway Magazine," there are not many to compare with that of the station agent at Corrou Station, on the West Highland section of the North British Railway, who acts as station-master, signalman, porter, goods clerk, booking clerk, parcel clerk, telegraph clerk, postmaster, and postal telegraph clerk. He is perched on the top of a hill in Inverness-shire, 1,350ft. above sea-level, two miles from the nearest neighbour, ten miles from school, twenty-eight miles from a doctor, baker, butcher, shoemaker, or tailor, yet the number of letters that pass through his hands is wonderful. For two months over 6,000 letters and parcels came by post, 800 parcels by train, and, in addition, 600 postal telegrams were received. If he wishes to send a letter by post to his nearest brother-in-trade, seven miles distant, it has to cover 185 miles before it reaches him. In the morning he finds the grouse sitting on the top of the house, and on the window-sill, and often enough the red deer and mountain hare eat his kale.

UTILISATION OF WASTE CHIPS.

The utilisation of waste chips of wood is receiving much attention in the State of Maine. The exploitation of the vast forests of the country has given for a long time past an enormous quantity of chips, for which there seemed apparently no use. The problem was solved on the day the inventors were able to contrive improved automatic machines to manufacture by millions a multitude of small objects formerly made by hand. Machines are now turning out more than 500,000,000 wood toothpicks, 220,000,000 skewers, 100,000,000 counter marks or checks, 150,000,000 counters, and 250,000,000 bobbins yearly. There are other machines more ingenious, but naturally more complicated, which make boxes of all kinds and dimensions, as well as draught boards, backgammon, and chess boards, dominoes, etc., from various kinds of wood, the labour for which needs only a workman to watch over the movement of the machines. At Oxford county, amongst others, there has lately been installed a large factory, whose fifty automatic machines yield as many as 100,000 of these little articles every twenty-four hours. The cost varies, of course, according to the article, from one farthing to 5d. per 1,000. This is the latest instance of rapid and cheap production.



EDUCATION IN FRANCE.

The lack of education among the lower classes in France is strikingly shown by the results of two investigations recently effected by Army officers, writes a Paris correspondent. A captain of cavalry ascertained that out of fifty conscripts whom he questioned thirty knew nothing about the Franco-German War. A more detailed examination, carried out by an infantry officer, has given similar results. Out of forty-four recruits drafted into his company two were quite illiterate. The others wrote and read fairly well, though their spelling was often incorrect; but of history and geography they were painfully ignorant. Half of them admitted that they knew nothing about Joan of Arc, three-quarters could not tell what event was celebrated by the national holiday on July 14, and nearly two-thirds failed to give any information about the war in 1870. One conscript out of ten knew where the French coal-fields are situated, and one in six was able to tell the locality of the chief wine-growing districts.



THE MODERN HOSTESS.

The hostess stands at the top of the stairs and wears an elaborate smile while she shakes hands vigorously with hundreds of people she has not the slightest desire to see. She does not know half of them by sight, and is convinced that some of her guests were never invited at all. But she goes on smiling just the same. She enjoys her own parties less than anyone does.—"The Outlook."



Dundee has appointed a keeper of its public clocks at a salary of £70 a year.

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Photography as a Winter Hobby.

By H. SNOWDEN WARD

(Fellow of the Royal Photographic Society,
Editor of "The Photogram.")

Old superstitions die hard; and there are still many people, even amongst those who have owned cameras for years, who carefully (or more often very carelessly) put away their photographic things as soon as October begins to feel chilly. For there is an old superstition that photography is only possible in the summer time. As a matter of fact, however, winter photography includes many most interesting branches of work; and, strange as it may seem, the winter offers certain advantages for learning photography. It is one of my strong convictions, quite contrary to general opinion, that the amateur who will begin by printing, instead of by negative-making, will make more sure and more rapid progress than his fellow who follows the more usual plan. This is especially true for those who must teach themselves, and on this idea is based what I believe to be the best text-book ever written for the absolute beginner, viz.—"Early work in Photography," by W. Ethelbert Henry, C.B. With such a text-book, or even with the hints that can be conveyed in twenty minutes by the photo-material dealer or an amateur friend, anyone can take up photographic printing. A small supply of sensitive paper, in a light-tight box or envelope, will cost sixpence or a shilling; fivepence or sixpence will buy a quarter-plate printing-frame; and twopence will pay for a pound of *sodium thiosulphate* (commonly called "hypo") which is all you absolutely need to "fix" or render permanent the images you make on the sensitive paper. Water, and one or two basins, pie-dishes, or saucers can be obtained in any household, and with this simple equipment plus the information mentioned above, the beginner can make satisfactory first steps.

DECORATIVE PRINTS OF LEAVES, LACE, &c.,

may be made even before one has ever seen a photographic negative. Any object that is partially transparent and partially opaque can be used to make a print; a leaf, fern, or flower; a piece of lace; an engraving or a sheet of printed or written paper, and with these originals a great deal may be learned by one who is observant. For instance, if a piece of newspaper is placed in the printing frame, the beginner may be surprised to notice that the printing on both sides of the sheet shows in his resulting print, although that which was in contact with the sensitive paper will be clearer. Then, after printing a leaf, he may see that the parts of the sensitive paper not covered by the leaf are quite dark, the parts covered by the thin part of the leaf are less dark, while the dark ribs or veins of the leaf are represented by almost white paper. The leaf has dark veins on a lighter ground, but the print has light veins on a dark ground; and here, for the first time it may be, the beginner meets with a true photographic negative. After "fixing" this negative print he may use it as an object for printing from, and will find that the new print has dark veins on the lighter leaf and is surrounded by a white ground—in fact, a true "positive." The same work will teach that the resulting prints vary greatly in depth of colour, according to the strength of light in which they are printed and the length of time they are exposed to it; also that the print loses a good deal of its depth in the "fixing." The effect of inadvertently leaving sensitive paper uncovered in the light may also be observed, and will teach caution when one comes to deal with the more expensive and immensely more sensitive dry plates.

THE MYSTERY OF THE INVISIBLE IMAGE

is always fascinating, and it may be experimented with in the evening gas or light, without any dark-room, and without making your own sensitive material, by means of the gaslight printing-papers which were introduced a year or two back, and which have

had such a great effect upon the pleasures of winter evening photography. The paper and developer, obtainable from any dealer for a couple of shillings, will be accompanied by printed instructions of sufficient clearness to enable anyone who has mastered the first steps in printing to go forward. In this case the exposure (or printing) must be judged by time, which varies according to the brightness of the light and its distance from the printing-frame. When the printing is finished no image is visible, but it has to be "developed" by means of the chemicals, just as the Russian blue image was developed by water. The advantage of these gaslight papers is that while they will print by lamp-light, if held fairly close to the lamp, they may be developed in the same light (without any dark-room) if they are taken a few feet from the lamp, and screened from its direct rays.

After proceeding thus far, the beginner may well try his hand on printing from an actual photographic negative, which he can beg, or buy for a very few pence from the photo-material dealer. Or, failing that, he can always get a good negative and a positive transparency of the same subject, in the handbook previously mentioned, with which a negative and a positive, on celluloid, are given. Then, after an evening spent in printing and developing such subjects, it may be well to take up the making of lantern slides (which are simply developed prints upon glass), practising with the same negative, and developing in a proper dark-room.

WINTER WORK FOR ESTABLISHED PHOTOGRAPHERS

is not nearly so difficult to find as one might imagine, and, as I have already indicated, it is amongst the most interesting of all photographic work. This is well realised by the leading photographers who prepare their pictures for the great exhibitions, and who often grumble because these shows are not held in the spring, which would enable them to work up their negatives, and to make their prints during the winter. For the making of an exhibition picture is not by any means the simple matter that it may appear to the amateur, who is content with a plain print made from his negatives as soon as it has been developed and dried.

THE MAKING OF AN EXHIBITION PRINT

demands much more than this. In the first place it is generally larger than the original negative, so that an enlargement must be made, and this usually means (nowadays) an enlarged negative. Even before making the enlarged negative the original may need a great deal of treatment. Few negatives will make exhibition prints without much selective hand work, toning down here, and strengthening there, for exhibitors and selecting committees and critics are much more keen than they were ten years ago. The exhibitor probably has his idea or ideal of what his picture ought to be, but in nature he cannot find, and with the camera he cannot record, the exact effects. His plain print from the negative has shadows which print too black, so he restrains these by varnishing over them with a tinted matt varnish, to make them print more slowly. And there may be high-lights which lack detail and gradation. These he reduces by chemical means, or rubs down, mechanically, with wash-leather or linen and alcohol. Many other little treatments on similar lines are resorted to, until the result becomes more and more a work of art, although produced by means of photography.

LANTERN-SLIDE MAKING

also makes its demands in the winter. While the print can only be passed from hand to hand, and enjoyed by a few, a good lantern-slide well projected gives a picture that can be enjoyed by and explained to hundreds of people at once. Slide-making whether by contact or in the camera, is fascinating work, and for those of sociable tendencies it offers the advantage (when working "contact" slides, at any rate) that it may be done on the parlour table in the midst of the family, without any fear of damage from "those nasty chemicals," and without need for dark-room precautions. To do this, the less

sensitive plates must be used, and they can be worked like the gaslight printing-papers.

NON-PHOTOGRAPHIC LANTERN-SLIDES

are scarcely within my present subject, but they are so useful, and yet so little used, that a few words may be pardoned. To make them it is only necessary to have glass coated with some opaque pigment, in such a way that it may be conveniently scratchable with a needle point. The most perfect coating for the purpose is fine carbon (lamp black) deposited by holding the cold glass close over the flames of one or two candles or a bunch of bougies, or over the chimney of a paraffin lamp, in such a position as to check, but not quite stop the draught. It is very difficult, however, to get a dense and even coating by these means, and even when obtained it makes a slide which is very liable to rub. So it is better to buy "diagram slide plates," ready coated, from the lantern dealers, or buy black matt varnish and coat your own slides.

PRETTY COMBINATION EFFECTS are obtained by making the picture-slide with a blank margin and painting a mask of black varnish on the cover-glass, on which the title of the subject is neatly written and enclosed in lines to make a neat label or cartouche. Just a word of warning, again, hard black varnish that will chip and fly under the needle-point. Tell the dealer the purpose for which you require it.

THE CAMERA NEED NOT BE IDLE

in the winter, any more than the printing-frame or the lantern. In the winter days, if they be reasonably light, there are chances of making charming figure-studies indoors, of the children, and of such sisters, cousins, and aunts as may be picturesque and amenable to the amateur picture-maker. Then, if there be snow on the ground, the time is ideal for photographing interiors of churches, cathedrals, and other dark-roofed buildings, for the snow reflects light into the roof and brings out detail which cannot possibly be photographed with summer's lighting.

Still life subjects, fruit, winter flowers, a bunch of honesty or pampas grass in a suitable vase, a group of books, fans, and peacock feathers, or any other of the thousand-and-one groupings of quaint and pretty things which come under the very elastic title of 'still life,' will afford scope for much pleasant thought and study.

The camera may also be used much more freely than it generally is, for copying. A piece of print or manuscript, sheets of music, drawings and engravings, and many similar subjects may be multiplied for the interest and amusement of friends at a distance. The photographer's other hobby, is he has one, or his brother's or his sister's, whether it be stamp-collecting, birds' eggs, butterflies, or botany, may be recorded by photography, and the prints will tell so much more than any description of the quality, variety, and other conditions of the specimens.

EVEN OUT-DOOR WORK IN WINTER has charms and advantages. Many views, and especially architectural subjects which are masked by the foliage of summer, are at their best when the trees are leafless. And snow-scapes offer to the picture-maker some of the most fascinating problems in texture-rendering.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY NIGHT,

which has been rapidly growing in popularity during the past three or four years, can be best carried on in the winter. When the lights in streets and windows are all aglow, the camera, on a firm stand, may be placed to face a picturesque arrangement of lights, and an exposure of fifteen to twenty minutes, with a medium stop and a (backed) plate of medium rapidity, will give an interesting and to many people a surprising picture. The effect is always improved if there is rain or snow on the ground, to reflect the lights and help to illuminate slight shadow detail.

In conclusion I propose to devote a few lines to the photographic side of a subject, which has probably never been sympathetically treated in a newspaper, and about which I have recently been writing a little book—the first ever published on the subject, as far as I am aware.

GRANGERISING OR EXTRA ILLUSTRATING

is capable of being made a most valuable hobby, and the use of photography removes from it the only reproach under which it has suffered, namely, that it destroyed good books for the sake of their engravings. Anyone of ordinary good education, who will give the necessary time and patience to the work, can extra-illustrate a volume or volumes in such a way as to make the result worthy of a place amongst the "uniques" of the British Museum, or perhaps better still make it one of the most valued treasures of the public library of his own town. I know of no other way in which a man can use the odd scraps and corners of time to build a lasting monument to his own memory, and one which shall be a benefit to his fellows for years or centuries.

The first step is to choose a subject and a book that are worth extra-illustrating, and that are not too ambitious. If possible, take something for illustrating for which you have special facilities. For instance, the history of your own town gives the advantage that you are geographically placed where illustrative matter is most likely to be found. Having decided on the book, buy a working copy, in which you can make memoranda; and at the same time, or maybe years later, you will need a second copy (or perhaps two) in the best edition, and on large paper if possible, to be taken to pieces and re-bound with the extra illustrations. Read the book through most carefully and made a desideratum-list of everything that will throw light upon the subject, considering "illustration" in the widest possible sense. Pictures, cuttings from newspapers and other books, views of places, portraits of worthies (and unworthies), letters, deeds, proclamations, plans, maps, announcements, tickets for entertainments and tramcars, programmes, menus, and a host of other things may be suitable as illustrations. Even a lock of hair of a person mentioned may have illustrative value. The advantage of photography is that almost every possible illustrative subject may be represented by a photographic copy when the original is not obtainable; and many subjects may be photographed, of which no satisfactory drawing or other illustration exists.

The odd moments of years may be spent in searching for, collecting, and photographing illustrative matter, and when once a real interest has been aroused the Grangerite feels much of the joy of the hunter or explorer, and all the keen pleasure of the successful collector. And he has the satisfaction of knowing that each print or scrap collected is adding to the value of a property which will have no duplicate in the whole world. Such a work is surely one of the very best uses to which one can turn photography as a winter hobby.

Next week: "Private Theatricals," by Mrs. C. N. Williamson.

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Music and Musical Training.

By ANNIE W. PATTERSON, Mus. Doc., B.A.

I.—MUSIC AS A PROFESSION.

Money making has become a necessity of existence. We must either have this useful commodity made for us or we must make it ourselves. Toil or talent, and both combined, are hence, from one point of view which cannot be overlooked, directed toward one definite end. They must be utilised as a means of subsistence; in other words, as a way whereby money may be made. Art for Art's sake is a beautiful idea in the abstract, but even this delightful pursuit cannot be successfully or comfortably followed out without "the wherewithal." The poet, the painter, the musician must first be housed, clothed, and fed—even if but after an indifferant fashion—if their talents have fair scope for exercise. Food, raiment, and

shelter cost money; to some less, to others more. Whereupon has arisen the strenuous need, especially where independent means—money again—are not forthcoming, that art, as well as mechanical occupations, should furnish a source of livelihood. This is a stern fact, which even the most enthusiastic and those of the loftiest principles cannot controvert. But there is a good and a bad way of doing everything. In spite of the sneers of the pessimist, let us still hold fast to the truth of the old adage:—"Honesty is the best policy." Members of the medical, the legal, the art, and even the clerical professions must make money to live. Let them strive to do so with a clear conscience, to the best of their ability, and honestly in the sight of God and man. Mortal enterprise must herewith be content. Thus far must the spirit yield to the requirements of the flesh.

Most professions, people say, are overcrowded nowadays. The truth is that, although mediocrity abounds, there is always plenty of room "at the top" for the truly gifted and expert. Talent, of varying degrees, may be plentiful, but genius is as scarce as it ever was. This is especially the case with music. It has also often been alleged that, in choosing a profession, each should always follow the bent of his inclination. Tastes may be cultivated to a certain extent, but it is still indisputable that the artist is born and not made. This, again, particularly applies to the musician. So, in selecting music as a profession, the young aspirant should be very careful. A mere fondness for the "concord of sweet sounds" must not be mistaken for the fervour of natural aptitude, ear and gift. Personal vanity and the ambition to shine as a public performer may not be confounded with that longing to excel at a given propensity, the love for which is part of one's very being. Thus the singer must have the voice to start with; the composer requires the power of original melodic thought; even the would-be teacher of music needs more than personal education and aptitude if he or she succeed as an instructor—the true professor of music must be one "to the manner born."

THE MUSICAL EAR.

Upon the matter of "the musical ear" we might say much, but there are so many theories abroad upon the subject, and the matter itself is, as yet, so wrapt in mystery, that it would be futile to discuss what, so far, passes the comprehension of man. Who, for instance, can explain why some, born with perfect physical hearing, keen mental perception, and a love and appreciation of all that is beautiful in art and nature, are still devoid of what is known as an ear for music? Others again, partially deaf from birth or through accident, revel in the sound gamut and are powerfully sensitive to what is known as timbre, i.e., tone colour, as exemplified by the difference in sound between a flute and an oboe. In the face of these inexplicable facts we are dumb. Else we fondly imagine a "sixth sense" which perceives with the spirit and the understanding rather than through the material channels of eye and ear. Or, it maybe, we realise that the great scale of vibration, or movement of molecules, embraces heat, light, electricity, and even life in its compass, as well as sound, and that certain sections of that mighty Music of Movement are more sympathetically assimilated by some natures than by others.

Allowing then—though without attempting to explain its presence, for even heredity cannot account for it—that the musical ear exists in an individual, and that with it is combined the innate wish and faculty to excel in the art of music, a young person of either sex thus imbued is well justified in selecting the Ars Divina as a profession whereby a living made be made. At this stage one must endeavour to find out how, and at what period of one's existence, music, as a gift, displays itself. The child is father to the man. Seldom then does it happen that early youth passes without some indication of budding talent or future attainments. To child life, therefore, must we turn to trace the first awakening of the musical gift in any one or all of its varied signs and symptoms.

Has the reader ever pondered why the

mother's lullaby soothes the fretful infant, when often all else fails? The primary uses of sound serve, indeed, either to calm or excite; witness many of nature's drowsy murmurings, or—to mention an emotional extreme—the varied ways in which military bands, powerful orchestras, and strong air vibrations of any kind—even the roar of artillery or the thunder of heaven—affect the senses through the ear channels. It is quite certain, if we observe closely, that some children are more affected than others by the first sounds they hear. It would be very interesting to collect reliable statistics on this topic, if this were possible to any useful extent. Each of us can, at all events, traverse our own personal experiences, and remember things strange and hard to be understood. Mozart, when a little lad, is reported to have fainted at the sound of a trumpet, so keenly sensitive was he to sound. Children whom we have known have crept in awe to the pianoforte keyboard, and, as if afraid of the effect produced, have tenderly touched the glistening notes with their tiny fingers, and gone into ecstasies of delight when the concord of the major third was accidentally discovered. Other young people have been fascinated by barrel organs, street bands, and even the most melancholy and discordant efforts of itinerant minstrels and singers. But most of all does the musical child display himself as a maker of music. Often when parents are unmusical, and the piano is seldom touched, the musically gifted little one will invest his pocket money in tin whistles, mouth organs, toy drums, and all sorts of tinkling or sounding playthings. Failing even these, he will initiate natural sounds with the voice, delight in extorting music from jingling glass pendants or the steel bars of his cot, and in a hundred little ways strive for an outlet for the yearning that is within him—the longing for the wordless language of tone. Many guardians of youth fail to perceive these signs, or set them down as the fondness of youth for noise! How little we really know—how much less can we express definite opinions. But let those of us who are so privileged as to be able to watch childhood closely mark, learn, and inwardly digest. So may we best avoid, even unwittingly, stunting the young musician till, in years of discretion, he knows to act for himself. How sad that the adult should ever realise, not without a touch of bitterness that, but for the lack of facilities in early childhood, he too might have been equipped as were Mozart and Mendelssohn—for these latter were probably the best trained musical children who ever existed.

It is in childhood also that the peculiar department of the musical art is indicated, in the pursuit of which the individual will have most chance of excelling. All our greatest singers have displayed voice, ear, and attitude at an early age. In the case of instrumentalists, one or other instrument—if not more than one—has claimed a special affection from the first. The successful composer will tell you he has been "making music" in his head as far back as he can remember. Here again are mysteries. Who can tell, who can conjecture, what it all means? Let us wonder and admire; and, although we are about to consider how such "gifts" can be turned to money-making, let us pause for a moment to reflect upon that which money cannot buy—the inventive brain, the resolute will, the enthusiasm in a good cause—in other words, the belief in oneself as a part of the Great Intelligence that rules the Universe.

MUSIC AS A MEANS OF MAKING A LIVING.

Before we enter upon each department of musical activity in detail, it is well to enumerate all briefly, touching upon their respective prospects as a means of making a living. Singers have a wide, and, perhaps, the most lucrative of all fields open to them. Immense fortunes have been made by *prime donne* and *primi tenori*, and the popular comic vocalist can always command a handsome income. One need only think, in this connection, of the triumphs of Patti, the brothers De Reszke, and Yvette Gilbert. The operatic stage offers, no doubt, the most fruitful domain, from a financial point of view, for the public singer; but fair competence may also

CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC, JANUARY 3, 1903
 Christmas Decorations at Cheltenham General Hospital.—The Prize Pictures.



FEMALE MEDICAL WARD No. 4.



FEMALE SURGICAL WARD No. 7.



CHILDREN'S WARD No. 6.

Photos by J. Bye, Cheltenham.



MALE MEDICAL WARD No. 9.

be gained by vocalists who confine their displays to the concert platform or our great cathedrals and churches. At oratorio performances, ballad and other first-class concerts in London and elsewhere, at the great musical festivals throughout the provinces, and the numerous at homes, and other semi-private fashionable functions at which music forms a part, good vocalists, once they get known as such, are always in request.

The solo instrumentalist, although not so generally sought after as the vocalist, still has excellent prospects if he be really gifted. One need only recollect the phenomenal success of such great pianists as Liszt, Von Bulow, Rubinstein, and, in the present day, Paderewski; as also the fame of notable violinists like Paganini, Bull, Neruda (Lady Halle), Sarasate, and many others. Even apart from brilliant and high feed *virtuoso* work, performers on stringed instruments—violin, cello, and double bass—on wood and brass instruments, not to speak of harpists, etc.—can usually find remunerative engagements in the many orchestras which are becoming of ever increasing importance in our great cities. Chamber music, for its interpretation, requires a competent "quartet" of strings and an accomplished pianist. The really good accompanist, again, need never fear lack of employment, if he once get "into the swim." For, albeit the art of accompanying is not a "showy" one, yet the lady or gentleman who can "read

anything at sight," and has genuine tact, taste, and ability at the art, is most indispensable to the success of musical entertainments.

Other spheres of musical work, more or less lucrative according to circumstances and the ability of the individual, include the callings of the church organist, the conductor of choirs and orchestras, the composer of songs, pieces and larger choral and orchestral works, and, last but not least, the teacher of music. In the following series of articles we hope to treat of all these branches of the musical calling with as much detail as space will permit, both as regards their expediency and utility, and considering them as a means to an end of obtaining a livelihood.

Next week: "The Teacher of Music."

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MR. SWINBURNE ON "KING LEAR."

The Christmas number of "Harper's Magazine" includes a critical article on "King Lear" by Mr. Algernon Swinburne, with illustrations, of which one is an effective colour-print representing "Goneril and Regan," by Mr. E. A. Abbey. Among Mr. Swinburne's comments are some characteristic passages. He says of the play: "Among all its other

great qualities, among all the many other attributes which mark it for ever as matchless among the works of man, it has this, above all: that it is the first great utterance of a cry from the heights and the depths of the human spirit on behalf of the outcasts of the world—on behalf of the social sufferer, clean or unclean, innocent or criminal, thrall or free. To satisfy the sense of righteousness, the craving for justice, as unknown and unimaginable by Dante as by Chaucer, a change must come upon the social scheme of things which shall make an end of the actual relations between the judge and the cutpurse, the beadle and the prostitute, the beggar and the king. All this could be uttered, could be prophesied, could be thundered from the English stage at the dawn of the seventeenth century. Were it within the power of omnipotence to create a German or a Russian Shakespeare, could anything of the sort be whispered or muttered, or hinted, or suggested from the boards of a Russian or a German theatre at the dawn of the twentieth? When a Tolstoy or a Suderman can do this, and can do it with impunity in success, it will be allowed that this country is not more than three centuries behind England in civilisation and in freedom."

* * *

Twelve fishing boats have landed a catch of 150,000 herrings at Plymouth.

Christ Church (Cheltenham) Boys' Concert.



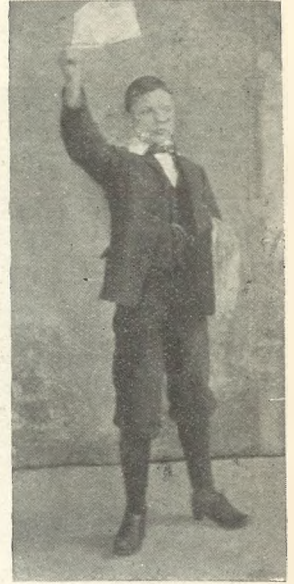
OLD CLO.



BUTTONS.



MUFFINS AND CRUMPETS.



"GRAPHIC, SIR!"

PETROL AND PICTURES.

A TRANSPARENT SPARKING PLUG.

I have had recently an opportunity of testing the new "Seer" transparent sparking plug, invented by Mr. Calvert, and have found the device quite satisfactory. The insulator is made of a specially annealed glass of a highly insulative and refractive nature, and will withstand all changes of temperature without cracking. The insulator is tubular, and enclosed at the inner end only, the leading-in wire being hermetically sealed into the glass at this end, and therefore perfectly air-tight. The outer end of the wire is clamped under a small band clip, to which the high tension wire from the coil is connected. This clamp is removable. There is no cement used in the plug, and one shell will do for any number of insulators. The glass insulator can be fitted to ordinary De Dion type plugs, being interchangeable with the porcelain, and is fitted in the same way, viz. with asbestos packing. The advantages claimed by the maker are:—(1) The spark can be seen when the engine is working; (2) it can be observed if there is a spark but no mixture in the cylinder; (3) the quality of the mixture can be judged from the intensity of the flame from explosion, as observed through plug.

A MOTOR-CYCLE CLUB FOR CHELTENHAM.

I have recently discussed with several local motor-cyclists the practicability of forming a motor-cycle club in Cheltenham and district for next season. They all agreed that it would be quite possible to form a club. I should be pleased to hear from any motor-cyclist who would be willing to join. If a sufficient number can be obtained, a meeting can be easily arranged to discuss the question. I might say I have received six promises of membership.

TO MAKE SOUND JOINTS.

Occasionally it will be found that the compression is not good. Test the joints as described recently. If the leakage is noticeable, replace the asbestos washers by some made out of a piece of sheet aluminium 1-16th inch thick.

SPARKING.

A good spark for firing is always known by being very brilliant and emitting a snapping noise in air.

THE DANGERS OF PETROL.

I have frequently been asked by non-motorists whether there was any fear of the motor exploding or the petrol catching fire. As far as motor-cycles are concerned, the man who hesitates to takes up the pastime

on this account can be reassured. In the early days of motor-cycling, when the red-hot tube was the only system of igniting the charge, there was danger of the petrol catching fire from the lamp used to heat the tube; but now electric ignition has superseded the tube, the danger has practically disappeared. There need never be the least fear on a motor-bicycle of the electric spark igniting the petrol, for the simple reason that the spark only takes place in the combustion chamber of the engine, and only when the petrol vapour is mixed with a definite proportion of air does the ignition take place. The risk of the explosion flash passing along the inlet pipe is obviated by the insertion of screens of wire gauze fixed in the inlet pipe, but even if this were not the case the closing of the inlet valve would prevent the flash occurring. The novice must not think from reading the foregoing that there is no danger attached to the use of petrol. It is extremely inflammable, and has great explosive power when mixed with air. No flame should be allowed any nearer than three or four feet. No smoking should be allowed in a shed containing petrol. When examining the machine at night with the use of a lamp, be careful to keep it at least two feet from the carburettor. The best thing to use on such an occasion is the 4-volt glow-lamp. In case petrol is accidentally ignited, remember that it cannot be put out by throwing water on it. The petrol, being lighter, simply floats on the top, and burns as well as ever. The best method of extinguishing the flame is to smother it with a rug, etc., or a shower of sand will act as well. A concluding hint is never to work with petrol spirit indoors, or at least have door and windows open.

PRINTS BY DEVELOPMENT.

At this time of the year, when dull days are generally the rule, it is very difficult to obtain prints quickly on P.O.P. from negatives. One remedy is to adopt one of the many excellent gaslight papers now on the market, when the weather will make no difference. A large number of amateurs, however, prefer P.O.P., and there is one method of obtaining prints from it, even in the dulllest weather. The following is the process, as recommended by the Paget Co.:—The prints are exposed for one-tenth of the time which would be necessary for full printing out, and, when taken from the printing frames, are first placed, without washing, in a ten per cent. solution of potassium bromide, in which they must be allowed to remain until they are thoroughly bromided, the time varying from one to ten minutes, according to the age of the paper. Care must be taken

to wet each print thoroughly before putting in the next, to prevent their sticking to each other, and bubbles must be rubbed off with the finger. In this bath the prints acquire a yellow tone. After removal from the bromide bath, the prints must be washed for at least three minutes in running water. They can then be developed. Care must be taken not to over-develop. When development has been carried far enough, it must be promptly stopped by quickly rinsing the prints in water and immersing them in a second bromide bath for a minute, and then thoroughly washing in water. Then tone in the sulpho-cyanide bath.

THROUGH ARCTIC CANADA.

Mr. David Hanbury, F.R.G.S., the well-known English explorer of the northern Canadian wilds, who has returned to Winnipeg, Manitoba, after an Arctic journey of more than ordinary interest, is leaving immediately for London, and will make a report to the Royal Geographical Society.

Mr. Hanbury, says a Winnipeg correspondent, left Edmonton, on the Saskatchewan River, in February, 1901, via Great Slave Lake, and traversed the new regions called the Barren Lands. These are treeless vistas of moss-covered ground, whose only living denizens were wild beasts and still wilder Eskimos. In some places there was grass about 2ft. high; in other places nothing but moss, and again there were parts where bare rock only was to be seen.

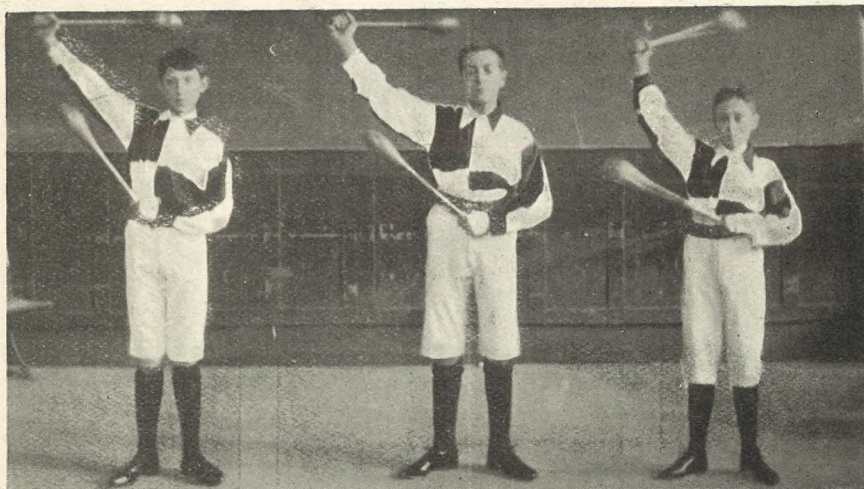
This country bears strong evidence of the glacial period, as the rocks are quite plainly marked where the ancient ice fields rubbed and marked the stone. Thousands of cariboo, the only game, were passed.

Near the rivers at Chesterfield Inlet a whaler was waiting with winter supplies, and Mr. Hanbury spent the winter months with the Eskimos in their villages of snow houses. Accompanied by Eskimos he finally reached Ogden Bay on the Arctic Ocean. Here he met more Eskimos, who spoke a different language to those he had brought with him.

Mr. Hanbury was a great curiosity among the new tribe, being the first white man they had ever seen. The people were kind but very timid. Their spear and arrowheads were made of copper, which abounds in a native state in that country.

After leaving Ogden Bay Mr. Hanbury proceeded west on the ice, which was still good, to Coppermine river, which he ascended with much difficulty owing to the shoals and the rapids. The party had many exciting experiences, being without food for four days.

Christ Church (Cheltenham) Boys' Concert



INDIAN CLUBS.

HATS!

SOLDIERS.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

wealthy Cheltenham! This is another title to which the Garden Town can justly lay claim. The published list of wills proved during the year amply proves it, if there were any doubt of its justice. The 35 estates sworn for probate—and the list does not include the names of all the deceased testators—aggregated the enormous amount of £1,206,733, nearly doubling the previous year's record so far as could be publicly ascertained. Of course, this abnormal amount was swollen by the big estate of the late General A. W. H. Meyrick, reaching £345,962. Cheltenham also topped the county list of bequests for charitable and religious purposes, as three pious donors left between them £23,000 altogether. Last year the amount was greater, namely, £70,000, but in that total Mr. J. C. Hay's splendid dispositions, over which his widow exercised her power of appointment, were counted. The county wills reached a total of £479,484, as against £601,535 in the corresponding period. Gloucester made a good stride forward with £101,070, as compared with £30,341; but the city's total for this year would be at least £35,000 more if two very recent wills were counted in. There, one out of the eight testators, and she a lady, left £1,300 to charities. It is an interesting fact that in a quiet and unpretentious street two persons died leaving £50,000 between them. The estates of testators formerly associated with the county ran up to £297,810, or a falling off of about £50,000. The grand total of the estates that fell into the maw of the Chancellor of the Exchequer for death duties is £2,085,097, as against £1,613,921. Those who do not participate as beneficiaries have, at least, the satisfaction of knowing that the State has taken heavy toll of the properties and that Gloucestershire is going forward in its national contributions.

We are now in the new year, and two out of the six months devoted to foxhunting have gone. December was not altogether a satisfactory month. Frost took about ten days out of it at the commencement, and foxes still got the better of hounds owing to lack of scent. The Duke of Beaufort has the record for kills on one day, as his hounds accounted for five foxes in Wilts on December 20th. The Cotswolds had a run of 1½ hours on December 13th, and on the 20th they ran into the North Cotswold pack at Guiting, and after being separated they killed two foxes, one through sitting too long in a field, taking a rest. Our local pack had the unenviable experience of having the huntsman and the first whip laid up together, the two Charlies having met with nasty falls, Travers on the 2nd and Beacham on the 24th ultimo. So Mr. Algernon Rushout has confirmed the rumours by intimating his resignation of the mastership. And gossip points to a similar course in regard to the Ledbury. This pack has had one or two good runs of late, notably on the 19th, when they ran eight miles in 45 minutes; and on the 27th, on which day they were two hours and ten minutes after a fox from Berth Hill. To the credit of Lord Fitzhardinge's may be placed a two hours' run on the 18th from Moreton Maypole, with a kill; a seven-mile point from the Fishing House to Alveston Ship, on the 20th; and two Frocester foxes killed three days later on; and a run of two hours and ten minutes from Blackthorn, with a kill, on the 30th.

A once familiar figure with the Cotswold Hounds and also about Cheltenham was missing from the Queen's Hotel meet on Boxing Day, and I then little thought that before the day closed the news would be received in town of his having been killed on the turf. I allude to Mr. Herbert S. Sidney, the successful racehorse owner and gentleman jockey. It is strange that he should have received his fatal fall in Staffordshire, the very county from which he sprang. I wonder where a London newspaper got its authority for describing him as "a west-countryman of the farming class"? He lived and died for sport, and I think there was in his meteoric career as a jockey much that was parallel to Fred Archer's.

GLEANER.

"Selina Jenkins Letters."

ALMANACS.

So sure as the new year arrives round do we find the shops full of almanicks, wich is of all sorts, sizes, and colours, and is to be obtained from nothing up to two-and-sixpence. In an ordinary sort of a way a almanick's supposed to be a thing you can tell the day of the month by; but things have arrived to such a pass now that they be all picture and ribbons, and very little else, as can only be deciphered with a powerful magnifying glass that there is any figures on the things at all, and does very well for to decorate the walls with; but, as for usefulness—well, they ain't a hatom of use.

Amongst the different kinds of almanicks, the chierest I considers is as follows:—

- (1) Almanicks as is gave away.
- (2) Almanicks as is sold.
- (3) Almanicks as sells.

Almanicks as is gave away is a very useful hinstitootion, and I'm that sorry, you can't think, they be dying out of late years—wot with the cutting the prices and the taxes hup, and sich like—as looks very pretty hanged around my back-parlour, and forms a regular gallery of fine art, as couldn't be beat for colour nowheres, amongst others being "The Death of Nelson," "General Buller" (with hincidents in is career), "Waiting for Pa" (being a very omely picture of two children and a young woman looking out of a cottage door), "Moses in the Bullrushes," and "The Prince and Princess of Wales sitting amongst their family."

In my hapynyun these 'ere almanicks is just as showy as anything I seed when I went thro' the Natural Gallery in London, and I considers the colours is a deal brighter and more taking to the heye, wich, you believe me, there was a tray few of the pictures up in that there Natural Gallery as were actooally cracked all over; and, as I says to the intendant in charge, says I, "I considers as it's a downrite shame to intice people in here a-wasting their time looking at such old-rubbishy things as they be, as wants a good rub down with linseed oil and turpentine, that they do; and there's many a pore artis' chap'd be glad of the job to put a bit more paint on where it 'ave cracked so bad, as would be keeping the unemployed to work and humproving your old photygraphs."

Yes, I likes my almanicks better nor all your Natural Gallery, although I 'ad 'em with a pound of tea or a pair of boots or summat, free without charge. Owsomdever, some of they as doesn't give almanicks away at Christmas time says that somebody 'as to pay for 'em, as may be true, so far as it goes, only I knows that I ain't the one, so it don't worry me over-much, 'aving enough troubles of me own with the sciatics and a chimney as smokes very bad, without pining away becoss the grocer or the bootmaker wastes 'is vally ble money on fine art to go on my walls.

Nextly, we comes to almanicks as is sold, of wich their name is legion, as the sayin' is.

The other day I went into a book shop, and asked to see some of the latest, 'aving a idea to send one to a niece of mine, as 'ave been very toad of dates ever since she were a hinfant (wich is a joke, and is 'rote down as sich. No offence, I 'ope, Mr. Hedditor!). The young man at the book shop just showed me the way to a room as was called the almanick department; and I never knowed there was so many days to the month before as I seed on all they things. There was almanicks to 'ang hup, almanicks to spread out like a book, almanicks to stand on the mantepiece, long string of almanicks like so many Spanish onions—one to the month, tiny little almanicks about as big as a postage-stamp, almanick book-marks, and 'eaps of other kinds too numerous to mention, as the advertisements do say. There was some as 'ad ping-pong remarks to each day, and others words of cheer from Willum Shakspeare; but, eventooally, I picks out one as 'ad texes for every day, as I considers is better for a young gel rising 17 than pomes and things as says a lot but don't mean nothink solid like a tex'.

I couldn't help thinking, 'owever, as I stands there surrounded with all these 'eaps of time-markers, wot a lot of time people must spend 'unting for the date in amongst the flowers and ribbons and fal-lals, as these 'ere almanicks was mostly made of.

But, talking about waste of time, honners must go for that to the 3rd item on the list, the same being

Almanicks as sells!

By this I means them as sells the public, included in which is that there Raffel and Zadkel, not to speak of old Father Moore, as is thought a good deal of by good, 'onest, silly country folk, even nowadays, when people is persecuted by law for foretelling fortunes (if they be poor enough); and the stars is known to be very doubtful in their reckonings, and not to be depended on wotever. Why, only a little time back one of the stars was lost for a long time, and couldn't be found no-where, so I did read in the paper; and wot sort of dependence is there in wandering things of that sort, I should like to know! And yet there is many a body as won't kill a pig until they looks to see whether Raffel says it's the right time of the month to do it or not; talking of wich reminds me of a man I used to know, as were a firm believer in the stars and planets and things, wich no sooner did he 'ave the toothache than he sits down to work it out as to wot conjunctions, as he did call it, were a-troubling of his tootn; and, wots more, I've known him endure ramping toothache for a fortnight rather than go and 'ave it out to a dentist until the day were marked in the almanick as a suspicious one for ' surgical hoperations, oaties, and other tumults.

Mary Ann Tompkins, she can't a-bear the s.gnt of a kanel almanick, on the Q.T., as the sayin' is, not since she insulted his pages to see if she snould refuge or accept a admirer of eis, wich, of course, was a good many years back; and I 'ave 'eard that the young man, aving halso been struck that way, with the aserology fever, he, too, insulted the pages of another foretelling almanick, wich it never appened that there were a auspicious day to pop the question and a auspicious day to say "Yes" in for more'n 3 weeks, after wich time the young fellow 'ad thought better of it, 'aving seen someoody else as he nked better, with prospects of a cottage as brought in 2s. 6d. per week as a marriage settlement, wich wasn't to be sneezed at, although they do say the young ooman ad a tidy temper of her own when roused; as showed the stars was a bit mixed, aving to decide between fortune and ladylikeness.

But, talking about superstition and the like, you believe me, there's as much amongst the blue-blooded haristocrats as there is amongst 'umble folk, as can be excused better than their richer neybars. Why, I 'ave 'eard tell of select parties, 'eld by people as ought to know better, a-'anging over a little machine called a "Planchey," wich you asks it questions and it spells out answers through mystic or magic or summat dark and mysterious; wich they says the grooms and stable-boys and racing men buys a lot, to see who's going to be the winner.

Then there's all this 'ere palmistry, and so forth, as can afford to live in fine style on the proceeds thereof; but if a physy or a pore person is caught doing a bit of the same—well, then the living is at the expense of the nation at large, on prison bread.

In conclusion, I considers that it's just as well we shouldn't know wot's going to 'appen next week and the week after; and them as 'as so much time to spare as to try to ferret out sich matters ought to go for missionaries or take up some other useful work to kill time.

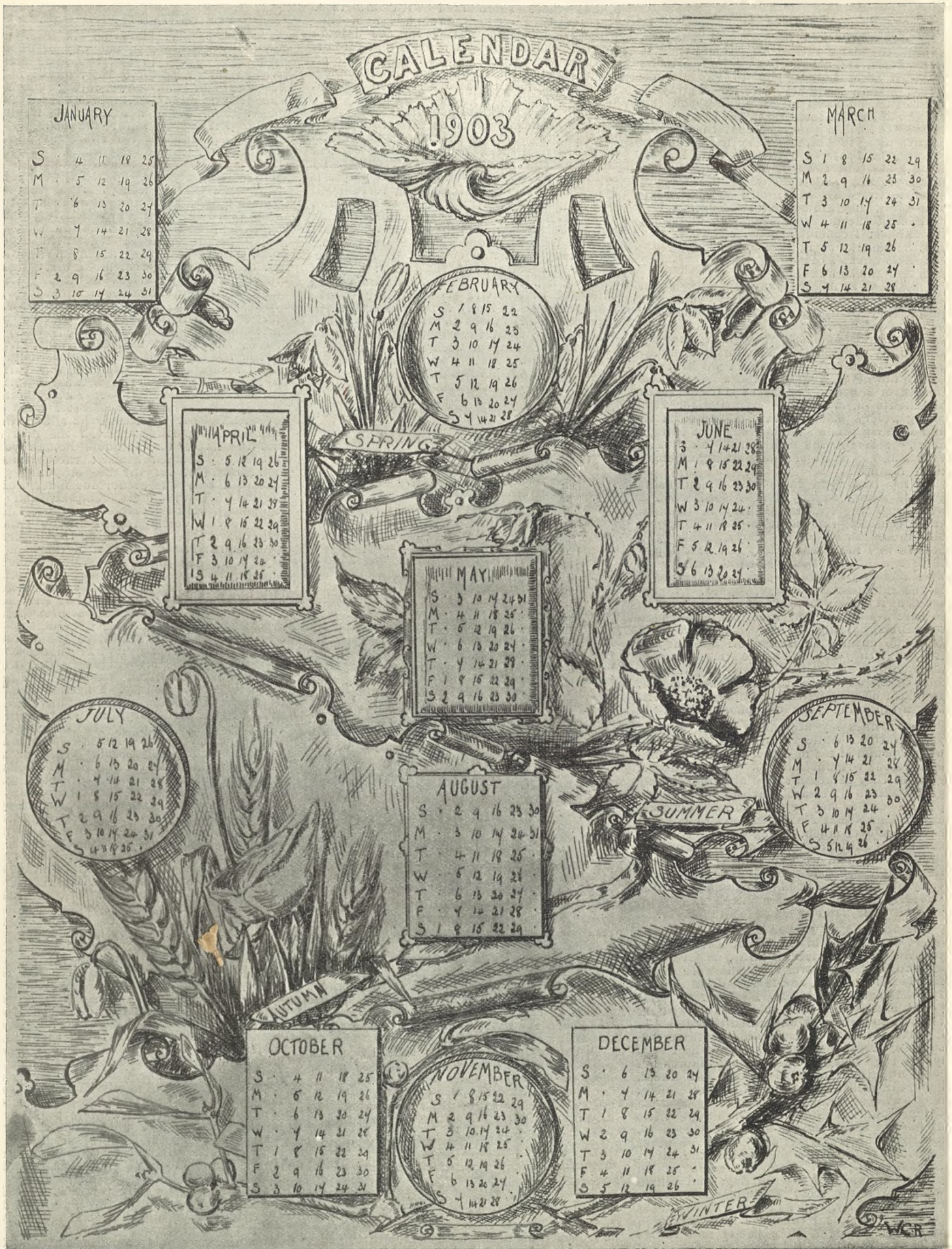
SELINA JENKINS.

It is interesting to note that among the candidates just accepted by the C.M.S. for missionary work is the Rev. J. E. M. Hannington, a son of the martyred Bishop Hannington. Since his ordination, nearly three years ago, Mr. Hannington has been curate of Jesmond, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

ABOUT PERFUME.

ITS HISTORY AND USE.

The use of perfume is as old as history, and all people have in one way or another used sweet scents to enhance their attractiveness or to preserve their beauty. It was the sun and flower-loving Orientals who first distilled perfume and used sweet spices. This love of flowers, says "Health," and of perfume in nature undoubtedly led to the use of concocted sweetness and its manufacture. The Egyptians, who first used perfumes for sacred rites and for household purposes, probably imported them from Persia, that land of the rose. Bible students know how the Jewish people loved perfumes of all kinds. Every morning their priests burned sweet incense. The people perfumed their beds with myrrh, aloes, and cassia; they anointed their hair and beards with myrrh, aloes, and frankincense; and they carried on their persons small silver or gold boxes or alabaster vials filled with musk, attar of roses, spikenard, and other perfumes. The Greeks, with their love of personal beauty, were, of course, addicted to use of perfume. Every part of the body had its particular unguent. The Grecian love of perfume was carried to Rome. Roman ladies became notorious for the use of scents. A society woman usually kept a slave, whose sole duty was to sprinkle her mistress's hair and dress with Indian perfumes. Even the men fell into the habit, and a noble Roman youth carefully perfumed himself three times a day. Ointment for the use of young girls contained only one scent; for older women the mixture was more complex, and the regal unguent was composed of no less than twenty-seven costly ingredients. This is only one of the evidences of the luxurious spirit which had taken hold of Rome in the days of the Empire. The sterner Romans, like Julius Caesar and Crassus, deprecated the excessive use of essences, and efforts were made to restrict their use. The famed perfumes of the East were first brought into Western Europe by the Crusaders. No treasures were more valued by the mediæva, lady than these, for it was thought that the atmosphere of fragrance in which Oriental women lived was the means of preserving their beauty. The first alcoholic essence that is known was that invented by Elizabeth of Hungary. It was known as Hungary water, and by its use the royal lady is said to have retained her beauty till she was past seventy years of age. After Hungary water came Eau de Cologne. Perfumes are associated with the great beauties of the world, and with many of the greatest men. The art of perfumery is said to have spread in Greece through Helen of Troy, and legend declares that this most beautiful woman of all time owed much of her entrancing loveliness to her knowledge of sweet essences. Matilda, the wife of Henry I. of England, always kept rose-water on her dining table. But the use of perfume was not common in England until the time of Elizabeth. It is probable that they were introduced from abroad by the Earl of Oxford, that cosmetics and fragrances immediately captured the fancy of the Queen and her ladies, and that their use spread in the island. Not even in Egypt were perfumes more costly or more popular than in her time. In the bedrooms of ladies of fashion sweet candles were burned; sweetened cakes were thrown into the fire in order to fill the air with fragrance; cosmetics were kept in costly scented boxes; coffers containing perfume were kept hanging about the room, so as to gradually give off their sweetness; a kind of scented lozenge was used to perfume the breath. One of the most popular devices was the scented glove. Such gloves embroidered in silk and gold and richly jewelled were favourite gifts. Among modern Queens, Wilhelmina of Holland is the greatest consumer of perfume. Modern science is returning to the old belief that perfume has medicinal and health-giving properties. Perhaps, physicians say, the Orientals were not wrong in claiming that a proper use of scents prolonged life and enhanced beauty.



THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 106.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1903.

THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE, CHELTENHAM.

To-day (Saturday), Jan. 10th, Last Performances (at 2 & 7.30)
of the Popular Pantomime, "SINBAD THE SAILOR."

NEXT WEEK.—Miss Ida Molesworth and
Mr. Mark Blow in the Great Success:—
"UNDER TWO FLAGS."

Time and Prices as Usual.

Dicks & Sons' Winter Sale

Has now COMMENCED.

* * *

In order to lessen the Departments
before Stocktaking in February,
special inducements are offered to
Customers during this Sale.

Great Reductions in Price

throughout all Departments, especially in
all seasons goods and wherever there is
excess of stock, even though it may be
plain goods in regular demand. Many lots
of useful goods marked

Exactly Half the usual Price.

* * *

Specially cheap lines purchased
during the last few months
have been reserved for this
sale.

Great Bargains in Mantles & Jackets.

Great Bargains in Dress Materials.

Great Bargains in Down Quilts.

Great Bargains in the China Dept.

* * *

All Dresses in one window 611
each, usual price 10 - to 21/6.

All Silks in one window 61d. yard,
usual price 10/d. to 1/3½.

* * *

Special Reductions in Remnants.

DICKS & SONS, Ltd.,
172 & 173 HIGH STREET,
CHELTENHAM.



BOXING DAY MEET OF COTSWOLD HOUNDS.

Photo by F. W. Dove, Cheltenham.

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 104th competition is Mr. J. A. Probert, 8 Brighton-road, Cheltenham.

Entries for the 105th competition closed this (Saturday) morning, Jan. 10th, 1903, 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, and should not be larger than 10in. by 7½in.

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 fifteenth competition is Mr. Frank Rogers, of "Bitterne," Tivoli, Cheltenham.

Entries for the sixteenth drawing competition closed this (Saturday) morning, Jan. 10th, 1903, 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.

To most man's life but shows
A bridge of groans across a stream of tears.

By ANNIE W. PATTERSON,
 Mus. Doc., B.A.

II.—THE TEACHER OF MUSIC.

Of all branches of the musical profession none is so generally followed as that of the teacher of music. From the young lady just left school, who teaches piano at 7s. 6d., or less; a quarter—a fee which scarcely keeps her in shoe-leather and gloves—to the much patronised, fashionable "Professor," who charges a guinea a lesson for telling the aspiring *prima donna* that she has hitherto been "placing" her voice incorrectly; there is every specimen, genus, and variety, of the instructive machine known as the Music Teacher. Even the prospective artist, before he or she has quitted the student career, takes beginners, or junior pupils at schools, in order to eke out individual educational expenses and gain experience and sounder personal knowledge. For, in teaching, the preceptor also learns; in clearing away initial difficulties for young minds, one must first be sure of the foundation oneself; while instructing others one insensibly imbibes the great lessons of patience, perseverance, and self-control. Thus teaching is the greatest of all disciplines, if the teacher be but conscientious and faithful in the discharge of duty. But, if teaching is the first drill of the embryo musician, it is often also the "last resource" for a living of the decayed or retired singer or executant. It is, moreover, alas, frequently the only available means of sustentance of many who would be more congenially occupied as creative or executive artists—but more of this later.

There are teachers and teachers. The most brilliantly gifted are not always those best fitted to impart their knowledge and ability to others: indeed, strange as the statement may appear, those who know most are those least conscious of their own attainments, and are hence the more diffident to assume authority of any kind. Thus is humility often the hall mark of true genius; but it is the humility of unflinching egoism. Genius knows its own limitations and seldom oversteps them. There is a touch of pride as well as reserve in being able to know how far one may go without compromising one's own dignity. It is the intimate analysis of self that makes genius at once exclusive and universal; but such folk cannot share their sentiments with others, or else they will certainly be misunderstood. To some they will appear ultra-modest; to others assertive and overbearing. Hence genius prefers its shell, and courts acquaintance with the world through its works rather than through its personality. Only now and then—perhaps once in a lifetime—a stronger or kindred influence will upraise the veil. Otherwise genius walks alone his chosen path, even though it be one of thorns. Hence the creative artist seldom shines as an instructor.

The ideal teacher, on the contrary, must unburden himself to his pupils. He should do more. He needs to identify himself with the entities with whom he comes in contact, enter into their thoughts, aspirations, and difficulties, and, in short, go over the ground hand in hand with the inexperienced. In music the complexities of notation need much careful elucidation in order to make them intelligible to a budding mind: a good teacher will have numerous little plans to explain and impress upon the infantile intelligence, the why and the wherefore of time values and key signatures, etc. In harmony and counterpoint rule after rule is learnt but to be broken or glossed over with maturer experience and more confident *savoir faire*: the teacher who knows how to explain license reasonably will best clear away these seeming incongruities of statement, and will less fetter the inquiring or logical mind of the embryo composer. All learners are not alike; some are careless and apathetic, others stupid and dense, a few earnest, plodding, or brilliant. The best teachers require to be apt at reading character; or, rather, at discerning the spirits of those taught. Methods of instruction must vary according as the recipient of the instruction is bright or the reverse. An

indifferent, impatient, harsh, or unsympathetic teacher—especially if the subject be an emotional one like music—can do an incalculable amount of harm, and often entirely stunts or stultifies an otherwise promising talent. Thus the responsibilities of the teacher—as of the parent—are great: these hold in their hands the fate of future generations.

THE TWO CLASSES OF TEACHERS.

It has often been a subject of query whether a teacher, say of pianoforte, should be himself a good executant. Nothing helps a young learner so much as to have a piece ably and correctly played over for him. Yet the fact remains that many excellent teachers are themselves but indifferent performers, and that they can seldom play the pieces they teach. Under this heading we must consider two classes of teacher: first, those who, though they have been well taught, and can critically judge of the best styles or performers, yet have never themselves had the ability or nerve to shine as soloists. There are many such in the great army of teachers, and they are none the worse teachers notwithstanding. Secondly, there are those preceptors who have, in previous times, been themselves eminent executants or vocalists, but who, through want of leisure for practice or the loss of ambition to appear in public, have allowed their practice, and hence their executive skill, to slide, and so hand and voice have lost their former cunning. In both these cases we maintain that the teacher, even though he cannot *practically* show how a passage is to be played—and no doubt this is a pity—is competent to healthily and effectively teach and instruct, because he or she knows how such and such a passage should be rendered, albeit unable to demonstrate it personally. We are not, of course, now considering the sham professor or music, with little knowledge and less conscience, who takes people's money on the false pretence of giving honest instruction in return. Such a person is a disgrace to the profession, and deserves exposure as much as does the quack in other learned callings. One must have learnt carefully and thoroughly to teach—that goes without saying. We have already hinted that there are different types of teacher, just as there are different types of individual. No doubt each, if he be competent to instruct at all, influences a circle of his own—for we have all our proper spheres of utility and exertion. It is to be regretted, however, that there is no regular training college for teachers of music. Apart from the drilling of temperament—a very important point—there are so many little matters that require the music teacher's attention. The cultivation of ear and the faculty of reading at sight, as of memorisation of pieces, are subjects much overlooked by the often too hard worked school music teacher who, in a lesson of twenty minutes, has scarcely time to discriminate between gifted and ordinary pupils. Some young folk prefer Beethoven to Chopin, others favour Bach in preference to the modern and more vividly "coloured" school. It is a question of taste and idiosyncrasy. But these indications of individuality in a student are exactly what a teacher should make allowances for, no matter what the preceptor's own tendencies may be. This is why genius does not excel as a teacher. It is too self-contained. The successful impartor of instruction to others must be able to place himself in the shoes of those others so as to most effectively grapple with individual difficulties and enter into individual aspirations. Hence women, with their innate sympathy and their tender feelings for child life, make the best teachers. "Finishing lesson" from a master mean less nowadays since the Universities have opened their doors for the full qualification of cultured womanhood.

Coming to the financial consideration of the music teacher's position, it must be allowed that this is, at present, in a most unsatisfactory position. Anyone, who professes to do so, may pose as a teacher of music; and there is no limit, either way, to the amount of fees charged. Thus, as we have already hinted, the school girl, who wishes to supplement her pocket money, may teach at "starvation terms"; and the great star may

charge what he or she likes in guineas for single lessons or a "set" of same. The public, on this point, are often much puzzled, and are frequently imposed upon in consequence. Often the incompetent and pretentious get what they ask for, no matter how exorbitant it be; while those who are best qualified to teach, through ultra-diffidence, may allow themselves to be "beaten down" to fees from which it is impossible to make a fair living. A school appointment, when it can be secured, is always desirable. The remuneration for time may be less than that which accrues from private pupils; but it is, at least, less fluctuating, uncertain, and represents, no matter how small it be, a steady and reliable source of income.

Those who have made name and fame in the musical world, if they desire to teach, may generally demand and be entitled to receive larger fees. But, as a rule, the excessive charges of teachers are a mistake. Even the best disposed and most favourably circumstanced pupils will not long continue their guinea or even half guinea a lesson. For competent and well qualified teachers, the uniform charges of from 5s. to 7s. 6d. per lesson, or three or four guineas for a set of twelve lessons, seems a fair standard which deserves to be generally accepted by instructor and instructed. We are now not, of course, considering exceptional cases, nor those of the pseudo-teacher who must always be a law, or rather lawlessness, to himself. Nor are we referring to the school salaries of eminent professors of music, which should often be much higher than they are were full justice done to those whose attainments and position deserve peculiar recognition.

A FEW PRACTICAL HINTS TO THE YOUNG TEACHER.

may now conclude this article. First, be sure that you care for teaching, and that you feel within you the ability to patiently and successfully impart knowledge. Then be careful to leave no stone unturned in your own culture, that your pupils may never catch you "tripping," and that you may always be at your ease and preserve authority in their eyes. When possible, qualify yourself by a bona fide public examination, or indisputable certificate, so that your standing in the profession and right "to teach and practice" may be more secure. Lastly, draw up a neat circular, stating your acquirements and terms—which latter should be rated fairly if moderately, and send this round to all whom you may think likely to patronise you. Advertisement offers a means of becoming known; influence is a powerful aid in the securing of appointments and positions of all kinds. None of these avenues to active exercise of one's talent should be overlooked. And having done all, there often requires much patience to wait for the long-hoped-for and often tardy success. But all things come to him who waits, say the wise folk. Even if some of us occasionally question the truth of the saying, there is no doubt that the world is full of instances of patience and resolution being triumphant in the end. So, struggling teachers of music take heart! The pupil who comes not to-day may come to-morrow, and there is plenty of room in this world for all who do their allotted duties faithfully and well.

Next week: "The Church Organist."

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THE SHAH'S WIVES.

Whether as a concession to Western ideas, or from considerations of economy, cannot be stated, but for some reason or other the Shah has almost adopted a bag and baggage policy among the ladies of his harem. The Constantinople correspondent of the "Newcastle Chronicle" states that of some 1,700 wives, his Majesty has dismissed no fewer than 1,640, and is prepared to face a comparatively bachelor existence for the rest of his days with the remaining sixty. Each of the retiring ladies has received a solatium of £200, but many have been snapped up by officers with an eye to promotion, while the others are a "catch" in their own districts.

❖ ❖ THE PRIZE PHOTOGRAPH. ❖ ❖

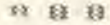


- 1. Sheep Tick.
- 2. Flea.
- 3. Drone fly's tongue.

- 4. Species of gnat.
- 5. Parasite of pig.
- 6. House fly's tongue.

7. Spider's leg.

"Selina Jenkins Letters."



"SELINA JENKINS" ON THE NEW LICENSING ACT.

I've been reading down this 'ere Licensing Hact as is now the law of the land, and I proposes to say a few words on the subject. First of all, I considers as its goin' to be very 'ard times for them as is drunkards by profession; leastways I means them as is obliged to walk 'ome from the public after eleven o'clock at night, the Hact not 'aving no sort of a purchase, as the sayin' is, on the Major-Kurnels and others as can afford to be drove 'ome in a cab from their bankets and dinners, wich all goes for to show that there's 1 law for the rich and another for the poor, just as when that there Penrudock woman were only fined a week's income for what other poorer people would 'ave 'ad to go to prison for a month for.

'Owsomdever, all the same it's a good thing to clear the streets of professional drunkards as is very upsetting to a body like me sometimes wich only last August Bank 'oliday there were one of these 'ere Welsh egscursionists come into my front garden and went to sleep on my bed of geraniums as cost me 2s. 6d. per dozen and were of a beautiful scarlet colour, but all broke off 'eeps three, and 'ad to be removed by two of the force on a 'and-truck, using language wich was summat awful to listen to all in Welsh, and turned out 'ad been drinkin' different kinds of licker all the day, and were fined by the magistrate 5s. and costs, being the 44th time he'd been brought up fo the same failin'.

Pore Jenkins, when he were alive, were a very sober man, as a rule, although I will admit he did get a bit muddled once when he went, just to oblige a friend, as mourner to a funeral where port wine and biscuits was 'anded around so free—like they used to do more than they do to-day—that Jenkins didn't come 'ome till well-nigh midnight, and in the morning wot did I see but that 'e were fast asleep with 'is boots under the pillow and 'is watch outside on the mat to be cleaned!

Considering that men is pore weak creatures, as is ever ready to fall away from grace, I didn't grumble much at Jenkins, but I never allowed him to go mourning again, not at no price, I can tell you!

The Licensing Hact, to come back to that, is goin' to be a terror to drunkards, and also to the perlice, wich will 'ave the painful and delicate duty of deciding whether any wandering hindividoal they meets is drunk, or demented, or about to 'ave a fit, or taking a hactive interest in politics, or troubled with a himpediment in the speech. I should consider as its a very difficult thing to decide, meself; there's many a body, to my knowledge, and some of them even respectable fieldmales as well as menfolk, wich gets that egscited over a bit of a hargyment that they looks real dangerous, that they does; then there's them pore folks wich 'as fits at every turn mite very easy be took for a drunk and disorderly by a young constable that 'adn't been brought up with a medical doctor's eddication.

There's no sartain sure guide to tell when a man is drunk or no; Mrs. Wilderspin, at the corner of the street, 'aving a very desolute sort of a 'usban, did tell me that the only way she could tell when he'd been 'aving too much was by constantly repeating to 'er that he'd joined the pledge, as he didn't refer to it at no other time; however, there's them as says that the most infallible test is to get the suspected good to say 'Truly Rural' 6 times, or to repeat the well-known poem "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled pepper," as is remarkable tricky even to a sober body like me, as never takes a drop of intoxicants 'eeps for medicine, wich is very comforting in case of hindigestion and hinfluenza and hother complaints as begins with H. Another word they do use as a test is "Sarsaparilla," and the tale goes that a woman said to 'er usband (knowin' 'is weaknesses and failures), "John," says she, "when you get to feel that you've 'ad a little too much you must ask for Sarsaparilla." "I would, my dear," says John, "but to tell you the truth, before I've 'ad 'alf of too much I can't say Sarsaparilla, so it wouldn't answer."

The constables will have a nice bit of recreation to discover a real straightforward drunk in such places particularly as on piers, wich I've seen meself 9 people out of 10 on a rough day staggering hoff the steamers just as if they was "half seas over," as the sayin' is, whereas the only thing the matter with them was that the deck of the vessel kept moving about so ridicklous as no one couldn't keep their countenance, and before now I've been took very ill meself going across from Weston to Cardiff, and besought the captain to turn back, fearin' me last moments was come, as wouldn't 'ear of it, and cost me 7/6 in doctor's bills when I got 'ome, aving brought on an attack of the gastretreers very bad; and, wot's more, I—a respectable widder-woman like me, as 'opes some day to 'ave me name printed amongst the "Resident Gentry" in the "Hannuaire"—I mite 'ave been took for 'aving 'ad more than was good for me by one as didn't know me position, under the new Hact. But they tells me the publicans is all hup in harms about the new Bill; and I 'ave 'eard tell, tho' I don't know 'ow much truth there is in it, that Mr. Hag-Gardner is a-going to put hup as the Liberal M.P. for Cheltenham next time there's a Election, 'aving 'ad a sickener of what he do call "Blue Ribbon Tokerism." I thought as I'd hinterview the landlord of the "Pig and Whistle," a respectable little ale-house down the next street, being the latest way of telling what Tom, Dick, and 'Arry thinks about everythink in general, so I goes in of a Monday evening, and there he were—being as I must tell you, a 'alf-brother to pore Jenkins's cousin by marriage, and so a relation of mine—standing behind the counter, with all the gas-burners full on, and the light shining on the bottles and the looking glasses at the back and the polished 'andles of the beer-engine, as they do call it, wich always reminds me of them things they pulls to put a train on and off the line, not that I considers they be near so useful, only they looks alike.

So I just passes the time of day, and looks at a man asleep in the corner close to a spittoon, that seemed very appropo, as the French do say, and I hups and hopens the matter like this: "James," says I. "I just looked hin to ask you wot you think of that there new Licensing Hact for the 'Chronicle and Graphic.'" Never did I see a man get so egscited soon as I said them words; he knocked over 2 glasses and gasped for breath at the mention of the Hact, wich when he'd drawn himself one of them silvery cups full of ale from the engine thing he found words to say as he considered it were the dastardliest trick as was ever played on 'onest and Godfearing tradespeople, as supported the Government for all they wot worth in the late war, and found millions a year towards general expenses, and now he were expected to throw a man hout so soon as he was beginning to get a bit haffable like and spend 'is money freely, for fear of getting 'is license endorsed for 'aving committed drunkenness in 'is establishment.

Just at this point the hindividoal on the seat woked up, started to sing something about "Dolly I must leave you," and tried to get on the counter so as to add to the heffect, which ended in a tite little scuffle 'a'tween James and 'im, in order to put 'im outside, and I won't say but wot I 'elped a bit, my umbreller coming in very 'andy when the hindividoal's back come round my way. James is a pretty strong chap, so before very long the egscitement subsided by our moosical friend dropping out into the street, wich the last I saw of 'im he were trying to get a lamp-post to apologise for 'aving been so rude as to run into him.

"You see, Selina," said James, as he mopped his marble brow, and drew another silvery jug of ale (for himself, I don't care for it). "It's the worry of me life to get these 'ere chaps off the premises now, for fear the constable should come along and tink I be permitting drunkenness! I've 'ad to eject 3 good customers like that one to-day already, as mite 'ave spent a tidy bit with me before I considered 'twas time to show 'em the door, if the law wasn't so mitey 'ard on us; then there's all that there clause about the Habitual Drunkard; the perlice tells us they

be going to supply us with pottygraffs of all the habitual drunkards they knows of in our district for reference; now wot I asks meself is this: "Ow can a man like me expect to earn a 'onest living, 'aving to run and look through a gallery of pottygraffs each time a stranger comes in before I supplies 'em with any liquid refreshment?" "Just so, James," says I, "I should 'ave thought that all with a nose hover a certain colour should be refuzed any drink, as would be safer than a pottygraff." "Yes," says he, "You're right, Selina; you always wot right, and the honly good I sees in that there Bill is that it makes it 'arder to run drinking clubs, as it very difficult to compete with, 'aving no closing time, and hup till now permitting anybody to drink as much and as often as he likes without let or hindrance. Now they'll 'ave 'o become as respectable as us public-'ouse keepers, or 'ave to shut their doors."

We was hinterrupted here by 4 constables entering bringing a halbum of pottygraffs of habitual drunkards for James to refer to, amongst wich was several I knows whose names can be 'ad on application to the "Pig and Whistle," after all wich I wended my way 'ome, ponderin' on wot I'd 'eard, and glad, in me 'eart, to think as drunkards was to be doned away with by law, altho' not exactly seein' 'ow it was going to be done. It's a sort of matter like chem Tivoli-Sewers, the more you thinks about it the more you don't know wot's to be done; and I s'pose the Government, not 'aving no habitual drunkards amongst the Members, 'aven't got no sympathy with sich woteve;

SELINA JENKINS.

THE IRISH BRIGADE AT COLENZO.

Down on the banks, straining to reach the Drift for the valient Rangers and the dashing Dublins. "Steady!" is the word. They work their way onward, though how any man can live in that fire is nothing short of a miracle. They lie down and open at six hundred yards range, and the Dublins that day prove themselves as good shots as any commando from north of the Vaal. Onward they press. It is wonderful. There are other regiments in the British army with pluck and courage andstedist endurance. But no other could have surpassed the Dublins that day. They did not merely stand up to it. They took the punishment with laughter. They shouted rough jibe and jest across the river. "We're coming!" And it was no idle boast. They pressed on, though one in every three was streaming blood. And so yard by yard, foot by foot, they drove the Boers back by their rifle fire. Some of the Boers had constructed trenches on the south bank, and here the Dublins dyed their bayonets. Until killings, not to be repressed, declined to hold themselves in reserve. They were the supports. "And, begorra," they said sturdily, "we'll support them best in the firing line!" Wherefore they marched forward with fury and joined the first line of attack. And it needed all the powers of discipline to restrain the Bowder Regiment from following suit. Now to cross the Drift. In the deepest part, so the information goes it is no more than four feet. So the Dublin boys wade boldly in. The first one or two get into the water safely enough, but then Mauser bullets spit on the taking-off place, and men drop fast. Forward! Sons of Erin! Forward! The water is getting deeper and deeper. Suddenly the leading man find himself out of his depth. He flounders. "He's drowning! Seize him!" And the next three form a chain and drag the man out. Back they go to the south bank. The wily Boers, knowing full well that our men would be likely to try the drift, have dammed the stream lower down, so the water is seven feet deep. Then a cry arises, "Let's swim it!"—From "The History of the Boer War" for January.



Cotton-growing is the latest idea for improving the Colony of Gambia. An expert is to select suitable ground for planting the cotton seed, but it is doubtful whether the natives will give sufficient attention to the matter for it to prove successful.

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Private Theatricals.

By MRS. C. N. WILLIAMSON

(Author of "The Barn Stormers," etc.).

"In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love"; but in the autumn and winter, when the evenings are long, and there is no moon, or, if there is, nobody pays any attention to her as a match-maker, a young woman's thoughts are apt to turn to amateur theatricals. For a number of people grouped together in a big country house, there is no better fun than acting; and the best of it is that the amusement is not confined to "the night," but spreads itself over all the days of rehearsals, like jam on a large piece of bread. There is enough jam for everybody, and even a little saved up against the time when the footlights are out and the curtain "rung down"; for can there be anything more delightful than talking over the play, and how one felt and what one did—to say nothing of the feelings and doings of the audience? As for the audience, perhaps, after all, that is a detail. There must be an audience or there could be no play, just as there should be an object for a long walk. But unquestionably there is more fun for the players than for those to whom they play. What does that matter? I am writing for those who would be players, and should like to draw from my experience in both professional and amateur acting, not only how to please the audience but how to please themselves, which, in the case of amateurs, is even more important. Before I "come to Hecuba," however, I want to explain that I am not talking to the gilt-edged amateurs who have played for years, acting in large charitable entertainments, and have come to think that they know just as much about stage work as any old professionals. No, my few little modest words of advice are frankly for the amateurs who wish to amuse themselves at home, or at somebody else's home, on long winter evenings.

CHOOSING THE STAGE MANAGER, &c.

Of course, the big country house is the ideal place for private theatricals, but it is far from being a necessity. People who haven't tried it will hardly believe in what small space a play may be comfortably performed. If the amateurs will be sensible in their choice of a play, selecting one, not only suitable to the capacities of the caste upon which they can rely, but also to the capacities of their "theatre," they have already won half the battle. For this, as for almost everything else, a great deal depends upon the stage manager. He ought to be chosen with as much care as a young nation should show in choosing a king to reign over it, and once chosen should be obeyed as if he were king. No man—nor woman—incompetent to decide knotty questions, and above all to cast the play selected, should be thought worthy of the place. The stage manager's word must be law, or the amateurs will have as much trouble as the poor wretches who set to work at the Tower of Babel. Never was the old proverb, "Too many cooks spoil the broth," so true as among a party of friends joined together for amateur theatricals.

It is the rule in some such societies to have a "casting committee" to apportion the parts among the company; but in my opinion it is wiser to let the play be cast by a competent stage manager. He may have favourites, it is true; but so may the committee; and a man really fit for the place ought to be better able to decide upon the suitability of his company for the roles in the selected play, than several men and perhaps several women.

It is far wiser to choose a play with a few characters than many, even if it appears at first discussion that there are actors and actresses enough to fill numerous parts. Some are almost sure to fall out, by some accident or other, if an ambitious play with a large cast has been arranged. Then, disappointment, and a hurried changing of plans to fit altered circumstances.

It is also very advisable to give a comedy or farce preference over a drama requiring much emotional acting. Few amateurs, even of the best, are capable of fine emotional acting, although they may not be of that opinion themselves; and, though the audience may be but a "detail" in the scheme of private theatricals, still it is well to consider its feelings a little, lest like the proverbial worm

it should "turn," and refuse to come and let itself be entertained at the next entertainment. Most audiences now-a-days, even in the "depths" of the provinces, have seen good acting; and it is unwise of amateurs to force the contrast between themselves and professionals. This being the case, comedy is the thing, for comedy "plays itself," and if the situations are amusing, they will keep the audience in good humour, even when the acting may leave a little to be desired, or the prompter be called upon to play a lively though invisible part.

Everyone who has had any experience of amateur theatricals knows how much easier it is to secure women for the cast than men. Women have less self-consciousness, and less fear of making themselves ridiculous on the stage; they have, besides, less to occupy their time, as a rule. It is a good thing, therefore, to take a play with more women than men in the cast; and unless it is to be produced on a real stage, with scenery at command, it is important to decide upon one which needs to give the proper illusion, in its several acts, only a little change of setting, as in that ripe old favourite of amateurs, "Caste," with its room at Eccles's house, and its drawing-room in George D'Alroy's "apartments."

If by an arrangement of hangings the "entrances" necessary for the action of the play can be provided, all that is absolutely essential to think of in choosing a room for the stage is to make sure of one practicable door through which the actors and actresses can escape, unseen by the audience, to their dressing-rooms. I have seen little plays conducted very successfully, where the stage was simply curtained off at the end of a comparatively small drawing-room, the footlights hidden behind a row of low, growing plants in pots, and the audience seated at the opposite end, only about six feet between the said footlights and the first row of chairs. Of course, it is greatly preferable to have more space, because for one thing, it is rather embarrassing to the actors to be so close to their audience; but enthusiasts need not be discouraged if they have no better resources. The thing has been well done with such difficulties to contend against, and can be as well done again.

Sometimes amateurs think that, if the stage is to be set in such close quarters, footlights can be dispensed with; but this is a mistake. For some reason—it is easier to feel why than to explain why—the effect even of the smallest drawing-room comedy is more than half lost without footlights. The acting falls flat. But the choosing of the kind of footlights is important. Naturally, on a real stage, this detail arranges itself; the footlights are there. But in a drawing-room, unless it be very large, and the stage built above the level of the floor, brilliant electric, acetylene, or even reflector lamps are too harsh and unbecoming to the actors' faces. Soft lights are needed: it is not so much the illumination itself as the effect that is desirable. And even so, it is essential, if the actresses would not look like frights, to have at least an equal light from above. If the light which comes from above is too far back to blend with that of the footlights, it is useless for the right effect, and, in this case, it is well to have a good light of some sort, one on each side of the curtain, on the stage.

THE NECESSITY OF REHEARSALS.

A wise stage manager will rehearse his company as often as possible on the actual stage where the piece is to be performed, unless the caste be composed of amateurs who have often played before. Those who are quite new to the business often find themselves unexpectedly confused, and "drying up" (which in professional parlance means forgetting their words) owing to a change of place, though the setting is as far as possible the same.

If, however, most of the rehearsals must be distributed about at different houses, entrances and setting should not be varied. Only a "rank amateur" stage manager would think that detail of little importance. And, for success, there must be at least two dress rehearsals on the actual stage, set exactly as it will be on "the night," with every piece of furniture and every "property" down to the smallest article noted on the list. In some amateur theatrical societies, each actor is required to provide all his own "personal

props"; that is, anything which he, and he alone, is obliged to use on the stage. But even if this rule be adopted (occasionally it is liked, because then the actor is sure of having something which pleases him and which he things suitable) each "prop" should be provided in time for the first dress rehearsal, approved by the stage manager or his assistant who looks after such matters, and given into his keeping. Before the performance he should make sure, consulting his list to avoid forgetfulness, that every "prop" is in its place, so that nothing can be missing when it is wanted, and a scene spoiled. I have seen a great deal of trouble spring from carelessness in this direction, even when a stage manager flattered himself that he was very "smart"; and on the professional stage, in touring companies, I have known the "star" to enquire each night about such "props" as were vital to the success of the "pet" scene.

Perhaps the most grievous trouble that the amateur stage manager has in making his flock understand the importance of not missing rehearsals. They are so apt to think that "great fun" as the rehearsals are it can't matter to miss one or two if the weather is very bad, or a more fascinating engagement turns up at the last moment. They do not realise how the absence of one person, even with a small part, puts the others out, and what a bad example they are setting to the rest. If it is worth while to do a thing at all it is worth while to do it well, and a play cannot be produced successfully, either by professionals or amateurs, unless each individual puts his shoulder as faithfully to the wheel as if the whole heat and burden of the day were his alone. If an actor chosen for a part isn't willing to work hard and do his very best, he might much better never undertake it at all. Besides, if he is inclined to be lazy and neglectful, pleading that everlasting "it will be all right on the night," it is really a sign that he is very conceited. He must think a great deal of himself to suppose that he can succeed without work, when a professional cannot possibly do so. People in the audience may say kind things after an amateur performance, even when everything has gone wrong, but that is merely because it would be too ill-natured to criticise amateurs; and often an actor, who has but a few lines, can make the success of a whole scene which would have failed without him, because he has worked; he knew how to make himself effective, and the others haven't taken the trouble, as, after all, it was only "for fun." But he is sure of his reward. There will be a ring of genuine sincerity in the praise that falls to his share.

That is a regular sermon for the amateur; it is time to stop, lest he grow angry and throw down his part, like little Lord Arthur in "The Pantomime Rehearsal"—which, by the way, is an excellent play for amateurs, and can be obtained for their entertainments.

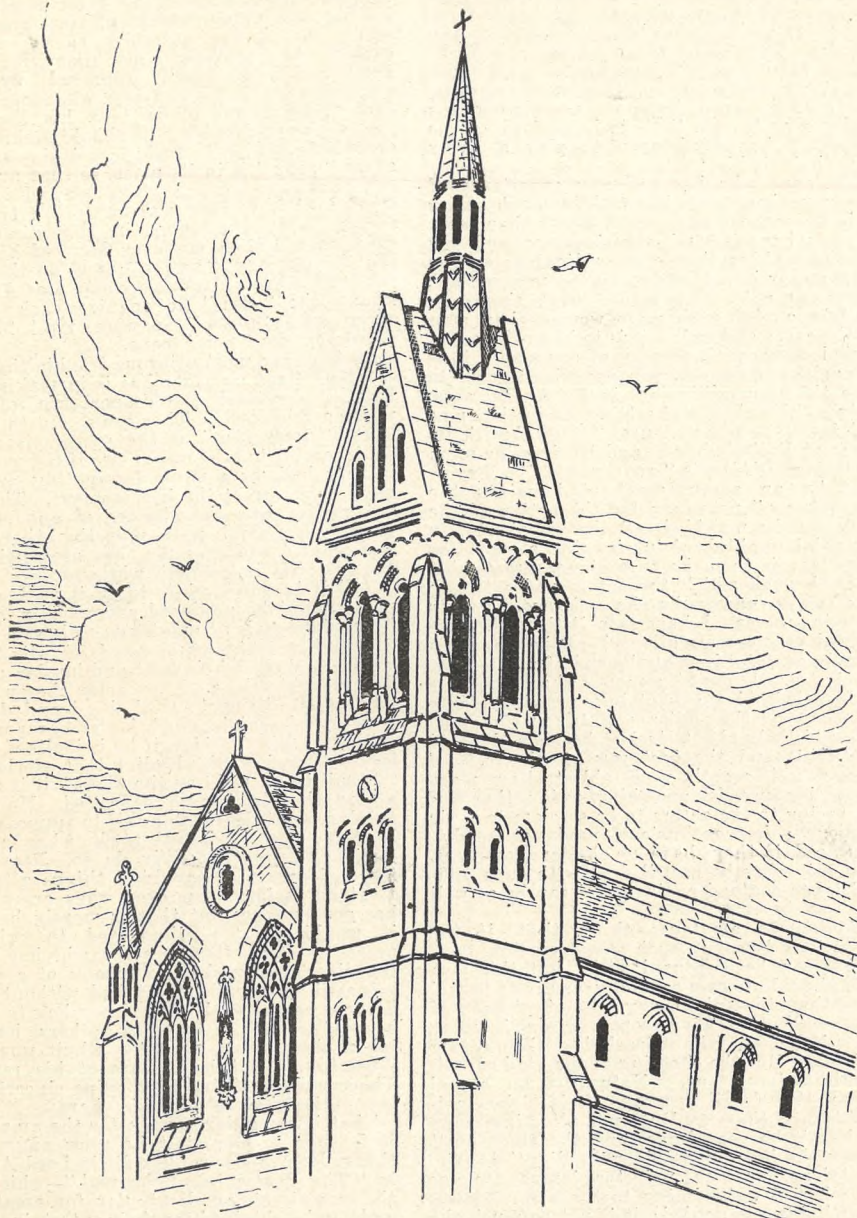
A safe subject to turn to in a hurry, and save a storm, is "MAKE-UP."

"MAKE-UP."
A good many amateurs don't realise that "make-up" should be put on according to the lights, the size of the stage and theatre, the nearness of the audience. A very light "make-up" is all that is wanted for a small stage; merely enough to slightly heighten the brilliancy of the eyes and complexion, unless it is to be a "character make-up." Even then, great pains should be taken not to make it too strong, and ruin the illusion. If a young actress merely wishes to look pretty she should never drawn a line under her eyes; she should merely darken the lower as well as the upper lashes. A professional actress would almost rather perish than let herself be made up by any hands save her own; but it is as well to have a professional come to help amateurs who are not experienced. A professional stage manager to rehearse the play is a boon, if money be no object. But then, this is a disinterested bit of advice, for with such a person at the helm, all my advice would be needless—swept away like a feather in a high breeze.

Next week: "My Pleasurable hobbies," by Sir Richard Tangye.

PRIZE DRAWING.

Gloucestershire Gossip.



NEW "SADDLEBACK" TO SS. PHILIP & JAMES'S CHURCH, LECKHAMPTON.
 Drawn by Frank Rogers, Cheltenham.

THE POLICY OF THE PRIESTS IN IRELAND.

It is not indeed the fault of the priests that Ireland has a damp and depressing climate, or that a great part of its western districts is barren and rocky, and far remote from the great centres of trade and progress; but, on the other hand, in matters of education, and in dealing with Protestant nations, it can hardly be denied that the sacerdotal policy is responsible for the present condition of the Roman Catholic population remaining in the country. On four distinct counts Mr. McCarthy characterises this sacerdotal policy as inimical to the common weal of Ireland. The policy of the priests, he says, has four main objects:—

"1. Its own aggrandisement as a league, apart from the body politic in which it flourishes, but in alliance with an alien organisation whose interests are not the interests of us, the Roman Catholic laity of Ireland.

"2. Moulding the ductile minds of our youth, so that their thoughts in manhood many run, not in the direction of enlightenment and self-improvement, but in obedient

channels converging to swell the tide of the priests' prosperity.

"3. Perplexing and interfering with our adult population in every sphere of secular affairs, estranging them from, and embittering them against, the majority of their fellow-citizens in the United Kingdom, imbuing them with disloyalty to the commonwealth of which they are members, the result being that our people are the least prosperous—indeed, the only unprosperous—community in the British Isles.

"4. Terrifying the enfeebled minds of the credulous, the invalid, and the aged, with the result that the savings of penurious thrift, the inheritance of parental industry, the competence of respectability are all alike captured in their turn from expected next-of-kin and garnered into the sacerdotal treasury."

During half a century the total population has fallen to about half what it was; and in the same time the number of priests, monks, and nuns has doubled—being now estimated at about 23,000, or one for every 190 souls.—From "Priests and People in Ireland," by Amhas, in "Blackwood's Magazine" for January, 1903.

The ball season is now in full swing, and Cheltenham is once more itself, Terpsichore being a reinstated deity. In the various parts of Gloucestershire where county and hunt balls are held, the meets of several packs of hounds are fixed so as to provide handy sport for house parties before or after the respective assemblies, so that, what with hunting by day and dancing by night, they can have a pretty lively time of it. Caterers for balls to be held at places other than on licensed premises should be on their guard to give 24 hours' notice to the superintendent of the police of their application to the magistrates for an occasional license. This is one of the requirements of the new Act that cannot be too widely known in the interests of the many who do not care for a "dry" ball.

We had an echo a few days ago of the Coronation celebration in Cheltenham, in the scantily-attended meeting for the winding up of the accounts. It transpired that the subscriptions from the public amounted to £936 13s. 6d., and that there was a debit balance of £5 0s. 7d. That item of £128 for printing and advertising struck me as a stiff one—equal to about 11 per cent. of the total receipts. I have made enquiries, and am glad to state, in justice to the Clarence-parade establishment, that only a very small proportion of that amount went there. After this I shall look forward with increased interest to the statement of accounts of the celebration at Gloucester. There £1,200—equal to a twopenny rate—was taken from the public funds; and the way in which it was disposed of has not yet been made public. I wonder what the percentage for printing and advertising will work out there.

The several education authorities of the county, in common with those throughout the country, are now engaged in preparing schemes for carrying out the Education Act in their respective spheres, and these will have to be duly submitted to the Board of Education for sanction. I trust that this Department will give extra strict attention to the schemes formulated by such bodies as the Gloucester Corporation, that have already prejudged the Act as a failure. In that city the Voluntary school teachers are already warned, on hearsay evidence, against any attempt by applications for increase of salaries to force the hands of the new authority. I hope that Dr. Macnamara, M.P., will extend to Gloucester the visit he intends shortly to pay to Cheltenham to address the Voluntary school teachers. Rumour says that the County Council propose to appoint a director of education at a salary of £1,000 a year, and that an honorary canon who has had a great deal to do with Church schools in the diocese is designated for the appointment, while some of the Progressives favour this post being held by a certain magistrate, a barrister by profession, and who is at present the chairman of a School Board. There will evidently be some good posts under the Act for those lucky enough to get them.

The death of Canon Keble came suddenly on New Year's Day. I had the pleasure of seeing him a few days previously looking into the window of an antique furniture shop in Clarence-street, Cheltenham. By his demise the uninterrupted connection of the Kebles for 75 years with the vicarage of Bisley is snapped; but, I hope, only temporarily, and that the Lord Chancellor may be induced to appoint one of the deceased canon's four clerical sons, if willing to take it, to the living. The Kebles have been a Gloucestershire family for at least four centuries.

A list of nicknames of prominent men has recently been published, and I cull from it those of noblemen connected with this county. Lord Coventry is known as "Covey," the Marquis of Cholmondeley as "Rock," Lord Hardwicke as "Tommy Dodd," Lord Raglan as "Chalks," the Duke of Marlborough as "Sonny," and Lord Cowley as "Toby." I may add that the Duke of Beaufort, when Lord Worcester, was known as "Wootty"; and that Mr. F. C. Selous, the mighty hunter, who married a Gloucestershire lady, was called "Zealous" at Rugby. GLEANER.

PETROL AND PICTURES.

[By "ARIEL."]

PHOTOGRAPHY IN CONNECTION WITH MOTORING.

A feature of the recent great Paris Motor Exhibition was a photographic department, and it proved a very attractive feature indeed. Some beautiful photographs were shown of landscapes and incidents in connection with several of the great tours and races, including the Paris-Vienna. The connection of photography with cycling has always been the theme of writers; and if this is the case, how much more closely is the connection of motor-ing with photography, when greater distances can be covered in a short time, and rural scenes visited which would be impossible for the cyclist-photographer to reach in the short time usually at his disposal.

A PROPOSED AUTOMOBILE ROAD THROUGH ENGLAND.

According to "Motor Cycling," a well-known London engineer has drawn up a scheme for the construction of an automobile highway through the centre of England from London to Carlisle, and then on to Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Inverness. He proposed that the road should have a concrete foundation and a surface of specially hard wood blocks, with asphalted joints, the surface curvature being sufficient for thorough drainage. The central part would be exclusively used for motor-cars, and the sides for motor-cyclists and cyclists.

HINT FOR PREVENTING PISTON STICKING IN COLD WEATHER.

Graphite, powdered or flaked, forms a splendid lubricant, which never runs dry. It should be put into the crank chamber of motor, and will prevent, to a large extent, the piston from sticking in wintry weather.

MOTOR BOATS IN GERMANY.

The motor boats which were for the first time employed on the river Spree, which passes through Berlin, have proved a great success, and will henceforth be seen at all times plying for hire and running from point to point for passenger transport. The authorities are satisfied that these little petrol boats can travel at a speed of from eight to ten miles an hour without in the least interfering with the shipping and the goods transport. Why not motor boats for the Thames between London Bridge and Richmond or Greenwich?

SIDE-SLIP.
At this season of the year the roads are more often than not in a very greasy condition, and consequently the motor-cyclist has to be very careful in the management of his machine in order to prevent side-slip. A bad side-slip on a motor-bicycle is not a thing to be desired. I can speak feelingly on the subject, having experienced a side-slip recently on Charlton Hill, which brought both myself and machine on the ground, result being a broken pedal and crank. It is only fair to the motor to say that it was the act of suddenly applying the front hand-brake which brought about my downfall, for in actual riding, if reasonable care be taken, the motor-bicycle is no more prone to side-slip than its humble brother the bicycle. Still it is not a pleasant sensation to feel the back wheel slipping about, and any method of making the tyres less liable to slip will be viewed with pleasure. It is with satisfaction that I notice the Automobile Club has taken the matter up, and is organising trials of devices to prevent side-slip. Already one very promising method has been tried, and has met with great success. The description of the device is not to hand, but I have heard that it can be attached and detached in a few minutes to or from any existing tyre, whether pneumatic or solid. It has been tested on the worst roads possible to find, including wet tram-lines, and the tyres showed no tendency to slip. To ride in safety over greasy roads necessitates keeping the speed down and the tyres inflated board hard. When turning corners steer wide, and run with exhaust valve open. Always cross tram-lines at as wide an angle as possible. Then, again, ride on the crown of the road. The difficulty of starting is greatly increased once the machine gets on the side of the road.

SILHOUETTES.

Photographic silhouettes may be easily made by placing the subject against a white background and arranging a light at either side, screened from the front, so that all the light is thrown on the background and behind the head. For instance, two screens may be arranged, one on either side, and both behind the level of the subject, and a few inches of magnesium wire will give the necessary light. The lens of the camera should be focussed sharp on the head, which should, of course, be in profile, and a fairly small stop—f 32—should be used. The plate is best developed with hydroquinone, so as to secure absolute density, and if this is not obtained by development, it should afterwards be assured by intensification. Platinum or Matt surface P.O.P. are the most suitable printing processes, but with the latter an absolute black tone is necessary.

HINTS ON DEVELOPMENT FOR BEGINNERS.

Development is perhaps the most difficult operation the beginner has to tackle. The following notes may be of some service to him:—Use sufficient developer to well cover the plate. If old developers are kept for use, always filter the same. In examining a plate during development, kept it moving, so as to prevent the developer draining down, and so causing streaks. In judging the density of a negative, the thickness of the film must be considered. A thickly-coated plate fixes out thinner than it looks, unless fully exposed. Thinly coated plates lose very little in fixing. Err on the side of over-density. It is easier to reduce a negative than intensify it. Pretty-looking negatives are generally under exposed, showing clear shadows and brilliant high lights. If you get good results with one formula, keep to it. For general work the pyro-soda developer is specially recommended. For hand-camera work especially during the present dull weather, pyro-metol is excellent. All developers should be kept as near 60–65 degrees F. as possible. The temperature of these is very important. At a low temperature (under 50 degrees F.) all developers lose some of their power. Too high a temperature (over 70 degrees F.) produces fog. Avoid strong development for snow and ice scenes. Expose accurately, or, if you err, let it be on the side of over-exposure.

PLATINOTYPE PRINTING.

Photographers who use platinotype paper will find a difficulty in the present very damp weather of keeping the paper face from the damp during printing. A good dodge is to use an old or damaged film negative in the printing frame in place of the usual india-rubber pads.

P.O.P. PRINTING DEFECTS.

The following are some of the defects met with in using P.O.P.:—

- (1) White spots with a small black centre on the paper are caused by metallic particles setting on the paper during manufacture. Remedy: Spot the print with water-colour.
- (2) Yellowish or red spots are caused by the paper having been touched with greasy fingers or with fingers contaminated by hypo. Remedy: Spotting.
- (3) Doubled outlines are due to the paper having shifted during printing. If the print is indistinct everywhere the probability is that the negative was placed the wrong way round in the printing frame.
- (4) Printing in the sun or in too bright a light causes a general flatness and want of vigour.
- (5) Insufficient pressure in the printing frame will cause indistinctness of the image on the paper.

DRYING NEGATIVES.

In drying negatives care should be taken that they are dried at not too high a temperature, or the film may run. And if negatives are partly dried in a cool place and then placed near a fire, there will be a distinct mark visible on the finished negative. Then, again, if drops of water are allowed to stand on the negative in drying, or if spots of water fall on the film, marks will be caused. Pure white fluffes blotting paper can be obtained from any photographic chemist, and this

should be used to take the water off the film, and then the negatives should be placed where there is a current of air, as on a window sill, to dry, or else on a mantleself above a fire. When it is required to dry a negative quickly, it may be soaked in two or three successive baths of methylated spirit, and then dried near a fire.

["Ariel" will be pleased to answer questions addressed to him at this office.]

AUTOMOBILISM IN 1902.

1902 has certainly not been the least eventful year in the history of British automobilism; in fact, in more respects than one it has been by far the most notable of any. The most important question, of course, is the spread of the movement, and there is no doubt whatever that this has been of the healthiest description, and that the number of new adherents to the pastime has been far greater than in any other previous year. The real strength of automobilism cannot be estimated on paper, for its spread and continuance are due to the absolute joy and delight of motor driving, and these, like most other things worth experiencing, are more or less undefinable. As to the practical branch (says "the Autocar," a weekly journal published in the interests of the mechanically-propelled road carriage), this, too, has grown, and steadily grown—possibly, not quite so rapidly as the pleasure side of the movement, but its development has been considerably larger than is generally supposed, and the formation of the road-carrying enterprise in Liverpool is not by any means the least important development. The establishment of motor postal services between Liverpool and Manchester is another step forward. The attention which the night delivery van has received in the past is likely to be increased in the near future, partly on account of the trials proposed by the Automobile Club, and largely as a direct result of the spread of the movement, as men's thoughts are turning more and more to the possibilities of motor haulage, whether it be by the ton or hundred-weight. In the realm of sport, the great event, we need hardly say, was the winning of the Gordon-Bennett Cup by an English car, this being out and away the most important score which has yet been made by a British-built vehicle. To turn to the industry, this, too, has grown proportionately with the movement, and several new firms have been started within the last twelve months, and the successes of English-built machines in the reliability trials held by the Automobile Club in September last were a good evidence of the progress which had been made, more particularly as two at least of the most satisfactory vehicles were the products of new firms, one of which only entered into the industry last year. The trials conclusively proved the reliability of autocars. Another sign of the times, and an important one, is the fact that two British manufacturers took part in the recent Paris Automobile Show, and, moreover, one of them was awarded a gold medal by the Automobile Club of France. This is particularly gratifying in more ways than one, not only as a testimony to the excellence of the British exhibit, but also to the fact that the French judges, like our own in the reliability trials, were able to dissociate themselves entirely from any national prejudice, and to give their award entirely on what they believed to be the merits of the vehicles. The Automobile Club of Great Britain during the year has not only become the largest motor association in the world, but has been well backed up by an increasing number of strong provincial and district clubs.

President Roosevelt has nominated Dr. Crum, a negro, to be collector at Charleston. Up to date 318 statues of William I. of Germany have been erected in German towns at a total cost of about £1,000,000.

Through a horse with a cart straying on to the railway line near Chantilly the Paris-Calais boat express was delayed an hour on Monday.

VEXED QUESTIONS.

X.—GEESE OF THE GOLDEN EGGS.

When I see now frequently the breadwinner of a family dies or is disabled from want of forethought and care on the part of those dependent on him, I am forcibly reminded of the old couple in the fairy tale who killed the goose that laid the golden eggs. One of the first instances in which I recollect noticing this want of common sense, to say nothing of kindness, was in the case of a clergyman whose digestion was weak, and the constant want of consideration of this fact used to culminate on Sundays, when coffee and sausages were the staple food for breakfast. When the delicate man demurred at this fare, he was told that it was quantity, not quality, which was injurious. As this was only one instance of the continual want of care which saps the life of geese whose golden eggs are only appreciated after death, it was not long before the rector became a martyr to constant dyspepsia, and had to resign his living through constant ill-health.

A lady I know, the wife of a chartered accountant, not content with amusements and holidays in accordance with her husband's income, rushed into the wild extravagances of a motor-boat at Henley, a season at Scarborough, and seats at the opera, until, driven to speculation to meet these expenses, the breadwinner of the family went out of his mind, became bankrupt, and is now an inmate of a pauper lunatic asylum.

A canon of my acquaintance, solely dependent on his stipend, was after his wife's death so continually harassed by his three daughters about every domestic detail and "sisterly" squabble, that, deprived of the quiet so necessary to his tendency to heart complaint, he soon succumbed to that disease, and his daughters, now in real distress in a tiny suburban villa, are expiating their want of consideration in a Cathedral Close.

News of the death of a friend of great medical repute, whose handsome establishment was dependent on his brain, has not surprised me, for instead of providing him a comfortable dinner after his hard day's work, his wife, whose sole exertion is to pay calls and drive in Hyde Park, only used to order for his dinner a *rechauffe* from her own substantial midday meal. Because she sought to increase her private savings from her house-keeping allowances, her husband was a victim to her penuriousness, and one feels no pity for her now that the golden eggs of carriage, house, and income are no more.

Another instance of the sacrifice of the goose of the golden egg came under my notice when I heard last spring a great scholar, whom I much respected, and whose pen was the source of provision for his family, died from neglect during an attack of influenza. Left alone and unattended to in a cold upper room for hours, the poor man rose to get a light as the evening closed in. After turning the gas-tap, he was overcome with weakness, before he could put a match to it, and some hours later he was found by the servant on the floor, half suffocated with the gas fumes, and half dead with cold. The sister in the drawing-room below had heard the noise of the fall above, but thinking that her "goose" of a student brother had merely let some books fall, she did not trouble to go up to him, although she had not seen him since the early morning, and had deputed no one to see after him.

Did not a brother whose work was the mainstay of the family deserve more care? The fever from the chill went to his brain, and after walking about the house, and talking wildly in Latin, Greek, and Russian, the poor man showed signs of becoming violent, and was soon taken off to an asylum, where he died a few days later in a strait-jacket.

In the last case I will now quote, the supply of the golden eggs was dependent on an old lady, so frail and fragile that nourishment and warmth were necessities to her, and yet fear of the servants on the part of the companion, resident with and dependent on her, used to make her try to prove that nourish-



BISLEY CHURCH.

With this ancient church the late Canon Thomas Keble and his father were connected for 75 years as vicar. Each of them left his mark behind in work of restoration to the fabric effected during his incumbency. In 1862 the church was in a great measure rebuilt from designs by the Rev. W. H. Lowder, the then curate, the Fifteenth Century work having become almost ruinous. In 1873 Canon Keble succeeded his father as vicar, and during his 29 years' term several important works were carried out, notably, the re-hanging of the peal of eight bells under the direction of Mr. G. H. Phillott, of Cheltenham; the reparation of the churchyard steps, and of the tower and spire (which form such a conspicuous landmark for miles around), in 1896, under the kind superintendence of Mr. Wiggall, of Bisley; and, later on, the provision of a lych gate, designed by the Rev. W. H. Lowder; and the erection of an iron church for missions at Eastcombe. Bisley Church is an exceedingly interesting one. The roof is of ancient timber, ornamented with armorial bearings, cognizances, and merchants' marks; and on the outside are the arms of Mortimer and Clare, these powerful families having erected it, or contributed to its erection. The recumbent carved figure of a knight-templar is traditionally reported to represent the founder. The south side of the chancel is adorned with a remarkably elegant porch of fourteenth century architecture. The oldest remaining part is of the date of Edward II. There is an ancient cross in the churchyard. The register dates from the year 1547.

ment ensued best from weak beef-tea, and warmth from slaty coals. Now that the goose has departed this life, and the golden eggs of a liberal salary, etc., are no more, doubt may sometimes assail this lady as to whether she acted wisely. Doubtless the fabulist had reason in making a goose the subject of this story; and I refer advisedly to the same bird as an illustration of my idea. For much as we may deplore the want of foresight which leads to the death of a valuable person, we must acknowledge that, capable as he is in many respects, he is certainly wanting in the wisdom which makes self-preservation a natural and rational course.

However, nobody can be wise all round, and as Achilles was left with a vulnerable spot when steeped in the river Styx, everybody has some weak side to his character. And as Mrs. Fitzgerald says in her "Rational Ideal of Morality," "the weakly yielding that comes of too impressible a nervous system may be quite as offensive to reason as the stubborn impassivity and resistance to the feelings of others that come of a stolidly phlegmatic or of a wilful disposition." All my readers can no doubt add from their own experience sad cases in which the supply of golden eggs has failed from neglect of the goose that laid them.

DESERT JOURNALISM.

So far as is known, there is but one newspaper in the world printed below the level of the sea. That paper is the "Indio Submarine," or, as it is now known, the "Coachella Submarine." The paper is a little four-page weekly, which does not present a remarkably prepossessing appearance, but it serves the requirements of the community in which it circulates. The desert does not present too abundant facilities for journalism, and "The Submarine" is situated in the midst of the most formidable of the deserts of the United States—the Colorado Desert of California.

WHEN FOOTBALL WAS UNLAWFUL.

Football was known in England prior to 1175 (says "The Penny Magazine"), but it never was regarded with favour by the law, and in the reign of Edward II. (1365) an Act was passed forbidding it. During the reign of Richard II. (1388) a similar law was enacted; and again under the Scottish Kings, James I. (1424) and James II. (1457), it was "directed and ordained that the football and golfe be utterly cried down and not to be used." James III. and James IV. passed similar statutes. James I. of England also opposed it. He writes: "From this Court I debarre all rough and violent exercises as the football, meeter for lameing than making able the users thereof." In the reign of Elizabeth a true bill was found against sixteen men for playing the unlawful game of football!

AN EXTRAORDINARY VOW.

The Maharana of Udaipur, the only Indian Chief who failed to attend the Delhi Durbar, is the inheritor of an extraordinary vow, kept in a peculiar fashion. In the days of Akbar the son of Himayun, the Rajput League, headed by the Rana of Chitor (whose descendants became Ranas and Maharanas of Udaipur), defied the Moghul. Akbar, however, defeated the Rajputs, and those of Jodhpur and Jaipur yielded, and gave him their daughters in marriage. The city of Chitor held out to the last, and then the Rajahs burnt their women on the pile, and in saffron robes perished, for the most part sword in hand. The Rana found refuge in the Aravulli hills, and vowed that he and his would never twist their beards, eat off gold, or sleep except upon straw, so long as Chitor remained a widowed city. Twisted beards have long gone out of fashion. But it is said that to this day, though the Maharana of Udaipur appears to eat off gold, there are leaves under the plate, and under his bed a little straw is always strewn.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 107.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1903.

THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE, CHELTENHAM.

This afternoon, 2.30, "The Adventure of Lady Ursula," to-night at 7.45, "Under two Flags."

JANUARY 19.

"THE LITTLE FRENCH MILLINER."

Time and Prices as Usual.

Dicks & Sons' Winter Sale

Has now COMMENCED.

In order to lessen the Departments before Stocktaking in February, special inducements are offered to Customers during this Sale.

Great Reductions in Price

throughout all Departments, especially in all seasons goods and wherever there is excess of stock, even though it may be plain goods in regular demand. Many lots of useful goods marked

Exactly Half the usual Price.

Specially cheap lines purchased during the last few months have been reserved for this sale.

Great Bargains in Mantles & Jackets.

Great Bargains in Dress Materials.

Great Bargains in Down Quilts.

Great Bargains in the China Dept.

All Dresses in one window 6/11 each, usual price 10/- to 21/6.

All Silks in one window 6/11 d. yard, usual price 10/11 d. to 1/3.

Special Reductions in Remnants.

DICKS & SONS, Ltd.,
172 & 173 HIGH STREET,
CHELTENHAM.



DR. MACNAMARA, M.P.,
WHO VISITS CHELTENHAM TO-DAY.

THE ALIEN IMMIGRANT.

Once established in Whitechapel or St. George's-in-the-East, the "Polak" also undeniably develops by degrees various civic virtues. He begins, after a bit, to comply according to his limited lights with what he regards as the unreasonable requirements of the sanitary authorities. Abstemious by choice as well as necessity, he avoids many of the British vices, while succumbing to the passion for gain in the form of gambling. Subdivisional-inspector Hyder asserts, with the police-court reports to confirm him, that he has never known a gaming-house that has not been kept by a foreigner, and that those nuisances increase with the increase of the alien element. Illicit stills—another secretive source of profit—are worked entirely by foreigners, though many of them have become naturalised. As the student of gregarious humanity would expect, offences requiring cunning and combination remain peculiar to the Jews, from the forgery of bank-notes and stamps down to the sanding of sugar. Dr. Thomas, public analyst for the borough of Stepney, declares that 28 per cent. of grocery samples taken from Hebrew shops were found to be adulterated, as against 13 per cent. from their Christian rivals. The owners of the first even find it worth while to mix impure ingredients with pepper and mustard. They have lowered the price of milk to 3d. a quart, at which it cannot be sold unadulterated. If their coffee seems to be the genuine article, it is because they grind a fresh supply directly a suspected stranger enters the shop, and so avoid detection.—From "The Alien Immigrant," in "Blackwood's Magazine" for January.

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 105th competition is Mr. J. R. Waghorne, 3 Spring Grove-villas, Cheltenham.

Entries for the 106th competition closed this (Saturday) morning, Jan. 17th, 1903, 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, and should not be larger than 10in. by 7½in.

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 sixteenth competition is Mr. H. S. Wheeler, 18 St. Paul-street North, Cheltenham.

Entries for the seventeenth drawing competition closed this (Saturday) morning, Jan. 17, 1903, 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.

PRIZE SERMON SUMMARY.

Commencing on Saturday, February 7th, 1903, a prize of half-a-guinea per week will be given for the best summary not exceeding five hundred words of a sermon preached in any church or chapel or other place of worship in the county not earlier than the Sunday preceding the award. Such summary must be written in ink on one side of the paper only, and neatness and legibility of handwriting and correctness of punctuation will be to some extent considered in allotting the prize. The proprietors reserve to themselves the right to publish any of the contributions sent in.

New Bohemian Club for Cheltenham.

Music and Musical Training.

By ANNIE W. PATTERSON,
Mus. Doc. B.A.

III.

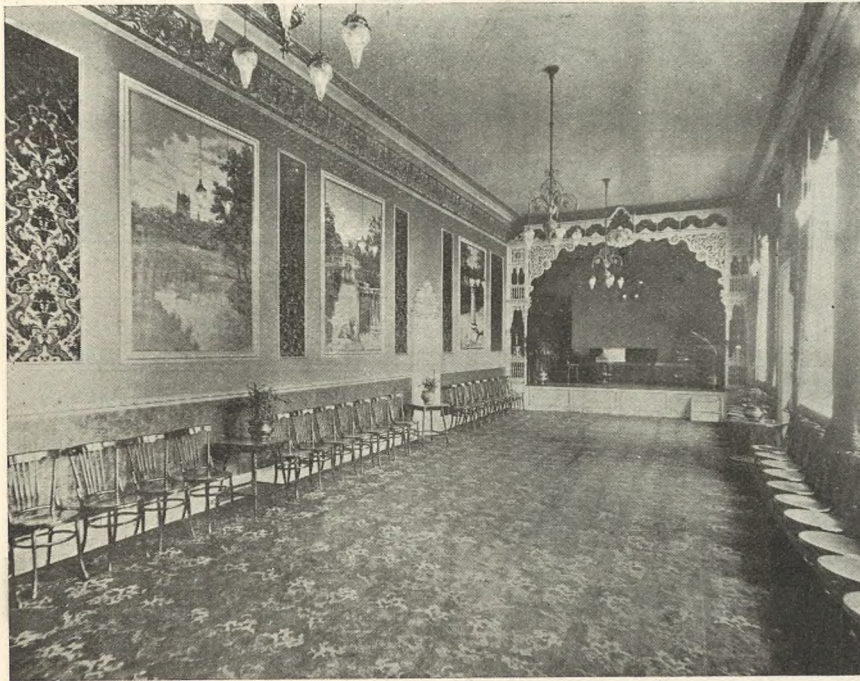
THE CHURCH ORGANIST.

The position of the church organist is an important one from many points of view. It gives an accomplished musician a certain standing and authority in the profession in his or her neighbourhood. It offers facility for the obtaining of pupils, as members of the congregation generally prefer to employ their own organist as an instructor, if he be a favourite and competent, rather than an outsider. It leads to much miscellaneous musical activity beyond the exercise of duties entailed: for all church concerts, choral, and other societies, as well as public and private musical entertainments in the parish, are committed to the hands of the organist, who, if he be able and courteous, can generally manage to find himself continuously and profitably occupied with his environments. Thus, a good organistship represents, more or less, a definite living; and, as such, it is much sought after by the professional musician. The pity is that, in the usual method of allotting such posts, the choice is influenced rather by interest than ability, and salaries are seldom adequate to the efficiency and experience required.

PRELIMINARY TRAINING OF THE ORGANIST.

Let us first deal with the preliminary training of the fully equipped organist. This necessitates, before all things, a thorough and intimate knowledge of the king of instruments. The applicant for a church post should be more than a good performer at the piano—he should know how to play the organ. By this we mean he should have skill as an executant both in pedal and manual work, taste in contrast and balancing of stops—in “registering,” as it is called—and practical acquaintance with classical organ music. One would imagine that familiarity with these matters would be a first essential for the candidate who seeks an organistship. As a matter of fact very often the aspiring “organist” has only studied the American organ or the harmonium—very different instruments from the pipe organ—and has acquired technique and execution on the pianoforte keyboard—a lamentable state of affairs which accounts for so much inexpert organ playing at Divine service, including the gingerly “tipping” of pedals—usually the wrong ones—and the unmistakable “pianist’s touch” in place of the true organ *legato*, so needful to the correct interpretation of the grand organ works of J. S. Bach, Mendelssohn, and other great organ composers.

Again, the church organist should be able to train a choir, as well as be an adept in the choice and rendition of church music. How often these qualifications are wholly lacking in the musicians who preside in our organ lofts! The professional choir of men and boys, save in Nonconformist churches, is the rule in city—especially London—churches. In the country, and in provincial towns mainly, the “mixed” choir—which admits amateurs and lady singers—is more usual. In either case there needs to be a choir trainer of ability at the helm if really good work is to be done. The qualifications of the ideal choir conductor are numerous, and are seldom united in the one person. There must be thorough knowledge of how church music is to be properly and reverently performed; there should also be the tact and adequate powers of speech and persuasion to convey this knowledge clearly and in an agreeable manner to others. A choir-master’s position is often a difficult one to fill. He is frequently a junior to many of the choir members, and, more often than not, their inferior—as the world rates it—in social status. Any authority he can exercise depends upon his own discretion and judgment in swaying other minds to perform his wishes. In order to do this some conductor



On Wednesday evening last a new club, hereafter to be known as the Cheltenham Bohemian Club, opened a career which its promoters feel confident will be a successful one. The Bohemians of Cheltenham who have hitherto sighed for a meeting place of a standard suitable to their artistic taste owe a deep debt of gratitude to Mr. E. A. Trapnell, the popular proprietor of the Star Hotel, Regent-street. Through that gentleman’s enterprise and sympathy with the order a most luxurious concert-room, equipped with all modern requirements, and furnished in a manner to delight the most fastidious, has just reached completion. What was formerly a skittle alley at the rear of the “Star” has now been transformed into a charming resort for those who claim to be artistic, and who may have the good fortune to be admitted as members of the club shortly to be inaugurated. When we mention that a sum of £750 has been expended on the place by Mr. Trapnell it can be taken for granted that his conception of what a Bohemian club-room should be like, has been by no means narrow. The following brief description will perhaps be interesting:—The room is 60ft. by 20ft., and lighted throughout by electricity. The roof of the old skittle alley has been considerably elevated, with the result that the place is delightfully “roomy” and spacious. At one end has been erected a miniature stage, curtained and lighted with admirable taste and judgment. The ground work of the decorations throughout is sage green, and the gold linings have been neatly and artistically executed. But the feature of the embellishment is the work which has been contributed by Mr. M. Claude, one of the leading spirits in the promotion of the new club. Mr. Claude has designed and painted four panels, which depict local beauty spots, such as the sundial at Sudeley Castle, a glimpse of Pittville Lake, Tewkesbury Abbey, and the Devil’s Chimney at Leckhampton. These have been painted in warm sepia, and the artist has

displayed no mean ability. There are two electric globes hung in front of each panel, so that when the current is turned on the paintings are thrown up into prominence. The floor of the room has been thickly carpeted, and the furniture is all that can be desired. The room was opened with a first-class smoking concert, and a large company thoroughly enjoyed the programme put before it. Mr. George S. Stephens, who was responsible for the arrangements, had gone into the highways and by-ways of the neighbourhood and unearthed some exceedingly fine talent. Mr. Arthur Waite was at the piano, and the “turns” were many and diversified. Mr. John Elliott sang a humorous “dirge,” “The Happy Land,” and the succeeding artists were Mr. Percy Eales, Mr. George Phillips, Mr. Stephens himself, who sang Arthur Roberts’s amusing ditty, “Topsy Turvey,” and as an encore drifted into the dramatic with a clever relation of “The Game of Life” as told by a pack of cards. Miss Freda Skipp, a local lady, sang “The Skylark,” and later in the evening contributed a coon song and dance. Mr. Stewart Champion, who came to Cheltenham in a “A Country Mouse,” proved quite a versatile entertainer, and besides a couple of songs he assisted Mr. George Stephens in a humorous duet. Mr. Sydney Howard has a polished style in his comic business which is calculated to meet with general approbation. He sang “The Plumber” and “The Society Idol.” The “star” turn, however, was Mr. A. W. Newton, in a mandoline solo, and the instrumentalist was loudly applauded for his performance. There was a ventriloquial entertainment by Mr. F. W. Haines, and other items during the evening, which went to make up a delightful concert. At the close of the programme there was a little interesting speech-making, and compliments were passed with freedom. Gentlemen were invited to send in their names as being desirous of joining the new club, and a large number were sent in before the party dispersed.

The Exchequer returns from April 1, 1902, to January 10, 1903, show receipts £100,174,681, against £93,573,733 in the corresponding period of last year. The expenditure was £150,977,767, as compared with £155,581,182 last year, and the balances were £3,896,051, as against £4,611,105.

VALUE OF GUM.

Messrs. Edwards and Co. recently got £44 for an unused copy of the rare Tuscan 3-lire stamp. It was minus the gum, or it might have brought over three times the price.—“The Connoisseur.”

Cheltenham Comic Football Procession.

assume a gruff or else a stolid indifference of manner—neither of which modes—though they are sometimes the result of reserve or nervousness—is to be commended. Nor is a too yielding, or ultra-benign a disposition to be cultivated in the training of a mixed body of adults. Firmness, tempered with intelligence and courtesy, is an attitude of temperament which the church organist should aim at, if he wishes to impress his choir and maintain his own dignity as leader. Only those of rare mental qualification—men and women capable of discerning the spirits of their fellow creatures, and making allowances for the frailties that flesh is heir to—can safely steer through the breakers of self-conceit, obstinacy, and petty jealousies which so often disturb the high seas upon which navigate the vocal crafts of the church choir.

It would appear, from these considerations, that the first points to be assured of by an elective committee in a candidate would be that he or she was accomplished both as a performer on the organ and as a teacher of the choir. Strange to say these matters seem but of secondary importance with church vestries—in whose vote the election of organists often lies—if we draw any inference from the fact that it is he who has most personal friends on the board of election, or who has been most successful in canvassing the interest of the voters, who secures the coveted post, rather than one who prefers to stand upon one's own merit, previous attainments, and experiences. Nor does the practice of making prospective candidates give a trial performance of conducting a choir practice and playing in church remedy matters. In the first place it is rather a degradation to a fully qualified musician, who has already indisputably "won his spurs" to take his "chance" with a miscellaneous band of more or less inexpert performers; secondly church vestries, with very few exceptions, are quite incapable of sitting in judgment upon matters which require the skill of the expert organist and capable choirmaster; for the showiest performer or most collected choir trainer—under such naturally trying and somewhat undignified circumstances—is seldom the most suitable or worthiest applicant for the post. Owing to these and other circumstances, and particularly to the fact that the best musicians shrink from either soliciting patronage or appealing to an unprofessional verdict, many organistships are but indifferently and poorly filled.

THE NATURE OF CHURCH ORGAN MUSIC.

A vast amount of ignorance, indeed, exists as to the nature of organ and organ music. It is not unusual, even in these tolerant times, to find enlightened clergymen who are continually at variance with their organists, not only upon the nature of hymn tunes, chants, and anthems chosen, but also with regard to the kind of voluntaries played during divine service. There is much, doubtless, to be said on both sides. Frivolity or irreverence in the music, as in anything else which appertains to the worship of God, is to be strenuously combatted and avoided. Even if the church organist look no higher upon his duties than as a means of livelihood, he owes it to those for whose benefit his services are given not wantonly to offend their senses of propriety or fitness. Hence, while good music in the abstract is always sacred, the playing of operatic excerpts in church, or of florid and jubilant voluntaries on solemn occasions, should be avoided. There is plenty of wholesome and beautiful organ music to draw upon without going away from the domain proper of this essentially dignified instrument; and, moreover, the great oratorios furnish an almost inexhaustible fund of treasures from which the skilled organist, if he be an adept at facile and extempore "arrangement" to suit the genius of his instrument, can always draw suitable selections for all kinds of occasions. "The Messiah," "The Creation," "Elijah," and "The Redemption"—to name four alone of the great oratorio masterpieces—are storehouses of beautiful and devotional melodic and harmonic gems.

Probably from a fast-rooted but quite unwarranted prejudice, the organ student com-



THE CLOWN AND THE DONKEY.

mences his studies with the idea that the instrument that he is about to learn is one of abnormal difficulty, and that it requires special physical powers. These are theories which "those who know" can afford to smile at. No mechanical skill is acquired without the expenditure of study and earnest practice; the telegraphist must learn the code—even the typist requires a certain experience and facility before speed in manipulation can be obtained. But, given an active, and, preferably, a lithe frame, agile fingers, and a small nimble, rather than heavy or large, hand, the organ keyboards do not present any unwonted difficulty. Indeed the "touch" of some modern organs, even with the swell coupler drawn (a mechanism which practically places the main part of the instrument under control), requires but a gentle, if even pressure, and is often much less laborious than the wrist and finger exercise necessitated by the pianoforte keyboard. The best organists learn to lean slightly on the keys and seldom lift their hands at all, except in stop changing. The placid and imperceptible gliding from one manual to another is also a sign of a good performer, as is the judicious and not too frequent use of the "swell pedal"—a mechanism for the increase and decrease of tone on what is known as the "swell" manual.

PEDALLING.

Pedalling, again, to the uninitiated appears to offer an insuperable barrier, especially to the aspiring lady organist! Here, again, difficulty vanishes when we come to examine facts. For people really unfamiliar with the latter, we might state that the organ "pedals" consist of a keyboard of usually two octaves in compass which is played by the feet of the performer in much the same way as a blind person would feel for and play a melody on the manual board. With a little practice, scale and even florid passages can be executed on the pedals with ease; all that is required is that the feet should acquire the power of alternately pressing—firmly if easily—the series of levers ranged on the ground well within reach even of those of small stature. The exertion entailed is less than that demanded by bicycling—much less than the weight and impetus required by walking or dancing; as in

the latter cases no seat forms a fulcrum of rest for the trunk of the body. The changing of stops, and the passing from one keyboard to another—as also the combining and contrasting of keyboard effects—are matters which come with care and practice, and seldom, after the first few months of initial drill are past, harass the earnest or enthusiastic student. Our space does not permit us to go into further detail on this topic; indeed to do so would be to verge rather much upon technicalities which, as these articles are written for the general reader, it is the purpose of the writer to avoid. But enough has been said to reclaim the reputation of the organ from being, in any way, an impossible instrument for the fairly robust of either sex. On the contrary, organ playing is at once a most healthful and delightful exercise, and, if taken in moderation, can never oppress or injure even the most fragile frame.

THE POORLY PAID ORGANIST.

The remuneration of the organist, as the better understanding of his instrument and duties, also needs the attention of those in power. As a rule, the church organist is very poorly and indifferently paid. Many a schoolmistress toils in a village church, year in and year out on Sundays and Holy days, at weekday services and prayer meetings, weddings and christenings, for the modest sum of £15 to £20 a year. £30 and £40 is considered a fair salary; while hundreds upon hundreds of gifted candidates are yearly disappointed in their application for posts of £50 a year and upwards. Positions of £100 a year are much coveted. If we except a few "plums" in the profession, the Cathedral organist is not paid as he deserves to be, considering that, more or less, his whole time is taken up with the duties entailed. Doubtless the connection implies increase of pupils, and hence such positions mean more than the stated income attached. But in this, as in other matters, we look, in the XXth century, for the more liberal treatment of the organist.

Next week: "The Vocalist."

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Cheltenham Comic Football Procession.

PETROL AND PICTURES.

[By "ARIEL."]

*

A ROCKER FOR DEVELOPMENT, &C.

A handy rocker can be made by taking a piece of wood a little larger than the tray used and fastening to it a piece of lath about thirteen inches long, with a hole bored two inches from the end upon which the board is fastened. At the other end is fastened a piece of wood about 4in. x 3in. to carry weights, such as pieces of lead or a couple of irons. To make the rocker work a piece of cane is fastened to the developing table with a projecting end, which is pushed through the hole in the lath. The greater the weight the longer the rocker works.

AIR BUBBLES.

To prevent air bubbles forming on the face of a print, take hold of the side of the print, push the other side into the liquid, and quickly slide the print under the water. When taking the print from the bath, get hold of one corner, and gently lift it.

HINTS ON THE DARK ROOM FOR NOVICES.

Artificial light, being constant and under control, is better for dark-room illumination than daylight. If ruby glass is used either for the lamp or window, test it as follows:—Place a blue object outside in the sun-light, and look through the ruby glass at the blue object. If it appears black the ruby glass is safe for use; if the object looks blue or blue-green, it is unsafe. Singed, burnt, or discoloured paper or cloth is not safe for lamp or window. The wash-water for plates should be pure. Use rain-water, if possible, and in any case filter all water. It is very convenient to have different shaped or sized dishes for developing and fixing. A dish that has contained hypo should never be used for developing. All dishes and glasses should occasionally be cleaned out with weak acid. Nitric acid is the best to use. Always rinse dishes and glasses before use. Much trouble is saved by keeping glasses and dishes full of water when not in use. It prevents staining and the hardening of old solutions.

ARTIFICIAL CLOUDS.

These can be put in by hand on thin negatives, the general plan being to put them on the glass side and soften the edges by "dabbing" with a finger tip. This, if carefully done, will prove a very useful way of scoring an indication of clouds; but it is not advisable to let them become more than a suggestion.

A PARADOX.

A correspondent of "Motor Cycling" contributes the following in this week's issue:—"Our old gardener the other day said to me, when he heard I had invested in a motor-cycle, 'I hears as how, sir, you have got a machine as goes along *without travelling!*'" THE STANLEY AUTOMOBILE SHOW.

To-day (Saturday) is the opening day of the above show at Earl's Court. The show is open till January 24th. Although not the largest show of the year, most of the English motor trade will be represented.

MOTOR-CYCLES AND FIRE INSURANCE.

If the owner of a motor-cycle stores his machine on premises insured with any insurance company he should duly inform them of the fact. The approval of the company has to be obtained to keep the machine indoors.

TERMS USED IN CONNECTION WITH ACCUMULATORS.

Volts:—This is a term which indicates the pressure value of the current contained in an accumulator. The voltage of accumulators used on motor-cycles is two volts for each cell, total four volts. As soon as the accumulator drops below four volts the accumulator should be re-charged. **Amperes** is a term denoting the quantity of current flowing through the wires, as distinguished from the pressure used in forcing the current along. Ampere-hours capacity of an accumulator expresses the quantity of current that can be obtained from an accumulator of a certain size.

CHARGING ACCUMULATORS.

Owners of motors in the town who have electric light installed in the house or office, etc., can easily re-charge their own accumulators—that is, providing the current is continuous. If the current is alternating, an appliance called a rectifier can be obtained for about £10 to convert to continuous. To charge, it is only necessary to take the cover off one of the switches controlling a group of two or three lights, put the handle in the "off" position, and find out which is the positive terminal. This is very easily performed. Connect up two lengths of insulated wire, one to each connection of the switch, clean the other ends of the wire bright, and hold them apart in a glass of slightly acid water. The wire connected to the "negative" pole of the switch will give off bubbles of gas. Join this wire to the negative of the accumulator, and the other

wire to the plus terminal, and leave on for about six hours. The handle of the switch remains off during the charging. When fully charged, the accumulator will give off gas freely, and the liquid becomes a grey colour. The voltage should register nearly 4.5.

Continuing the series of "Master Workers" in the January number of the "Pall Mall Magazine," Mr. Harold Begbie deals with Sir William Crookes in a deeply interesting contribution:—"I asked him, says the writer, 'if he could see any hope that science will one day unlock the mystery and show us wonders of the spiritual world. He refused to prophesy. His work is now entirely in physical science, and to speculate in the realms of metaphysics offers him no temptation. 'But,' he said, 'if you had come to me a hundred years ago, do you think I should have dreamed of foretelling the telephone? Why, even now I cannot understand it! I use it every day—I transact half my correspondence by means of it—but I don't understand it. Think of that little stretched disc of iron at the end of a wire repeating in your ear not only sounds, but words—not only words, but all the most delicate and elusive inflexions and nuances of tone which separate one human voice from another! Is not that something of a miracle?' But I wanted to know about spiritual things, and besought him, with many questions, to tell me how he regards the progress of science in relation to the supersensual boundaries of physical existence. His attitude was this: It is impossible to tell whether science may not some day stumble upon the soul. Men of science believe more than they can express—spiritually as well as physically. They do not put down on paper many of the problems occupying their attention; but capable brains are left to work at these questions of their own accord. The mysteries of existence are simmering in the scientific mind. Every pronounced physicist probably has fifty roving ideas in his head, and whatever may be the end of these imaginative speculations, even the waste products of science must be useful eventually. In following an idea along a broad road, the man of science is often tempted to turn off suddenly down a little green by-way, of whose existence he had never so much as dreamed. It is often at the end of these tiny paths that he comes upon an unexplored continent. The world must wait, and hope."



LOWER MILL.
RIVER, HIGH STREET.

BEAUTIES OF
BOURTON.

UPPER MILL.
HIGH STREET.

Photos by J. R. Waghorne, Cheltenham.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

Khaki's to be the new wear of our hitherto picturesque Yeomanry, resplendent in blue and yellow or gold. They are to be brought quite up-to-date by the fiat of the War Office. The change is certainly not to the liking, at least, of Colonel the Duke of Beaufort, for at a recent public dinner at Chipping Sodbury his Grace, in proposing "The Imperial Forces," lamented that the War Office had seen fit to take away their smart clothes, and he was afraid they would look very ordinary fellows in khaki. There was laughter at this from the company, but I don't see the point, or why our Yeomen should "look very ordinary fellows." The Duke expressed a hope that the wearing of khaki would make no difference in recruiting, although he was sorry that the old dress which they had worn so long had been taken away from them. I like that response of Sergt. Stephen Codrington, who said he had been 24 years in the regiment, and the clothes did not matter so much as the heart put into the work, and he urged all who possibly could to join the Yeomanry. What I regret is that the Yeomanry regiment, after having been trained for so many years in Cheltenham, have been removed without the public authorities making any effort to get them back by providing camp ac-

commodation. Apparently the place of training for this year is not fixed, for the Duke merely hoped that the camp would be at Badminton again, and that they would be able to get the regiment, although strong now, up to its full strength.

The candidature of Mr. Richard D. Holt for the West Derby Division of Liverpool and the fact that he is a grandson of the late Mr. Richard Potter, timber merchant at Gloucester, railway magnate, county magistrate, and leading local Conservative politician, reminds me that that gentleman had no fewer than three sons-in-law, who sat in the House of Commons, namely, the Right Hon. Leonard Courtney, Mr. Henry Hobhouse, and Mr. Charles Cripps, K.C. Mr. Potter, himself, narrowly escaped being returned to Parliament, as he stood for Gloucester in 1862 against the present Lord Fitzhardinge and the late Mr. J. J. Powell, Q.C., and was only beaten by 29 votes. The late Sir William Guise, at the 1874 election, humorously said that Gloucester was a "Potter's Field to bury Tory strangers in," but Mr. Potter scored heavily off him after the poll showed that the Tory had beaten both the Liberals, including Mr. Powell.

The rare visits of Lord Ducie to Gloucester are regulated by the meetings of the County Council and Quarter Sessions, and therefore

it was quite in the fitness of things that the unveiling of the presentation portrait of the late John Bellows should have been fixed on one of these occasions, in order to suit his lordship, who performed the ceremony. The posthumous praise of the big-hearted and intellectual Friend was not overdone. The Lord-Lieutenant believed that even Dr. Johnson would have commended Bellows's French Dictionary, although he might have had something sarcastic to say about the effeminacy of the present race that required a dictionary not to weigh more than five or six ounces. Senator Hoar well summed up the traits of John Bellows in his letter:—"His friendship was one of the delights of my life. He seemed to be a man of rare accomplishments, of great original genius, and of a sweet and loving nature." I like, also, that testimony of Canon Scobell, rector of his parish, that "Sunday after Sunday, before he had his own dinner, John Bellows would take of the best, and in plenty, to a poor old man, a Waterloo and Trafalgar veteran, and would sit and listen with a great sense of humour to the old fellow fighting his battles over again." I presume that veteran served in the Marines, to have fought on sea and land. At all events, the kindly attention paid him by the "man of peace" showed that the latter appreciated the patriotic services of the old warrior.

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My Pleasurable Hobbies.

By SIR RICHARD TANGYE

(Author of "The Two Protectors," etc.).

The late Sir Andrew Clark once said to me, what no doubt he has said to many others, that the great mistake busy men make when they retire from the active pursuit of their business careers, is to think that doing nothing is to secure the rest that they have always looked forward to before yielding up their account. Men engaged in commercial or political life are too apt to think that the pursuit of a "hobby," or the earnest study of any subject apart from what they feel to be the business of their lives, is so much energy lost. As a matter of fact, there is abundant evidence to show that the exact converse is the case, and that all the faculties, the possessions of which tend to command success in such careers, are quickened and stimulated by such outside pursuits. Numerous instances might be adduced in support of this view, a notable one being that of the late Mr. Gladstone. The "manysidedness" of that great statesman was the result of the keen interest he took in numberless subjects that lay outside the range of politics. Mr. Gladstone has often been known to remark that his mental and physical health were always benefited by these diversions from the strenuous pursuits of political life.

I have had more than forty years of hard work, and few so-called working men have worked so many hours per day as I have. My favourite methods of relaxation have been reading and travelling. I have visited the land of the Pharaohs, and travelled in many European countries, besides making several voyages to Australia, and somewhat extensive journeys in America and South Africa, usually combining business with pleasure.

THE COLLECTING OF OLD WEDGWOOD.

I have also had my "hobbies," among which are the collecting of Old Wedgwood, of rare books, of MSS., engravings, and books relating to Oliver Cromwell and the Commonwealth period. The search after rare specimens of pottery may easily become a craze unless there is a definite object in view in collecting it, and I had such an object. Josiah Wedgwood, England's greatest potter, was closely associated with Birmingham by his connection with Matthew Boulton, of the great Soho works, where numberless specimens of his friend's exquisite productions were mounted in gold and other metals. Flaxman's genius was employed in designing subjects for shoe-buckles, buttons, bracelets, brooches, etc., all of which were completed at Soho, and are to-day among the choicest examples of art manufacture.

There was no collection of Old Wedgwood in Birmingham, and my purpose in taking up this "hobby" was to provide that an adequate representation of one of the most important manufactures of the Midlands should appear in the New Art Gallery, in the founding of which I was much interested.

Wedgwood had the happy art of drawing men of genius and able artizans around him from all sides—a true mark of the master mind. In his manufacture he would not permit any inferior work to leave his place, carefully examining it in every stage, and however much labour may have been expended on any particular piece, if it did not please him, he would lift his crutch and smash it, "That won't do for Josiah!" And long before I had begun to take an interest in "Old Wedgwood" my brother would, quite unconsciously, follow "Josiah's" example by rejecting defective work in our own factory. Wedgwood, like all masters of their crafts, knew full well that it was only by such drastic methods that excellence could be attained. He knew, too, that it was the surest way of training expert artist-workmen.

Wedgwood was unceasing in his efforts to obtain finer qualities of clay, the materials then in use not lending themselves to the artistic designs he had set his mind upon introducing. Curiously enough, some of the finest that he ever experimented upon came from far-off Australia. His friend Mr. (afterwards Sir) Joseph Banks, who accompanied



Prominent Players of the Cheltenham Rugby Football Club.

W. UNWIN.

W. A. KINGSCOTT.

G. T. UNWIN.

Captain Cook as naturalist on his first voyage to "Botany Bay," discovered a bed of clay of extraordinarily fine quality in that interesting locality, and brought samples of it home to his potter friend. It is known that Wedgwood produced some beautiful objects in this material, but in all my researches I have only been able to find a single specimen. It is a small medallion of a beautiful purplish black, having on its face four figures representing:

Hope welcoming Peace, Art, and Labour, and dated Etruria, 1789.

On the reverse, "Made by Josiah Wedgwood of clay from Sydney Cove."

The figures on the front are sharply cut and look like the finest bronze. I had this medallion beautifully mounted, and took it with me on one of my voyages to Australia, intending to present it to the Museum at Sydney. I hoped, too, to interest some of the public men of that city in an endeavour to find this valuable bed of clay in the interests of the colony, but was not successful. Calling at the Museum, I saw the curator, a rough old Scotchman, who, seeing me with a parcel in my hand, jumped to the conclusion that I was wanting to sell something, and before I could open it, told me they were constantly having things offered them by newcomers; evidently he thought I was one of the "hard-ups." I showed him the medallion, telling him I had proposed giving it to the Museum. "Oh, that's a different matter," the old Scot replied, eyeing the specimen with admiration. "Yes," I said, "it is, and now I propose taking it back to England," which I did, and still retain it, "a thing of beauty."

MY OLIVER CROMWELL RELICS.

As I have already stated, another of my "hobbies" has been the collecting of MSS., books, etc., relating to Oliver Cromwell and his times, and I believe my collection is one of the largest in existence. It may be of interest to know what first led me, more than twenty years ago, to take an interest in the history and doings of the Great Protector.

My father was a small farmer in the west of Cornwall, and from conscientious motives, being a Quaker, he objected to paying Church rates and tithes. He was the only Quaker in the parish, and although he had a hard struggle for the means of supporting his large family, he was always kind and helpful to his poorer neighbours. But the rector of the parish, a well-to-do man, must have "his pound of flesh," for the "law allowed it," and so, twice a year, our scanty stock was distrained upon; sometimes the cow was taken, and sometimes the store of bacon, laid by for the winter's use. These things were sold by public auction, and on one occasion the

bacon was bought by the rector's butler and re-sold to his master. Soon after the sale the butler came to my mother with this message from his master, "Tell Mrs. Tangye that the bacon is the best I ever tasted." Whether the message was really sent or whether it was the outcome of the butler's "superfluity of naughtiness" I know not, but this I do know—it gave me an intense hatred of the system responsible for such an outrage. I was very young, and had not then heard of Oliver Cromwell, but when a few years later, I read how he overthrew the bishops and clergy, he at once became my hero and has remained so ever since. My brother, however, had his revenge upon the shade of this wicked butler, for many years after the latter's death, he personally, in his own little workshop, gave his grandson a thorough training as an engineer, without fee or reward. Needless to say, the young man never knew of his relative's unkindness.

ONE OF THE CHARMS OF

"COLLECTING"

consists in tracing the history of some of these relics of olden times. One of the most interesting objects in the collection is Oliver Cromwell's watch. It is a beautiful piece of workmanship, oval in shape, and very small; upon it is engraved the maker's name, "R. BARNES, AT WORCESTER"; on the dial plate is engraved a view of the spires of Worcester and a couple of rabbits. The watch is enclosed in a modern silver case, having this inscription:—

"This watch originally belonged to Oliver Cromwell, the gift of his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, 24th June, 1816, to Barnard Attenhoffer, from Zurzach."

After wandering all over the world, at length it came into my possession; for fifty years it had been in New Zealand, where it had been taken by one of the original settlers, whose daughter sent it to England a year or two ago, and offered it to me. I am fortunate in having several of Cromwell's letters, some of which were unknown to Carlyle. Some of them are written entirely in the Protector's handwriting, while others bear his signature only. Many of them are very interesting and characteristic of the man. One, dated 23rd June, 1658, only ten weeks before the Protector's death, is addressed to Cardinal Mazarin; in it Oliver recounts an act of piracy by a French subject off the Medway, when a ship belonging to one Peter Pett was seized and taken away to France, and compensation was demanded. The letter is written in polished Latin, dictated by Milton (he was then blind) and is signed by Oliver in a very shaky hand, being countersigned by Thurloe. This letter was found by my

agent on a bookstall on the Quays of Paris soon after the destruction of the Tuilleries after the events of 1870; no doubt it was part of the loot of the Royal Palace. Whether compensation was ultimately paid or not, there is no record to show, but it is certain it was not paid before Oliver's death, for nearly a year after the Protector Richard caused another letter to be written calling attention to the non-payment of compensation. The letter appears in the collected Latin letters of John Milton. It is not often that a new letter of Cromwell's comes to light, but one came to me about three years ago under somewhat peculiar circumstances. Mrs. Lomas, who is about to bring out a new edition of Carlyle's letters and speeches, wishing to compare the printed letters with the originals in my possession, asked leave to examine them.

In acceding to her request, I remarked that she must not expect to find any new letters in my collection; on the day that the lady came to my house I looked through them, and to my astonishment found one that I knew nothing about. On looking into the matter I discovered I had bought it on the very day upon which I had been taken with an illness that had lasted until the day of its discovery. Needless to say my visitor was delighted, especially when I told her it should make its first appearance in her forthcoming work. Subsequently, Mrs. Lomas sent me a letter which she had received from the late Dr. S. K. Gardiner, in which he told her of the sale of the letter at Sotheby's, advising her to enquire about it for reproduction in her new edition of Carlyle. The letter is in French, and is addressed to the secretary of a foreign Prince who had sent his congratulations to Oliver upon his recent installation as Protector; it is thoroughly characteristic, as the following extract will show:—

"I am very sensible of the congratulations of your Prince; although of royal blood he feels that Sovereigns have duties, but when they sacrifice the people to their caprices, the people have the right to demand an account, and to put a stop to their acts of violence."

A UNIQUE BOOK OF MSS.

One of the most interesting of my treasures is a folio book of MSS., which is absolutely unique. It is the Journal of the Protectoral House of Lords, being the only copy in existence. It begins with the Writ of Summons by Oliver's command, and continues day by day until its last sitting, when Richard Cromwell was dethroned. I give photographic copies of some pages of this book in my work on "The Two Protectors" (S. W. Partridge and Co.). Another large book contains over 200 MSS. respecting the siege of Pontefract Castle, including eight holograph letters by Oliver. In my work on "The Two Protectors" I have also introduced many interesting details respecting Richard Cromwell which have never been published before. Two years ago I lent a number of these things to the Polytechnic Exhibition at Falmouth, which was opened by the Bishop of Truro. I was unable to be present, or should have related an anecdote in which Oliver Cromwell and the Bench of Bishops figured. One of the early Quakers, John Roberts by name, was frequently cited before the Bishop's Court by the vicar of his parish on various charges, such as non-attendance at church, etc. On one occasion the Bishop asked the friend how many children he had. He replied, "I have had seven, of whom it has pleased the Lord to remove three by death." "Have they all been bishoped (confirmed)?" was the next question, which was answered in the negative. "And why not, Mr. Roberts?" asked the Bishop. "Because most of them were born in Oliver's days when bishops were out of fashion!" replied the witty Quaker.

Next week: "Every Man his own Wizard," by Professor Hoffmann.

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Through England In Rags.

AN AMATEUR VAGRANT'S EXPERIENCES OF ROAD LIFE.

INTRODUCTORY.

A novelist of repute is said to have repeatedly expressed an earnest desire to live for some months in the worst sium in all London. I had—to compare small things with great—for long a secret yearning in the same direction, only my heart was set on living the infinitely more healthy, more varied, and more fascinating life of the road. This ambition has been gratified. I have been on tramp in character.

For six weeks—or, to be rigidly precise, for forty-three days—I was a vagrant, walking from town to town, dodging the police, begging occasionally, both on the fly and on the down-right (from pedestrians and from door to door), sleeping in "pauding kens" or roadside lodging-houses, and leading the life that roadsters lead as faithfully as possible.

How I fared, what I saw, and whom I met this series of experiences will tell. I shall show how the police dog and harry a traveller. I shall describe how local mendicity societies are worked; how I was treated in certain little-known institutions, notably the Tramps' Paradise; and how I was assisted at those monasteries which relieve all wayfarers, without respect to creed, age, or nationality.

I shall, moreover, give my personal experiences of begging in ten counties, as well as some starting facts about begging in general; expose the impositions practised by vagrants on the charitable; show how roadsters prey upon country houses; throw a nood of light on tramps' industries and work-shops; lay bare the methods of trade-union tramps; and, in short, portray the painful reality and the entrancing romance of the road as I saw them.

Dealing with such subjects, one cannot easily be dull; but if I do not furnish the reader with abundant entertainment, and carry him with me to the end, I shall not have achieved my aim.

How shall I begin? First, I had better give a sort of impressionist sketch of my journey, and then fill in the details, arranged in subjects, afterwards.

A TRAMP FROM MANCHESTER TO BRIGHTON.

TWENTY-TWO DAYS' ON THE ROAD.

Never mind the preparations for the journey. Never mind the first stage even, or the new name I assumed, for of course I sank my identity all along.

Enough, that one warm July evening I arrived at Todmorton, twenty miles from Cottonopolis, my starting-point, and made a hearty tea—or, at all events, as hearty a tea as one can make off butchers' "block trimmings," bread, and tea without milk—in one of the common lodging-houses there.

I began well. My first meal on the road was purchased from the proceeds of a stolen shirt, which a companion whom I had picked up at Rochdale had purloined from a painter, and which he sold in the kitchen for fourpence. This is a proof of my versatility. I was a tramp directly.

Next day I walked leisurely to Halifax, and on the following morning I started off for Leeds. On the way I was greatly tempted by one of my fellow-lodgers to visit Bradford.

"Come wi' me, lad," said he. "I can put thee on some good ports at Bradford—ports as I've worked myself—and you can stop there four days easy. And it's pay-day to-day, too (Saturday). Come on, an' thou'll be all right. I've stopped in Bradford six months at a time."

But modesty compelled me to decline this invitation. I had not at that time acquired sufficient cheek to be able to "mouch" (beg) So I pushed on to Leeds, and on arriving in that city made at once for the post-office, where I expected to find awaiting me a letter containing some money. All I had when I left Manchester was 3s., of which only 6d. remained.



Miss Rachel Clark, pupil of Baker-street Girls' British School, Cheltenham, who has made a record perfect attendance for eight years.

But to my horror it was not there. I spent all I possessed in telegraphing home, now-ever, and in reply the sum I had arranged for—2s. 6d.—was sent me.

I had intended to stop in Leeds until Monday morning, but, having heard that a free breakfast was given in Wakefield, I felt bound to have that at any sacrifice of personal comfort. I accordingly left Woodopolis immediately after I had obtained a further supply of money. What a tramp I had!

I crawled into Wakefield more dead than alive; and the first thing I heard about the city was that the free breakfast was stopped during the summer months!

After my twenty-four miles' stage I required a rest, and I had it. I hardly moved until Monday morning, when I set off for Barnsley. Then I slept on successive nights at Sheinfeld, Chesterfield, Mansfield, Nottingham, and Loughborough.

"Slept, indeed, I ought not to say, for common lodging-house keepers appear to think that you take a bed not to sleep, but to study certain phases of natural history.

All the way down the road I noticed at intervals tramps' jottings on fences, milestones, etc. Here is a specimen message, which I copied about three miles out of Loughborough,

"Laurence Marren, alias Jack Smith, or Darkie, left Scotland 1st May. Darkie left Yorkie in York. Going to Leicester."

Next day (Sunday) I turned aside in order to visit the celebrated monastery in Charnwood Forest, of which I shall speak hereafter. Indeed, I am now, as the reader will understand, omitting everything which can be dealt with subjectively. This was one of the worst days I spent on the road, my left knee being exquisitely painful.

Resting on Bank Holiday at Leicester, I reached market Harborough on Tuesday night, and on the following day I started with three companions for Northampton.

You could not have found a livelier quartette had you scraped all England with a comb. One of the roadsters was a lynesider, inimitable and unapproachable as the British workman out of work; the second was a Cockney, who out-Munchausened Munchausen when it came to road yarns; while the third was one of the most extraordinary tramps I ever met.

He was a big, raw-boned, fellow, with a fist like a leg of mutton, and feet kept bare because nobody in England had any cast-off boots that would fit them.

His hair was black and greasy, and hung down his back in ringlets. His method of begging was as unique as his appearance.

"I will see if they will open unto me," he used to remark, and then he would go up to a door and knock.

When somebody came he did not ask for anything, but began praying with forty-parson power.

Strange to say, however, he never would "call"—that is, visit for the purpose of begging—at a public-house.

The greasy, hulking humbug tried to make us believe he had given a large fortune to the poor, and that in wandering over the country he was "bearing his cross" and "serving the Lord." On this novel "tale" neither the Newcastle man nor myself made any comment; but the Cockney was so intolerant of lying in others that he could not keep quiet.

"You're honest, old cock, I believe," he said.

"Yea," remarked the hypocrite, with a complacent air.



Drawn by H. S. Wheeler, Cheltenham. "WAIT 'TIL THE FROST ROLLS BY"

"Yes," proceeded the Cockney triumphantly, "I think you never did a man out of a day's work in your life.

My next stage—from Northampton to Bedford—was also memorable, though for another reason: it was a great day for food. We began—a fitter and I—with bread and bacon for breakfast. After we had walked a few miles we gathered a lot of corn and ate it.

Soon afterwards—at Denton, I think—we came up with a picnic party who were refreshing themselves at a little roadside inn. My companion tipped me the wink, and sat down opposite them. I followed his example, and together we gazed wistfully and hungrily at the party till for very shame's sake they were obliged to give us some bread and cheese.

A few miles farther on we were in luck again. I found in the middle of the road a packet of jujubes.

Next we had, I think, a feed of peas—field peas; and we wound up our walk gloriously with a lump of "mouched" beef and bread apiece. I was "weary and ill at ease" that night—especially ill at ease.

From Bedford to Luton was rather an uneventful walk. Tramps' sentiments toward the latter place are accurately reflected in a wish that I saw pencilled on a finger post as I was going to St. Albans:

"Good, old Luton! May your trade flourish!"

It is, by common consent, an excellent town for wayfarers.

A fellow with whom I had scraped up an acquaintance overnight went out before I got up in the morning, and not only "mouched" his own breakfast, but brought me in four or five lots of food—bread and butter, bread and cheese, and so on—for mine. Cheers for Luton!

Yet the ungrateful dog reviled the town,

and all because a pork butcher who had the previous evening let him have two "faggots" for 1½d.—the usual price being 1d. each—would not that morning give him one for nothing.

I never met such an artful rascal in my life. On the Saturday, when we were on our way to Barnet, we saw in passing through a village a baker leaning over his counter and talking tenderly to a young lady.

My companion left my side instantly, and walked into the shop. When he rejoined me he had the bottom part of a cottage loaf.

"Good business," he remarked, and then he added with a chuckle: "I though he'd want to show the girl what a good-hearted bloke he was!"

Sunday saw us, still together, trudging into London—a weary drag, enlivened with only a single gleam of humour. I asked a street urchin to give me a match to light a pipeful of "hard-up," or cigar ends, which, by the way, make a very satisfying smoke, only to get them at their full flavour they should be gathered after rain.

The youngster handed me an empty box. I was about to give him a box in return, when he hastened to explain that in London safety matches are used, that if you ask a man for a match you are likely to be told that he has none except those which strike on the box, and that if I received such a reply I could say—

"That's what I want; 'I've got a box here."

Near the Medland Hall, off Commercial-road, I parted from my fellow-tramp, who purposed to enjoy the free tea and night's shelter afforded to the homeless at that institution. I went on to Poplar, where I stopped at a doss-house in High-street.

On Monday night, at Gravesend, I had my first experience of southern "padding kens,"

which are, on the whole, the worst in England. I did not get two hours' sleep.

I was more unfortunate still at Maidstone on Tuesday, and on Wednesday, at Tonbridge, I was awake all the night through.

I shall deal fully with tramps' lodging-houses later on; but I cannot refrain from remarking here that, apart from other unmentionable disagreeables, in one of the vile holes I have referred to I saw blackbeetles crawling about the floor, and when I came to make my breakfast in the morning I found that a mouse had been in my coat pocket during the night, and had eaten its way through a paper in which I had some sugar.

On Thursday, therefore, I was quite ill—sick, faint, and dizzy. My condition may be imagined from the fact that, though I stuck at it gamely, it took me four hours to walk five miles. About dinner time rain began to fall, and very soon the damp penetrated to my skin. But I struggled on till, at about eight o'clock in the evening, I came to a roadside beerhouse at Five Ash Down, near Uckfield, which I had been told took in "lodgers." Then came a blow that "capped the climax of my catastrophes." Full up!

"You must put me in somewhere," I said to the landlady. "I really can't walk to Uckfield to-night."

Eventually she consented to find me shelter, and that night, with an Italian organ-grinder for a companion, I spent in an old barn. It was wet; it was cold and draughty; we had only a few flour sacks as bedclothes, but nevertheless I slept like a child.

On the following afternoon (Friday) I reached Brighton without further adventure, after having been on the road twenty-two days.

The title of the next subject in this Series will be

"A Tramp from Brighton to Manchester."

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 108.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1903.

THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE, CHELTENHAM.

This afternoon at 2.30 and to-night at 7.45,
"The Little French Milliner."

JANUARY 26.

"THREE LITTLE MAIDS."

Time and Prices as Usual.

Dicks & Sons' Winter Sale

Has now COMMENCED.

* * *

In order to lessen the Departments before Stocktaking in February, special inducements are offered to Customers during this Sale.

Great Reductions in Price

throughout all Departments, especially in all seasons goods and wherever there is excess of stock, even though it may be plain goods in regular demand. Many lots of useful goods marked

Exactly Half the usual Price.

* * *

Specially cheap lines purchased during the last few months have been reserved for this sale.

Great Bargains in Mantles & Jackets.

Great Bargains in Dress Materials.

Great Bargains in Down Quilts.

Great Bargains in the China Dept.

* * *

All Dresses in one window 6/11 each, usual price 10/- to 21/6.

All Silks in one window 6 1/2 d. yard, usual price 10 1/2 d. to 1/3.

* * *

Special Reductions in Remnants.

DICKS & SONS, Ltd.,
172 & 173 HIGH STREET,
CHELTENHAM.

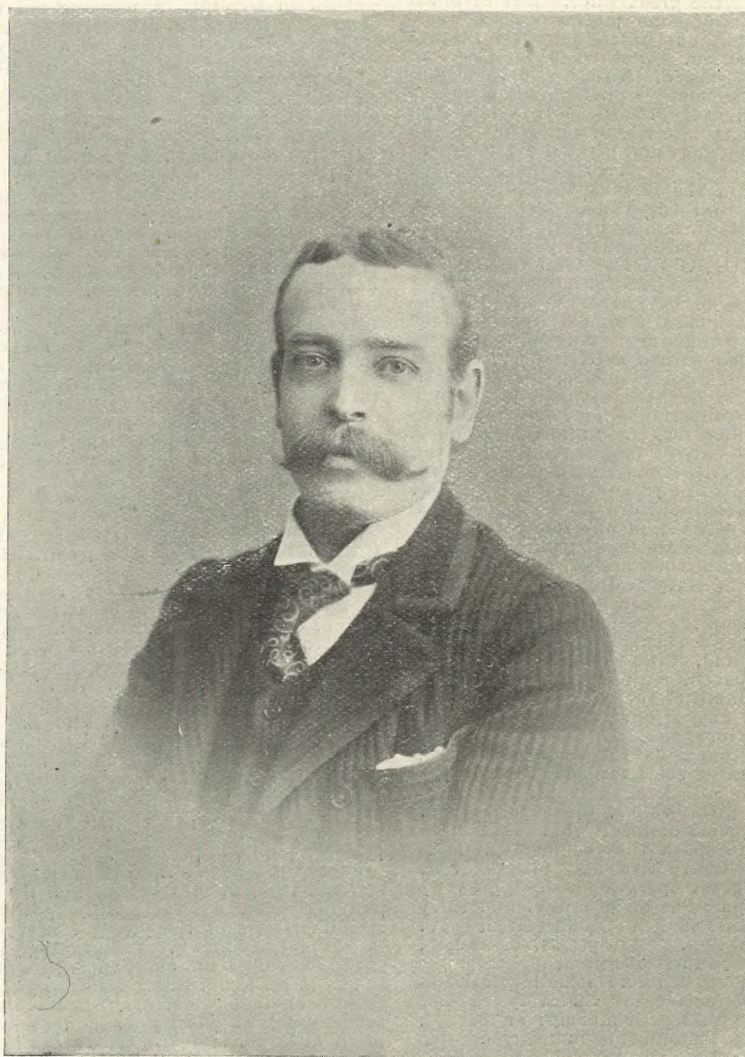


Photo by Mr. G. Coles, Southgate, Gloucester.

MR. SIDNEY S. STARR,

Who was last Saturday presented by the members of the Gloucestershire Root, Fruit, and Grain Society with a gold lever keyless watch and a purse of gold in acknowledgment of his valuable services as secretary, and as a mark of the esteem in which he is held by them." Mr. Starr is the youngest son of the late Mr. Stephen Starr, of Gloucester, and is one of the best known and most popular of Gloucesterians. He was born in the old city in 1860, and received his education at St. Luke's School. He has since 1879 been continuously "in harness," as he terms it, either as secretary or treasurer of one organisation or another. For several years he held the money bags of the Gloucester Rugby Football Club,

and is secretary to the Gloucestershire Rose Society, one of the original members of the Gloucester Traders' Association, and secretary of the Gloucester Football and Athletic Ground Company; besides which he has served and is serving upon innumerable committees. He is also a Mason—P.P.G.Std.; a Druid—P.Arch; and a Forester—P.S.C. Ranger; and has for many years been a member of St. John's Church choir. Mr. Starr married in 1890 Miss Laura Glover Roberts, only child of Mr. Charles Roberts, Northgate-street, Gloucester, and has been junior partner in the well-known firm of Messrs. Roberts and Starr, floral contractors, in that city, since 1888.

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Music and Musical Training.

By ANNIE W. PATTERSON,
Mus. Doc., B.A.

IV.

THE VOCALIST.

There is no more beneficent natural gift than that of a beautiful voice. With this possession a man or woman has infinite possibilities opened up to him or her of pecuniary, as well as artistic and social attainment. The presence of a superb vocal organ in some, and its absence in other individuals, can no more be explained than we can account for the superior, mediocre, and inferior development of the musical ear in different subjects. Certain plausible theories exist with regard to specific formation and unusual development of mouth cavity, larynx, and lung. Physical construction has certainly something to do with the phenomena of "the great voice," just as much as a well-built piano possesses better tone qualities than one of indifferent structure and composition. Yet when it comes to definite analysis of reasons why, we are faced with so many apparent incongruities and contradictions that scientists must, so far, confess themselves in ignorance of the precise proportions and general symmetry of throat and chest which go to make evident the "gift" of the famous vocalist. All we can say is that the voice, par excellence, speaks for itself, and is usually not long in making itself heard and duly appreciated.

REGARDING BOYS' AND GIRLS'

VOICES.

In the case of boys, the Cathedral training of many musical male children no doubt suggests a future career. But here again we are confronted with a matter difficult to be understood. In some instances the beautiful soprano of boyhood develops into a fine tenor or a robust bass or baritone; more frequently, however, the adult voice is quite of ordinary quality; or else it degenerates, and become either too small or of too inferior a kind to be of any use in solo work. The early vocal culture is not, for that reason, lost. Many of our foremost professors of singing, as also most great composers, have had a beautiful voice in youth. Can we doubt that the early training in the singing of sacred music has been labour lost? Rather let us look upon it as that first impetus which awakened the musical propensities of the child mind, and, if we are parents or guardians of boyhood, let us not omit to place the salutary drill of the church choir within the reach of any of our little lads who display an ear or voice. In the future, posterity may thank us for having done so, even if the child voice vanishes with adolescence.

Regarding girls' voices, the experience of most great prime donne is that as soon as they began to speak they could sing. It is curious and instructive also to note that most of the great operatic "stars" grew up in an atmosphere of stage music, and early learned to associate histrionic talent with vocal enunciation. Exceptions, of course, exist, and more than one great signer of the day owes her eminence to home musical culture, or the accidental discovery of her voice by an experienced manager or teacher. If the highest emoluments in many occupations are closed to women, this remark cannot be made with regard to the woman vocalist. Hence in this article we will consider her specially. The prima donna, while her star is in the ascendant, and even in its decline, commands high fees and a wide celebrity in virtue of her gifts. For this reason the ambition of many musical girls is to become great public singers; and hence result many heart-burnings, disappointments, and shattered hopes. For to be able to sing well is one thing; to think that one can sing well, or to be flattered into that opinion by friends, are pitfalls into which even the most wary and conscientious are often beguiled. Hence much loss of time that might be more advantageously spent, loss of money, and often loss of health,

spirits, and nerve. Girls, and the instructors of girlhood, should be particularly careful ere they build false hopes of future eminence upon indifferent vocal ability or talent for a public life which can be, at best, but of a mediocre kind.

The main point to be considered is:—What really constitutes a good voice? We might answer the question generally by saying that no one qualification, but rather many, go to make up this valuable possession. First, the voice itself must *per se* excellent of its kind; not necessarily loud and big, but certainly sweet, true, flexible, broad, sympathetic, and with "carrying power"—all of which traits differ in kind and intensity according as the voice itself is soprano ("dramatic" or *leggiero*), mezzo soprano, or contralto. Only a vocal specialist can define exactly the attractive qualities of any individual voice; the listener can, at most, judge from the emotional standard—usually a variable one—whether a voice gives pleasure or not. Again, the accomplished vocalist requires certain traits of disposition before even a great gift can be turned to account. A pleasing manner and presence, though it cannot make a singer, goes far to insure success for a gifted vocalist. Failing natural endowments in these matters, a sensible and quiet demeanour can be cultivated, which often in its way obtains the most lasting respect and esteem. A singer void of feeling and expression in delivery resembles the coldness of marble compared with the warmth and motive power of the flesh. The ability to enter into and touchingly interpret the music sung, nerve, brilliancy and enthusiasm—in a word soul—these and these are immense factors in the success of a public vocalist; and without them often aspirants, even when remarkably equipped as to the vocal organ, fall short of the popularity of those who, with less voice, it may be, still know how to turn what vocal tone they may have to the best account, and so as most powerfully to move the listeners. On the stage and concert platform dress is also—especially in the case of the woman singer—a necessary adjunct to a good appearance. It is somewhat degrading to our higher principles to think so; but the fact remains that mortal eyes judge oftener "by appearance" than by "righteous judgment." If then, young folk thirst for the glamour of a public life, they must also cater to the requirements of the natural eye which likes to look upon a pretty picture. Dress, to be attractive, need not, of course, be expensive. Elegance and taste are quite as possible with simple materials as with more costly and showier fabrics. "Dress, my dear, with us women artists, is half the battle, once said a gifted and charming vocalist to the writer. Let us qualify the statement a little, and say that while "fine feathers make fine birds," the homely little lark has as many, if not more, admirers than the bird of paradise or the swan. Tact, judgment, and discretion in dress, as in all things, is worth much pin-money to the possessor.

PROCURING ENGAGEMENTS.

Given the gift of vocalism and its accompanying addenda to successful exposition, the initial trouble of the young concert singer is how to get known. A beginning must be made somehow! the question is in what way is one to set about this? Many begin in the church choir as amateurs, whence occasions for singing at charity or church concerts often arise for a really good vocalist. The singing at "at homes" is also a fruitful channel for procuring other or repeated "engagements;" but the youthful artist is warned that fees from such work fluctuate greatly; and often a large amount of "thank you" vocalism must be given, both in public and private, before a singer can gain a sufficient reputation to demand and obtain a fair pecuniary return for services given. Concert organisation, on one's own behalf, is invariably attended with considerable expense. Still, occasionally, it must be faced, if even as a means to obtain some first-class Press notices. If a committee of influential friends and patrons can be formed previously, who will practically help by buying tickets in advance, and if gratuitously help can be obtained from one or two com-

petent friends who will take preparatory business details off the concert giver's shoulders—then a "benefit" concert should be given by all means, if the singer is really capable, and in health, nerve, and voice to court public opinion and criticism. Agents, if honest, may be employed to organise such matters in the case of debutantes "for a consideration;" the pity is where concert management falls into unscrupulous hands, or where the benefice has more ambition than talent—in which cases there often results but the diminution of a not too well lined purse, and the crumbling to dust of many bright, if unstable, "castles in the air." The advice of true friends—not flatterers—and of competent and honest fellow artists is to be sought first before any responsible step in the way of a "first appearance" is taken by young aspirants. This would save much subsequent trouble; and, if a good and experienced counsel were faithfully followed, it would certainly aid youth at what is always a critical juncture—the start of one's career.

The assessment of public vocalists' fees is, it must be confessed, in a rather unsatisfactory condition. Great "stars" ask, and generally get, sums which, often for a single performance, run into three or, it may be, four figures. Young artists, at the commencement of their career, have often to be content with the "expenses" fee, which barely covers cab fare and small extras, thus, in reality, is paying for an appearance, because concert dress, and preparatory and rehearsal work, mean time, thought and money. Two guineas for an afternoon and three for an evening performance, may sound to the uninitiated an excessive charge for the rendering of a couple of songs; but then it must be remembered that toilet expenses alone often more than absorb the money thus earned—in the light of which five or even ten guineas is not an immense fee for a woman vocalist who makes a point of dressing well, and thus appearing to the best advantage. Oratorio, and especially operatic work, is, or should be, remunerated upon a still higher scale; the necessity for which will be evident when it is remembered that all large works require special study and special practice, and solo as well as concerted rehearsal. The salaries of principal singers in opera are often very handsome; against which it should be remembered that engagements are only for a season or for a tour, and hence represent, at best, a fluctuating source of income.

Operatic and other vocal engagements are best obtained through agents or managers of musical undertakings. Of this we shall have more to say in a succeeding article on the Operatic Artist; at present we need only remind readers that the stage requires special training; but a really good voice, attractive appearance, and engaging manner are good passports to the securing of positions in comic or light opera, which class of work, as a rule, pays the fairly talented artist best. Young singers, who prefer concert work, are recommended to cultivate the acquaintance and patronage of foremost conductors and impresarii, as often openings are obtained for promising talent through these avenues—the indisposition of a well-known artist often giving "a chance" to an understudy, or to an ambitious, if unknown, vocalist. The church choir, although less accessible to women singers, is yet, especially in the provinces, not quite closed to them; and at this kind of work, as also by becoming "leaders" of good choral societies, a regular, if small, salary may be made by vocalism which demands less brilliant display than the concert platform or stage.

Next Week:
"The Instrumentalist."

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by D. T. Pierce.]

TO OUR READERS.

The articles "Petrol and Pictures" and "Through England in Rags" are this week in the main sheet of the "Chronicle."

Selina Jenkins's Letters.

SELINA JENKINS ON THE IMPROVEMENT BILL, ETC.

Dear Mr. Editor,—
Will you let me say to the ratepayers of Cheltenham 32 things?

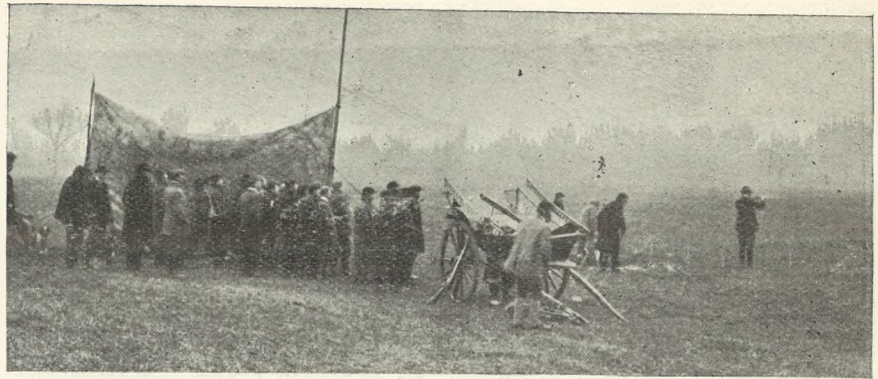
Firstly, wot a very unfortnit time this 'ere Improvement Bill is 'aving, wot with one and another falling foul of it and abooting it up and down as if it was a work of the Hevil One 'imself. First, there was that there meetin' at the Corn Exchange (as 'ave been christened the Victoria Rooms, but the old name's good enuff for me, as don't care for so many newfangled ideas, wich everybody knows it's the Corn Exchange really, and so called because of the large number of farmers as meets outside and blocks hup the pavement Thursday afternoons, showing each other little bags of corn and exchanging various kinds of drinks at the neighbouring hotel).

Well, now that there meeting at the Corn Exchange! Just look at it a minute! There was the Mayor and Corporation all a-setting hup on the platform like a Christy minstrel troop, with Mr. Councillor Waghorne to answer questions. All the talk, led by Gen. Babbage, was about drains; all the thinking, 'owever, was about pig-styes and the holy rights of the butchers and milkmen not to be interfered with in their studies. So, of course, there wasn't much 'eadway made, as you mite say, the room being packed with ——— (please leave them words out. Mr. Editor, no one 'aving a right to utter any statements respecting them as puts cattle out of their misery, on pain of instant death). You see, there wasn't no room for the ordinary ratepayer, like me, in the meetin', so I 'ad to remain away, and read the reports in the papers, from wich, and 'aving read the Bill itself when it were put in the papers, I come to the conclusion that if them drains is going to be put right we must leave the butchers alone, or if the butchers is to be kept in check we must leave the pig-styes alone, or if the pig-styes is going to be allowed to decorate the face of the earth, permiskus-like, anywheres that a body feels is 'andy for the purpose, without a thought of delikut sense of smelling some has, the lodging-houses must be left alone, and so on, etc., and so forth to the end of the chapter.

But, of course, all this going to Parlyment with a Bill is a expensive job; and the Corporation wanted to do two or three things under one payment, just as when I sends Alec down town I always gets him to fetch the tea and sugar and candles and butter and washing soda all to one journey, instead of sending of 'im down separate for each harticle. That there General Babbage and some of the other gentis as seems to spend all their spare time a-'riting to the papers considers that Alec ought to go down separate for each harticle; in other words, that the Corporation ought to 'ave a lot of little Bills ——— about the Tivoli drains, another about the butchers, another about the milk-germs, and so on—and "Hang the hexpense!"

Then, there's other parties as considers that the Corporation don't want a Bill at all, and that if we likes to be poisoned with pig-styes or infected with bad milk or meat we ought to be allowed to do so, seeing as we're Free Britons, wich "Britons never, never shall be slaves," etcetera, and knows wot's good for ourselves without being told. Amongst this section is Mr. Councillor Benoe, as I said would be 'eard of before long, and you mark my words if he isn't going to be a "thorn in the flesh," as the sayin' is, to they as wants to see the Bill thro'. Why, he've gone to the expense of printing a letter, wich drags in "Penrudduck" and "Paul Fry" and "Star Chambers" and "Inquisitions" and "Sauce for the goose," "The gentleman that pays the rent," "Rabble mobs," and all manner of 'issions to things, begging and praying 'is fellow ratepayers to vote against the Bill in capital letters when the poll is took.

Then, of course, there's a third lot of people, wich considers that, as we've elected the Corporation to manage affairs for us,



PIGEON SHOOTING MATCH AT HARDWICKE, NEAR GLOUCESTER.
(Mr. W. King, Gloucester, shooting).

Photo by H. C. Morse, Gloucester.

that we ought to let them do so, and not interfere with them in their dooties—that is to say, not until it's too late and the whole business is over and the money spent.

There's somethink to be said for that: if a man was to take on a manager for his business, the manager wouldn't like it if ever-think 'e did 'e were called to account for and not allowed to spend three-ha'pence or alter the shop winder without permission of his employer; and it don't do, after we've elected good men and true to sit around the Council Board, to be always hackling of them and opposing everthink they does. But I've a-noticed, as a reglar thing, that 'owever much a man's opinions is thought of outside, so soon as ever he gets on the Council everthink he says is wrong, all his actions is simply acted for gain, and, 'owever respectable and God-fearin' a man he may 'ave been beforehand all his life, he now starts a career of crime as is only fit for a jail, according to the very perlitte remarks as is made by outsiders and others, who either can't or won't get put on the Council theirselves. It's a very remarkable thing, that I will say! As for me, I considers that them as is on the Council is exactly the same sort of people as they was before they was elected. Most of 'em does their best for the town. Some of 'em talks more than is good for them; but, on the whole, they works as well as you'd get any body of British workmen to do at nothing per week and one tea a month found. So, if there's been any mistake on their part, the mistake 'ave been in trying to save money by over-loading the donkey, by wich means the donkey (the Bill), being a bit weak in the legs, 'ave give way at the knees, and is likely to collapse on them as-loaded 'im up so high. The moral is—don't try to economise, and don't try to get Cheltenham in line with other places respecting the milk and the meat and the pigs. That sort of thing does very well for smaller towns or places that want to be pertikler healthy-like, wich the Cheltenham people prefers to leave the quality of the meat and milk to chance, not being a health resort; and, above all things, the meat salesmen are not to be called ——— (blank again, for fear, Mr. Editor).

Dear, dear! Laws-a-mussy me! Here, I've been and took up all the paper about this 'er Improvement Bill, wich I 'ad 31 other things I wanted to speak about, wot with the partial eclipse of the Town Clock, and the Town Clerk can't be found nowhere, and the Heddication Bill to be paid for and no money to do it with, and the Lord's Prayer lost at the Theatre in the dress circle with a 'andsome reward for whoever finds it, and Salem Chapel taken by the Lulus, and the Church of Christ taken by a Jew wich tells you all you ever did by feelin' your bumps, and the state of the roads last Saturday night (wich I slipped down 4 times only just going out to shut the garding gate, as was left open, and injured meself very severe on the elbow, besides snapping hoff a very 'andsome little Christmas tree shrub, as I sat upon, as cost me 9d. from a man travelling in plants and

bootlaces as come to the door 3 months ago come next week). 'Owever, the 31 other hitemis must wait for another time, although I feels very strong about some of them, that I do.

SELINA JENKINS.

N.B.—Since the above, I find the pig-styes is dropped out, so Cheltenham isn't to be done out of that luxury, after all.

AN INTERESTING STORY.

A correspondent vouches for the following: The anecdote which you inserted a few days ago relating the generosity of the King to the Salvation Army, and his desire to remain anonymous when the recipient of his gift discovered his identity, reminded me of an incident which occurred during the Prince of Wales's Colonial tour, illustrating the kindly feeling and unaffected manners which are the principal characteristics of our Royal family.

It happened that at an official dinner in one of the Colonial capitals, which it is unnecessary to name, a very old and highly-respected lady was seated next to the Duke of York, who was in naval uniform. The old lady was pretty well acquainted with the uniform, but she was not equally well versed in the distinguishing marks of rank, and, as the conversation showed, was quite ignorant of the fact that her neighbour was the guest of the evening. She questioned his Royal Highness closely as to how long he had been on the station, supposed he was too young to be married, only to learn that he was and had four children. Then she added:—"The little dears. What are you going to do with them when they grow up?" The Duke replied:—"Oh, they will have to work for their living, the same as I have done, and pretty hard they will find it, too."

"You know I didn't want to come to-night," volunteered the lady. "Oh, why was that?" asked his Royal Highness. "I was so afraid I should have to speak to Royalty." "You shouldn't mind that; you should talk to them just the same as you are speaking to me now." "I believe you belong to the Royal party?" "Yes, I do," his Royal Highness confessed. "I could imagine you are a bit like our dear old Queen," finally the lady remarked, and even when the Duke of York replied, "I'm her grandson," it did not dawn on her that she was speaking to the heir to the Throne. It was not until later in the evening that she discovered who he was, and was overwhelmed with self reproach for what she considered her audacity and thoughtlessness.

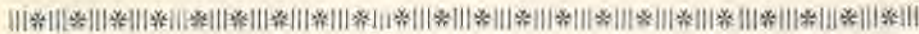
During the conversation the Duke had expressed the hope that she would be able to attend the official reception which followed the dinner, which at first she was reluctant to do, having, as she said, "nothing to wear." He overcame her objections, and she appeared at the reception. The following day the Duke sent to inquire how she was after being out so late the previous night, and at the same time forwarded her a photograph, bearing the following words:—"Myself, my wife, and my four children."

THE PRIZE PICTURES.



SKATING AT PITTVILLE.

Photos by H. Dyer, Cheltenham.



BOOM IN FRUIT EATING.



Over 1,000,000cwts. of apples were imported into England in 1902 in excess of the imports of 1901. In the trade this great increase is attributed almost entirely to the shortage of the home crop, but the "Gardeners' Magazine" believes that the fact that England is every year becoming more and more a fruit-eating nation is not without an important bearing on these figures. It points out as a proof of the great advance which the banana has made, the number of bunches imported during 1902 being 2,805,700 (valued at £1,060,265), or more than double the number of the 1900 consignments. In foreign cut-flowers last year's imports show an increase in value of nearly £50,000.

ENGLAND'S CANAL SYSTEM.



From time to time economists and writers have directed attention to the waste of transport service caused by the disuse of our old waterways. There is scarcely any other country in the world which uses water transport to such a small extent as we do. Into Paris 6,000,000 tons of goods, or 41 per cent. of the total, is carried by water; half the imports to Berlin is transported in the same manner; over 27 per cent. of the total traffic of the United States is water-borne; in the whole of France water-borne traffic amounts to 30 per cent., and in Germany 23 per cent. of the total; but in the United Kingdom it only comes to 11 per cent. of the whole traffic. —"Country Life."

PRIZE PHOTOGRAPHY.

The Proprietors of the "CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC" offer a WEEKLY PRIZE OF HALF-A-GUINEA for the BEST PHOTOGRAPH 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 106th competition is Mr. H. Dyer, Juniper Cottage, St. Mark's, Cheltenham.

Entries for the 107th competition closed this (Saturday) morning, Jan. 24th, 1903, 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.

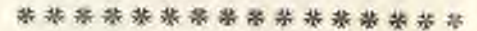
In both competitions all specimens received will be retained and may be reproduced, but any drawing the return of which is particularly desired will be handed over on personal application.

The winner of the seventeenth competition is Mr. J. A. Probert, 8 Brighton-road, Cheltenham.

Entries for the eighteenth drawing competition closed this (Saturday) morning, Jan. 24th, 1903, 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.

PRIZE SERMON SUMMARY.

Commencing on Saturday, February 7th, 1903, a prize of half-a-guinea per week will be given for the best summary not exceeding five hundred words of a sermon preached in any church or chapel or other place of worship in the county not earlier than the Sunday preceding the award. Such summary must be written in ink on one side of the paper only, and neatness and legibility of handwriting and correctness of punctuation will be to some extent considered in allotting the prize. The proprietors reserve to themselves the right to publish any of the contributions sent in.

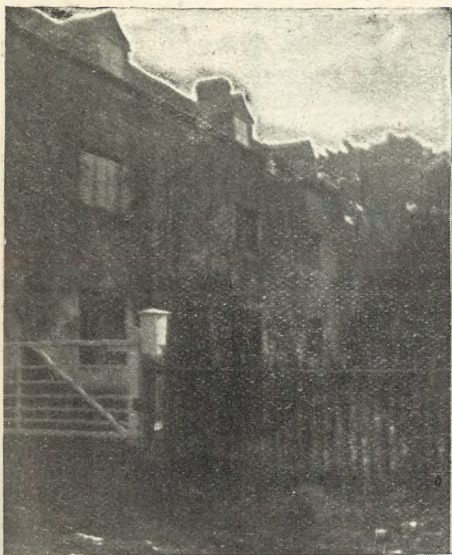


STEERING GEAR FOR BALLOONS.

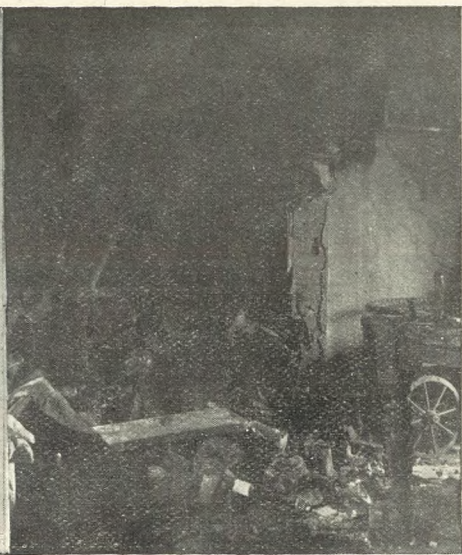
Captain G. A. Smallbone, of West Kensington, is said to have perfected an apparatus for steering the ordinary pear-shaped balloon. Between the balloon and the car is fixed a "consolation boom," on the port and starboard side of which are placed two sails. These sails, which can be moved at the will of the person in charge of the car, control the movements of the balloon. The apparatus is to be put to the test during the summer.

"TOO MUCH CONGREGATIONALISM IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND."

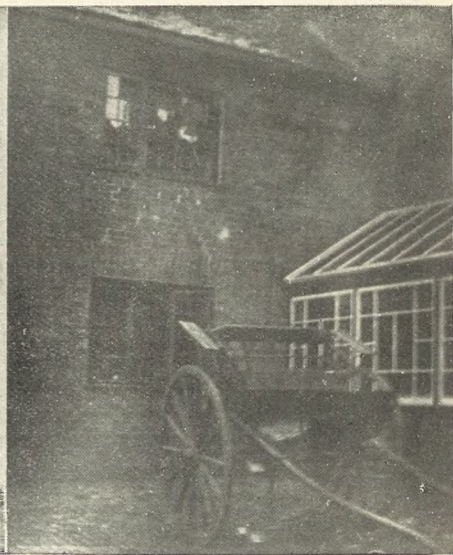
Lord Halifax presided over a meeting of the English Church Union held on Tuesday afternoon at Westminster to discuss the Education Act of last session. The Rev. Canon Russell said he hoped the Kenyon-Slaney clause might prove a blessing in disguise and lead to closer federation among Churchmen in their education work. He said he thought there was too much congregationalism growing up in the Church of England.



GOTHERINGTON FIELDS FARM.



INTERIOR OF KITCHEN.



EXTERIOR OF KITCHEN.

BOILER EXPLOSION AT GOTHERINGTON.—SCENE OF THE DISASTER.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

Gloucestershire has been especially favoured by having had opportunities of hearing the views upon the Education Act of such educational experts as two of three representatives sent to Parliament under the auspices of the National Union of Teachers. One of them, Mr. Ernest Gray, addressed a big meeting at the Shire-hall, Gloucester, on October 20th last, when the Act was only a Bill submitted to the crucible of Parliament. The other, Dr. Macnamara, lectured to a smaller but by no means less representative meeting in Cheltenham last Saturday on the "Act at work." Each member was fortunate in having so thoroughly competent a chairman as the Right Hon. Sir John Dorington. Mr. Gray and Dr. Macnamara sit on opposite sides of the House, but their views on the main principles of the Act were practically identical. I would commend specially to all and sundry who are contemplating "passive resistance" this excellent advice of the doctor, who is a Radical: "He was of opinion that the Act would be materially modified, but let them take it and get the best out of it in a progressive spirit." It was quite cheering to hear the chairman's announcement that it is the intention of the county to help in converting Cheltenham Grammar School into a little university.

We are getting a hard winter in instalments, and I hope for the sake of the community at large that the recent week's spell of frost was the final one, though it is unwise to shout before we are "out of the wood." I cannot forget "Frosty February" last year, and that in 1895 a frost lasting right into March commenced on January 25th (equal to to-morrow) and that locally the river Severn and Gloucester Canal were blocked for traffic. And, on the other hand, the previous long frost in 1890-91, which had lasted for forty-eight days, and when the coldest night had 33 degrees of frost (as against 21 recently registered), broke up on January 22nd (corresponding to last Thursday). I was one of many who then skated on the Severn between Over and Maise-more bridges, and know a tricyclist who rode along the frozen river on January 19th. Fortunately we have been spared a repetition of the terrible snowstorm which commenced on January 17th, 1881 (corresponding to last Saturday, when the thaw set in), and lasted quite thirty hours. There must be not a few persons living who will remember with me the sharp winter of 1878-9, incidents of which were skated on Pettville Lake on the night of January 31st, aided by electric light generated by a portable engine; and the passing through

Gloucester on the following day, in a storm of sleet, of E. Payson Weston, the American pedestrian, who was doing 2,000 miles in 1,000 consecutive hours. And, the other day, I was talking with two or three middle-aged men who have a vivid recollection of the roasting of a sheep on Gloucester Basin on February 20th, 1855, and to seeing skittles played on the frozen Severn at Westgate Bridge and Ashleworth Ferry. It is only natural that we should regard our own recent discomforts from the weather as the worst, but I venture to think there are very few of the present generation who would wish to see Nature repeat herself in the manner that I have indicated.

Time was—before the Midland Company made their new station at Gloucester on the curve—when the citizens had to change at Cheltenham in order to catch the fast trains to and from the North, and they grumbled accordingly. Now the Worcester folk are complaining that it is necessary for them to travel either to Birmingham, or Cheltenham, or Gloucester to catch the express trains, which pass over the old Spetchley line and avoid the Faithful City." I should say this arrangement is the inevitable result of the race to the North. I observe that the company have just placed the electrical engineering in the hands of Mr. Deeley, locomotive works manager, and that this, in railway circles, is regarded as a step towards the electrification of the line. Both Bristol and Bath are likely to suffer in a measure through the opening of the Great Western's short route in this county from London to South Wales, lessening the distance by 11½ miles. It will also give an emergency route via the Severn Bridge in the event of the Severn Tunnel being blocked. The Great Western, which also boasts of the Box and Sapperton tunnels, has another big "bore" to its credit in Sodbury Tunnel, 2½ miles long, on the new route, and ranking as the fourth longest in the country. The Great Western are opposing tooth and nail the new railway scheme from Bristol to London, and their first attack is on technical grounds, for non-compliance with standing orders.

GLEANER.

LABOUR UNION TENDENCIES.

The English labour unions are changing from benevolent into fighting societies. In this development the rudiments of a new political organisation are to be discerned. By investing their funds in stocks and shares the labour unions tacitly accept the capitalistic organisation of society. Labour unions tend to decline in years of industrial prosperity, and to grow in years of depression.—"Twentieth Century," Budapest.

DESCRIPTION OF THE OLD CHELTHENHAM DRAWINGS.

[See page 8.]

110 High-street was occupied by Mr. Gunton, confectioner, in the year 1816, and well illustrates the style of dressing shop windows at that date. The premises are now held by Mr. Wilkins, ironmonger.

The Royal Old Wells was so called on account of George III. having visited Cheltenham in 1788 in order to take the waters at this well. The spring was discovered in 1718. In 1738 Mr. Skillicorne bought the property, and constructed a dome over the spring; he also erected a room in which to take the waters. The trees were planted between 1750 and 1760, and appeared as shown in the drawing in 1860, about which time Mr. Onley commenced to cut up the grounds for building purposes, and a few years later most of the trees were felled. The first portion of the Ladies' College was erected on part of the site in 1872.

The Old Post-office in Clarence-street appeared as represented in the fifties and part of the sixties of last century. The premises are now held by Mr. Rainey, antique dealer. In the year 1856 the letter-carriers were first supplied with uniform, which consisted of a scarlet coat and a cockaded top-hat. Up to about this time the postage stamps were not perforated, so a pair of scissors was hung outside by a chain for the use of the public. Stamps were purchased and all postal business was transacted through the little dark aperture at the right-hand side of the right-hand pillar. In 1860 only 31 hands were employed; at the present time the number is 190.

The Arcade and Market-house were erected in 1822 by Lord Sherborne. The market did not meet with general favour, and fell almost into disuse. In 1867 the Market and Arcade were purchased by Mr. C. J. Chesshyre and demolished. It stood on the present site of Bennington-street.

The Old Grammar School was founded by Mr. Richard Pates, of Gloucester, in 1574. He endowed it with £16 a year and a house to live in for the master, and £4 a year for the usher. The Old School-House and the master's house adjoining were taken down, and the present fine structure erected on the site, in 1889.

The Council of the Evangelical Free Churches of Birmingham and district on Tuesday evening passed a resolution for conveying to the magistrates their grateful appreciation of their action in effecting a material decrease in the number of licensed houses in the city.

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Every Man His Own Wizard.

By PROFESSOR HOFFMAN

(Author of "Modern Magic," "More Magic," etc.).

Time was, when wizards were a very close corporation, and when an enlightened public did its best to make it even more select by occasionally burning a member. Nowadays popular opinion has veered round in an opposite direction, and to say of a man that he is "no conjuror" is a delicate way of suggesting that he is—well, not so sharp as he might be. To enable my readers to prove that against them, at any rate, no such reproach can be brought, is the object of the present paper.

I cannot better begin than by instructing them—

HOW TO MAKE ONE COIN INTO TWO.

It has been well said that the man who makes two ears of corn grow where only one grew before does an essential service to his country. What then shall be said of him who, by the simple expedient of rubbing it against a paper-knife, causes a sixpence to multiply in like manner? Even a millionaire might be glad to double his capital so quickly and so easily.

All that is needed is to attach beforehand to one side of the paper-knife, by means of a little soap, a sixpence of your own. To show the trick, take the knife in the left hand, with the prepared side undermost; then taking a borrowed coin of like value, lay it on the upper side, and placing the ball of the right thumb upon it move it backwards and forwards along the blade. With the thumb in this position, the fingers are naturally brought below the knife, and can, at any desired moment, bring the two sixpences together, the one being apparently transformed into two.

FIG. 1

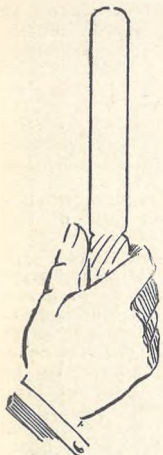
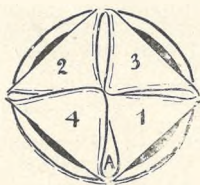


FIG. 2



By an expedient familiar to the merest novice in conjuring, the paper-knife may, notwithstanding the adhesion of the sixpence, be shown, to all appearance, free from preparation. To do this it is first shown upright in the hand, as in Fig. 1, with the unprepared side towards the spectators. It is then rapidly lowered, with a vertical sweep, showing apparently the opposite side of the knife. As a matter of fact, however, the thumb under cover of the downward movement causes it to make a half-turn in the hand, and it is therefore in reality the same surface which is throughout exhibited.

If the conjuror is fairly expert, he may prepare the paper-knife with two, or even three, coins, and produce them in turn, apparently showing both sides of the knife before each production.

TWO COINS MADE INTO ONE.

Having thus turned one coin into two, the wizard may proceed to show that the two are in reality one only, the second being in fact merely (in spiritualistic phrase) the astral double of the other.

To demonstrate this, he takes a small-sized pocket-handkerchief, and spreads it squarely over a plate, with its sides parallel with the edges of the table. In the centre he lays the



CHELTONIANS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Mr. W. A. Woof, cricket coach at St. Andrew's College, Grahamstown, and Mr. A. R. Apperly, son of Mr. Alfred Apperly, of Stroud, and late of Cheltenham College, who is acting as secretary to Dr. Macgowan, Principal of St. Andrew's College.

two sixpences, the borrowed one undermost, and invites the most sceptical gentleman of the company to satisfy himself that they are really there, and that there is "no deception." He then turns down in succession all four corners of the handkerchief (in the order shown by the numerals in the diagram) in such manner that they shall just cover the coins. The handkerchief is now as shown in Fig. 2. Inserting the first and second fingers of each hand at the point marked A, he draws the hands slowly apart, at the same time lifting the handkerchief, and allowing the coins to slide out on the plate. Strange to say, however, it is only the borrowed coin which does so, the other having mysteriously disappeared.

The magical agent in the present instance consists of a tiny pellet of soft wax, which is lightly pressed, till needed, against the lowest button of the performer's vest. While the sceptical gentleman is scrutinising the coins, he scrapes this off with the nail of the forefinger and in the act of turning down the first corner of the handkerchief presses it against such corner, which he folds down so that the pellet shall rest on the centre of the uppermost coin. The wax makes the coin adhere to the handkerchief, and the act of moving the hands apart draws it into the right hand, the borrowed coin alone falling on the plate, on which it is in due course handed back to the owner.

A PENETRATIVE PENNY.

The effect of this trick is that a borrowed penny is made to pass through the bottom of an inverted tumbler, and back again.

At the outset of the trick the performer has on his table, laid evenly one over the other, a couple of pieces of white paper, about seven inches by six. On these stands, upside down, a champagne tumbler, of clear white glass. He picks up the glass, exhibits, and replaces it, still inverted on the paper. As he does so, he draws from under it the upper sheet, and after showing this on both sides twists it into a cone, open at both ends, and of such a size as just to fit over the glass, securing it in shape with a pin. This he places over the glass, which it should overlap by about two inches. He then borrows a penny, and announces that, by his magic power, he will make it pass right through the glass on to the table. First, however, he lifts the paper cone once more, that all may see that there is nothing under the glass. Having done so and replaced the cone, he drops the penny through its open end, at the same time pronouncing the mystic "Pass." The coin is heard to strike the bottom of the glass. "It has arrived. I daresay you heard it go through," he remarks, and lifting the cone, with the glass inside it, shows that the coin is lying on the white paper, having apparently passed through the glass. "That is easy enough," he explains, "the real difficulty is to make the penny pass up again through the glass; but with a powerful effort of the will I daresay I shall be able to do so. Presto! Pass!" He now lifts the cone without the glass. The penny is no longer on the paper, but is seen to be lying on the upturned bottom of the glass.

The deceptive item in this case is the tumbler, which is prepared by pasting a piece of white paper over its mouth, and when dry trimming off any superfluous paper that may project beyond the edge. There are cheap

glasses of German make which have the brim ground flat, and which will be found very suitable for the purpose. The two pieces of paper on the table must be of the same description as that with which the glass is covered, and between them, on the centre of the lower sheet, must be laid a penny. The glass is then placed upside down on the upper sheet, just over the coin.

When the performer picks up the glass to exhibit it, he grasps it low down, between the forefinger and thumb. Thus held, it may be shown pretty freely without disclosing the fact that the mouth is covered. In replacing it he draws away, as already stated, the upper sheet of paper. The concealed penny is now immediately under the glass, but is still hidden by reason of the covering of the mouth.

With this explanation the reader will readily understand how the supposed passage of the coin is effected. The borrowed penny falls on the bottom of the glass, and remains there, the one shown by the lifting of the glass being the one which has been under it from the beginning. When the glass, still in the paper cone, is placed over this it is again concealed, and when the cone alone is lifted the penny originally dropped is disclosed, resting on the bottom of the glass, having ostensibly come back again.

THE BEWITCHED PENKNIFE.

Among what may be called "off-hand" tricks, demanding no apparatus, and only a nominal amount of preparation, this one deserves an honourable mention. It is an old trick, but comparatively little known, and, in the improved form I am about to describe, will often be found to produce greater bewilderment than many more pretentious feats.

The visible apparatus consists of a pint champagne bottle and a borrowed penknife. The performer, taking his seat at a table, places the bottle in front of him, and drops the penknife, open, into it. He then waves his hands about over the bottle, professedly making mesmeric passes. After a little while the knife begins to jump up and down in the bottle. When the influence is sufficiently developed, it will rap out desired numbers, or answer simple questions, jumping three times for "yes," once for "no," and twice for "can't say," after the approved spiritualistic fashion.

This surprising phenomenon depends on the use of a very old auxiliary of the conjurer, a piece of black thread, in this case about two feet in length (the precise length most suited to the performer must be ascertained in the course of previous practice). One end of this is attached, by means of a bent pin, to the right trouser-leg, just above the knee. The opposite end, to the extent of a couple of inches, is anointed with beeswax. This portion is then rolled into a ball, and finally into a little cylindrical plug, about three-eighths of an inch in length, and six or eight times the thickness of the thread. This little plug, like the pellet of wax in a former trick, is pressed, till needed, against the lowermost button of the performer's vest. While examining and making some casual remarks about the penknife offered for his use (this should be one of light weight, and preferably with square ends) he gets this little plug between the fore-finger and thumb, and in the

act of opening the knife so places it that it shall be clipped between the butt of the blade and the end of the spring.

The knife is then dropped into the bottle, and is made to perform as above stated. Before beginning the supposed mesmeric passes the performer places the bottle at just such a distance from him that, with the ball of the foot on the ground and the heel raised the thread shall be drawn taut, when the alternate lowering and raising of the knee will suffice to make the knife rise and fall again. When the trick has lasted long enough the knife is drawn half-way out of the neck of the bottle. The performer lifts it out altogether, closes it, and hands it back to the owner, the mere act of closing it releasing the thread.

In the old method of working the trick, the "home" end of the thread was made fast to one of the performer's vest buttons. The bottle was held in the hand, and the knife made to rise and fall therein by moving it farther from or nearer to the body. The method above described is, however, far more magical, besides being, after a little practice, more easy to work. It is a great point to have the hands absolutely free. The performer may, if desired, hold them above his head, or spread them out upon the table, showing clearly that they take no part in the feat, and yet the knife continues its mysterious movements.

In all tricks of this kind the thread must be thin, so as to be practically invisible. On the other hand, strength is an important consideration, as an accidental breakage would place the performer in a very uncomfortable position. I can strongly recommend, for use in such cases, Kerr's Lustre Twist, No. 36, which combines the two desiderata in an unusual degree. Though very thin, it will bear a strain of over twenty-six ounces without breaking. It is procurable of any draper or trimming-seller.

THE MYSTERIOUS TOBACCO-PIPES.

It is a popular saying that there is no smoke without fire, but the wizard is not bound by the prosaic laws of ordinary life. Not only can he, on occasion, produce smoke without fire, but he can even dispense with tobacco, and yet keep his pipe going merrily.

FIG 3



Drawn by Wilson Fenning, Cheltenham.

A popular method of presenting the trick is as follows:—The performer begins by asking if any gentleman present can oblige him with the loan of two clean clay pipes. As even the most inveterate of smokers does not usually carry new pipes about with him, nobody complies with his request, and he is there reluctantly (?) compelled to provide the needful himself. He accordingly produces a couple of new pipes of the "cutty" description, and announces that he is about to teach the company how to smoke after the new twentieth century method, without either pipe or tobacco.

Taking the one pipe in his mouth in the usual way, he holds the other upside down upon it, as shown in Fig. 3. This, he explains, is done to concentrate the electric fluid. Forthwith thick clouds of white smoke begin to roll out, not only from his lips, but from between the two bowls. At any given moment he separates the two pipes, blows through each, and shows it empty; but the moment they are brought together again and he begins to smoke, the white clouds again roll out from between them.

The secret lies in the fact that the two pipes are chemically prepared, the one having been rinsed out, just before using, with liquid ammonia and the other with hydrochloric acid. The moment they are brought together the fumes of the two chemicals combine in the form of chlorine gas, a heavy white vapour, in appearance not unlike tobacco smoke.

A paper spill, freshly dipped in the acid, may be used for the uppermost pipe. The performer may so far simulate the act of smoking as to take a little of the gas in his mouth, promptly expelling it again; but he must not allow any of it to pass down into his lungs, as this would be decidedly injurious. In a general way, the effect is better produced by gently puffing than by inhaling.

By way of variation, the performer may dispense with the pipes, and, lighting a genuine cigarette, offer to pass the smoke from it into a tumbler (of thin clear glass), which he shows empty and apparently innocent of all preparation. Turning the glass upside down on a plate, he directs the smoke from his lips towards it. The smoke disperses, but is seen to gather again under the tumbler.

A still more surprising effect may be produced by the performer offering to pass not only the smoke, but the fire, from his cigarette under the tumbler. To do this, he places on the plate a bit of crumpled paper, and covers it with the glass. He continues to puff at the cigarette and to direct the smoke towards the tumbler. Presently the bit of paper is seen to catch fire. The glass being removed,

the paper continues to burn until it is entirely consumed.

As the reader will no doubt have guessed, the plate and glass are treated after the manner described for the two pipes, the one with liquid ammonia, the other with hydrochloric acid. The bit of paper, which should be extremely thin, is saturated with spirits of turpentine, which will burst into flame under the action of chlorine gas.

There is a special advantage in the fact that the smell of the tobacco tends in this case to cover that of the ammonia, which, if perceived by the audience, might, to some extent "give away" the trick.

Next week: "Art Needlework," by Lady Howard Vincent.

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CHESS WITHOUT MEN.

"The new Primate," writes a correspondent, "has been a keen and skilful chess player in his day. At one time he was staying in India with an official who had the superintendence of the laying of a line, and used to ride many miles daily with his host on tours of inspection. During these rides they constantly played chess, without either board or men, making the moves verbally, and never once disputing or forgetting a point or contesting the winning of the game."

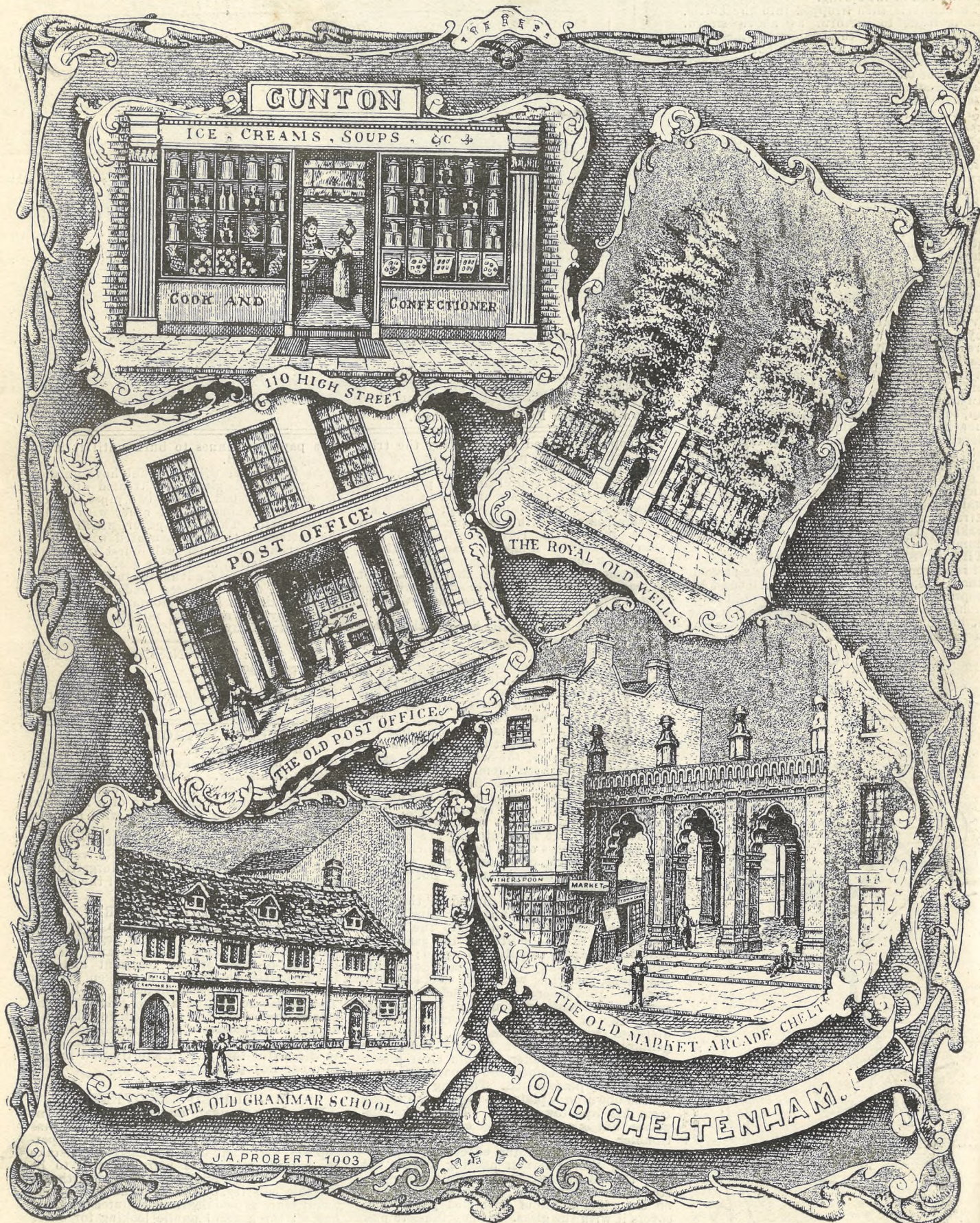
REGIMENTAL POSTCARDS.

An interesting custom has been introduced into the Italian army. Every regiment has had printed special picture-postcards bearing the coat-of-arms of the regiment and the list of battles in which it has taken part, or an account of an episode in one of the battles. The cards are sold at a low price to the officers and men, who use them for their ordinary correspondence, thus popularising the regiments. It is said that the idea has been so successful that it will shortly find favour in other European armies.

A BELATED DISCOVERY.

Even slow thinkers and the non-observant are now beginning to apprehend what has long been patent to quicker and clearer perception, viz., that it is a monstrous mistake to regard rabbits as mere vermin, to be poisoned, slaughtered, and wasted with all possible celerity. The drought and consequent scarcity and dearthness of butcher's meat has set the general public looking for other and cheaper sources of food supply. Rabbits make a nutritious diet.—"Australian Star," Sydney.

CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC, JANUARY 24, 1903.
THE PRIZE DRAWING.



FOR DESCRIPTION SEE PAGE 5.

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

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 109.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1903.

THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE, CHELTENHAM.

This afternoon at 2.30 and to-night at 7.45
"Three Little Maids."

FEBRUARY 2,

"ALICE IN WONDERLAND."

Time and Prices as Usual.

Dicks & Sons' Winter Sale

Is now PROCEEDING.

In order to lessen the Departments before Stocktaking in February, special inducements are offered to Customers during this Sale.

Great Reductions in Price throughout all Departments, especially in all seasons goods and wherever there is excess of stock, even though it may be plain goods in regular demand. Many lots of useful goods marked

Exactly Half the usual Price.

Specially cheap lines purchased during the last few months have been reserved for this sale.

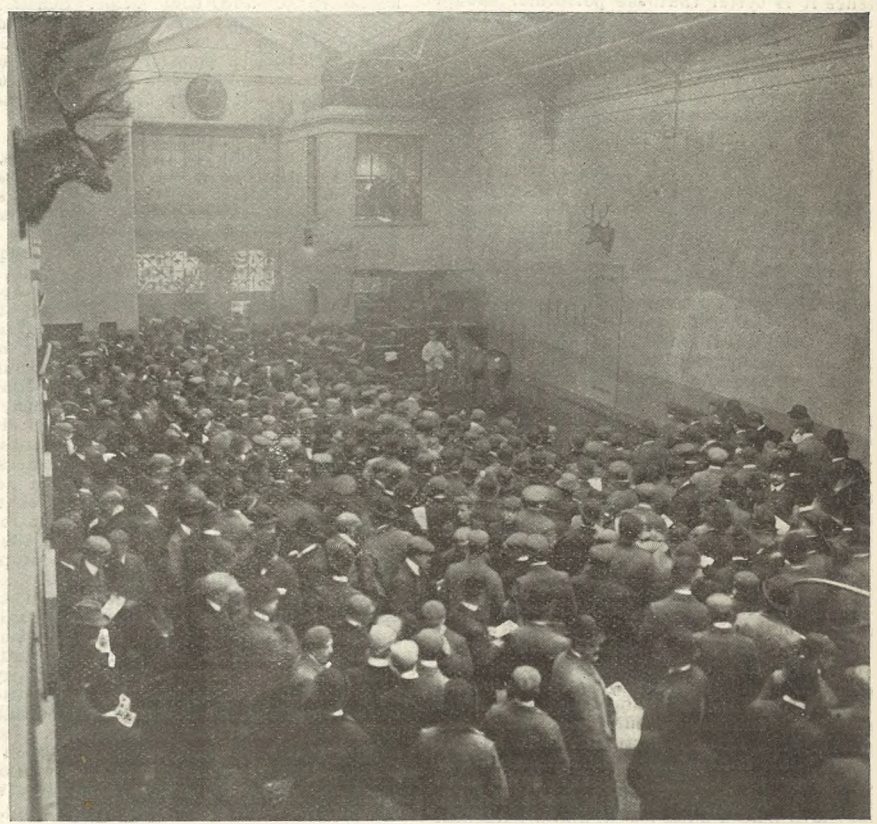
- Great Bargains in Mantles & Jackets.
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- Great Bargains in the China Dept.

All Dresses in one window 6/11 each, usual price 10/- to 21/6.

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Special Reductions in Remnants.

**DICKS & SONS, Ltd.,
172 & 173 HIGH STREET,
CHELTENHAM.**



Sale of the late Mr. H. S. Sidney's Horses.

Scene in Messrs. Warner, Sheppard, and Wade's handsome repository, Cheltenham, Thursday, January 22.

A TATTERSALL ROMANCE.

The cook on one of our coasting boats sent for a 5s. ticket in "Tattersall's" sweep on the Caulfield Cup. To the stewardess he said, "I'll give you half of whatever I win." On the arrival of the vessel at Townsville the other day a wire was waiting for the cook, and its contents advised him that he had drawn first prize—about £6,750 net. He immediately sought the stewardess and advised her of his luck, at the same time saying, "I have to give you £3,375. What do you say to taking me and the lot?" The offer was accepted, and on the arrival of the vessel in Brisbane the pair are to be married.—"Chronicle," Mackay, Queensland.

THINKING WITH HIS PEN.

Ruskin (according to a monthly) acquired the habit of thinking with his pen, so that he nearly always scribbled when most people would only meditate. His father's Bible (a small-pica 8vo., Oxford) edition of 1846, finely rebound in tawny leather, gilt, was used by him in later times, and sidelined vigorously; all the blank spaces are scribbled over with the thoughts that came as he read. He did this even in his most valuable ancient manuscripts, to the scandal of bibliophiles; but he thought of his books as things to use, and he used them in his own way.

RAILWAY DIVIDENDS.

The Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway dividend for the past half-year will be at the rate of 4 1/2 per cent. per annum, carrying forward about £22,000.

CHINESE COMPLICITY.

The British, American, and French Legations in Peking have objected to the appointment of Yu Lien-san to the Governorship of Shan-si on account of his proved complicity in the murder of missionaries in Hu-nan,

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Music and Musical Training.

By ANNIE W. PATTERSON, Mus. Doc., B.A.

V.—THE INSTRUMENTALIST.

To the aborigine or the uncultured there would, perhaps, be few sights so marvellous as that of the modern concert virtuoso controlling the flow of organ tone, awakening the pianoforte ivories to melodious responsiveness, or drawing forth soul-stirring tones from the violin or 'cello. The mystery of keyboard manipulation is faced by most of us in early childhood, so we are apt to forget how puzzling at first the task of striking right notes must have seemed. Yet it was knowledge—or a knack rather—that came to us through practice and perseverance; more easily to some, it is true, than to others. Only when we approach the study of instrumental music late in life does its real difficulty most appal us. Hence it is better that the performer should begin training as early as possible, it being also borne in mind that in youth the arm and finger muscles are more supple and nimble, and then offer less resistance to bend themselves to the will of the player.

The qualifications of the virtuoso—by which we mean the concert instrumentalist *par excellence*—are numerous. After taste, ear, and inclination for a specific instrument must come physical adaptability—the general health requiring to be good if the strain of practice is safely endured. The frame should be muscular—not necessarily robust—and pliable; and the pianist especially requires that arms and fingers be responsive to their kind, and able to fulfil the active functions required of them. The public performer needs also a "cool head," and to have naturally the emotional nature well under control—in other words, courage and self-possession go far to make the success of really great artists. Memorising is a faculty which also must be cultivated to the uttermost; and if the gift of improvisation be added to the catalogue of natural and acquired attainments, a truly expert executant is the result.

WHAT THE PUBLIC EXPECT.

In regard to what the public expect from performers, the consideration of one or two well-known classes of these may assist readers interested in the matter. The professed pianist, for instance, is of all grades, and ranges from the student or amateur who can play one or two stock pieces more or less indifferently well to the superb artist who carries his audience by storm with the beauty and power of his renditions, and who reaps wide fame and ample emolument in consequence. The skilled performer who at "at homes" or charitable entertainments can contribute a classical instrumental item effectively or play accompaniments well at sight is at once a most useful and ornamental member of society. On the other hand, the usually egotistical "piano-pounder" who ruthlessly inflicts his practice and playing on all and sundry who have the misfortune to be within his circle is a species of bore only too well known and universally avoided.

It must be confessed that among social circles the instrumentalist is less appreciated than even the indifferent vocalist. Most of us have had experience of the buzz of conversation which ensues when, at polite social functions, instrumental music, concerted or solo, is performed. Attentive silence, on the contrary, honours the singer. But of late years there are signs of vast improvement in these matters. In the best society it is no longer likely that a great pianist may angrily raise his hands from the keyboard in the midst of a fortissimo passage and hear, "Oh, we always fry ours in lard" or some other irrelevant remark. The good performer is now less often made to feel by hastily interpolated "Thank yous" at the conclusion of his selection that his music has only served as a cover for "small talk." With the improvement and growing popular favour of military (out-door) band music, and with the multiplying of good orchestras and chamber music societies in our principal cities, British men and women have learned to become appreciative listeners to high-class instrumental music, and so have developed the right kind

of respect for it. The many recitals (pianoforte, violin, etc.) given in London in the season have taught the public to discriminate between first-class and mediocre technique and execution, and with this critical faculty comes the interest in all that appertains to the noble art of instrumental performance, a pursuit which, apart from money-making, is one of the most valued solaces of the educated musician.

The teacher of instrumental music has a fair field of enterprise before him, if he be a capable instructor and skilled in his own department. In a previous article we touched upon the fact that some teachers cannot illustrate their precepts by practically showing how a passage is to be played. This is undoubtedly a pity, in spite of the many excuses of "no time for practice" that may be made for the preceptor. Of recent times, perhaps, it would be difficult to name a more famous or successful teacher of the pianoforte than Mme Clara Schumann, wife of the well-known composer. It is scarcely necessary to add that Mme. Schumann's superb skill as an executant enabled her to thoroughly show, as well as instruct, how such and such a passage should be played, with the result that her pupils are now in the forefront of the profession as teachers and executants.

ACCOMPANISTS.

As accompanist, the fair pianist finds, perhaps, the best sphere for his abilities, especially if he can read easily or correctly at sight. To be able to accompany well is in itself a rare gift. It means something more than ability to perform and sight read. It requires the mental faculties of intuition, taste, tact, and, above all, sympathy. An accompanist must be more than an interpreter of the music as written; he must anticipate another's interpretation of it. Thus, in accompanying a singer, the player should at times wait on the vocalist; at other times he ought to strengthen and aid the vocal part by either working up a crescendo or gradually slackening a *ritardando*. Only repeated ensemble practice with other performers can assure the development of the good accompanist's powers, it being granted that the faculty or perception of another's notions of artistic interpretation is present in the subject. The subordination of the accompanist has often been noted. At concerts, indeed, solo vocalists and violinists, for instance, come in for all the applause, although the pianist who accompanied has, doubtless, a much more arduous part to render, and that also, it may be, with scant opportunity for preparation. Yet, in this very abnegation of the accompanist lies his chief indispensability to the success of the performance. He has supplied the foundation upon which the whole structure of melodic display was based. Take away the pianoforte part of a violin solo or the accompaniment to a song, and even the most beautiful air or the most brilliant bravura passage sounds but bald or inefficient to our modern ears, which have become accustomed to the richness of harmony and polyphony.

Many apt young pianists make a tolerable living by acting as "vocal coaches" to public singers. This entails some musicianship, for often the "coach" must not only be able to advise as to the correct *tempi* of operatic and oratorio excerpts, but also be skilled in indicating various and traditional readings of well-known recitatives and arias. No better training than this can be imagined for the expert concert accompanist; and, of course, the accompanying of solo violinists, 'cellists, etc., is also an important branch of executive work. The latter naturally leads to the participation in chamber music, the accompanying at choral rehearsals, etc., and may thus be a fruitful source of livelihood if the performer be really apt and competent. It is pretty generally recognised that the really good accompanist is rare. There is, then, plenty of room at the top in this department for young aspirants. The duty itself, if less assertive than solo work, at least is not so great a tax on the nerves of an individual, the idea of comradeship in rendition being always an aid to the hyper-sensitive or ultra-consciousness interpreter.

In the case of the solo pianist, a not unusual

way for an ambitious artist to come before the public is to give one, or a set of recitals in a good London hall, so as to insure initial Press notices. This costs money; for, except among the immediate friends of the young artist, very few tickets are sold; the custom of "papering" the house—i.e., admitting by passes or complimentary seats, being invariably resorted to by concert *entrepreneurs* and agents to avoid that chilling aspect, an empty hall. A few solo instrumentalists—chiefly those intimate with professional circles or having influence at their backs—are fortunate in getting engagements and posts, more or less lucrative, quite at the start of their career. But the usual procedure of the young performer after, let us say, he has made a few successful appearances at school or academy concerts, is to endeavour to make as many friends in musical circles as possible; and thus, by playing gratis at small concerts, at homes, and other social functions, to let people hear him and know what he can do. Eventually, though often slowly, good engagements follow. Sometimes, too, a permanent position in connection with a musical, or chamber-music union offers; and this, as a means of extending one's clientele and sphere of activity, should be assiduously sought for.

We have referred to the fees of instrumentalists. These vary as much as do those of vocalists, though in a somewhat different way. Members of a chorus, for instance, if we except the "leaders," are not paid. Bandsmen, on the contrary, in all important orchestras expect and receive fees which depend upon their reputation in the profession, as upon the amount of time—in rehearsal or otherwise—which is required of them. Thus a permanent orchestra in a city, and most theatres as well as brass bands, represent more or less constant employment for skilled instrumentalists—good performers on wood, wind, and horns being nearly always sure of stable engagements. In picked orchestras or acknowledged excellence, such as the Halle Band or the London Philharmonic Society, the fees represent a handsome addition to a competent performer's income, and may be regarded as permanent. Less noted orchestras are so often of a mushroom growth that, beyond being in a flourishing condition for a season or two, their permanent endurance is more or less a matter of speculation, and depends upon the enthusiasm and interest of guarantors and subscribers. In most cases the solo instrumentalist, whatever be his instrument, finds it needful to teach in order to supplement what would otherwise be a very precarious mode of existence—for concert engagements go as often by favour and opportunity as by merit and talent. Appointments in schools and academies as professors of particular instruments are desirable, therefore, in the case of the instrumentalist, as these not only lead to public engagements, but also earn a reputation and standing for the teacher which he could not so easily secure through private tuition.

Next week: "The Operatic Artist."

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There are old weather prophets and weather prophets. The old-fashioned kind who looked at large upon the face of Nature, and foretold therefrom her coming smiles and frowns have been proved to know nothing. For six years running we have had the familiar presage of hard winters in plentiful crops of berries, and no winter at all to speak of afterwards. The wild geese have been coming to the east coast, and the seagulls have been coming inland, year after year, in increasing numbers; but still the cycle of mild seasons continued. A little more scientific were those prophets who, noting that the northerly winds of summer were very cold, concluded that they must have blown over unusual amounts of ice in the northern seas, and deduced from this the prediction that north winds in winter would bring bitter cold. Perhaps they would have done so, but the winds of winter remained persistently in the south and west, blowing over no icebergs.—"The Garden."

Through England in Rags.

AN AMATEUR VAGRANT'S EXPERIENCES OF ROAD LIFE. "ON THE BEG" IN TEN COUNTIES. HOW I FARED AS A CADGER.

In mapping out my tramp, I made such arrangements as I thought needful to enable me to dispense with the charity of the general public; but from several motives—motives of prudence, of curiosity, of sympathy, and of necessity—I did a good deal of "mouching" (begging) while I was on the road.

I began, as may be supposed, by asking for water, which from first to last, I may say at once, I was never refused. "Of course not," somebody will remark. But that is not to be taken for granted. A travelling tradesman assured me that between Hanley and Birmingham he vainly applied for a drink of water at no fewer than three cottages; and when I was in Kent, just before hop-picking began, I saw scores of men and women denied so simple and so easily granted a boon. The fact is, that on many much-frequented roads it is difficult to obtain even water, because of the numerous cases of theft by tramps while cottagers have been fetching some for them.

Food I begged for the first time at Barnslev. In consequence of what a companion told me, I went into a pork-butcher's shop in that town, and was given a roll of bread and one of those "tasty" and curiously contrived conglomeration of liver, seasoning, etc., called "faggots" or "savoury ducks." But, notwithstanding my success, I did not trouble tradespeople again until I reached Lewes. Having learned something in the meantime, I walked into a confectioner's establishment there, fixed the young lady behind the counter with a sorrowful eye, and said in a pleading voice—

"Could you kindly make me a pennyworth of bread? I don't care how old it is."

She reached the bottom part of a 2lb. loaf from a shelf, and handed it to me with the words—

"I will give you that if you like."

This was what I wanted, and what I had been told I should get if I only "did the thing properly."

I repeated the dodge afterwards at Brighton, Horsham, Gravesend, Towcester, and Birmingham, and in only one case—at Gravesend—was my penny taken. At the first-named place I also called on a confectioner's shop in the Western-road with the object of getting a paper of broken vicuals in the same way; but I was told that all such scraps had been given away early in the morning.

Meanwhile I had begged at many houses. In some parts I found it was easier to "mouch" than to purchase food. For example as I was walking from Nottingham to Loughborough, I went into a grocer's shop in a village and asked for a pennyworth of bread and a pennyworth of cheese.

"I'm out of cheese till the carrier comes," said the old dame behind the counter, "but you can have some bread if you like."

Declining this offer, I proceeded for about two miles, and, entering another shop, preferred the same request as before, when the woman staggered me by replying—

"I've got some cheese, but no bread till the carrier comes."

I accordingly began begging on the high road, and from the fourth house at which I called I carried away a lump of bread and meat.

On other occasions I was obliged to "mouch" to prevent myself being suspected. I had to make an effort at Bedford, for instance. I entered that town with a litter, whom I accompanied to the gate of a certain house that is well known to the "trade." When he rejoined me he triumphantly displayed a sixpence, which the gentleman who lives in it had given him, and then begged me to "try my luck." I refused to do so then, saying that a policeman had been watching me for ten minutes—which was quite true.

On the following morning, however, I fell in with a suggestion which the mechanic made that I should call on the "nice old inn," as he styled his benefactor. While we were walking in the direction of the house, he told me that he had begged from him once before, and that then he received a shilling.

When we reached our destination, however, I found that I was too late. One "moucher" I saw standing at the door of the house, talking, and when I turned the corner of the street I ran against two others awaiting their turn—which, however, did not come that morning, for while I stood there the almsgiver emerged from his gate for his usual constitutional.

I did not, therefore, call on this charitable gentleman, who is, I subsequently discovered, a regular beggars' "mark," or, in other words, one given to assisting that fraternity.

But while I did not actually "mouch" on this occasion, I did on many others. During some "stages," or days' journeys, my companion for the time being begged both for himself and for me, while during others I was expected to do, and did, my share.

I experienced more difficulty over this in Kent than anywhere else. I believe, however, it is comparatively easy for a man to get dry bread in any part of England.

Sometimes, too, I had begged out of sympathy for others. I met on the North road two men who were nearly starving, and yet could not "mouch." When we came to Weedon Barracks, near Daventry, in Northamptonshire, I thought, knowing that all military depots are considered "good" for food, I could get something good for them. But, alas! we were too late; we ought to have been there at tea-time, we were told. Half a mile further on, we met a workman trudging home, and when I asked him if he had any "tommy" left, he pulled out of his basket a lump of bread and a cooked bloater, which the poor fellows divided and gulped down ravenously.

By the time I reached Birmingham I had, moreover, done a little "mouching on the fly," or begging from pedestrians. As I was entering London from Barnet—where, by-the-bye, I managed to get a single copper from a public-house, and was then told by the landlord to "clear out quick"—I accosted a gentleman, who gave me a copper; and later in the day, in Poplar and nearer the City, I stopped many, with the result that I obtained 3d. more.

From Birmingham to Derby I begged but little, and thence on to Manchester nothing at all. But in the capital of the hilly shire I was compelled to "mouch," and "mouch" with a will, too. I confidently counted on receiving a small remittance from home, but, owing to a misunderstanding, it did not arrive.

What was I to do? It was seven o'clock in the evening. I was penniless, and I had had no tea and not even the "dinner" to which I had been accustomed. For many reasons I did not wish to beg on that particular evening. Some of these concern myself alone; others, shared by scores besides myself, I do not mind mentioning. The races began on the following morning, and for them there had come into the town hundreds of shady characters who live on the fringe of the turf, and who had, so to speak, spoiled the market. As a consequence Derby literally swarmed with detectives and policemen, many having been drafted from other places. Begging, therefore, would be difficult and dangerous; and as for the casual ward—pooh!

After pondering things for some time, I went into one of the newspaper offices, saw the cashier, told him exactly how I was situated, and asked for a small loan till the following morning. An uncompromising negative was the answer. Crossing the road, I managed to catch a gentleman connected with another sheet, and him also I requested to advance me a trifling sum. He was good enough to tell me he thought I was not an impostor; but nevertheless he couldn't help me—he really couldn't.

I returned to the post-office, talking softly to myself all the way; and, having loitered about there for half an hour, I began to "knock up the kip" or lodging money.

In Derby, as elsewhere, there are publicans who will give you a copper to get rid of you—to prevent you bothering their customers. I fortunately dropped on one in the very first house I entered; but in two other instances my visits were fruitless. Leaving the main streets, I then entered one not more than a stone's throw from the post-office, and, as the "mouchers" say, "went for everything"—shops, private houses, and public-houses. I



TOM-TIT, a well-known steeplechaser, sold by auction in Cheltenham on Thursday, January 22nd, and transferred from Mr. F. Green to Mr. Jukes for 200 guineas.

have no space to dwell on details; so I can only just mention that, though I met no fewer than five on the same errand as myself in less than twenty minutes I obtained 2d.—2d. from a woman and 1½d. from the company assembled in a bar parlour.

As the rain was then falling, and I was afraid that if I tarried longer I should not be able to obtain shelter for the night for 3d., I abandoned the idea for "mouching" for some food, proceeded to a lodging-house, and in due course went supperless to bed. I shall only add that on the following morning I received the letter I had expected overnight.

On the whole, I was exceptionally fortunate in my begging experiences. I have also reason to be grateful to the many people who assisted me unasked. When I was entering Wakefield from Leeds, I met a tramping barber, who was "working" the lodging-houses in those cities. After I had gone some distance past him, he called me back.

"I've got nowt, tha knows, lad," said he kindly, putting a copper in my hand; "but here's a gill (half-pint) for thee."

A rag-gatherer, whom a couple of us encountered near Barnet, did a similar thing. Judging from his appearance, he was clinging to life by the slenderest of threads, and had not had for a long time a single farthing that he could spare; yet he voluntarily handed us a penny between us, remarking as he did so that he was sorry he could not afford more.

Then several little jobs were put in my way by strangers. The queerest, perhaps, was in a lodging-house at St. Albans, where one Sunday morning I washed a couple of pocket handkerchiefs for a bricklayer, who offered me a penny with an expression of regret at the smallness of the remuneration. I accepted it. I accepted everything except beer, which I consistently refused.

Food, which was also proffered me unbesought on many occasions, both in lodging-houses and on the road, I never declined but twice. More than once I was provided with breakfast by a fellow-traveller; and when I was in the main street of Rochester, a regular old roadster, with sundry uncomplimentary references to local "chaw-bacons," turned over to me some bread and cheese that he had "mouched."

But my most notable experience in this direction befel me when I was on the North-road. Within a mile of Penny Stratford I was accosted by a farm labourer, who asked if I was hungry and could "do" some "tommy." On my replying in the affirmative, he gave me a quarter of a loaf of bread and a lump of boiled smoked bacon. I ate that with a relish, and then walked on until I was near Stony Stratford. While I was resting on a heap of stones by the wayside, another labourer, with a basket slung over his back, also came up to me.

"Are you hungry, hoy?" said he. "Well, here you are. It isn't much, but it's better than nothing. Good-night, boy, and good luck to you."

Not much! I was in possession of about a pound of beefsteak dumpling, a piece of meat, and some bread and cheese!

The title of the next subject in this series will be "Dogged by Detectives."

THE PRIZE PICTURE.

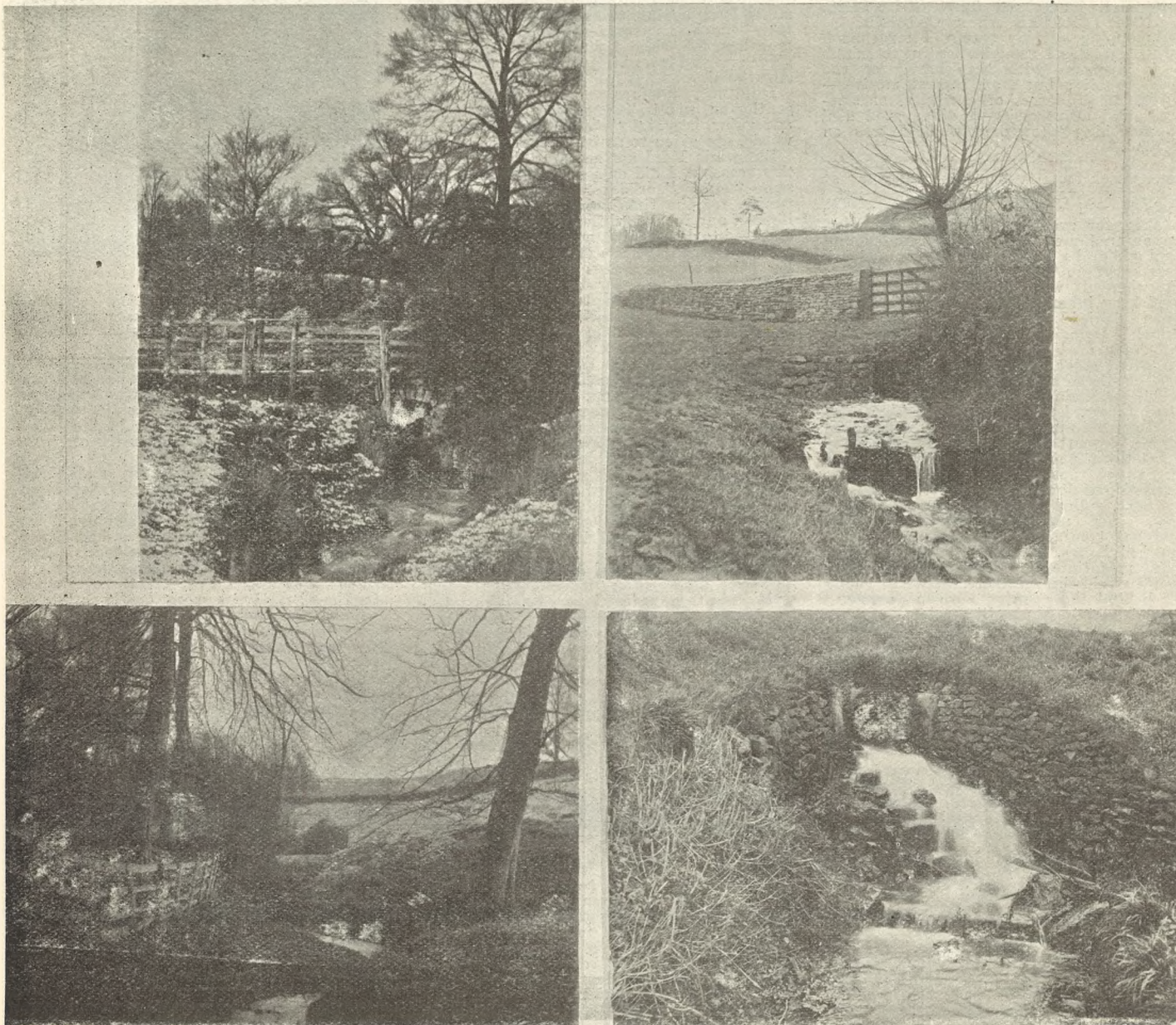


Photo by George Jolly, Shepscombe.

BROOK SCENES ABOUT SHEPSCOMBE.

1.—NEAR HIGHGROVE.

3.—“THE LODGE BOTTOM.”

“I wind about and in and out.”

2.—BY THE FLOCK MILL.

“With Many a Silvery Waterbreak.”

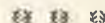
4.—NEAR BROOKLANDS POND.

SIGNALLING UNDER THE SEA.

A wonderful new system of signalling beneath the sea is described at length by Mr. Turner Morton in the January number of “Pearson’s Magazine.” The writer points out that water, unlike air, is constant in quality, and will convey sound uniformly, whatever the atmospheric conditions—hence it is a far more reliable medium than air for conveying warning sounds to ships at sea. “The experiments which brought perfection in submarine signalling were made in a specially built craft, called the Sea Bell. She has a hole cut in the centre of her hull, through which the sound bell is lowered, with the apparatus for ringing it electrically. A little gasoline engine furnishes the power to drive the dynamo. By electricity the bell can be rung with the regularity of a church bell, or with any desired combination of strokes. Hence, with every letter of the alphabet represented by a given number of

strokes, intelligible messages can be sent out through the waters. A key-board like that of the type-writer is the medium for sounding the bell. When the bell is to be used as a danger signal on a rocky coast, it can be suspended, of course, from a floating buoy. In this case the current for operating the clapper would probably be brought from the shore by a cable. The simplest way, of course, for hearing submerged bell signals on board ship is to go below into the hold, as close to the keel as possible, and simply listen. At a distance of a mile the sound of the bell can be distinctly heard by the unaided ear. So sensitive is the human ear, that the throb of a steamer may be readily caught by anyone on another far distant ship who puts an ear against the bulwark rail. The minute vibrations striking the vessel’s side suffice to give a shock to the listener’s ear when in contact with the wooden framing. This effect is intensified by putting one end of a wooden

rod against the side of the ship, and holding the other end against the ear; or by submerging a common tin ear-trumpet, with its end sealed by a tin diaphragm and listening at the exposed end. Better than these devices is the electrical receiver designed by the inventors, with which the sound of their bell has been distinctly heard at a distance of twelve miles. The submerged portion of this receiver is connected to an ordinary telephone receiver, which may be carried to any part of the ship—say to the pilot-house—where the navigator can listen for the sound of the bell.”



Men no longer regard it a fine thing to parade their insobriety; indeed, they drink very little; but, on the other hand, ladies drink freely everywhere. They consume wine, spirits, and liqueurs in public, and indulge secretly in drugs.—“Lady’s Pictorial.”



THE LATE MR. H. S. SIDNEY'S HORSES.

SOLD BY AUCTION BY MESSRS. WARNER, SHEPPARD, AND WADE, AT CHELTENHAM, ON JANUARY 22.

1.—Six, purchased by Mr. G. F. Davis for 500 guineas. Harris is holding the horse.

3.—Free Love, bought by Baron Trutzschler, the price paid being 730 guineas—the highest sum realised by any of Mr. Sidney's horses. Field is in charge of the gelding.

5.—Cavill II, which fetched 330 guineas and fell to the bid of the Hon. C. Pennant.

2.—Gangbridge, a horse with an engagement in the Liverpool Grand National. Cole is at the horse's head. Gangbridge realised 700 guineas, and was taken by Captain Elwes, of the Scots Guards.

4.—Carrots, now the property of Mr. Russell Monro, who gave 220 guineas for the horse, which in our picture is being held by Bingham.

6.—Encore is the animal Mr. Sidney was riding when he met his death at Wolverhampton. Joe Goode, the Bourton Hill House trainer, is in charge of the horse, which went to Mr. Gurney Sheppard for 105 guineas.

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Art Needlework.

By LADY HOWARD VINCENT
(Author of "China to Peru, over the Andes," etc.).

"Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do," is an old-world proverb that will never find an opportunity of fulfilment by lovers of the art of the needle. No woman who is fond of needlework need ever know a dull minute, and what would many do whose lives are lonely and void of varied interests without the companionship of this unfailing friend? With its forgetful help how many solitary hours glide by unnoticed, how many pointless afternoons are spirited away! We lose sight of our troubles and forget the little harassing cares of daily life in the love of creating a beautiful design, deft fingers joying in the skill of their handicraft.

The cult of the needle is essentially a woman's safety valve and a blessed occupation for an overwrought brain. Needlework is to woman what smoking is to man—an off and much-needed sedative.

The Bible has given a dignity to the art of needlework, for did not our Lord Himself command Moses to enshroud the Tabernacle, the Holy of Holies of the Israelites, with a veil of fine twined linen of cunning work, whilst the hanging of the door of the tent "was to be of blue, purple, scarlet, and fine twined linen, wrought with needlework?" Rachael made Joseph "a coat of many colours," and Hannah sewed for Samuel the coat she brought up yearly to Jerusalem. But the only allusion, curiously enough, to needlework in the New Testament, when we might suppose that the knowledge of sewing had become more general amongst Jewish women, is that of Dorcas, when the widows, weeping, showed Paul "the coats and garments which Dorcas made whilst she was with them."

The art of producing ornamental needlework had been common to all nations and dates for many years B.C. We find it amongst the Red Indians of America, as produced on their embroidered blanket wrappers. The wild savages of Fiji, Samoa, and the South Sea Islands use bead ornamentation for their somewhat slender attire. The Laplander embroiders upon the reindeer skin patterns worked with needles of reindeer bone, with thread made of strips of hide or the sinews of the same animal. The Incas embroidered the shrouds of their dead, for in the tombs in Peru have been found fragments of strips of linen with elaborate designs carried out on them—specimens of these in a wonderful state of preservation can be seen at the South Kensington Museum. The Persians and the Turks excel in embroidery, particularly the latter, who lay on the gold thread and the silver and brass wire in elaborate patterns, radiating from a store of cut glass in the centre. What this needlework must be to those poor women, for ever shut up within the walls of the harem, we, their more fortunate sisters, free to roam the world over, can scarcely gauge.

THE GORGEOUS EMBROIDERIES OF THE EAST.

But it is to the Chinese that we must look for the most elaborate examples of silk embroidery. Their patterns are gorgeous, and their monster golden dragons, worked in solid gold thread, with tails curling and twisting over yards of satin, are unsurpassed. But the colouring! It is screamingly loud, and positively painful to the eyes. Grass green, ultramarine blue, a full-flavoured orange, and, above all, the crude Mandarin yellow, are their peculiar favourites—colours found nowhere else. And to my mind all Chinese embroideries (and I have seen some of their choicest stores laid out in the Court of the Legation at Peking) are spoilt by this crudity of colours.

Nor, much as I love the dainty little Japanese, with whom art is as the air they breathe, can I always acquit their wares of the same glaring defect, although we must remember that many of the kimonos and "obis" (sashes) brought over here as specimens of Japanese art are those which are only

worn by geishas or the maidens who serve in the tea-houses; whilst the Japanese ladies affect such sober and soft shades as dove grey, electric blue, or a soft fawn colour, delicate semitones which I am sure they derive from the pale tints and opalescent glows that fade into creamy mists around the snow-clad summit of their beloved Fujiyama. For does not the cone of Fuji dominate their art, as it does every part of their tiny country?

The Indian embroideries, specimens of which are brought to their highest perfection at Delhi, excel in the ground work of their gold thread, interspersed with silken embroidery; but here again they are in the massively gorgeous taste of the Oriental idea of beauty. It was at Delhi that the Queen's Coronation robe was designed and worked, under the direction of the Vicereine, Lady Curzon; and I expect, after the great Durbar is over this winter, we shall see an ebullition of Indian embroidery appearing on all our friends' dresses during the next London season.

MY EARLIEST RECOLLECTIONS OF NEEDLEWORK

are connected with days of the "high art" craze for crewelwork. Everyone had a piece of it on hand; specimens of it lay about every drawing-room in the form of antimacassars or borders to the mantelpiece. The material used was of coarse unbleached "crash." The wools were of high art shades of sage and olive green, grey blue, or dull orange, for we were all living then under the influence of the school of Burne Jones, Morris, and Crane. How ugly and formal were the patterns we worked how impossibly conventional were the leaves and flowers we designed, resembling nothing so much as the freehand drawings set before young are students and much detested of them. Yet this crewelwork was only, after all, a revival of those ancient bed-hangings and bed-spreads that we still see in old Elizabethan and Jacobean country houses, which were worked on the self-same coarse linen and also in shades of art wools. Still, this self-same work served a purpose in its day, for it heralded the revival of a more artistic form of work amongst young ladies, who now abandoned the tatting of antimacassars, the woolwork slippers, and the knitting of silk purses, which had hitherto satisfied their aspirations. They learnt how much scope there was for an artistic mind in drawing out designs, in reproducing the colourings and shadings of nature with their needles. They grasped the fact that needlework could offer them a new delight, inasmuch as it was like painting with the needle in place of the brush.

Many women who have not the gift of intellect are endowed with the blessing of clever fingers, that with the nicest skill can manipulate any kind of work, from an elaborate silk embroidery to the re-covering of furniture, darning of old brocade, or the mending of old lace. And who shall say that this manual cleverness is not a gift as much to be cultivated and appreciated as that of an intellectual brain? Many men would think it preferable, and certainly many women would be happier in the possession of a gift within the scope of all women's lives rather than to be endowed with a mind which soars above the prosaic details of daily life, and which produces a woman restless and discontented with her ordinary home life.

It is, however, very curious how rarely you find a woman with a really artistic temperament a good needlewoman. She can design, but not execute. She possesses the theory, but not the practice, which so often carries with it the key to their characters, for artistic people are too often vague and unpractical, full of ideas which they are not able to carry into execution; beautiful to talk to, but tiresome to deal with. I had nearly said, too, that the best craftswoman is the one who is a practical, methodical housewifely creature—a blank from an intellectual point of view, not given to know anything much of politics or current literature—were not the same plain woman such a useful factor in daily life. Moreover, this article is indited with a view to extol the virtues of needlework and

the place it should occupy in every sensible woman's life.

Perhaps no kind of embroidery appeals more to the æsthetic and sentimental side of our nature than Church work. We embroider an altar frontal with the elevating feeling that our work is being specially consecrated to God and for all time will be dedicated to His service. And this kind of embroidery has grown now to such a fine art that it resembles nothing so much as the illuminating seen in old missals. There is the same delicate blending of colour in an indefinite design, forming a mosaic of colours, which are all woven together, with outlines of gold thread.

I have just lately been seeing a very touching testimony of the late Queen's interest in needlework in a beautiful altar cloth ordered by her, through Lady Mayo, from the Dublin School of Art for the Private Chapel at Windsor. Alas! that she never lived to see the order completed. The Royal Arms and those of the Prince Consort are embroidered on either side, and between them is the figure of St. George and the Dragon. The face of the saint is so delicately worked as to look as if it was painted, whilst the horse is designed in cloth of silver. The armour of St. George is so finely shaded that the steely sheen of polished armour is faithfully represented, and the gold scroll work is a marvel of even execution.

How many hundreds of different stitches there are; and to anyone taking up the study of needlework it is interesting and practical to have a kind of sampler handy on which to work any new stitches that one can pick up from friends. How many different lines of work we have seen flourish, become the rage, and then sink into oblivion. At one time we did all drawn-thread work; at another we took to Morris tapestry work, which consisted in covering in the whole pattern by darning in silks on a coarse canvas. The latest craze has been found in ribbon work, and very dainty is the fashioning of little pink rosebuds or sprays of lilac by gathering up the coloured ribbons, so closely shaded as to produce the effect of a natural calyx. We have all in turn. I think, fallen victims to this delicious work.

THE REVIVAL OF LACE MAKING, &c.

Then there is the revival of lace making on pillows, which we fancy greatly on account of the old-world look of the bobbins, held in place by coloured pins. Some even have taken to weaving; but this is, perhaps, a more mechanical art, requiring heavy expenditure on a loom and more of space in erecting it in a room. Lastly, we might mention the more homely, if useful, wool waistcoats and the many-coloured silk ties, which we all in turn knit for our menkind. And for those incapable-fingered women, and they are not a few! remains always that refuge for the destitute, the knitting of socks or comforters and woollens in general.

Personally, I am a great admirer of work done with flax thread. It produces an effect equal to silk, and, owing to the coarseness of the thread (there are three sizes), a pattern can be produced very quickly and with greater effect. Their gradations of any colour are also perfect. I was struck by a new kind of work I saw the other day. It consisted of a bold design of leaves and flowers, made by cutting out the leaves and petals in coloured Irish linen of blue and green and button-holing them on to any kind of material. The effect was striking and novel—and the work gives scope for a good deal of ingenuity in designing and arranging.

ROYALTY AND NEEDLEWORK.

Princess Christian has done a great work in encouraging the Royal School of Art at South Kensington, which teaches all kinds of embroidery as a special branch of education and as a means for women, properly taught, to earn their livelihood. Most of the elaborate heraldic designs worn on the white satin kirtles of the Peereses' Coronation robes were worked here; and as this was the only way official orders allowed individual taste to be displayed, many launched out into elaborate designs.

But their greatest triumph, and as showing what can be done in modern days in em-

broidery, is the King's Coronation robe, now on view. The Pallium or mantle of stiff tissue in cloth of gold is worked all over with the three emblematical symbols of the United Kingdom. Very beautiful is the rose, shading from bright crimson to a calyx of pale pink, the emerald green of the Irish shamrock, and the soft, hairy-looking purple of the thistle; nor are the morse or clasp for the Pallium, the Armilla, or Stole less magnificent, worked as they are with embossed silver eagles.

We all deplore the decadence of plain needlework, an art despised and neglected now by all classes, from the mistress to the maidservant. We have a feeling, akin to shame, when we look upon the samplers of our grandmothers, and see there examples of their darning and marking in invisible stitches. We shelter ourselves behind the invention of sewing machines, and say they are responsible for the change. Yet, even here we have seen lately a certain revival of plain needlework, co-existent with the starting of the guilds of needlework in all counties by the good Duchess of Teck. Thereby hundreds of idle society women, who never touched a needle in their lives before, took to plain needlework again, and it came to be the fashion for a great lady to produce any kind of homely garment in the drawing-room, with a deprecatory explanation, "For the guild." By these means thousands of garments are distributed yearly to the very poor and to mothers who have no time to wash, much less to make, clothes.

Many other handicrafts have of late years engrossed us, such as wood-carving, poker work, the fashioning of bent-iron work in grilles and lattices, whilst the last new fashion is bookbinding. These arts and crafts appeal to many girls with clever fingers who have not patience enough to design with the needle. But no new invention will ever take exactly the same place or supersede with woman the practical use of needlework.

Truly may we say that as a domestic art "it has been practised in all ages and by all classes, from the princess to the pauper schoolgirl."

Next week: "Wood Carving," by the Rev. F. C. Lambert.

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Selina Jenkins's Letters.

THE POLL ON THE BILL.

Lawk-a-mussy-me! Did you ever! There! there, now! WOT a 'ow-de-do there 'ave been this last se'nnight over the Bill. Meetings 'ere and meetings there; and the piles of literatoo on the subject in the form of letters in the "Echo" and circulars put in a body's letter-box, as nearly give me me death of cold 'aving to come down to the postman at half-past seven to open the door, the letter-box 'aving been choked up to the brim with various forms of literatoo all about that blessed Bill, unbeknownst to me, as is like their impudence filling hup a decent, 'ard-working body's box so as the letters can't be put in, and all because of a few hapinonated folk as wants everybody to do as they does.

And the language AND the abuse that 'ave been circioated this last week is reg'lar paralysing, and makes one wonder as the men-folk can make such a hexhibition of themselves, in print, too, as reads as if they was all waiting for the convenient opportunity to fly at each other's throats and fight it out to the bitter end.

And the argyments AND the questions (that 'ave been asked, as nobody don't answer, or even try to, is appalling to ones like me, wick wits get egcited if there was a happy-land in the town or the water got frozed in the pipes; but, as for "getting me hair off," as the sayin' is, about this 'ere Bill, well—I've a-lived a good many years now, and one thing I've a-learnt, wick some people don't seem to 'ave dis'covered yet, and that is to think before you speak (or writes).

Owver, I won't say but wot I've a-wasted a good bit of time this week meself (as mite 'ave been better spent in putting a bit of

trimming on me best bonnet or looking out bargains at one or two of the sales) in readin' down all them long strings of letters in the "Echo" a-grumbling, and explaining, and argyifying, and throwing light on, and sitting on, and scoffing at, and praising hup that there Bill; but I can't make no head nor tail of wot people do want or wot they be fussing about, wot with pigs and electric light, drains and borough debts, deceased meat and entertainments. Them as knows the least about it is the ones as makes the most show, so far as letters goes; and then, just to make the scuffle a bit worse, a new resident to the town drops in a few savory little remarks about Venus Anadyomene (as was a brazen hussey married to a old blacksmith called Vulcan, and he being called away a good deal from 'ome as a traveller in chains and thunderbolts, she did carry on in a shameful manner with a sodger chap by the name of James Mars, as is like "Observer's" impudence to stigmatize Cheltenham with any connection with sich a slut as she), besides talking about Venus Cloacina, wick I asked the curate, as calls every Friday afternoon to 'ave a dish of tea with me, if I could be so bold as to ask him who that there Cloacina were, he 'aving been to Hoxford, where they learns theologes and all about them there Greek and 'Ebrew idols and things; wick I thought he would 'ave choked hisself, he did get that red in the face, and he hum'd and he haw'd, same as curates always does when they be in a bit of a fix, and at last he said he thought it were the name of the Medical Hossifer of 'Ealth in angieint Rome, similar to Dr. Garrett to-day, only of the fieldmale persuasion.

But, talking about that there Dr. Garrett, it does seem a hodd state of affairs for everybody to pitch on to him as if he was the father, mother, and friend of the Bill all rolled into one. Where are all the "good men and true" as voted for the Bill at the Council Chamber? Anybody would think they was ashamed of their hoffspring, and so asked the doctor to adopt it for a brief while!

'Owsomdever, that there meetin' last week to call upon the doctor to apologise was very hinspiring, and a good a joke as we've 'ad about 'ere this long time. Why! next we shall be 'aving meetin's calling upon his Majesty to apologise for them words about the Romin Catholics in his Coronation oath, as I 'ave 'eard tell was very distasteful to some of they as beleeves in that religion. But, as for Doctor Garrett apologiseing, them as knows the gentleman "must 'ave winked the other heye," as the sayin' is, as they talked of sich a thing. The conclusion I've come to meself is that he must be a very brave man, that there Doctor Garrett, he 'aving ranged against 'im all those who sell meat (deceased or frozen or foreign, wick is quite as good as Henglish if you don't look at it and 'olds yer nose), as is determined to 'ave 'is blood (metaforically so to speak), and all they wick dashes about our clean and lovely streets in milk-carts; also a large variety of pig fanciers, besides the great MAN hisself, as can lead the multitude hither and thither with his Scripture quotations and his personal knowledge of drains, and, being brought up to that line of business, is a very awkward nut to crack; not to speak of quoting bye-laws and clauses by the score to prove everythink he do say, without referring to one as would be likely to do damage to his case.

The upshot of it all is that a 'andsome young stranger 'anded in to me my voting paper on Monday, as said the Corporation was "to be authorised to become undertakers under the Electric Lighting Acts," besides a lot more stuff, with a lot of dates and things, wick I don't know that I agrees with them a-going into the "undertaking" line, as isn't exactly the thing for a 'ealth resort, as you mite say; and I wonder nobody else 'aven't noticed this and wrote a few 1,000 words to the "Echo" about it, sayin' as it were disgusting and disgraceful and disagreeable, besides more words beginning with "dis" as I can't remember, 'aving mislaid the 1d. dictionary I always keeps 'andy when I be a-'riting these 'ere letters.

Then, I thinks it's like their dratted him-

perence to put down as I were to make me mark if I couldn't write me name, wick I never 'eard the likes or it, meself, to imagine as there could be any ratepayers in this 'ighly-educated town of ours, wick 'ave never been polluted with a Bored School, as couldn't write their names. Make me mark, indeed! I've never been so insulted since I went to vote municipal, and 'ad to put hup with similar himperence. The paper was arranged with a lot of little squares for a body to sign, like a marriage certificate, so I answered the questions as follows:—

Do you vote in favour of, or against, the adoption of the resolution?—Yes.

In favour of—All of it, excepts the undertaking business.

Against—The undertaking business, as I said before.

Signed—SELINA MARY JENKINS.

(Or mark of)—Thanks for yer kindness in offering it, but I can write.

Witness to the mark or proxy for—I dunno wot you do mean. Try next door.

Address—3 Dumpling-villas (the number's nearly rubbed off the door, but you can tell if you counts from the corner).

PRIZE PHOTOGRAPHY.

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

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

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

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

The winner of the 107th competition is Mr. George Jolly, Shepscombe, near Stroud, with his brook scenes.

Entries for the 108th competition closed this (Saturday) morning, Jan. 31st, 1903, 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, and should not be larger than 10in. by 7½in.

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 eighteenth competition is Miss Constance E. Smith, "Rowanlea," Hewlett-road, Cheltenham.

Entries for the nineteenth drawing competition closed this (Saturday) morning, Jan. 31, 1903, 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.

PRIZE SERMON SUMMARY.

Commencing on Saturday next, Feb. 7th, 1903, a prize of half-a-guinea per week will be given for the best summary not exceeding five hundred words of a sermon preached in any church or chapel or other place of worship in the county not earlier than the Sunday preceding the award. Such summary must be written in ink on one side of the paper only, and neatness and legibility of handwriting and correctness of punctuation will be to some extent considered in allotting the prize. The proprietors reserve to themselves the right to publish any of the contributions sent in.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

THE PRIZE DRAWING.

Welcome the coming, speed the parting master of the Cotswold Hounds. Exit genial Mr. Rushout, with thanks for past services; and enter Mr. E. Boyce Podmore, for it only remains, I believe as a mere matter of form, for his selection by the Hunt Committee to be ratified by election by the general body of subscribers next Thursday. He will come with capital credentials from the Vine country, the mastership of which he has held since 1901; and it is not uninteresting to note in this connection that one of Mr. Podmore's predecessors was Mr. William Bramston Beach, a relative of Mr. William F. Hicks Beach, a former master of the Cotswold. I was glad to be told by a prominent member of the Hunt that Mr. Podmore is going to "make things hum" in his new country. The master-elect will not, of course, be responsible for the impending removal of the Kennels from Cheltenham to fresh fields and pastures new on the Cotswolds. But I am of opinion that the trifling loss which the town will sustain on this account will be more than compensated by the material advantages that will accrue to it through having a master permanently residing here, while the health of the hounds will much benefit by the change.

Plenty of "hammering" went on at the Cheltenham Horse Repository on January 22nd, but it was not of the kind dreaded at the Stock Exchange. It denoted the passing of quite a hundred horses into new hands. There was a pathetic interest in the disposal of the late Mr. H. S. Sidney's steeplechasers and polo ponies in our local "Tattersall's" that knew him so well. But the financial result—£4,048 16s. for the twenty-two animals, including 10sgs. for "Encore," the fatal mount—was considered good business. I am glad to find that photographers succeeded in taking some excellent snap-shots of the densely-crowded and animated scenes, and of several of the "cracks" that came into the run, and that some of these will grace the "Graphic."

The recent announcement of the retirement of the Earl of Orkney from the command of the Royal Bucks Militia brings back to my mind two interesting incidents in January, 1900. In those anxious days, when Militia regiments were hurriedly embodied and English ones sent for garrison duty to Ireland and Irish to England, a number of battalions passed through Gloucester from time to time, to say nothing of the many that saw the "To Pretoria" direction by the rail-side at Lansdown. It was in the evening of January 12th that the 3rd Battalion Royal Irish Regiment (Wexford Militia) arrived (seven hours late through a fog on the Irish passage) at Gloucester G.W.K. Station, en route for Aldershot; and, being in possession of the very latest telegraphic news from Lady-smith, I was there able to convey the same personally to Major Viscount Stopford, for which he very cordially thanked me, and also made very kind enquiries as to the health of a local gentleman whom both of us knew. And it was five evenings later (on the 17th) that I was also able to impart at the same station similar latest and acceptable war information to Col. Lord Orkney, who was taking his regiment over to Buttevant, in Ireland, and had already made a long journey from High Wycombe.

I can supplement with some details of a local character the particulars in the "Echo" of the life of Capt. Humphrey Fowler, a Crimean veteran and ex-superintendent of the Monmouthshire constabulary, who died in retirement at Manchester on the 19th inst. It was therein stated that he "sprang from an ancient Gloucestershire family of gentlemen yeomen." That was so, as his father lived at Yate, and was hard hit by the abolition of the salt duties. Two or three of his sons married Gloucester ladies, some of whose relatives still live in the fair city. Four of his sons enlisted in the Army, and three obtained commissions, one of them



Drawn by Miss Constance Smith, Cheltenham.

(William) rising to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, while the fourth became regimental bandmaster, and obtained an appointment at the County Asylum on leaving the Army. Another brother was in the Gloucestershire constabulary, and got stationed at Winchcombe for a time. I think Gloucester could show a good list of "rankers" in the last 50 years. GLEANER.

SHOOTING TURKEYS IN ENGLAND.
Describing a shooting party at Beaulieu Manor, Sir Thomas Troubridge writes in "Country Life":—Perhaps the most unusual event in the marsh was the appearance of a dozen or twenty wild turkeys, of which there are a good many down at this end of the property. They are very handsome birds, not so large as the ordinary farmyard turkey, as they only average about 10lb. to 11lb. in weight. They pick up a good living in the fields and woods, and are excellent eating, their flavour something between that of a pheasant and a home-fed turkey. Unfortunately, they do not readily take wing, and even when induced to rise, do not fly far as a rule or high, though occasionally when the wind gets under them they are carried up higher than they mean to go, and are then a fine sight coming over. Two or three of them on this day got up a bit, and sailing over the line, paid the penalty, as Christmas was not far distant, and our host wanted some to send away.

LEGACIES TO CITY COMPANIES.
Mr. Justice Swinfin Eady on Monday heard an action in which beneficiaries under the will of Mr. Henry Spencer Ashby contested legacies of £5,000 each to the Curriers' Company and the Armourers and Braziers' Company, to be devoted, two-thirds to works of public utility and charity and one-third to hospitality. His lordship held that the two-thirds was not a charitable gift, because it might have been expended wholly for purposes not of charity but of public utility. As to the two-thirds, therefore, the trust failed, but the remaining third the companies were entitled to retain.

SHOULD VOLUNTEERS CARRY COLOURS?

It has recently been suggested that Volunteer battalions should be permitted to carry colours. The proposal will assuredly appeal to the sentiment of the force, and should therefore receive careful consideration. It may be pointed out, nevertheless, that there are some reasons which can be advanced against the adoption of the suggestion. Nowadays regimental colours are not taken into the fighting line, and to a certain extent they have, in consequence, lost the position they once occupied. The Rifles from the nature of their original purpose, always fought without colours, and for years all troops have been similarly employed in action as have been the Rifles. All Infantry Volunteers, moreover, though clothed in scarlet, and, previous to the publication of the new drill, performing the manual, etc., of ordinary Line battalions, are nevertheless nominally Rifle Volunteers, though the various "Volunteer battalions" of most regiments have certainly dropped the title. Regimental distinctions which already exist, even if quite useless in themselves, should certainly be retained, as they go so far to foster a high tone and good discipline; but it is at least open to question whether useless distinctions which have not previously existed should in these days be added to any corps.—"Navy and Army."

GREAT BRITAIN'S OPEN DOOR.

Judges, magistrates, and publicists are now alive to the fact that pauper alien-flock to British shores yearly by the hundred thousand. The bulk of them come here to escape either military duty or punishment for crime. They come in ever greater numbers, last year's record being 11,000 in advance of its predecessor. To say nothing of the work they give the police and the terror they inspire in certain quarters, their influx is peculiarly serious at a time when so many thousands of British working men are seeking work. Great Britain alone presents the open door to these undesirables.—"Public Opinion."