

# THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 110.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1903.

## THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE, CHELTENHAM.

This afternoon at 2.30 and to-night at 7.45,  
"Alice in Wonderland."  
February 9, 10, 11, "A BRACE OF PARTRIDGES."  
February 12, 13, 14, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal in :—  
"STILL WATERS RUN DEEP."  
"MRS. HAMILTON'S SILENCE."  
"THE ELDER MISS BLOSSOM."  
Time and Prices as Usual.

## CHELTENHAM'S NEW BOROUGH SURVEYOR.

Mr. Joseph S. Pickering, Assoc. M. Inst. C. E., member of the Council of the Incorporated Association of Municipal and County Engineers, member of the British Association, and member of the Sanitary Institute, who has been elected as Borough Surveyor of Cheltenham, received his training under that well-known engineer, Mr. John T. Eayrs, M. I. C. E., F. S. I., of Birmingham, whose office he entered as an articled pupil about nineteen years ago. In 1887 Mr. Pickering went to London and became assistant to the late Mr. John Anstie, C. E., of Westminster, and so well did he carry out his work that he was appointed resident engineer and manager. In 1890 he was appointed engineer and surveyor to the Nuneaton Local Board, and when in 1893 the two urban districts of Nuneaton and Chilvers Coton were amalgamated he was appointed surveyor and water engineer to the joint authority. In the last ten years the population has increased 70 per cent., and this rapid growth necessitated the carrying out of much important work. Between six and seven miles of new streets have been laid out under Mr. Pickering's supervision, and from his specifications over 2,000 houses have been erected under a new set of by-laws which he framed and which have been worked with little or no difficulty; many miles of new sewers had to be laid, and he is now engaged upon another £10,000 extension scheme; and the doubling of the sewage of the district in the past eight years necessitated the provision of new works for its disposal and the work of providing a scheme again fell upon Mr. Pickering, with the result that his scheme of bacterial treatment of sewage followed by filtration through land was unanimously adopted and carried out at a cost of £45,150. A saving of £400 a year has been effected by Mr. Pickering in connection with the municipal granite quarry. He has also recently carried out street paving works to the value of £8,000, the whole of the installation of the electric light (of which department he is superintending engineer), and all the municipal offices and fire station (which he also designed). As a proof of their appreciation of his valuable services the Nuneaton Council recently unanimously voted him an honorarium of 500 guineas, and when he became one of the selected candidates for the position of borough surveyor of Halifax raised his salary in order to retain his services. He is 37 years of age and unmarried.



MR JOSEPH S. PICKERING, Assoc. M. Inst. C. E.  
New Borough Surveyor and Water Engineer of  
Cheltenham. Lately Surveyor and Engineer to Nuneaton  
Local Board.

Photo by Clare Speight, Nuneaton.



THE PRIZE PICTURE.



VIEW OF GRETTON, NEAR CHELTENHAM.

Photo by W. Ornsby, Cheltenham.

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Music and Musical Training.

By

ANNIE W. PATTERSON, Mus. Doc., B.A.  
VI.—THE OPERATIC ARTIST.

No career, perhaps, has such glamour as that of the operatic artist. Public applause, the personation of congenial roles, the hope of becoming a great "star," the prospect of earning colossal fees—these and many other considerations lead numerous young people, especially impressionable girl singers, into the belief that they are destined for the stage. Only, perhaps, when a trial has really been made of life before the footlights do the rare gifts required, and the excessive demands upon bodily and mental energies necessitated, thin the ranks of the ambitious and leave but the two or three "at the top" who are really the idols of the people.

QUALIFICATIONS OF OPERA SINGERS.

Before entering upon study for an operatic career, it is well for the young aspirant to note what were or are the great qualifications of famous opera singers past and present. To begin with, there is the voice—beautiful, strong, flexible, of uncommon range and quality, as the case may be. No female singer during the nineteenth century obtained, perhaps, wider fame than Jenny Lind. Her voice displayed itself when she was very young, it being on record that she sang to her mother's friends from her third year. At first it would appear that her vocal organ was somewhat harsh in tone; but, with culture, this developed into power and sonorosity of a remarkable kind, united with a sympathy which has been described as tear-compelling. It is curious to note also that Titiens's voice, which gave evidence in early youth of its future excellence, was at first rather heavy in execution, a defect which this most conscientious and hard-working artist overcame with characteristic determination and thoroughness in her studies. The exquisite quality of Patti's vocalism is too well known to need comment. This brilliant and eminently successful artist demonstrated her rare gift also in tender years, and she again went through a course of most earnest and devoted study. Next to the possession of voice comes the personality of the operatic artist. An attractive face and form go a long way to contribute to the success of public appearance; but these are not all the accessories required to "draw." That indefinable "something," which may best be described as

"personal magnetism," is found more or less in all really famous histrionic singers, and it was notably evident in the case of the three great artists named. Where strength of individuality and charm of manner are united with tact and sympathy, the highest type of an influential personality exists, whether this be demonstrated through the voice or personal influence. In how far noted singers possess these traits of temperament lies the extent of their sway over audiences. Without some, or a fair proportion of all these characteristics, the public singer, especially in opera, finds it hard to attain or maintain a wide reputation.

Physique has also a good deal to do with the successful career of the stage vocalist. A moment's thought will show that it cannot possibly be otherwise. Only those who have themselves gone through the hard drill required before a good first appearance can be made, know how wearing is the fatigue of long rehearsals and late hours. It is now well known how beneficial the exercise of singing is to the development of the chest muscles and the health of the lungs; the singer is, nevertheless, not exempt from attacks of cold and hoarseness, as all artists and *impresarii* know only too well. How often a protracted chill or trivial accident cuts off an otherwise promising career, is a sad and oft-told tale. Few among the audience guess the full extent of the mental and physical strain involved in the fulfilment of such a role as that of Carmen, for instance. Again, the versatility of energies required, in the correct portrayal of an ill-fated heroine like that of Gounod's Marguerita (in "Faust"), for instance, demands a readiness and adaptability only found in the healthiest of frames. It is pathetic to note that the career of Titiens was cut short by an internal disease, no doubt brought on by that arduous course which she imposed upon herself of faithfully fulfilling her engagements even when excusably indisposed. Her last stage appearance as Lucrezia is still remembered by many. She carried it through with thrilling brilliance, even though on the eve of a trying operation, her friends and the delighted public little dreaming what was afterwards disclosed, that she fainted twice in her dressing-room during the course of the performance. "If I am to die," she is said to have remarked, "I will play Lucrezia once more." Her thrilling cry after the death of Gennaro will long live in the memory of those who witnessed this really tragic interpretation. Six months later the nation mourned a great singer, whose voice

would entrance them no more on earth.

The youthful environments of a child vocally gifted have much to do with the choice of an operatic career. Nearly all our greatest operatic artists have grown up in an atmosphere of music—and particularly vocalism—and at an early period of their lives they have been brought into touch with histrionic matters, either through the connection of relatives with the stage or by the influence of preceptors or friends. Mme. Ghita Corri, a noted prima donna of the present day, informed the writer that, both her parents being actively connected with the profession, she was accustomed to operatic doings from her very earliest years, one of her first recollections being the episode of figuring as the child Arline in the opening act of "The Bohemian Girl." It is recorded of the famous Malibran that, when only five years of age, she played a juvenile part at Naples, in Paer's "Agnese." Her appearance and the remarkable precocity which she then displayed were due, no doubt, to the fact that she came of the noted musical family of the Garcias, her father being Manuel del Populo Vincente Garcia, operatic artist, composer, and founder of a famous school of singing.

It will be noted that in the instances we have quoted of noted operatic artists, we have confined ourselves to the mention of prima donna. It must not, from this, be inferred that operatic fame is not also within the reach of the contralto and male vocalists; witness the triumph, for instance, of the brothers De Reszke in grand opera. But the fact remains that, on the operatic stage, as her name implies, the prima donna is the centre of attraction, and as such the most valuable, as the most highly valued (from a monetary point of view) of all histrionic artists. If many professional careers are closed to women, and in many others they are less esteemed, and inferiorly remunerated to men, these remarks, as we inferred when discussing "The Vocalist," cannot be applied to the operatic stage, upon which woman undoubtedly has the best of it both in the matter of applause and emolument. Objections, more or less puerile, are made with regard to the lady organist; the music mistress scarcely yet universally occupies the position nor commands the fees of the music master; only slowly—very slowly—universities are opening their musical degrees to women; and as yet, with one or two exceptions, no woman has filled any eminent musical appointment, such as Examiner or Lecturer on music at our great educational institutions. But the glorious voice of the great dramatic soprano sweeps before it all the objections that may be made in regard to female ineligibility; and on the stage, now that old-time prejudice is dying away with regard to the becomingness of the life, woman walks a queen by virtue of her own talents and acquirements. Outside the first soprano's role, the importance which composers are giving to their secondary parts offer the contralto and mezzo-soprano chances which were not formerly theirs; yet it will doubtless take many decades, in spite of Wagner's "Tannhauser" and "Lohengrin," before the position of the prima donna will yield in importance to any.

"HOW CAN I GET AN ENGAGEMENT IN A GOOD COMPANY?"

is a question which troubles many young people ambitious for operatic fame. At the present time there are both more facilities and more difficulties in the way of getting "on" than formerly. We will consider the first. To begin with, as we have hinted, the prejudice of many good people against the stage as a career is fast disappearing. It is evident that he or she who entertains and amuses the public—if all be done healthfully and in the spirit of earnestness and rectitude—is as worthy of respect and esteem as are the world's workers in any other department of life. Consequently the would-be prima donna and the aspiring tenor have less than ever to fear from parental or family opposition. The means of culture are also more efficient and more within reach of moderate means than heretofore. Professors of singing are numerous; and it is always quite possible to obtain instruction from those who have themselves figured on the operatic stage, and who are,



CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC, FEBRUARY 7, 1903.  
GLOUCESTER CITY POLICE AMBULANCE TEAM.

Winners of the Shield 1896, 1897, 1900, and 1902.



From Left to Right, Standing.

J. W. G. Sharrock. J. Newman. E. C. Jackson. A. Painter. J. Davey. J. Hayden.

From Left to Right, Sitting.

M. G. Matty. H.S.B. W. Yeates. (capt.). J. M. Collett J.P., H.A.O. of St. John (president of Centre). A. L. Thomas. T. W. Wilson, (local hon. sec.).

Photo by H. W. Watson, Gloucester and Cheltenham.

therefore, in all respects, best fitted to instruct the neophyte. The greater number of theatres than formerly, the numerous travelling operatic companies, and especially the popularity of light and comic opera, both in London and the provinces, open up more avenues than ever for gifted histrionic vocalists.

**OBSTACLES IN THE WAY.**  
But with these present-day facilities for obtaining engagements in opera, must be considered the obstacles in the way. With an increasing demand for good artists comes a greater supply, a large proportion of whom are it is regrettable to have to state, of very mediocre ability. The vast increase, during recent years, of music colleges—good, bad, and indifferent—has no doubt something to do with this state of affairs. Be this as it may, the multitude of young people who think they have, or whose friends think they have, a vocation for the operatic stage, is alarmingly on the increase. The result is that operatic agencies usually receive more applicants for employment than they can find posts for, with the result that a certain iniquitous system of "paying for best appearances" has crept into the business, which is as despicable as it is harmful. This system of bribery for engagements—we regret to be obliged to use a strong term—severely tells against the legiti-

mate progress of really deserving artists. Those who are most gifted and capable are not always in a position to command capital or initial outlay. The consequence is that inferiority and sham—if gilded—are often palmed upon the public, who are widely ignorant of the fact that so-and-so, instead of getting a fee for services rendered, has paid heavily for the privilege of appearing! From the entrepreneur's point of view, it may be alleged, with some show of justice, that the advertisement given to a novice who gets the chance of playing in a good company, is something worth paying for. At the same time, it should be remembered that the incongruity of a gifted artist purchasing the ordeal of posing as a popular entertainer is flagrant, and goes to overthrow the higher principles of all that is equitable and fair in honest dealings. The worst evil of the "payment for appearance" system is that it tells against art itself, and tends to deteriorate and eventually weary public taste. The people know a good thing when they hear it; nor is the popular verdict often wrong in its appreciation of art at all events. It is for this folk-acceptance that genius waits, even if it starve for a lifetime. Audiences, if repeatedly treated to inferiority and mediocrity, foisted upon them alone through means of monied influence, soon tire of what their innate sense

of appreciation tells them is not first-rate. Consequently it becomes harder than ever to fill concert halls and theatres—great stars at fabulous fees being necessary to cover the defects of hired title rôles. That the demanding of exorbitant fees by famous artists has driven the impresario to have his revenge in levying toll upon the smaller fry, cannot be denied. Neither excessive remuneration to celebrities nor arbitrary treatment of fresh talent are wholesome principles in the operatic world. Houses are freely "papered" as it is at present. In succeeding generations it may be impossible—save at fashionable functions—to make entertainments pay. The question is a serious one, and worthy the earnest consideration of all concerned. "To please the public" is the manager's aim. This must be done by giving the people only the best—not indifferent talent which paves the way by money to fulfil its own personal ambition—but the genuine article which, if it gives the utmost of its abilities, deserves to be remunerated for so doing.

Next Week: "The Conductor."

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The sermons will be found in the main sheet of the "Chronicle."





FANCY DRESS BALL IN CHELTENHAM.  
Sid Norris's "Annual." Some Groups and a General View.

Tour of Our Churches.

ST. MICHAEL'S, STANTON.

Readers of the "Chronicle and Graphic" who confine themselves to attendance at Cheltenham churches cannot conceive the variations that can be put into the ordinary Church of England service unless they visit some of the churches I have during the last year or two. But with all my experience, the clergyman I worshipped under on Sunday morning, Jan. 25, was a revelation. Rather aged, with grave voice, the variations he put into his reading were astonishing. And it was not pure elocution, because of elocution he was devoid; but he would raise his voice enough to frighten one, and anon sink it to a whisper that one had to strain one's ears to catch. Again, he would run on rapidly, and then read a passage in a painfully deliberate manner.

The Psalms were read in the old-fashioned style, and the minister invariably began his verse before the people had finished theirs. The Litany was read, and here the venerable, stern clergyman seemed to be in his element, revelling in some of the more serious passages. The lessons he certainly read in more orthodox manner—perhaps the chapters falling to the morning of the third Sunday after the Epiphany happened not to give him scope for his peculiar characteristics. The Communion Service was not used.

The church at Stanton has a good harmonium, presided over by a lady; but the choir consisted merely of children and one

or two ladies, not a man being amongst them. The Venite and Te Deum were fairly chanted; but in the long verses of the Jubilate the children were inclined to gabble. The hymns sung were "Jerusalem on high," "Oh! what if we are Christ's!" and "To Christ the Prince of Peace."

Ascending the pulpit, the preacher took for his text St. Mark vii, 24, "He could not be hid," and he was content to read his sermon in more prosaic manner than he had the service. He said very many conditions of this earthly life had been sanctified by our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. The life of poverty, of toil, of sorrow had each their sacred aspect, inasmuch as they reflected the poverty, toil, and sorrow of Christ. Truly, man as He was, there were times when in utter weariness He longed for quiet and seclusion; but "He could not be hid." As after passing through a time of physical or mental strain one longed for solitude, so Christ longed for times of repose; but "He could not be hid." The life of Jesus was always a busy one—a painfully public life. Not only did each day bring its load of work, but the multitude were always thronging and pressing Him. So each day wore on, and at night the Saviour would often spend the hours of darkness in prayer and communion with His Father amid the silence of the hills. When any were wearied with the worries of life, and were tempted to be fretful and impatient, the thought of the dear patient Christ should rise up before them, and they

should hear His voice, "I was weary too." Such words had something pathetic in them, and illustrated the text—"He could not be hid." A candle could be hid under a bushel, but the darkest cloud could not hide the light of the sun. At Christmas time, when cradled in a stable, in the very humblest manner, "He could not be hid." Thither the shepherds and the Magi journeyed to worship before the manger throne. In the streets of Jerusalem a poor mother carried a little one to the Temple of God, and passers-by neither knew or cared who was the baby, yet the babe "could not be hid." Simeon recognised in the child the Holy David, and burst into song—"Lord! now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation." In later years, when tired and sleeping in a boat, His disciples awoke Him, and the majesty of God flashed forth in the words—"Peace, be still." Wind and waves obeyed Him, for "He could not be hid." A little while, and a still figure hung upon the cross. At last His enemies had conquered. But with a loud voice he groans and gives up the Ghost, and the heathen centurion speaks, "Truly this was the Son of God." "He could not be hid." The life of humiliation is over, the life of weariness is ended; Jesus has left the world, and His disciples stand gazing up into heaven. Scribes and Pharisees were saying, "His very name will perish." But two thousand years afterwards His name lived, and He was seen in everything. "He could not be hid."





**NORTH WARD SOUP KITCHEN.**

MR. PACKER FEEDS THE HUNGRY.  
MUGS AND JUGS.

MR. PACKER AND STAFF.  
WAITING THEIR TURN.

St. Michael's has been built at three times, and its architecture is rather mixed, but is chiefly Norman. It consists of chancel—an added portion, in a very heavy style for a small bit of building—nave, with a clerestoried window, scuth and north aisles—the latter added at the restoration a few years ago—two transepts, south porch, and an embattled western tower, surmounted with a steeple. The east window is of stained glass; in pale, delicate colours; and there are two windows to the memory of the late Miss Elizabeth Mills, who died in 1895, and whose generous benefactions to the church and to many local and other charities are chronicled on a board in the north transept. The pillars of the nave are good Norman, and above some of them are grotesque human faces. At the west end are preserved from the restoration some interesting carvings of carved oak. There is the original pulpit, which must be exceedingly old, because before the restoration it was in its place, but entirely "cased" over because it had become fragile. The old-style sounding board is over the new pulpit.

CHURCHMAN.

**LORD ROSEBERY AS AN ORATOR.**

Lord Rosebery's loss of his notes before his great speech at Plymouth, the other day (writes Mr. T. P. O'Connor in "M.A.P."), has revived a discussion as to whether he possesses the rare gift of extempore eloquence, or does not, in fact, require careful preparation, before he is capable of making one of his really great oratorical efforts. The truth of the matter appears to be that, while an excellent impromptu debater, as all know who have listened to him in the House of Lords, or heard him reply to an attack of sudden "heckling" on a Scottish platform, the ex-Premier does find it necessary to prepare, with somewhat elaborate care, his formal speeches, whether short or long. One result of this is that he can seldom or never be "drawn" to make a speech on the spur of the moment—a fact which sometimes disconcerts his admirers, especially in Edinburgh, where he is immensely popular, and is sure to be called on for "a few words" whenever he appears in public. It is not, I hope, indiscreet to add (comments a Scottish correspondent) that there is something else which Lord Rosebery finds quite as useful,

when he has a big speech before him, as plenty of time for preparation, and that is a fairly stiff tumbler of good dry champagne. Once, when on a visit to Dundee for a great political gathering at which he was to be the principal speaker, it chanced that the chief magistrate of the city of Jute, who entertained him at dinner before the meeting, was an ardent and convinced teetotaller, who neither drank wine himself nor dispensed it to his guests. The only beverage provided at the banquet was orangeade in large glass jugs, and the longer this festive liquor circulated round the civic board the more depressed grew the Lord of Dalmeny, and the more despondent he became about his impending oration. The moment dinner was over, the ex-Premier called aside one of his fellow-guests—a local magnate of note—and hurriedly enquired which was the best hotel in the city. Making some hasty excuse to his host, he promptly chartered a hansom, drove swiftly to the hostelry in question, and called for a bottle of the best dry champagne procurable. The end justified the means, and the speech which followed was a brilliant success.



**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.

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

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 108th competition is Mr. Ornsby, Folly-lane, Cheltenham, with his view of Gretton.

Entries for the 109th competition closed this (Saturday) morning, February 7th, 1903.

**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 19th competition is Mr. E. W. Beckingsale, Bransleigh, Sydenham-road, Cheltenham, with his drawing of the "Corner Cupboard," Winchcombe.

Entries for the 20th drawing competition closed this (Saturday) morning, February 7th.

**PRIZE SERMON SUMMARY.**

Commencing this day, Saturday, 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.

The winner of the first competition is Miss F. M. Ramsay, 3 Oxford-buildings, Cheltenham, for her report of the sermon by the Rev. P. Waller.

The sermons will be found in the main sheet of the "Chronicle."

In the photograph and drawing competitions entries close on the Saturday morning and in the sermon summary competition on the Tuesday morning preceding each Saturday's award.

**TO OUR READERS.**

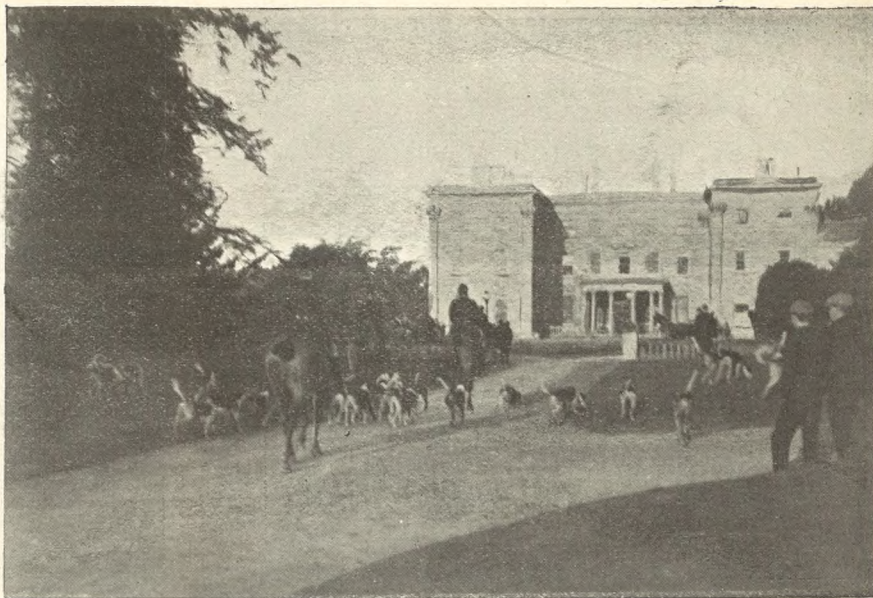
The articles "Petrol and Pictures," "Through England in Rags," the Sunday sermons, etc., will be found in the main sheet of the "Chronicle."

**CRIMELESS ANGLESEY.**

At Anglesey Assizes on Saturday there was not a single prisoner for trial. This is the fourth assize town on this circuit at which there were no prisoners.

**OUR LARGEST CATHEDRALS.**

It is often stated that St. Paul's is the largest Cathedral in England. This is not so—it is neither the longest nor the widest. Winchester Cathedral is the longest, 557ft.; but York is the largest, covering an area of 63,800ft., as against the 59,700ft. of St. Paul's. The smallest Cathedral is that of Oxford: its area is only 11,342ft. and its length 155ft. Many parish churches are larger than this.



Meet of the Cotswold Hounds at Dowdeswell Court.

Photos by H. Bamber, Netherby, Leckhampton road, Cheltenham.



"Selina Jenkins Letters."

SELINA JENKINS GOES TO A REMNANT SALE.

Wich is, I considers, a deal more to the point than all this 'ere fal de doo about the Bill, as it scotched for ever apariently, so "requires cats in pieces," wich is French for "Peace to His Bones," and may it be a long time before everybody is put into sich a bad temper with his fellow neybour's again as they 'ave been over this 'ere dead Bill, as Mr. Alderman Winterbotham did say were sterilized by statute; not that I knows wot that do mean, but I considers in all likelihood it's summat poetic or hartistic, he being a good deal of that bent of persuasion, and knows 'is Shakspeare like 'is Bible, besides being able to talk about pictures like one of they there hartisses we read about.

but, as I was a-sayin', the Bill's dead and buried, and the tombstone ordered, so let's say no more about that; the drains remains, just to remind us of wot we 'ave gone through and done without, etcetera, and the pigs and the butchers smiles once more; so let us turn to a more congenial subject, as 'as spesshul attractions to me and many more, wich I refer to the

HANNUAL CLEARIANCE SALES.

Wot would life be without 'em, these 'ere Clearance Sales? I knows very well I should go to 'em just the same if I never 'adn't got a penny to spend, wich I thanks me stars there's generally a few shillings over from that there annuity of mine, week by week, 'ceps when I 'as to pay the rent or the rates, as is a fair coff-drop, now they be all lumped in together on to one paper wich when the young man come round collecting I hup and I says to him, says I, "Look 'ere, young man, you tell the Mayor when you gets 'ome as I 'ain't one of these Barrin Rosschilds or a Madam 'Umbert, as can make money out of nothink at all, and I considers it's very 'igh the rates is now, without 'aving to pay the 2 lots out all to onct." "Well, Madam," says he, "it's the new rules to collect the rates that way." "New rules, is it," says I, "I calls it daylight robbery, that I does, and you tell the Corporation I shan't vote for 'em next time they puts hup, not if they all comes and goes down on their bended knees on the door-mat, wich cost me 3/11½, altho' I will say it don't look it now, 'aving been trod on so much by callers." But there! there! I was a 'riting about the Hannual Cleariance Sales, and a powerful sight of business the shops 'ave been doin' with their remnants, and their oddments, and their ridicles low prices, and hastounding enormous bargains, besides other things too numerous to mention.

I don't know as I ever told you that when pore Jenkins were alive he used to have a very decent little 'air-dressing and gents' osiery bizness, as paid very well hup to the time when beards come into fashin, because of the Prince of Wales 'aving one, as upset a lot of our best shavin' customers. Things were going all to the bad, wich Jenkins thought of putting bills in the winder with "Clean water for every customer," "Shaving done while you wait," "No waiting, first come, first served," and sich like. But I knowed somethink better nor that, so I proposes a sale in the 'osiery and the 'air-brushes, so we writes hup to several firms as deals in cheap goods and gets in a lot of brushes as was a bit scratched, and 'osiery a trifle scorched, and so forth, and we fills the winder chock full of socks and ties and brushes and razors and all manner of useful articles with a heanormous ticket, rote by Jenkins's brother-in-law, Sam, who were a professional sign-riter artis, and did it for a advertizement free, he 'aving the right to put 'is name at the bottom, with terms for doing other work the same; so, as I was a-sayin', we sticks up this great ticket right across the winder, sayin':—Notice! To the Nobility, Gentry, Aristocracy, and Residents of Cheltenham. Great Sale of Surplus Stock. Everything must be cleared for the new season! You mark my words, the crowd of people as forced their way hin the last day of that there sale was sich as no man could number, as the sayin' goes, and fell over a chair and broke a very nice glass show-case with bottles

of scent in it, besides cracking the looking-glass, as were on the front of the little counter. But, Lor' bless you! us didn't mind that, for we sold out all the rubbish we 'ad in, and 2 or 3 other lots as we ordered down spesshul, wich so fast as it come in the back door it were sold out to the front; and when we come to count up afterwards we'd done a very 'andsome little bit of business, just thro' announcing to the Nobility, Aristocracy, Gentry, and Inhabitants of Cheltenham as we was 'olding a Sale, regardless of cost.

So, of course, sales pays very well, if they be advertized enuff, wich I will say there 'ain't no backwardness in that direction by all appearances, if the look of the "Echo" counts for anythink.

Jenkins used to say that many a tradesman looks to the Hannual Sale to keep 'im off 'is beam-ends; and there's no doubt about it that sales is a grand institootion, both for them as 'olds them and them as patternises them.

Well, then! being one of they as is very fond of patternising sich entertainments, I puts on me things and walks down to a certain place as shall be nameless; you never saw anything like the windows; generally so tidy, all the stock was just thrown in higgledy-piggledy, anyhow; with "Bargains" here and "Cheap lin's" there, and remnants all over the place (it being a draper's sale, as you mite think, me being of the fairer sects).

So I waits me turn to get in, with a crowd of carriage-folk (footman and coachman and all), and people out of the list of resident gentry, and a good 'ew out of the general list, all a-squeedging in as if it were the theaytre or a circus. I were well-night swept off me feet, and if it 'adn't been for me trusty humbereller (wich I poked into the ribs of them as pressed me too hard) I should 'ave fared badly, that I should. 'Owever, I gets inside after a bit, and a sort of broken-down lord, with 'is 'ands behind' is back, and a frock coat and 'igh collar, says, like as if I was a bit of dirt, "And wot may be your pleasure, madam?" I was taken aback for the moment, but pulling of meself together I says, "Look 'ere, mister, I don't know wot you wants to know about my private affairs for, seein' as 'ow my pleasures is few and simple and not given to drink or the theaytre, not 'abitual; but I wants you to just point out to me where the remnants be a-going cheap." "Certingly, mada.m," says 'e, speaking over 'is collar, and throwing a permiskus dog into the street as 'ad wandered in, "step this way, Hif you please!" So I steps this way, if you please, and then a young chap beams at me over the counter, and 'ands down remnants regardless of trouble till you couldn't see the counter for them, talking away hail the time like one of these 'ere phonygrafis all about 'ow cheap this one were, and 'ow lovely this would be made into a skirt for mornings, and 'ow that one were the same as ordered by the Princess of Wales last year for to go round the world, and wot with 'is chatter and the 'eat of so many people argyfyng and making purchises, and the smell of cloth, I feels quite swimmy about the 'ead, wich if it 'adn't been for the bottle of salts as I carries in my ridicule, I should 'ave felt faint; not being used to so much bustle. So at last I picks out a very tidy remnant of dress material, as looked to me to be exactly the same as a piece I had at 'ome, at 1s. 11d. a yard, wich the young chap said 'ought to be 2s. 11d., and were dirt cheap, and would I pay for it, and "should 'e send it out to the carriage," or "if not the man were passing me door in about the space of ten minutes," besides a lot more, wich not 'aving no use for the same, I didn't try to remember. 'Owever, I escapes from 'is clutches after a time, giving 'im pertikler instructions not to let the remnant be sold over again in the bustle of the sale, becos', of course, you never knows, do you?

On me way out I wanders into the curting department, and purchises 2 pairs, a perfect match, so they said, wich, not 'aving me spectacles with me, I 'ad to take their word; I didn't want no curtin's, but I thought they was so cheap I really couldn't refuse. Before escaping from the exit I was also let in for 3 dozen real Irish brogue 'em-stitched 'andkerchiefs, seein' as hinfuenza's so bad just now, and 6 yards of watered silk (as they said were watered on the premisses, and 4 lovely linen tablecloths, perfect all but a piece burnt



Mr. E. Boyce Podmore, M.F.H.

THE NEW MASTER OF THE COTSWOLD HOUNDS.

Master of the Vine Hounds, Hants, 1901 to 1903.

out near the middle, as could be covered with a flowerpot or a mat. Oh, yes, and there was a full-size mattress for 12s 11d. from the furnishing side, as will keep very well till I wants it, if I puts it under me own mattress, unless the moths gets into it. So I considers as I did very well, and saved a tidy bit by getting these 'ere articles so dirt cheap.

SELINA JENKINS.

P.S.—I'm very put out! Sales is a delusion and a snare! The things 'ave just come, and I finds the curtin's is all odd, the dress remnant is black with grey spots, instead of grey with black spots, same as I ought to 'ave 'ad, and the mattress is too short for my bed by a foot! Still, after all, I 'as the 'andkerchiefs, and they'll come in useful. S. J.

THE CHURCH AND EDUCATION.

Lord Halifax spoke at a meeting at Leeds on Tuesday night in connection with the English Church Union. He ridiculed the statement of Dr. Clifford that the bases of the Education Act were injustice and fraud, and he asked who had done most for the cause of education. That question admitted of only one answer. It was undoubtedly the clergy, and not only the clergy of the present time, but of the past. They had always been the first to advocate the cause of education, and to bring education within the reach of the poorest of this country. It was nonsense to say that any injustice had been done by the Act in this matter of education, unless it had been done to Church people, and yet Church people did not cry out. Why did Church people so strongly object to undenominational teaching? It was because undenominational religion was either not Christianity or a sham. What was of real and vital importance to the country was definite Christian teaching, and on that he strongly insisted.



More than half of the term of the hunting season has now gone, and ten days were taken by the frost out of January, the same as happened to December. The past month showed a slight improvement on the other in the way of sport. The Cotswold snatched a day, as it were, from the freezing on the 12th, when the field, which could be counted on one's fingers, had a fifty minutes' spin from Roel Gate. And the last day of the month was not the least, as they killed two foxes, one in five minutes and the other in 55. Lord Bathurst's pack finished up December with two fine runs on the 30th, the first (a 7½-mile point in 65 minutes) taking them into the Heythrop country, and the second (9½ miles in 2 hours). This pack also had a run of 2 hours on January 27th, stopped by darkness. The Crome did the best, and in the vicinity of Breton Hill, too, with a 2 hours' run on the 1st, and one of 3½ hours on the 26th, hounds then killing a fox in Elmley Wood, from whence it had started; while other runs were one of 1½ hours on the 6th, losing in the Ledbury country, and one of 2 hours 10 minutes on the 22nd. The best run with Lord Fitzhardinge's was on the 23th, lasting 2 hours 10 minutes, with a kill right under Wm. Tyndale's Monument. They finished capitally on the 31st, killing three. Interesting features of the Ledbury's work were an 8-mile point in 2 hours on the 3rd, and the killing of a fox in the big Highnam Woods, for the first time there for several years, on the 26th. The North Cotswold had one of their best days on the 30th, finishing up the day with a 6-mile point in 50 minutes, darkness stopping sport. In this run, Mr. Kenyon Stowe unfortunately fell, and broke several ribs, thus being the only serious accident of the month.

It is not given to every Gloucestershire squire to have three of his daughters married to peers of the realm and for one of them to marry two noblemen and another to wed the son of her sister's husband. Yet the late Major Edmund Probyn, J.P., of Huntley Manor, near Gloucester, had he lived, would have been in this unique position. He certainly saw two of his daughters married to an Earl of Lisburne, the first, in 1878, to the 5th Lord; and the second, in 1888, to the 6th Lord. And the widow of the 5th Earl of Lisburne married, in 1889, Earl Amherst. And, only on Wednesday in last week, Miss Charlotte Eugenia Probyn, youngest daughter of the late Major, was privately married to Lord Rodney.

I was talking to a Gloucester Alderman who regularly comes to Cheltenham about the delay to the eleven o'clock train on Thursday night, caused by a light engine fouling the up and down lines outside St. James's-square Station, and he told me he has a vivid recollection of a bad accident exactly at the same spot, by the locomotive shed. It was on a day in the latter part of the fifties, when he was a passenger in an excursion train crowded with people going to Mons. Julien's fete at Pittville, and just before the turn into the station an express train, coming out, ran head on into their engine. The crash was terrific, and many people were injured, one lady sitting opposite him having her eyes almost cut out, whilst he himself was saved serious injury to the head through wearing a hard hat. He mentioned that one lady died from fright, and that the claims for compensation proved costly to the Great Western Co.

The big Bill which the Cheltenham Corporation drew upon the ratepayers was not accepted by them, as the crushing majority of the valid signatures on the returned voting papers attested. It was £ s. d. that did it. Townsfolk not affected were quite indifferent to the grievances of their neighbours at Tivoli and Lansdown against the private sewer owners. They saw only the red light of possible increased rates consequent upon



Drawn by E. W. Beckingsale, Cheltenham.

THE CORNER CUPBOARD, WINCHCOMBE.

the extinguishing of the owners' rights and for some of the other powers sought, which unscrupulous opponents twisted into municipal trading. The recent loss at Gloucester to the ratepayers of £500 on three months' working of the trams was certainly one effective weapon used against this trading. They might have cited, too, the loss of £168 on the sale of 16 horses, the first draft of the 100 put in to the Corporation at £25 each. I was amused at one reason assigned by official apologists that this result was satisfactory, namely, that "all the horses had been worked for more than a year since the terms of pur-

chase were arranged." And this in face of the fact that they were "worked" by the Tramways Co. at the expense of the ratepayers through their deterioration and in helping to produce the loss of £500! A change has come over the spirit of the dream of this Corporation since the Commissioners enlightened them that the county authority, and not they, were masters of the situation in regard to the control of the proposed light railway between the city boundary and Hucclecote. They evidently realise that the county is the body to say what the terms shall be for a working agreement. GLEANER.



# THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART  
AND  
LITERARY  
SUPPLEMENT

No. 111.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1903.

## THE PRIZE DRAWING.

THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE, CHELTENHAM

TO-NIGHT AT 7.45,

MR. and MRS. KENDAL.

"The Elder Miss Blossom."

Special Prices.

Next week—"THE TOREADOR."

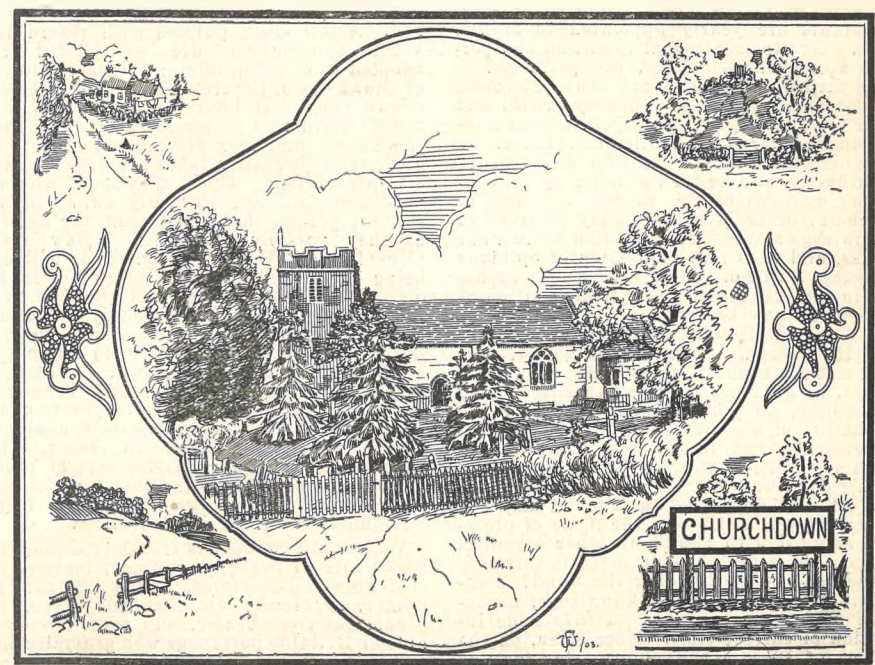
### GARDEN CITIES IN ENGLAND.

There is so much that is good and hopeful in the garden city experiments at Bournville and Port Sunlight, that one does not like to go on enumerating signs of discontent. If one cannot say that the men for whom all this is done are happy, one can at least say that they are healthier and better for it. Port Sunlight has less than the average death rate and double the average birth rate of the rest of England. The same is true for Bournville. In both places the men only work eight hours a day. What would their grandfathers have thought of working from eight to twelve, and from one to five o'clock, and having a full day's pay for it? Perhaps they are only human after all, and are surfeited with kindness. The surest test in the end is that there are no vacant cottages in either place, and that competition for new ones is keen. Neither do people leave without cause, even though they seem so difficult to please. To be composed of this same class of people, for their benefit also, the Garden Cities are planned; therefore I fear greatly for the peace of mind of the proposed Boards of Management. The highest note is struck in the birth rate. No one can visit either of these villages and fail to delight in the great crowds of rosy, beautiful, well-dressed children. They really make the picture, and it is in their future lives that the great work its ample fruit. The British labourer, taken grown up, may be a disheartening factor to deal with from any ideal or æsthetic standpoint; but the healthy country-bred English child is a constant source of hope and encouragement to those who study the present and look to the future. One likes to think, too, of the brightened, lightened lives of the women in these model surroundings. To smoke-clogged lungs from London and eyes hungry for the sun, a day is really a day when spent on the rolling hills of Bournville, with their beautiful wooded slopes, or in the fresh, salt-tinged air of Port Sunlight, birds singing loudly, the noise of playing children everywhere. Even if on your way back to the customary gloom of the capital you shake your head over the quips and cranks of human nature, and remember the good dame who was showing you over the wonderful kitchen cottage. "And what beautiful wide windows!" you exclaimed. "Huh," said she, "much too wide! The sun do fair spoil and fade everything."—Mr. Chalmers Roberts on "Garden Cities" in "The World's Work" for January.



WEST VIEW OF ST. MARY'S PARISH CHURCH IN 1630.

Drawn by J. A. Probert, Cheltenham.



Drawn by Wilson Fenning, Cheltenham.



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Music and Musical Training.

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

VII.—THE CONDUCTOR.

To the casual concert goer nothing appears easier than to stand in front of the conductor's desk, and beat time with a baton. Yet, behind the expert stick waving what a wealth of knowledge, experience, and mental control! With the rise and fall of the leader's wand of office, sways onward the time and expression in musical rendition of not one but many minds: by the communication of the reserve or fervour of one man's sense of tone, a massed band of individuals are influenced to work up *crescendo* passages or "thin off" a *diminuendo* as, apart from such control, collectively, it would be next to impossible for them to do. The great conductor may, indeed, be likened to one who plays upon a complex living instrument, the sound-producing leverage of which consists of men and women, each of acknowledged musical talent, who, in deference to a master interpretative intelligence, agree to mutually suppress individuality in order to obtain one grand *ensemble* of consonant unanimity. It requires, then, something more than mere talent to wield the baton; the conductor *par excellence* must be, in his specific department, a genius.

It might be imagined that no one could make a better conductor of a given work than its composer. This is, however, not often the case. Mendelssohn, with his nicety of detail and sense of polish and finish, as also by virtue of his sunny and enthusiastic temperament, conducted his own works with rare *eclat* and brilliancy: but he was a notable exception. As a rule the creator is not a good exponent or teacher. Beethoven and Schumann both furnish instances of this. Indeed Schumann, in one of his critical essays, intenders that the creative mind does injustice to itself through hyper-sensitiveness when it attempts executive work. Thus it happens that a composer and performer of the highest calibre are seldom united in the one person. So it is that the great producer is most in his element when supplying material for his exponent, and that the truest friend and ally of the music maker is the executive artist.

Few branches of the musical profession are, however, so invaded by charlatanism and incompetency as that of the conductor. This is especially the case in organ appointments, when the player is also expected to act as choirmaster. To be a good performer on the organ is one thing: to understand and enter into the requirements of church and sacred music, and to be able to authoritatively direct a body of vocalists (professional or amateur), are quite other matters. Hundreds of good executants are yearly appointed to church posts. As far as personal rendition and perhaps accompaniment goes, the performer is quite within his sphere; but when he comes to address a number of probably skilled and often veteran singers, the organist finds himself on the horns of a dilemma. Either he must descend from his position as a teacher of authority, and be torn asunder by the conflicting opinions of the various members of his choir; or he is forced to lay pretence to a knowledge and experience which he does not possess, and thus risk expression of opinions and adopt a line of control which may expose him to the just censure and condemnation of those who know better.

THE CHOIR CONDUCTOR.

In the case of the church organist, who must also act as choir trainer, the real trouble is that, in his training as an executant pure and simple, no provision was made for the probability of him being obliged to pose both as performer and instructor. Few opportunities are given to young students to acquire the art of choir conducting—and it is a great art. At best, an intending organist may but gather, as well as he can, the mode of procedure adopted with choirs by other organists and choirmasters; and how often is this only a case of the blind leading the blind! Failing traditional and wider knowledge, metronome marks are taken as an invariable indication of correct time. More often, on the subject of speed, each choirmaster (or one who assumes to be such) is a law unto him-



THE NEW YEAR GAIETIES OVER CHELTENHAM OCCUPIES HERSELF WITH ART MUSIC LITERATURE AND THE DRAMA.

Drawn by Miss Vera Jopp, Cheltenham.

self. A few stock phrases with regard to a vocal enunciation are assimilated and adopted as occasion offers; even a smattering of knowledge of the singer's art may be hastily drawn from text books to suit special occasions. With this paltry stock of *savoir faire*, the novice-conductor prepares to address his choir, and in reality takes his first lesson in class teaching. Those musicians who are most conscientious, painfully aware of the slippery ground they tread upon, say as little as they possibly can—often "Now start, please!" and "Good evening. That will do," being the extent of polite eloquence in the organ loft. More, less scrupulous, carry matters with a high hand, and by cultivating a gruff and really rude demeanour, hope to assume a position of command to which they have no claim. Hence result, "scamped," careless, and often irreverently conducted choir rehearsals, the ruthless exposure of the personal defects of choir members unable to defend themselves, and, in short, that general disregard for the feelings of others that, in the end, leaves the offender friendless and alienated from those whom he might have made his most devoted allies.

When such conduct is transferred from the organ loft to the concert room, matters are still worse. The morose and indifferent conductor, he of the "mechanical" type, the automatic time beater, and even the excitable or irritable personage who generally only succeeds in making himself a laughing stock by means of his extravagant or impatient ges-

tures—all these species of the genus conductor are well known in the musical world. That successful, lasting, or even satisfactory achievement may be expected of such is futile. A still more deplorable happening is that which places the baton of an important orchestral, or large choral and orchestral society in the hands of a man who, neither through culture nor experience, is fitted to fill such a responsible post. What infinite knowledge of the different instruments—of their compass, capabilities, and *timbre*—what facility and expertness in score reading, what presence of mind in case of false entries, what intimate acquaintance with the works of the great masters and the traditional readings of masterpieces, &c., go to make up the sum-total of the requirements of the successful conductor of foremost choirs and orchestras! Even the best musicians of our day, who pose as conductors, have to stand the fire of a criticism which constantly grows keener as knowledge and general culture progresses.

It has been said that the composer is not often the best conductor of his works. Still less is the man who thinks he can compose the most desirable occupant of the conductor's chair. There is a natural ambition, even among the most conscientious of composers, to hear their own works performed. But when, as often happens, these works are the mere outcome of a mediocre talent of ambitious productivity, how wearisome it is, for performers and listeners alike, to have such effusions continually inserted in





NEW BARRACK ROOM, BLOEMFONTEIN, DECORATED FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.

A Cheltenham man, Pvt. G. Skinner, D Co. 2nd Glos. Regiment, writes to his relatives in Union-street:—"D Co. wished you to put this in the 'Graphic,' if they can find room, as we get a lot of 'Chronicles and Graphics' out here."



BOER PRISONERS

Employed on Cricket Ground at St. Andrew's College, Grahams-town. W. A. Woof, the college coach, and an old Gloucestershire cricketer, figures on the right in back row.

programmes and repeated "by request" *ad nauseam!* No matter how good a man Smith or Jones may be, the vanity is too patent which allows him to sandwich himself too frequently between the giant tone-painters of his own and former days. A fair amount of self-respect and appreciation is a good thing; but, invariably, it comes best when proclaimed through another's, and not one's own speaking trumpet. The old saying about "blowing one's own horn" is applicable in almost a double sense to the orchestral conductor who reaps his fees while instructing horn players (and others) to give his creative output a free advertisement!

SOME NOTED CONDUCTORS.

A glance at the training and career of one or two noted conductors of the day may give the reader the best idea of what constitutes success in that by no means easy vocation. No master of the orchestra has so endeared himself to the British public as Mr. August Manns, whose name has been so long and honourably associated with the Crystal Palace Band. In youth Mr. Manns studied several orchestral instruments, and, in his early days, played both the clarinet and violin in various bands. Later, he worked at arranging and composing for the orchestra and was soon afterwards placed at the head of one of the best German military bands. As far back as 1855 he was appointed conductor of the Crystal Palace Band, then in a very incomplete condition, being only a wind band. In a short time Mr. Manns worked wonders and for quite half a century the popular conductor has been indefatigable in his efforts to give his best and noblest energies in affording the public the means of hearing all that is great in the music of contemporaneous as well as past times. The duties entailed have been arduous, and more or less daily; and, in addition, have come the numerous festivals and additional performances, all of which represent a colossal amount of labour on the part of one organiser and leader.

It will be seen from the above short sketch of Mr. Manns's experiences, that practical knowledge of band instruments, and the having taken part himself as a performing member of bands and orchestras, have helped this notable and worthy conductor to the honourable position which he has so long faithfully, and ably filled. Another striking instance of a great and famous conductor is to be found in Dr. Hans Richter, whose association with the Hallé Band, as also with his annual orchestral concerts in London, have made him a famous figure in the musical world of these islands. Dr. Richter's intimate acquaintance with orchestral resources and possibilities, his keen

sense of score reading, the power and ease with which he sways the forces under his baton, and, pre-eminently, his unrivalled knowledge of the requirements for its interpretation of Wagner's music, are well known. In student days he had made special study of the horn among other musical matters. Early in his career he came into close contact with Wagner himself, who thought so highly of him that, in the sixties, he entrusted him to copy the score of the "Meistersingers" for publication. Afterwards he aided the great composer in conducting, both at Bayreuth and London. Now Dr. Richter is, without question, one of the first conductors living.

One might also speak of the work of Herr Felix Mottl, and, in our own country, of Mr. Henry Wood (of Queen's Hall concerts) as of many others, but enough has been said to show that the task of the great conductor is no sinecure, and requires special training and aptitude. To get the permanent position of an important conductor is not easy, and requires, given the numerous qualifications necessitated, that coming of a fortunate "happening" in a man's life which places him in the position which he is most worthy to fill. That Dr. Richter's association with Wagner gave him this "happening" we can scarcely doubt; and in his case, he (Dr. Richter) is truly "the right man in the right place." Talented young folk who aspire to be conductors can do much to train themselves for a possible post by getting in touch with orchestras and orchestral players, by taking practical part in performances when possible, and, from all points of view, by neglecting no opportunity that may lead to the desired end. That good conductors are few and far between, we have already said: indeed we might say that, like poets, they are born and not made. So the stick waving has an art in it which is deeper than what appears on the surface.

Next week: "The Composer."

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

In the presence of at least five thousand persons the funeral took place at Rowley, Staffordshire, on Monday, of Mr. Walter Bassano, the oldest public man in the district, and chairman of the county justices.

Alluding to the Venezuelan difficulty, in a speech at Bradford, Lord George Hamilton said he hoped that in the course of a very few hours the controversy would be concluded. He proceeded to defend the Government policy of co-operating with Germany.

IN THE TIME OF ROSES.

Out on the moor the twilight shadows fall,  
Over the fields I hear the children call;  
Dear, it was here love told that tale of yore,  
Heard by so many happy hearts before:  
Here at the garden gate where roses blow,  
Just as they used for us in years ago.

In the time of roses,  
Long and long ago,  
Just the sweetest story  
That the heart can know,  
Whisper'd in the twilight  
Where the roses blow,  
In the time of roses,  
Long and long ago.

Year after year the roses come and go;  
But in our heart love's fadeless roses blow.  
What if for us life's twilight draweth nigh,  
Love still is with us as in time gone by,  
Whispering our hearts that tender tale of old,  
Dearer and sweeter now than when 'twas told.

In the time of roses, &c.

CLIFTON BINGHAM.

Brest is about to construct the largest graving-dock in the world.

Printed in English and devoted to commerce, a new daily newspaper is about to be issued in St. Petersburg.

The Edinburgh municipal tramways carried 43,540,025 passengers last year, but earned only £122 15s. net profit.

At Loughborough, in Leicestershire, the first person to be placed on the "black list" is named White.

Holy Trinity Church, the military cathedral of the Household troops stationed at Windsor, has been broken into and the poor-boxes rifled.

A stag, pursued by Lord Rothschild's hounds, was on Monday caught at the Aylesbury Workhouse, the animal making for the dining-room, where all were at dinner.

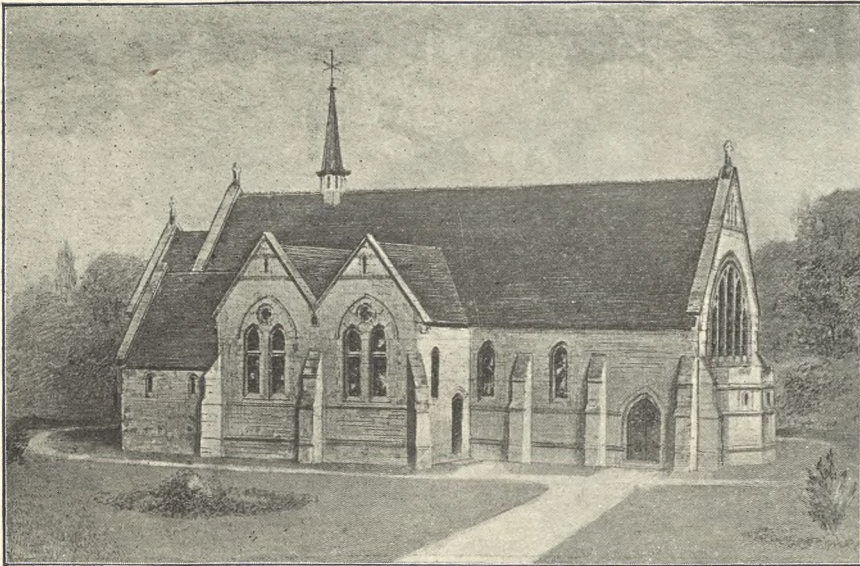
Chicago has just suffered from so heavy a fog that several persons were prostrated through the difficulty to breathe, and one youth is in a critical condition.

A mechanic at Palermo having invented a revolver which he said could not possibly go off unless handled by one who knew the secret, was showing the weapon to some friends when it exploded, and he was killed on the spot.

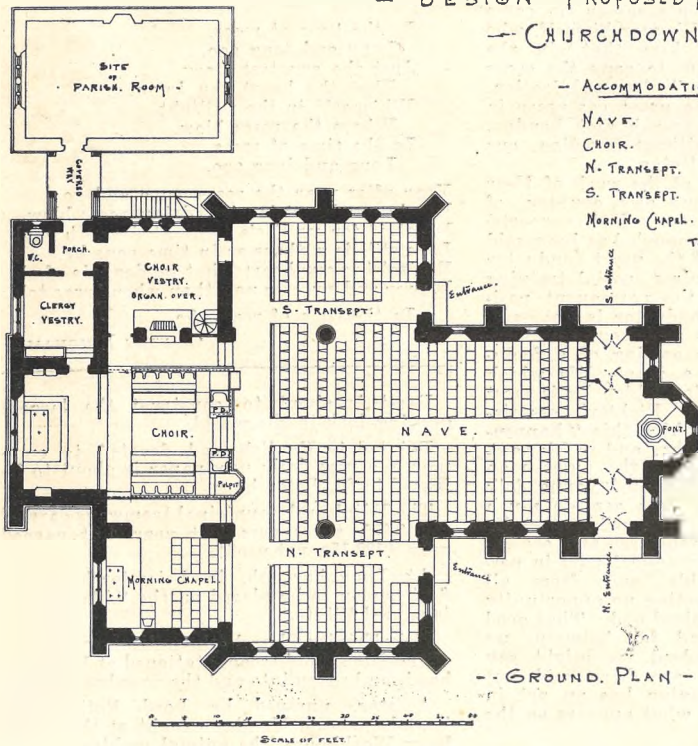
According to a recent religious census, church-going is more fashionable in New York than in London. A third of the adult population attend some place of worship, and there are nearly as many men as women in the congregations.



Churchdown's Proposed New Church.



— DESIGN - PROPOSED NEW CHURCH. —  
— CHURCHDOWN. —



— ACCOMMODATION —

NAVE.	272	
CHOIR.	24	296
N. TRANSEPT.	70	
S. TRANSEPT.	70	
MORNING CHAPEL.	24	164
TOTAL.		460

— GROUND PLAN —

The Rev. J. J. Dunne Cooke (vicar) and Messrs. E. L. Webber and J. H. Jones (churchwardens) have issued a circular stating that the parishioners, though warmly attached to their old church, realise that, owing to its position on a hill 580 feet high and away from the people, it does not meet the needs of a rapidly increasing parish. For years past it has been necessary to hold evening services in the Schoolroom, but only 130 can be accommodated there. The Committee are convinced that its spiritual needs can only be provided for by building part of a substantial church, which may if necessary eventually become the parish one. They have

secured by gift the best possible central site and obtained plans for a church to accommodate 460, and in the portion at present contemplated 316. The builder's tender is £2,553, with about £300 added for architect's commission, temporary vestry, lighting and heating, and fences. They have £1,430 in hand or promised, and with the exception of £200 from the Warneford Ecclesiastical Charity, this was almost entirely raised in the parish. They hope to receive about £200 more from societies and from £100 to £200 more from the parish in three years. They therefore appeal to Church people generally for assistance.

"Selina Jenkins Letters."

SELINA JENKINS ON "DOGS."

They do say that Cheltenham's noted throughout the length and breadth of the land for the large quantities of kurnels and dogs it contains. I don't know how it compares with other places for kurnels, but, as for dogs—well, I should think there must be millions of them about the streets, wick wherever you puts your foot down in the Promenade there seems to be a dog of one sort or another.

I s'pose it's a sort of disease parties gets—dog-keeping! Some takes to drink and some is inveterate gamblers, and others is took with the dog-keepings! I've a-thought it over a good deal (I always does afore I writes things down), and I've made up me mind it must be a disease, and a catching one, too. Why, only yesterday I saw a man, as looked a decent sort of chap, too, walking down the street with 7 dogs of different varieties running at his heels. Why, I thought it were a flock of sheep at first glance, such a crowd as it were—took up all the pavement—little ones and big ones, brown, and black, and white, and curly, and smooth-haired, and everything a dog fancier could wish.

But when you comes to talk about the sorts of dogs—well, there, then you gets on to a big job, as you mibe say, wick, if I was to 'rite about 'em till this time next week, I should still 'ave left out 2 or 3 hundred special breeds, I expect.

'Owsomdever, to speak of dogs as I 'ave met, first of all there's the terrier, as is a real terror to them as 'asn't been introduced to 'im, if you wanders into his own pertikler garden to see the lady of the 'ouse or somethink. My belief is that this 'ere sort of terror dog mostly lives on pieces of raiment as he bites off of postmen and tramps and sich-like; and, if anythink, 'is bark is worse nor 'is bite, wick at the present moment of 'riting these few lines there's a terror dog regular making the welking rine, 'aving been shot into the 'ouse next door with a hinvalid lady in order to take away 'er lonesomeness while 'er daughter does a bit of shoppin'. I shouldn't consider as she were a bit lonesome with this 'ers terror's bark, wick is somethink between a Gatling gun and somebody choppin' up sticks, and is somethink you can 'ear remarkable well without a-listening for it.

Then there's them kind of dogs as they sells by the yard, called dacksunds, or summat of the sort, being a furrin make and considered very beautiful creatures by them as 'aven't got no ideas of beauty 'but is struck bad with the dog-keeping. As for meself, I always considers there must be some mistake in the way they dogs be put together; they do drop down so much in the middle it looks as if they ought to 'ave 6 legs by rights, their corpse being a lot too long to bear up on one at each corner, like the ordinary sorts of dogs. This kind of dog always looks to me as if he's going to weep about somethink, 'aving such a mournful expression of countenance, as I s'pose is caused by their worrying about their looks; for they do say dogs is very like human beings and can't bear to be luffed at or considered out of fashion, and 'ave been known to refuse to go out when they 'ad a cold in the head, as made their nose swell a bit. 'Ow like the fieldmale sects divine, to be sure!

But, passing onwards, there's them little pug dogs with a sort of dandy-grey-russet body, a curled-up tail, and a face as looks as if you'd throwed a bottle of the best black hink over it and then been and stepped on it! A pug dog's face is a thing as haunts me, that it do, I feels that sorry for the pore little insects that they be, 'aving such a microscopic face and a tail as can't be wagged, 'owever pleased they be. Pore Jenkins, when he were alive, used to say that a pug dog's face always reminded 'im of a magistrate; but he couldn't say why, and I couldn't see it meself, not knowing no magistrates with sich a hawful scowl on, so I only mention it for what it's worth.

Then there's the haristocratic fancy poodle variety—them as shaves certain parts of their 'andsome bodies(?) and leaves the fur on

*Matter of fact  
as usual  
as usual  
1903*



THE PRIZE PICTURES.

the rest, as looks like a astrakhan rug with 'alf the wool wore off. They do say that there's many as admires this kind of monster, as is a good deal too much in lumps, to my mind, and don't look a decent object to be a-running about our streets.

But I've noticed that the more outdacious ugly the dogs and doglets be the more they be fondled and canoodled by the elderly spinsters (and youthful ones, too, I'm sorry to say), wick, when I sees a young woman fondling one of these 'ere ugly little fancy dogs, I thinks to meself, "Wot a waste of 'uman feeling," as mite be all right if it were a babe she were nursing; but a dog! Lor' bless yer soul, why it's downright contrary to nature; besides wick I've seen, with me own eyes, elderly ladies as would 'old up their 'ands in 'oly 'orror of a man that 'ad 'ad more than he could carry, as the sayin' is, pretty well going down on their bended knees and worshipping a himmoral little pug as broke the 10 Commandments and the Divorce Laws pretty well every day.

The dogs as is led on a bit of string is a wonderful dangerous institootion, too, as I found to me cost last week. Coming out of the baker's, and not 'aving me spectacles on, I got mixed up with a pug on a string, with a elderly lady in tow, and it took me 10 minutes to get untangled and explain matters, the pug 'aving got trod on several times in the process, as said I were a very careless old woman—me, mind!—and oughtn't to come out of shop doors in sich a hurry, knowing there mite be valleyble dogs on the pavement! The impercence of the party! 'Owsomdever, besides all these 'ere little hinsect kind of dogs, there's bigger sorts, wick isn't 'alf so vicious, but is very on-pleasant if they takes to a body and gets it in their mind (if they 'as any) to jump and lick your face, just to show there's no ill-feeling. I shall never forget 'ow I once went to a 'ouse where they kept a sort of Newfoundland blood'ound, as come running out of the door, when it were opened, and fairly bowled me over, without so much as "By your leave." I know they big dogs is considered to be very clever, and 'ave been known to smell out their masters when they be buried under 20 feet of snow out to the Halps, where they be called Saint Bernards; but I don't consider as they knows their manners any too well to serve a respectable fieldmale sich as me in this way.

There's a big sight more sorts of dogs, you must know, sich as foxhounds, collie dogs, mastiffs, butchers' dogs, sea dogs, and others; but I ain't much of a judge of 'em. All I knows is—little dogs and big dogs, little ugly dogs and big boisterous dogs. Not that I 'wants you to think I don't know what I'm 'riting about, seeing as 'ow Jenkins 'ad a dog give 'im when we was first married, and went to a lot of expense getting a kennel painted green and a chain to lead 'im by; wick we 'ad to give up dog fancying thro' this 'ere dog 'aving digged up 4 rose trees and a gooseberry bush and broke a pane of glass in the back-kitchen by jumping thro' it, not to mention 'aving killed the next door but one neybor's cat, as were a valleyble Persian, and stole 3 mutton cutlets from the butcher's cart as he were standing at our door!

This being thus, Jenkins and me decided to give 'im to Job Higgins and Mary 'Awkins as a wedding present, with a blue ribbon on to his neck, and with regards and best wishes for a long and 'appy wedding day 'rote on a piece of card. And, you mark my words, Job Higgins and that there girl 'aven't never 'pate to me or to Jenkins (when he were 'alive) not down to this day henceforth. I suppose that there dog hilltreated 'em, like he did hus!

SILINA JENKINS.

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Two tramps who had found a warm but dangerous place on top of the coke-ovens at Kinneil refused to come down till dislodged by a drenching from a hose.

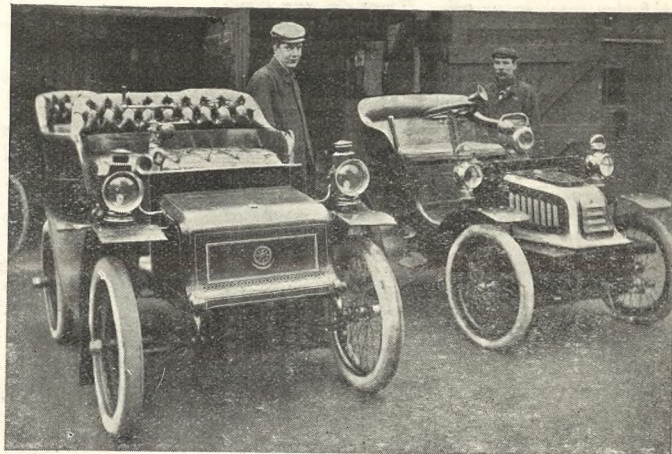
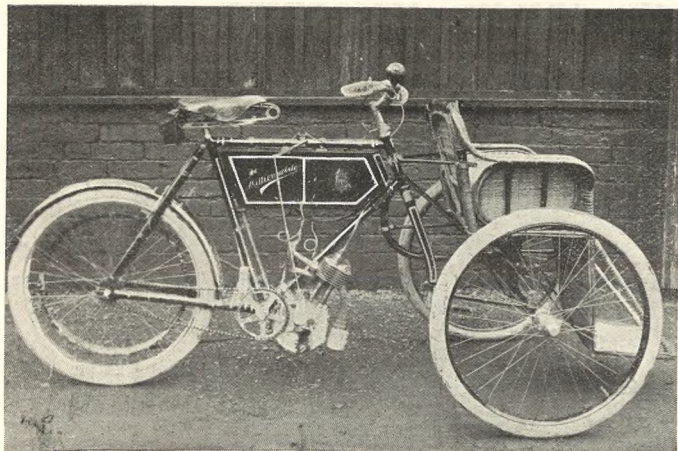
John Smith, the veteran verger of Chester Cathedral, with which he was connected for nearly half a century before retiring last year, died on Monday, aged 80 years.



Cotswold Hounds at Dowdeswell Court.

Photo by Miss F. Agg, Cheltenham.





## PETROL AND PICTURES.

### TRAMWAYS OR MOTORS?

It is proposed to establish a system of electric tramways in the city of Lincoln. One of the most prominent opposers of the scheme is Mr. Bell, a well-known motorist. He urges that motor-buses, etc., for public service are being so rapidly improved, that it would be foolish to lay down an expensive track for electric trams when motors can be used at a less cost. One advantage of the public service automobile is that there being no track required, if the route does not pay it can be changed. Several towns have running regular services of motor-buses. In Reading public cars were running two years ago with considerable success.

### THE CIRCUIT DES ARDENNES.

This month's issue of the "Badminton Magazine" contains a very spirited description of the above great French race by the well-known English motorist Charles Jarrott. He entitles it, "321 Miles in 353 Minutes by the Man Who Did It."

### THE LATEST DEVELOPMENTS OF THE MOTOR-BICYCLE.

When looked at from a sociable point of view, the rider of a motor-bicycle is rather a selfish individual, as the machine only accommodates one. Recently, several attachments have been put on the market to overcome this difficulty. The first device to be invented was the trailing-car. This was, of course, in use for ordinary pedalling machines before motor-bicycles came into general use. This device seems at present the most popular. There are advantages attached to this style of carrying a passenger and also disadvantages. One of the advantages is of course the ease with which the trailer can be attached and detached from the machine without having to remove any part of it. There are several disadvantages. The passenger is too far from the driver of the motor to permit of conversation. Another disadvantage is the dust, of which the passenger gets a liberal supply. The odour from the exhaust is also, to say the least, rather unpleasant, especially to a lady passenger. The second device to be invented was the rear seat attachment, thus allowing the motor-bicycle to be turned into a tandem in a few minutes. I believe I am right in stating that Messrs. Bradbury and Co. (the makers of the Bradbury motor) were the first firm to invent this form of attachment. At the Crystal Palace Show several of these attachments were shown. The third device, of which I give an illustration, is the fore-carriage attachment. At present there are several on the market. It will be noticed in the machine illustrated (which, excluding engine and fittings, was built entirely by Messrs. Stretton, Ltd.) that the engine fitted is the 1903 2-h.p. Minerva, with mechanical inlet valve. I had a short run on the above-mentioned machine, and the engine, although only of low power comparatively, took no notice of quite steep inclines, and seemed quite equal to drive the complete machine, with two

persons on board, at a speed of—well, quite up to the present *absurd* legal limit. The steering seemed quite as easy as steering the bicycle alone, and the chair, or car I suppose I should call it, was quite comfortable, no vibration being felt. My trial trip was too short to allow me to decide whether the fore-carriage is greatly superior to the trailing car; however, I hope shortly to try it on an extended run, and then I will recount my experiences, and give my opinion on its merits. Mr. Stretton informed me that the fore-carriage could be fitted to any motor-bicycle for about £12. The very latest device is the one put on the market by Graham Bros., Enfield. This consists of an ordinary trailing car, which is attached to the side of the motor-bicycle. This is done by removing one of the trailer wheels, and clamping to the frame of the motor-bicycle. The maker claims amongst advantages that—

- (1) The car can be attached or detached in five minutes.
- (2) Steering is perfectly easy.
- (3) It is safer than a trailer behind.
- (4) It is impossible for the combination to turn over.

A motor enthusiast in U.S. America has invented a similar device, but very "wide in the tread," as "The Motor" expresses it. I should not care to drive this in a crowded or narrow street.

### A NEW NON-SLIPPING DEVICE.

I hope to be able shortly to describe and illustrate a new non-slipping and skidding device of local manufacture and invention. It can be applied to any tyre.

### THE 1903 MINERVA ENGINE.

This 2-h.p. engine has been the subject of a good deal of discussion, owing to the makers substituting a mechanically-operated inlet valve in place of the automatic suction inlet valve, as fitted to most of the machines on the market. Several firms have fitted mechanical inlet valves to their cars for some years, but up till recently the automatic valve was the one in general use on motor-bicycles. The opinion of most of the motor experts in the trade is in favour of the mechanical inlet valve. An inspection of the engine working convinced me that it was very certain in its action, and much simpler. A good idea I noticed was that when the sparking was quite retarded the exhaust valve was slightly raised, thus combining two operations in one lever. It appeared to me that the new form of exhaust box, or "muffler" as the Americans term it, made more noise than the old pattern. In my opinion the 2-h.p. Minerva engine will have a great run this year, the power being ample for all ordinary purposes. It is worthy of notice that the makers have discarded the surface type of carburetter in favour of a very efficient "spray" carburetter.

From returns just prepared it appears that the number of debtors now being committed to coal has largely increased.

Of the total of £215,016 collectable for rates in North Manchester only £26 17s. 10d. has had to be excused on account of poverty.

### MR. HERBERT SPENCER AT WORK AND PLAY.

When a young man Mr. Herbert Spencer constructed a velocimeter to indicate the speed of locomotives. Long before Francis Galton produced composite photographs Spencer suggested the idea and pointed out its value. In early life he was a capital draughtsman, and attained some facility as a painter in water colours. He had a strong bass voice of good timbre, and used to sing in part music until illhealth forbade the exertion. When he began the composition of "First Principles" in 1860 he adopted the practice of dictating to an amanuensis. He was spending the summer by the shore of a Scottish loch. His habit was to dictate for a quarter of an hour, then row for an equal period, with the object of so stimulating the circulation of the blood as to carry him through another fifteen minutes' dictation, and so on through the forenoon. Neither then nor afterward has he worked in the afternoon. Ten years later, at times when his health fell to a low ebb, he would go to a racquet court in the north of London, play with the man in charge, and dictate in the intervals of the game. One of the most abstruse portions of the "Principles of Psychology," the polemic against Berkeley, was composed under these unpromising circumstances. His usual programme as he wrote the volumes of the "Synthetic Philosophy" was to leave his house soon after nine in the morning and direct his steps to Kensington Gardens. There he walked until nearly ten o'clock, his head slightly bent, his pace somewhat rapid, his mind evidently in meditation. Yet he was never too absorbed to greet a passing acquaintance with a winning smile. Regularly at ten o'clock he appeared in his work-room in Leinster Place, a retreat known to hardly anyone, and sacred against intrusion. He first dictated his correspondence, often rebelling at its onerous demands. Then he turned to his systematic work, soon rising to the full tide of dictation; usually he went on without a break till close on one o'clock, when he hurried away to luncheon. If his health was out of order he would stop abruptly at any moment and leave the house, saying that his head felt queer. When fairly well he would smoke half a cigar, finding that it promoted the flow of thought. His light-blue eyes, as he reflected, had the thinker's far-away look. The dictation was continuous, there were no interruptions and only brief pauses. The panorama of thought unwound itself slowly and apparently without an effort. In resuming his task he seldom needed to be reminded of the last word spoken, and he never changed his calm, sitting position in front of the grate. Never did he patch, reconstruct, or begin again.—"The World's Work" for February.

### THE POPE AS A POET.

Reuter's Rome correspondent sends the interesting information that the Pope has just written a poem which is very favourably commented on in literary circles. It is addressed to one of his friends, to whom it gives affectionate advice as to the best means for attaining long life.



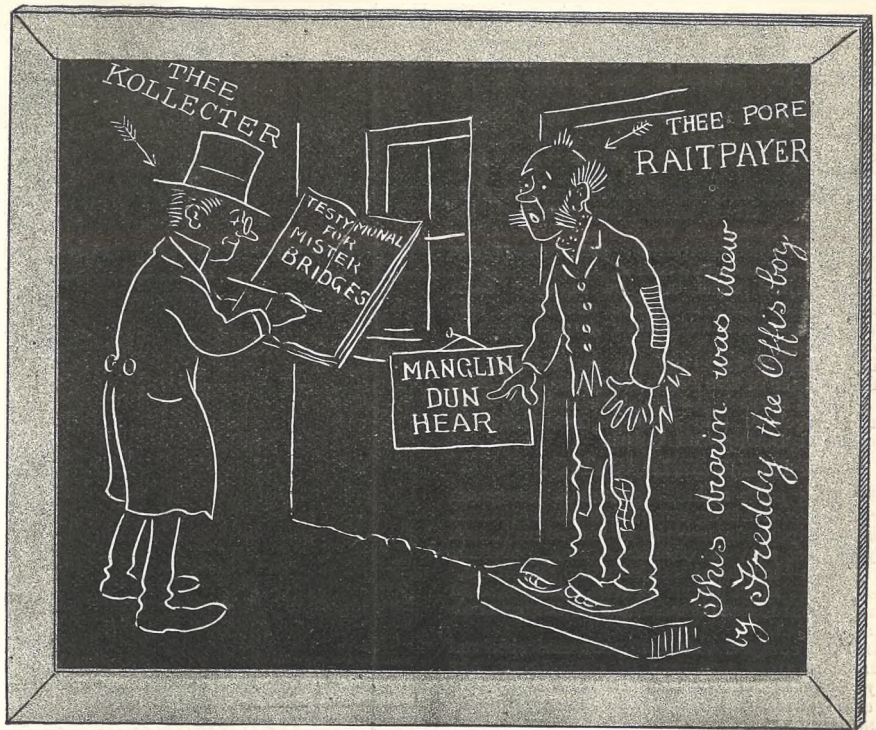
# Gloucestershire Gossip.

Some of the London newspapers often go wrong when they venture to touch upon personal matters relating to this county. Only last week they re-started the fiction that Bishop Billicott commenced his Episcopacy on February 2nd, but the "Echo" gave them some crushing dates to ponder over. His lordship's consecration was not on the Feast of the Purification, but on that of the Annunciation. Then I read that an Earl and Countess at the northern end of the county were very anxious about their eldest son, said to be laid up with typhoid fever, but I was quite reassured when I saw in the "Echo" that the supposed invalid was out hunting with his father on the previous day. And one of the most unpardonable or recent blunders was that of wishing "many happy returns of the day" to a baronet who had actually died about a month before the date on which this mockery appeared. They had evidently not kept their birthday book up-to-date in that office.

Although the sphere of the labours of the Rev. Leonard A. Lyne has for the past three years been removed from Cheltenham to Gloucester, his many friends in the former place still take an interest in his doings, and some of them have shown it, too, in a practical form. The rev. gentleman has accomplished much in his parish. At the opening of his latest triumph (St. Mark's Hall, costing some £800) several entertaining speeches, which have not been reported, were made. The Rev. S. E. Bartlett, who had done much good work during his vicariate there, referred to the fact that one Union Jack decorating the building had a white border, thus denoting to nautical men that a pilot was wanted. He chaffingly said this was misleading, as the parish had a good pilot in Mr. Lyne. The latter was quite equal to the occasion by saying that he had known of the significance of the flag and that it had been put up despite his orders. The Bishop pleasantly accepted a prompt from the Rural Dean as to the name of the saint after which a somewhat similar hall in the Cathedral city was called.

Nearly two years have elapsed since I was the first to allude in print to the fact that a new church for Churchdown was "in the air" and to express my conviction that the new vicar was the man to bring it about. I have from time to time noted the progress made, and I am glad to hear that illustrations of the elevation and ground plan of the building will appear in this number. The Rev. J. J. Dunne Cooke has certainly thrown great energy into the matter and shown much tact in enlisting the sympathies and support of the parishioners and of not a few outsiders for it. I hope that in the course of the next twelve months the church down in the village, on Chapel Hay, will have become an accomplished fact, free from debt; and that the old church on the hill, hallowed by the associations of centuries, will continue to be used on all suitable occasions. If the population of Chosen goes on increasing in the same ratio that it has since last census—ten per cent.—the church accommodation arranged for will have to be extended.

I again congratulate Cheltenham on keeping a foremost place in salubrity, as vouched for by the Registrar-General. Its death rate for the quarter ending December 31st last was 13.2 per 1,000, or the lowest but one in the county—Westbury-on-Severn, essentially rural. The previous record was 10.6, but then there was a general increase last quarter. I note that three out of the seven deaths from diphtheria in the county occurred at Cheltenham, and I hope they were not owing to the private sewers. Minchinhampton, for the second successive quarter, had no death of an infant. Charlton Kings again ranks amongst the four places with the highest rates of infant mortality. Cheltenham still lags behind in the birth rate, namely 19.7, as against 17.8 in the previous quarter; but not so bad as Stroud (17.3), the average for the whole county being 28 per 1,000.



Dear Mister Edditer,—You diddint kno as I was a fust-class artist, did yer? Well, ere's my slate. It repersents (orkard wurd th at) the kollektor a callin' on my Unkel Joe for a conterbution toowards a retirin' lowance for Mr. Bridges, who 'avin' only been able to ern a miserble eight 'underd an' fifty pounds a yer, of coarse coodun't be eggspected to lay by for a rainy day, pore man. Unkel Joe, who erns quite eighteen bob a week in the summer, but who 've bin out of work nearly six months, 'ad the bloomint' cheek to tell the kollektor that altho' 'e wer very sorry for Mister Bridges, 'ee reely thought 'ee ort to 'ave put a bob or two a week out of that eight 'underd and fifty, and therefour blowed if 'eed give a cent. Mean of 'im, wern't it?—(Sined) FREDDY THE OFFIS BOY.

Drawn by Binley Kingscote, Cheltenham.



It is rather remarkable that last week at Tewkesbury and Cheltenham two cows should have impaled themselves on iron railings, necessitating their slaughter. Quite different to these distressing scenes are some amusing vagaries of animals that I have witnessed, including a horse in a stable at Newnham, frightened by musicians giving a send-off to a newly-married couple, bolting up steep stairs into a loft, from whence it had to be driven on to a heap of straw piled up in the yard outside; a runaway bullock darting into the narrow passage of a drover's house in Longsmith-street, Gloucester, and coming out with a clock and weights impaled on one of its horns; sheep jumping through shop windows, notably two or three into a woollen draper's; and a pony dashing into the doorway of a newspaper office, jamming the shafts of the trap, and throwing its two men occupants into the lobby, determined that all should "get into print."

### GLEANER.

New Song.—A new song by Mr. Edwin Greene, the popular Cheltenham composer, is always acceptable to the musical public, and they will therefore read with great interest of the publication of a setting by him of Clifton Bingham's charming lyric, "In the Time of Roses." The melody is one that once heard is sure to haunt the ear, and should prove quite as great a success as the same composer's "Sing Me to Sleep," of which alone one local music-seller has sold over 400 copies. Mr. Greene (who is described by the Dublin "Irish Society" as one of the "fashionable composers" of the day in its report of a concert at which several of his songs were given) has another song ready for publication in a few days.

The Birmingham Education Committee has elected Councillor G. H. Kenrick chairman.

### CHELTHENHAM'S NEW SURVEYOR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "CHRONICLE AND GRAPHIC."

Sir,—I have read with much pleasure the interesting biographical sketch of your new surveyor, Mr. J. S. Pickering, which appears in the current issue of the "Cheltenham Illustrated Graphic." I take the liberty, however, of correcting one statement therein, namely that Mr. Pickering was responsible for the installation and equipment of the new electricity works here. I think it is only fair to myself to state that since I had the honour of being appointed electrical engineer to this Council in September, 1901, I have been solely responsible for the electric light undertaking, and that the new electricity works were equipped under my personal supervision, together with the transfer of the plant from the old to the new works, and the changing over of the system from two to three wire. As is usually the case, the plans and specifications for the buildings were prepared by the surveyor, Mr. J. S. Pickering. I am a sincere admirer of Mr. Pickering's abilities, and I feel sure he will be as anxious as I am to have the facts correctly stated, and credit given where it is due.

S. CAMERON GIBSON.

Coton-road, Nuneaton, Feb. 7th.



1,700 GUINEAS FOR A REYNOLDS.  
Reynolds's "Portrait of a Lady" (believed to be that of Miss Palmer, afterwards Countess of Thomonde) was sold in London on Saturday for 1,700 guineas.

From the "Church Times":—"Man (useful) wanted. Willing to assist in light household duties. Good needlewoman. Knowledge of dressmaking. Able to valet. Age 25-30. Five in family.—Write, stating full particulars of past experience, age, wages."



**PRIZE PHOTOGRAPHY.**

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

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

The competition is open to the county. The winner of the 109th competition is Miss F. Agg, of Denton Lodge, Cheltenham, with her pictures of the meet of the Cotswold Hounds at Dowdeswell Court.

**PRIZE DRAWING.**

A weekly prize of half-a-guinea is also given 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 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 20th competition is Mr. J. A. Probert, of 8 Brighton-road, Cheltenham, with his drawing of Cheltenham Parish Church.

**PRIZE SERMON SUMMARY.**

A prize of half-a-guinea per week is also 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.

The winner of the second competition is Mrs. S. Joyner, of "Fernbank," Moorend-road, Leckhampton, for her report of the sermon by the Rev. D. Austin Fisher at Emmanuel Church, Cheltenham.

The sermons will be found in the main sheet of the "Chronicle."

In the photograph and drawing competitions entries close on the Saturday morning and in the sermon summary competition on the Tuesday morning preceding each Saturday's award.

**ANCIENT FISHING CRAFT.**

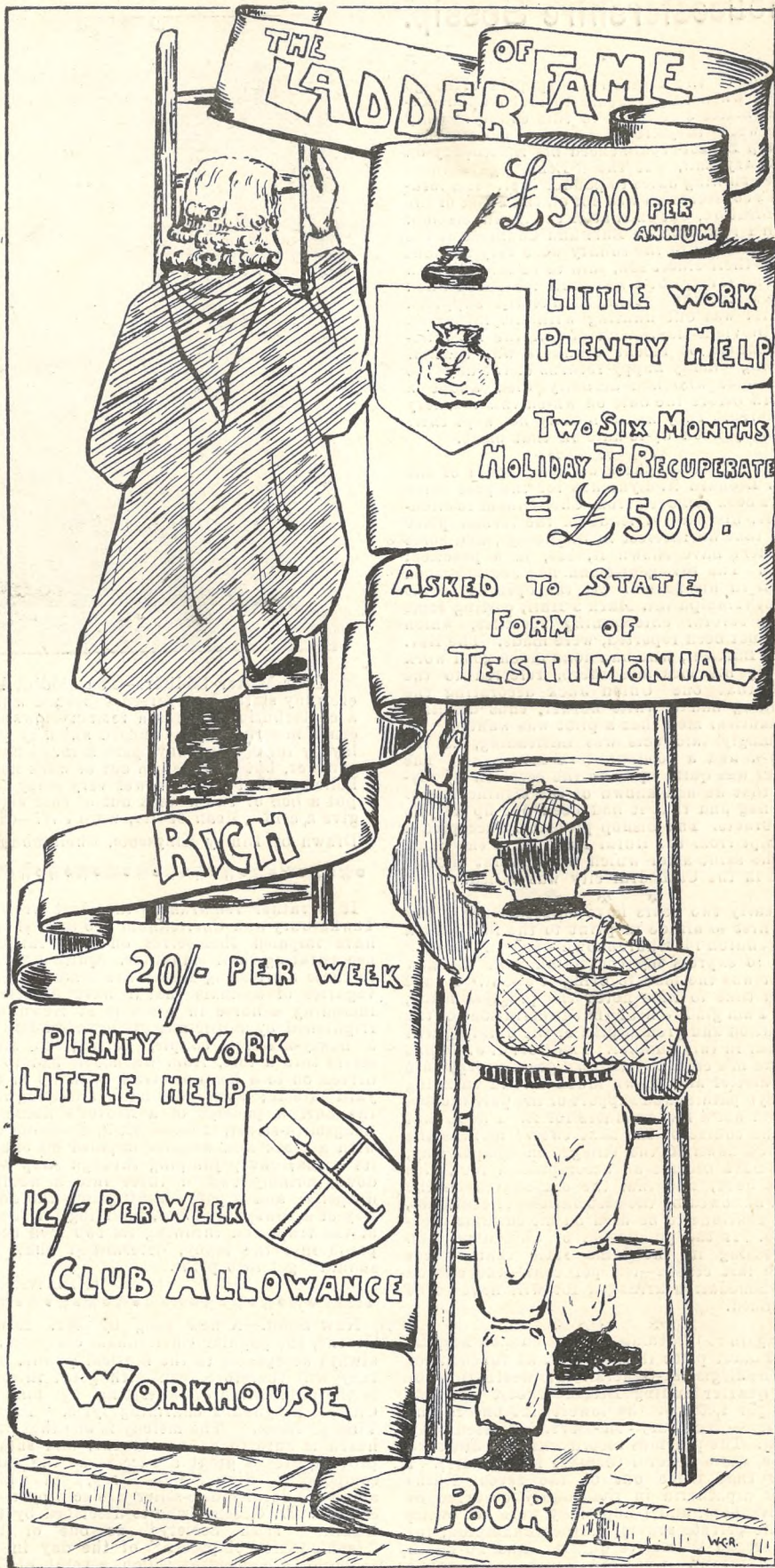
The curragh, by the upsetting of which two fishermen have been drowned in Galway Bay, is a very ancient type of boat still used off the west coast of Ireland. It is a light frame of wood, on which is stretched tarred canvas. The crew consists of four men, each of whom plies two short oars. The curraghs, or canoes, are very buoyant, but if struck by a piece of wreckage or rock, the canvas is easily torn, and the frail craft sink at once.

**A BISHOP CONDEMNS "BRIDGE."**

The Bishop of Hull (Dr. Blunt), speaking at Scarborough on Sunday on betting and gambling, said that the upper classes were quite as bad as, if not worse than, the lower. It was the ladies and gentlemen in the drawing-room with their bridge who distinctly encouraged betting in the stables and in the servants' hall.

**THE INVASION OF ENGLAND.**

During excavations on the site of Napoleon's camp near the Boulogne Column a number of relics have been found of the soldiers who were massed there in view of the invasion of England. They include uniform buttons of 1793, with the Phrygian bonnet, and eighteen regiments are represented.



Drawn by W. C. Robson, Cheltenham.

Mr. Carnegie's offer of £10,000 to Dover for a free library was accepted on Tuesday only by the mayor using his casting vote.

To inquire into the "sleeping-out" problem in Manchester, which has become serious, a special committee has been appointed.

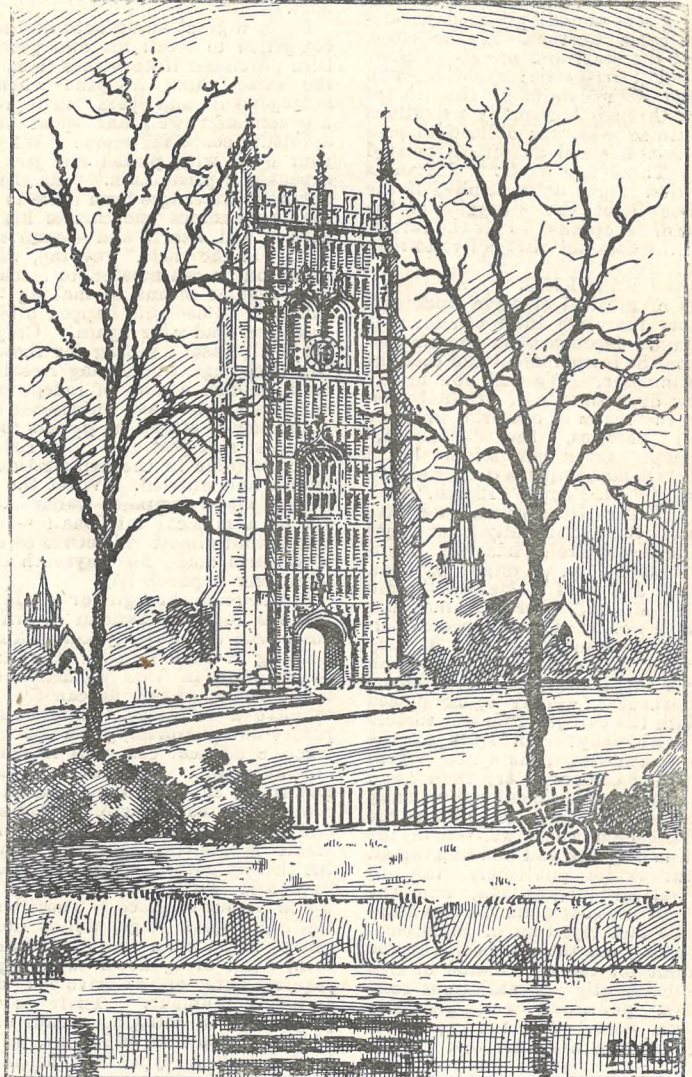


# THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART  
AND  
LITERARY  
SUPPLEMENT

No. 112. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1903.

## THE PRIZE DRAWING.



SIMON DE MONTFORT'S TOWER, EVESHAM.

Drawn by E. W. Beckingsale, Cheltenham.

THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE, CHELTENHAM

THIS AFTERNOON AND EVENING.

"THE TOREADOR."

Next Week—"THE NEW CLOWN."

Time and Prices as usual.

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### MISTRESS AND MAID.

The giving and taking of a servant's character is a serious matter. Hints on this subject, amongst others of interest, are given in an article in "The Lady's Magazine" for January. "The mischief often begins before the servant enters on her duties. In engaging a maid, it is not only necessary to ask her questions, but it is fair to let her ask some— for instance, how many other servants, if she is to share her room, the hours of meals, the days out, the number in family, the weekly allowance for washing, tea, butter, etc. On her side, the mistress has certain questions to ask: Are you an early riser? Do you require to be called? Does your family live near? Are you accustomed to London (or country) service? How long were you in your last place? Why did you leave? In addition, she must ask the cook: Will you do a little washing (if necessary)? What sort of cooking are you accustomed to? Can you manage a gas stove? A parlourmaid must be sounded as to whether she will undertake a few ladies'-maid's duties, if she thoroughly understands laying and waiting at table (this means, has she lived in a gentleman's household?) A housemaid must say if she will attend on the nursery (if there is one). A personal reference, wherever possible, should be insisted on, or the former mistress should be written to, though written references, produced by the servant herself, may be quite genuine. On the other hand, they may not. The chief questions to ask of a referee are: Is the applicant for the place clean, sober, truthful, an early riser? Why has she left her previous place, and how long was she there? Is she honest, respectable, tidy, willing, and respectful? Is she strong enough to do the work proposed, and is she good-tempered and likely to get on with other servants, or to rule the kitchen well, if she be a cook? Does she understand her duties? It must also be said that a mistress who gives a false character is behaving with gross unfairness to either her former servant or the lady to whom she gives it. She may gloss over small shortcomings, but they should be hinted at; graver misdemeanours she must certainly mention. She would feel very angry if another mistress allowed her to take into her house a thief or a drunkard. A personal interview is far the best, so much may be conveyed by a facial expression, a tone of voice; and then the would-be employer has an opportunity of gauging in what sort of house the applicant has been."

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### FROG SKINS FOR BOOKS.

India could supply frog skins by the million. They are used in bookbinding; not in general bookbinding, but in the fantastic sort—used in fact, as chicken skin was used at one time in fan-making. Frogs' skin makes a very fine soft leather, and in dyeing it will take the most delicate colours. A noted English binder has achieved some of his best effects by the judicious employment of frogs' skin as a decorative agent.—"Capital," Calcutta.

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### FREE TRADE FORGETFULNESS.

Free-traders, in their slavish adherence to the underlying dogma of their policy—cheap food and cheap manufactured goods—forget that one must be a producer before one can be a consumer; and they are disposed to ignore the danger that under the present conditions of international trade (miscalled by them free trade) our home and Colonial industries may be undermined and destroyed by protected industries in other lands.—"Feilden's Magazine."



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**Music and Musical Training.**

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

VIII.—THE COMPOSER.

If the young enthusiast, bubbling over with music and musical ideas, thinks that, as a composer, he will likely make a fortune, the sooner he courts disillusionment the better. The wealthy genius is a *rara avis*. John Sebastian Bach, the mightiest of contrapuntists and most profound of musical thinkers lived remote from the world, and almost unknown to his contemporaries, upon small earnings which were, at best, a miserable pittance. Mozart died in the full zenith of his gifts as the greatest of melodists, and left not enough money behind him to save him from interment in a pauper's grave. Franz Schubert passed away on the threshold of his prime, having disposed of only a few of his famous songs, and having been obliged to accept the paltriest of sums for some of the noblest and best of them. If Handel, Haydn, and Beethoven made a small if—considering their gifts—exceedingly modest competence, this came to them at the close, rather than at the start and middle of their strenuously fought art battle; and those who are acquainted with details of the life of Wagner know through how many privations and disappointments he was obliged to pass before he at last attained an almost belated recognition. These are facts. Instances of the same kind might be multiplied if the truth were known of the struggles of the creative artist of all epochs. It is the fate of the sower that he does not always live to reap the seed sown.

ORATORIOS.

Some forms of musical creative work are, doubtless, more lucrative than others; but in all cases much depends upon the circumstances, as upon the temperament and peculiar gifts of the composer. We will now briefly consider a few departments of original composition. In the realm of oratorio, when we have named, perhaps, the "Messiah," "Israel in Egypt" (even now seldom heard on account of its demand upon a double choir), "The Creation," "St. Paul," "Elijah," and, we might add, "The Redemption," we have almost exhausted the list of really great works that the public never tire of hearing. Narrowing the list still more, we might say that, to match with Handel's "Messiah" and Mendelssohn's "Elijah," there are no other oratorios deemed worthy of such repeated performance in Festival programmes. It may well be said then, why does not some British composer stand forth and give us a home-built Tone Cathedral, worthy to be placed side by side with the two great master edifices of Oratorio? Ah, why? In spite of the allegations of pessimists, it is quite certain that most aspiring composers try their hand at oratorio, and in the music cabinet of many a now hard-working teacher is to be found the full score of a sacred work, written in the early enthusiasm of youth and budding talent. Only the great music publishers, the organisers of festival programmes, and the "impresarii" of musical undertakings know of the existence and rejection of these compositions; and they are the last people in the world to account for the real reason of this rejection. Occasionally an ambitious composer produces, publishes, and generally advances his own work. But the experience often only leaves him a sadder and poorer, if wiser, man.

OPERAS.

It might be thought that opera, from its wide attractiveness and popularity, would afford a fruitful field to the composer wherein to win both fame and competence. The stock operas figure over and over again on the repertoire programmes of even the foremost organisations and companies. Is it possible that in "Faust," "Carmen," and "Tannhauser," with, say, half a dozen other "favourites," the rising generation will be content to the end of their days? How badly we want a really good, tuneful "ballad" opera is attested to by the perennial favour accorded to Balfe's "Bohemian Girl," and Wallace's "Maritana." Yet of these it is safe to say that the habitual opera goer has had his share. It is always pleasant to hear

old familiar excerpts; but in song, as in all other matters, progress is the order of the day. But, so strong is the power of the well conceived if simple melody in the works named, that managers aver that, if the box office coffers need replenishing, the readiest means to adopt is, not to mount a new work, but to put on the apparently ever-youthful "Bohemian Girl," and the magic works. With all due respect to the famous Gaelic (Irish) spontaneity and invention that gave birth to these props of the English operatic stage, it is only fair to say that their melody and general harmonic constructiveness can scarcely be said to offer "the last word" in output of that calibre. Were it possible to find a musical Briton who had grasped the fusion of Saxon stolidity with Celtic enthusiasm, were he gifted enough, he might surely take to writing people's operas, and so benefit his own purse and that of the operatic community. Does such a composer exist? Who can tell? What if his soul is being quenched within him by the present-day procedure of operatic production. Listen, reader, and learn a dark secret of musical martyrdom.

Fancy a great manufacturer being not only compelled to retail his own goods, but even turn purchaser if he wishes them sold. Much the same thing happens when theatrical managements and opera "entrepreneurs" tell the composer who has spent years over a devotedly conceived score: "We will produce your work with pleasure if you provide the expenses of production." As the cost of producing opera ranges from three to four figures, the impecunious one carries his score home with a sad heart, and commits it, with a sigh, "to the shelf," turning, with what resignation he can muster, to teaching usually, as a readier means of making "the wherewithal." Does this happen often? you ask. Yes, over and over again. Only such tales are not pleasant telling for those concerned. Nor is the agent or manager really to blame. He is seldom a man of independent means; and, even if he have unfettered command of the money of others, he prefers to expose it to the least risk possible. For risk and outlay are inevitable in the exploitation of the unknown and untried. What the languishing British opera composer wants is the friendly aid of a musical millionaire—even Wagner had to wait almost a lifetime before the King of Bavaria made his Bayreuth operatic performances a possibility.

In the realm of light or comic opera there is more hope of financial return for a composer who can happily adapt himself to the penning of such music. Sir Arthur Sullivan's work in this department has been unique, and, so far, he can scarcely be said to have a successor. The numerous companies now performing the sparkling and attractive musical comedies launched by that indefatigable "impresario," Mr. George Edwards, show that such kind of farcical drollery united to facile melody and rhythm, and especially when combined with brilliant scenic accessories, is much appreciated by the theatre goers. To make music of a more solid and lasting kind to such productions would be out of place. Those who write for the light opera stage, unless they have the genius, as Sullivan had, of striking out a new vein, must bring down their dignity to the requirements of a frivolous or, at best, sprightly humour. There is a "trick," people say, in being successful at such class of work. Be that as it may, we cannot call it the highest type of musical endeavour, though as a factor in the entertainment of the people, as long as a healthy tone of banter is preserved, it fills a needed gap.

SONG WRITING.

Turning to less ambitious spheres of output, one might imagine that song writing would be, to those who have qualifications for it, a very fruitful source of income. Well known ballads like Tosti's "Good-bye" or Cowen's "Better Land," have represented doubtless, a steady source of income to composer and publisher; but the life of a song is uncertain, and the fashion in such matters is always changing. There are some classes of melody we may well call immortal, and these include the patriotic songs of a people and the folk songs of the country. But the authorship of these is hard to trace, and, as we know

them, they have become a kind of national property. Any publisher who chooses can bring out editions of his own of popular airs, and any composer may take them as his themes, and weave round them the wealth of his musicianship. Even when the composer is known, the output has been so much in the nature of a "jeu d'esprit," usually improvised to suit a specific occasion, that neither he nor his heirs often reap pecuniary benefit thereby. There are some who even dispute Carey's claim to having written "God Save the King"—the melody is traced to an ayre of John Bull's, a Scottish carol, and a Gaelic folk song—and even Rouget de L'Isle, of Marseillaise fame, scarcely gets the credit that is his due in having produced one of the most rousing of patriotic march songs. The most inexperienced of musical dabblers think they can write or invent original melodies, and constantly inflict their more experienced friends with a string of commonplace and worn out tune-phrases. Even the most accomplished musicians approach melody writing, pure and simple, with diffidence, and prefer to throw the strength of their scholarships into harmony and tone colour. The secret of writing an air that will live is still a mystery—as much a mystery as is the growth of a diamond of the first water.

THE ROYALTY SYSTEM.

Of all song forms the ballad, as we know it, in the concert hall—the narrative of a well-defined incident or sentiment adapted to a more or less melodious setting for one voice—is that which offers most possibility of remunerative return to the composer. But, as in the case of the young and unknown singer who desires to obtain public engagements, so with the untried or obscure composer—there is a royal road to speed notoriety, which sometimes, but not always, brings genuine fame in its train. We refer to the proceeding known as the "royalty" system, under which eminent singers receive fees for including certain songs in their concert programme, it being alleged, not without some show of justice, that each time an accomplished vocalist renders a number, a good advertisement is thereby given to the composer and publisher of the item in question with a possible impetus to its sale. Much has been thought, hinted at in speech, and openly said in the Press, against the "iniquity" of the royalty system. Probably it has its uses as well as its abuses. Its worst features are that it brings about a tendency to flood the market with gilded rubbish—the well-to-do amateur, who thinks that he can write but cannot, being best able to win a hearing for his effusions; and that it tempts even the great artists to sacrifice their own taste in choice of a repertoire. After all, if my Lady Nobody chooses to pay Signorina Trillo a couple of guineas every time she sings "The Butterfly's Bridal Song," how is one to find fault, even if the public applaud the magnetic personality and charming vocalism of the artist, rather than the selection she has elected to sing? The harm really exists where genius, no matter how deserving and persevering, must stoop to bribe exponents before a hearing can be obtained. When will publishers and singers learn that, to permanently maintain their "clientele" and audiences, the music issued and rendered must, *per se*, be of the best?

If one can get into the right groove, and have ability to fill it, the composition of playable church music and attractive instrumental music, the drawing up of "arrangements" of popular works for various instruments and combinations, the editing of classical editions, may be made a worthy source of livelihood. The writing of music-hall songs, pantomime ballets, and so on, would certainly benefit it always placed in the hands of a cultured if facile composer. There is no reason why such ephemeral music should not be good of its kind, and there is no doubt it might be made much better and more wholesome as well as agreeable than it often is. The subject deserves more thought than has hitherto been given to it. We commend it to our musical readers.

Next Week: "Byeways of Musical Work."

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**PETROL AND PICTURES.**

**WHY OUR MANUFACTURERS ARE HANDICAPPED.**  
 "Motoring Illustrated" considers that it is a matter of universal regret that no one member of the Cabinet or leader of the Government has identified himself with the recent Crystal Palace Show. While the men in the "highest places" in France and Germany combine to foster, encourage, and even force the motor industries of these countries, our manufacturers are invariably left to play an unsupported game. This fact acts as a serious clog in the wheel of British motor progress, and puts no end of trade into the hands of our foreign competitors.

**THE NEW YORK MOTOR SHOW.**

At the above show one of the great attractions was a car with a cow-catcher fixed in front, made of stout 15-inch long brass rods. No wonder we hear of motor monstrosities.

**"TRUTH" AND MOTORING.**

Mr. Labouchere in "Truth" considers that a worse danger than excessive speed is the tremendous power of some of the acetylene head-lights as used by automobilists, causing accidents through horses taking fright. I always use a powerful lamp, and have never caused an accident through horses being frightened at the glare. Powerful lamps are an absolute necessity when riding at night, especially through country roads.

**A TRIAL RUN IN THE NEW FORE-CARRIAGE.**

This week I have had the pleasure of having a long run on the "Millionobile" fitted with the new fore-carriage, as illustrated in last week's issue of the "Graphic." The maker of the machine took the helm, I occupying the front seat. The morning chosen for the run was an ideal one for motoring, the weather being not too cold, and the roads being perfection as far as dust was concerned. We had the company on the run of another local motor-cyclist, who rode a machine also fitted with the two-horse Minerva engine, 1903 pattern. He towed a passenger in a trailer. After a preliminary oiling up and testing the engines, we started and headed the machines for Gloucester. The motors ran in splendid style, not a solitary misfire being detected. Until close to Gloucester we found the surface of the roads good, but through the town the state of the road was absolutely vile, being full of hollows. Leaving Gloucester, the road soon improved, and we had a long run over very good but undulating roads till we finally ran over the Mythe Bridge—which spans the Severn—into Tewkesbury. In the distance as we rode along we could see the blue outlines of the Malvern Hills looking beautiful in the morning light. We stayed a few minutes in Tewkesbury to "oil up" (the motors, of course), and then ran out on to the road leading to Cheltenham, via Coombe Hill. We arrived home about 1.30 o'clock. On examination the cyclometer registered 35 miles. The time taken was about 2½ hours, including stops—a very creditable performance. The thing most surprising to me was the power given out by the little 2-h.p. Minerva engine. Steep inclines, of which there were many, the machine simply took no notice of, and only on very steep slopes was it found necessary to use the pedals. From start to finish the two engines never gave a moment's trouble. The only point where improvement could be made would be the exhaust box. This could be made more efficient, it being as at present fitted rather noisy.

As to the fore-carriage, there are advantages over the trailer and also disadvantages, but I consider the former outweigh the latter. The following are some of the advantages:—

- (1) By attaching a fore-carriage, the motor-bicycle becomes at once a very cheap and economical form of light car.
  - (2) The combination will stand alone, without the driver requiring to dismount—a great advantage in traffic.
  - (3) The fore-carriage is more sociable, it being quite easy to carry on a conversation; this is impossible with a trailer.
  - (4) Only one license is required.
- Disadvantages:—
- (1) Considerably more vibration.
  - (2) Steering causes more strain to driver.



SWADON MVRCH

Drawn by A. C. Fergusson, Cheltenham.

This would be obviated if car steering were adopted.

**VENTILATION IN THE DARK ROOM.**

Ventilation in a dark room is one of those points too often neglected by photographers. When only a few plates have to be developed, or dark slides loaded, it does not matter very much whether the room is ventilated or not, but when a considerable time is spent in a small room or cupboard, with a lamp burning, and frequently a pipe going, the air becomes charged with the poisonous carbonic acid gas, and is extremely fetid and unpleasant, causing headaches. Ventilation may easily be secured without fear of stray gleams of light creeping in and fogging plates by cutting a row of holes in the bottom of the door, each about half an inch in diameter, and nailing over them inside a piece of wood projecting out at an angle of 45 degrees, and opening the window at the top for an inch.

**A FEW NOTES ON TRIPOD STANDS.**

The tripod stand, or legs used in conjunction with the camera, are fairly well known even to the uninitiated. The following are a few points which should be attended to in the selection of a tripod stand:—

- (1) The tripod should be as tall as possible, considering the height of the photographer. Nothing tries the temper more than having to stoop down to a low tripod.
- (2) Set up the tripod, place the hand firmly on the top, and try to twist it from side to side. If the legs twist, reject the stand.
- (3) Hit the top of the tripod firmly with the flat of the hand three or four times; if there is much shaking or vibration, then reject it, because it will vibrate in use, and cause double images on the plate.
- (4) Finally, screw on the camera, and see if the whole is rigid. If so, the stand is a good one.

A three-fold stand is the best to use with small cameras, as it is more compact for carrying. For large size cameras the stand had better be only two-fold, this form of tripod being more rigid.

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**THE COLLECTING FIEND.**

That zealous body, the Society for the Protection of Birds, is taking energetic measures to thwart the efforts of those who are intent on collecting birds' nests and eggs. It need scarcely be said that the collecting naturalist is one of the most potent influences making for the extermination of the rarer species of birds. Until a bird becomes scarce it has very little attraction for him, but as soon as that happens, he will spare neither trouble nor money to secure it. Take, for instance, the forked-tailed petrel, which has only two breeding-places in Great Britain. It will soon have no breeding-place at all, unless measures are taken to protect it. So with the St. Kilda wren, which breeds only on that remote island. It, too, has become an object for collectors, and is reported to be greatly diminished in numbers. The society is endeavouring to set watchers near the breeding-place of those species threatened by the naturalist, and we hope it will be successful in preserving them from destruction.—"Country Life."

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**THE AUSTRALIAN PERIL.**

The Australian peril arises from the fact that the several Colonies have for a number of years past gone on accumulating indebtedness more rapidly than the growth of revenue, population, and resources appears to warrant. It is high time that Australia were thinking seriously of taking in sail if it is to weather the next financial storm.—"Scotsman"





Bronze Tablet erected in Drill-hall at headquarters in Cheltenham of 1st G.R.E. (Vols.) by members of N.C.O.'s mess to memory of late Corporal W. Browning, who died at Middleburg while serving with the Active Service Section of his Corps.

The above tablet was designed, cast, and finished by the well-known Cheltenham firm, Messrs. Jno. Such and Sons, engineers, King-street Works, where the late Corpl. Browning was apprenticed.

## TOPICAL PAPERS.

By RACHAEL CHALLICE.  
IV.—CATSPAWS.

We are all familiar with the old fable wherein a monkey cunningly used the paw of a cat to get the chestnuts out of the fire; and the clever picture by Landseer, illustrating the story, depicts the astonishment of the cat's kittens at witnessing from their basket the gullibility of their mother.

The longer one lives, the more emblematic of life the story of the monkey and the cats-paw is seen to be. For in every class and circle of society people experience the torture and loss of being used as catspaws by others, who, instead of showing any gratitude for their assistance, callously consume the chestnuts of their gains, and leave their victims to bear the pain of their own hurt as best they can. And one cannot but think that much suffering might be avoided if young people on leaving the sphere of home life were warned against these monkeys to be found in the social circle, even as in that of business. Landseer's representation of the kittens in the basket is a characteristic touch in the illustration of the story, as it suggests to the imagination that, after witnessing the treatment of their mother at the hand of a monkey, they would themselves beware of that species when old enough to be thus injured.

During the school career a trusting nature sometimes finds it has been thrust into the fire of a difficult position: a cause of complaint is said to necessitate an appeal to headquarters, a deputation is formed, a young spokesman, or spokeswoman, as the case may be, is chosen, and the door of the study of the dreaded director reached. But lo and behold! whilst waiting for admission the gathering of young people melts away, and the leader is left alone to face the ire of the head-teacher at being thus bearded in his den. The sensibilities of the solitary scholar then are singed at being reproved as the fomentor of discontent in the establishment.

A cynical man said to me the other day: "I began life believing in all that is good, but the catspaw I was made of by the fellows at the University, and by my club friends, because I was rather flush of money, soon made me disbelieve in everybody." Life, as we all know, is rife with instances of people being innocently made to back bills, which oftentimes involve them in difficulties and ruin when the creditor is a defaulter. I recollect

finding an old friend of mine, a professor of languages, reduced to idiocy through the shock of having the savings of his lifetime thus sacrificed.

As many of us may remember, the trial of the fraudulent lawyer of Glasgow, Mr. Colquhoun, ended in the sentence of five years' penal servitude; but the stories still told in Scotland of the many sad, and, indeed, heartrending cases of destitution of widows and maiden ladies whose last few hundreds were swallowed up by the dishonest solicitor make one wish that the law might be harder on those who thus make catspaws of the helpless.

Society is a general scene of one person using another to gain either a coveted card of invitation, some introduction to an important personage, or a Press notice of some book or entertainment; but how often do those thus benefited forget to acknowledge the favour received, although they have not the excuse of the monkey, of being devoid of the power of speech.

"Beware of pickpockets" is a warning impressed on the minds of most people from seeing it posted up in places of amusement and public conveyances, but those entering on a literary or artistic career should be warned against the pick-brains who infest the world. For men are known to seize the chestnut of an original idea from the fire of their friend's genius, and produce it under the cover of a book, picture, or play of his own creation, for which he gains fame and money, whilst the person thus robbed remains unknown and unfound.

The fabulist leads us to suppose that the cat of his story was in possession of all its senses, so a human being compares unfavourably with the monkey of the anecdote when his or her victim is either deaf or dumb; yet I remember noting such a case at an evening party. The daughter of the house was both deaf and dumb, and a clever clergyman friend had only overcome her dread of being in a crowd of guests by promising to talk to her on his fingers at the gathering and thus prevent her feeling lonely. But, unfortunately, a girl staying in the house asked her friend to introduce her to the good-looking curate, and, the presentation made, she ruthlessly monopolised him all the evening, regardless of the look of pained surprise on the afflicted girl's face at finding she had been used as a catspaw to hand up the chestnut of the chat which would have cheered her in her loneliness.

An elderly friend of mine, quite lame from an accident, felt very forlorn when, after following her daughters' advice to go to South-sea for her health, she found that the plan had been only arranged by both the girls so that they could attend the Cowes Regatta, and that she was left for days alone at the mercy of strange lodging-house servants.

A paper like this is not conclusive, but only suggestive of the many cases seen every day of the way people are made catspaws of; and one of the most cruel forms of the system is marriage for the mere acquisition of means and position.

## THE ART OF CARICATURE.

In "Cassell's Magazine" for February, Mr. Paymond Blathwayt chronicles a chat with Mr. Max Beerbohm, the caricaturist, who, in explaining his work, says:—"I always endeavour to convey the man's life, to give an idea of his history, to show his characteristic attitude. I give a sort of precis of people, boiled down, like an arithmetical problem, to the least common denominator. I own there is a certain amount of caviare about it. You must see things as they are; a superficial view won't do. So many people can't see," continued the little man, as he wandered round his sitting-room, twisting a cigarette between his fingers. "Seeing is a great gift, but a very rare one. A man may possess the power of appreciating Wagner or Grieg, or the sense of acute smell or hearing, but how few of us can really see, really know how to use our eyes! A caricature, to convey any real idea of the subject whatever, ought to be a synthesis of acute observation of the man as he is. Do you realise that none of us knows what he is really like? We only get an occasional and very partial reflection of ourselves in inaccurate looking-glasses. And it is the casual attitude, the unstudied expression, that best conveys the whole man. It is these things that I seek to reproduce in my caricatures. And then there is the incurable optimism of everybody. Everyone thinks that he looks five years younger than he really is. You press for my method. I have none, unless the critics choose to invent one for me. When I see a person without any conscious aim in the doing of it, I just draw him as I see him and think of him. No, I never caricature women, for they are uncaricaturable; they are too elusive, and they have no features—and if they have, they are hideous, and it is not fair to reproduce them. The difference in the sexes in that respect and from the caricaturist's point of view, is very remarkable. A woman who looks absurd is absurd, while a man who looks absurd may be taken very seriously. All the women who have influenced the world have almost invariably been beautiful or very attractive in appearance. Men are ugly, and you can't have a man who rules the world otherwise than ugly. Something must be out of proportion. That is really why distinguished people are caricatured, because the very fact of a man being interesting gives some sharp turn to his features and therefore makes him caricaturable; while the man who has never done anything in his life may be quite nice to look at."

## THE MARRIAGE OUTLOOK.

Women are showing less and less inclination to marry young, if at all, now that they have learned to fend for themselves and to regard marriage from a higher standpoint than our immediate forbears, who treated it as the only profession for women and spinsterhood as somewhat of a disgrace. Happily, we have passed beyond this Oriental conception of the "holy estate."—"Lady's Pictorial."

## LOVE AND THE DOCTOR.

It would be well if in negotiations with a view to matrimony the doctor were to be called in as an assessor to the God of Love, who is proverbially blind, and therefore regardless of consequences. The family doctor can do much to prevent unwholesome marriages, and we look with much greater confidence to the fruits of his teaching and persuasion than to legislative enactments.—"British Medical Journal."



"Selina Jenkins Letters."

SELINA JENKINS ON MUSIC.

There 'ave been a good deal of discussion of late about the different varieties of musick, and as to whether we ought to encourage furrin makes, wich indoooses me to say a word or 2 on this 'ighly himportant subjiect; not that I knows a bit about musick, not meself, but my nephew, Alick, he's a powerful clever lad, and he tells me that all musick from a Sousa's hand down to a ld. whistle is made up with flats and sharps, as is very like 'uman life, in my hapynion, seeing as 'ow there's a deal too many flats and a long site too many sharps to be met with as we journeyes through this wilderness below, as the hymn do say.

Mary Ann Tompkins often tells me as I ain't got no sole for musick, becos I can't abide them there doleful sounding chants they has to 'er church called Grigorians, so she says, wich is very well for them as 'ave a good stock of musickal taste and 'andkerchiefs, but give me the "Old 'Undredth" or "Rusher's Dream," as is somethink a body can lay old on and put in a bit of 'armony 'ere and there, even if I ain't got no sole; but there, you know, things is come to sich a pass, that nobody ain't supposed to 'ave a bit of taste unless they admires 'angcient musick and ancient picturs and angcient furniture, etcettery, and so they must needs go back to the chants they used to sing in them there Catacomes in Egypt, when pianas wasn't invented, and flats and sharps 'adnt been 'eard of; 'owsomdever, the "Old 'Undredth's" old enough for me, and so them Rituals can keep their chants to theirselves and Mary Tompkins; let's 'ave more cheerfulness, says I.

But I 'ave received a very perlitte request, in order to wile away the time before the Town Clerk comes back from 'is £500 'oliday, to express my hignorance on the subjiect of different kinds of musick and musickans in these collums.

Firstly, and foremostly,—I should say there's "practising musick," as is chiefly performed by young girls. Some calls it "scales," and it consists in going hup and down the notes of a piana for dear life, higgledy-piggledy, hanyhow, for all the world like a set of bell-ringers suddintly took mad and running chimes and things the back-'ards way for a change.

Most every girl 'as to do scales now-a-days; banging a piana is considered to be just as himportant as keepin' the 10 commandments, notwithstanding as 9 out of 10 girls wich learns ain't got no more musick in 'em than I 'ave; 'owever, they leaves it off later when they gets hold enuff to see that musick's a thing you can't learn but it must be born in you. Hanybody can learn to play the piana; only a few can p'ay musick, wich it's a pity as every Tom, Dick, and 'Arry, Joan, Maggie, and Kate now-a-days considers so soon as they gets a 'ome on their own they must 'ave a piana to look at and to dust the keys of, and to stand a Moody and Sankey's Hims on, of a Sunday, so as to look respectable. It don't matter if they agrees 'o pay more per week on that there piana for 3 years than they ever 'as any prospect of earning; it don't matter if it's only one of them very old sorts with a flat top, so as you can get in and look at the works, and a sort of a arrangement that makes the keys all run up one end when you puts the pedal on, not to speak of the bone coming off the tops of the keys and dropping inside—anythink will do, but they must 'ave a piana, even if they 'ave to go without chairs and tables and sich like, wich, after all, is only furniture, and don't give a sort of genteel hair like a piana! Why, bless yer 'art, at this present moment to once there's pianas tinkling in well-nigh every 'ouse (I beg parding, villa) all down our street, and I'll be bound half the people would 'ave done better to 'ave put the money by for a rainy day, or laid it out in furniture, as you can sit on or heat off of, whereas a piana—if you 'ave 'em—ain't must of a hornament, and don't earn a ld. piece towards it keep, nohow.

'Owver, contrariwise, I will say I 'as one meself, as pore Jenkins did buy to a sale 25 years ago come Whitsuntide, 'aving got it a bargain because of 'aving a very 'andsome outside to it, with "Maker to her Majesty"

THE PRIZE PICTURE.



A LOCAL BLACKSMITH HELPING TO CLIP A HORSE UNDER DIFFICULTIES. Photo by Mrs. A. K. Apperly, Cheltenham.

on the front in big letters, and a pair of real, b'utiful carved legs, as was well worth the four-pun-ten as he give for the whole machine. The honly thing against it is that it can't be played, because of his 'ammers 'aving gone wrong, and wich makes the notes stick down. 'Owsomdever, this is a blessing in disguise, so I think, because the piana looks so good as anybody helises; and if you honly wants it for a hornament, I don't see payin' for works and strings and things. Do you, now?

But, as I was a-sayin' when I got on to that there piano string, there's other sorts of musick. F'rinstance, there's the Town Band, and a very 'ard-working lot of men I considers they be, a-spending the best years of their life and lungs a-blowing down great brass things with long names for the honor and glory of the Garding Town, not to speak of 'aving to tootle and snort away all winds and weathers to a ongrateful public, as 'rites letters to the "Echo" accusing of 'em of being a disgrace. It's all very well for people to talk, but if they wants His Wurms or Mr. Sousa to perform 2ce daily in the Promenade they must open their purses pretty free, as I've 'eard tell asks a fabelous amount for their performances, and won't take a penny under.

Then there's the hurdy-gurdys and the Hightalian noblemen as performs popular hairs down our street at short hintervals, not to speak of the hadditional attractions of greeny-blue birds wich tells yer fortune, monkeys in dirty red jackets, hinfants in soap boxes, and 'okey-pokey emporiums—a collection of charms enuff to soothe the savage breast, so I thinks. I don't know for certain whether all these 'ere hintellectual and 'igh-born furriners considers that we enjoys the noises they makes with their various hinstruments of torture, as the sayin' is, but if they does it shows what a mitey pore hapynun they do get of British 'ome-made musickal taste! There's one hold patriarch—old enuff to retire on the proceeds, I considers—as comes along every week and grinds out a Moody and Sankey him and a Hirish jig, week in and week out, all the year round. So I went down to the gate and asked the old individual the other day if he knew what he were playing on his grafafone, and, you believe me, if that wicked old sinner didn't tell me that he never didn't listen to the noise as he ground out for fear of spiling 'is ear of musick!

Then there's the patriotic Hightalian (also) large variety of pianas, with 2 or 3 girls in Grecian costume and no 'ats on, wich plays marshull hairs and bits of marches and things with all the difficult parts left out. They ain't so mortal bad, seein' as 'ow you can tell wot they means to hindicate when the musick rolls out; and they do say that it's a very prosperous trade, and that some day these 'ere girls will go back to Hitaly or Turkey or somewheres and settle down to be real live

countesses and duchesses, as anybody can be in them countries by paying a few shillings for the privilege and giving up going about with a handkerchief on their 'eads instead of a hat or bonnet, as they does here. But we mustn't forget to mention this 'ere series of Germans as 'ave formed theirselves into a band and favoured our street with selections from "Polly Winked her Eye," rather out of tune, so they tells me that 'as a musickal ear. Not that I agrees with the way they starts off their selections, not meself, wich I were just fetching a bucket of coals the other day, and that there band struck up all of a suddint outside the garding gate with sich a hexplosive sort of noise, kittledrums and all, that I thought for a minute it must 'ave been the kitchen boiler blown out or the roof falled in, as startled me to that extent I dropped a lump of coal that wouldn't 'ave gone thro' the parcels post for less than 1s. on me rite foot, so it 'appened just on the very spot where I'd been experimenting with some corn cure; and, in the middle of me thoughts on the subject, wich was very painful and extensive, the man comes round with a sort of sea-shell for a hofferitory plate to know if I'd oblige with a trifle! I can tell you I withered that there man, with his dratted German musick and sea-shells, wich it's bad enuff to 'ave to act the part of a bum-bailiff to collect German debts out there to Vensqueler without being frightened out of our seven censuses by individooals as starts sich a racket in front of a decent body's 'ouse, without so much as "By your leave."

There's some other kinds of impresarios, wich is Hightalian for moosician, too, sich as the melodeon players, as sings wild hims in a disturbed tone of voice, and is generally considered to be worth about 10s. each when they gets lost. Also, there's the penny whistle player and the artist (wich is also the professional name for them who play or paint for money) who leans up against the doors of likely public-houses and tinkles one of them mandolin things to the tune of 'is own lovely voice. Most of these gents is a bit down on their luck, and doesn't mind taking out their payment in kind instead of cash, 'aving got over the days when they expected hengcores or happlause.

But, as Mr. Parsonage said at a Council meeting once, "Silence is speech and silver is golden"; and as that there boy is a-waiting for these 'ere few remarks, I'll reserve my views on winter garding and other musick of a 'igh-class character for a future occasion.

SELINA JENKINS.

P.S., N.B., R.S.V.P.—My best respects to the kind friends as sends me tickets to go to concerts and entertainments and the like, wich I can't never go to nothink as 'appens of a Friday, being the day as I always does me bit of washin', and, bein' that tired out, I won't go hout, not to see the King hisself. That's Fridays, you see!



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## The Collecting of Stamps and Picture Post-cards.

By E. W. RICHARDSON

(Editor of the "Picture Postcard and Collectors' Chronicle").

To acquire, to amass, to collect, is as human as it is to err, and the only difference between the millionaire who amasses heaps of money and the schoolboy who collects obliterated postage stamps is one of degree, and not of kind. Moreover, the value of the thing collected is in the eye of the owner, and though its specific value is of the meanest, it acquires an interest and dignity by the mere fact of its being collected. So let not the outsider scoff at the collecting of such things as posters, match-box labels, post cards, snuff-boxes, or postage stamps, for the collecting of all these things has its respective interest, delights, and even uses. To take the last mentioned as an example, let me try to briefly state some of the attractions, uses, and profits of stamp collecting.

### WHAT STAMP COLLECTING TEACHES US.

In the first place, then, there is a joy in the search for, the pursuit of the thing desired, then in the finding, the acquiring, and possessing something which nobody else has, or what but few others possess; for rarity after all is the secret of the success of any collecting, the highest object of which is to possess something different from, better than, or more difficult of acquiring than that owned by somebody else. And even when the acquisition of the stamps of a certain State, for instance, is not particularly difficult, it is something to say when acquired, "I have a complete set of every stamp issued in such a country." In the next place, stamp collecting teaches one perseverance, system, order, a love of art, and a knowledge of engraving and printing, as well as of geography and modern history. To take the last-named first; the stamp collector learns from his little labels something of the political history of the countries which issue them. He becomes familiar with the names, and even features, of their respective rulers; he learns their currency and the value of their coins; and from their artistic appearance or otherwise, from the emblems, armorial bearings, and even views of places or things depicted on them, he often learns a great deal as to the state of the country, its Government, and even its produce. Moreover, from the class of stamps called commemorative, he may learn—or be reminded of such things as—that Columbus discovered America, in which he was helped by the Sovereigns of Spain, who pledged their valuables to find the money for the expedition—all of which is duly recorded in the postage stamps of the United States. Here again he would be reminded by postage stamps of Vasco da Gama, who discovered the sea route to India; or to come to the events of a nearer date, that the Bulgarians used a wooden cannon in their fight for independence in the Turkish War of 1876; while to show that stamps take cognisance of things of the present, I may instance the Pan-American Exhibition stamps of last year, one of which bore, for the first time in history, a representation of an automobile. This formed one of a set, illustrating the most modern means of communication, others of the series having representations of an express train, an ocean greyhound, a ship-canal lock, and a railway bridge. Among other things found on postage stamps may be mentioned, by way of illustrating the ground covered by these labels, bicycles, post-offices, Nile gunboats, monuments to martyrs and patriots, fortresses, sponges and salt-mounds, maps, theatres, "proas" (Papuan boats), disputed frontier boundaries (one of which stamps had to be withdrawn, and another formed a philatelic attack on Great Britain), waterfalls, and rock-cut stairways. But indeed the things pictured on the postage stamps would take a volume to describe them; while as to natural history, the stamps of many countries afford quite a pictorial resume of the flora and fauna of the respective lands they come from.

As to a knowledge of engraving, colour-printing, paper-making, etc., it is wonderful what an insight is given into these arts by the study of stamps; for frequently the difference between a forgery and a genuine stamp is only to be discovered by an examination of the paper, perforations, and even the gum of which it is made. All the processes of engraving and reproduction of the design become familiar to the advanced collector, whose intellect is sharpened by a continual examination of the minute difference between stamps, and by the possibility of discovering something new and interesting in his philatelic treasures. It goes without saying that a collector soon acquires an accurate knowledge of the actual and comparative values of the moneys represented by the figures and words, or initials, engraved on his stamps. This knowledge is, of course, most useful in commerce, or in travelling for pleasure. Indeed it is not too much to say that stamp collecting gives an added pleasure to foreign travel.

### "ENTIRES."

A general collection of postage stamps embraces a class of postally franked matter known as "entires," and called sometimes in derision "postal stationery." This includes post cards, stamped envelopes, wrappers, etc., all, of course, officially issued. The collection of these things, while deeply interesting, has the drawback of requiring a good deal of space, on account of the extra bulk of them as compared with stamps. Quite recently, too, certain of the large stamp importing houses ceased to buy "entires," on the score of their difficulty of handling and housing. This is a pity, for the collecting and study of officially issued post cards, wrappers, and envelopes is rich in results, and moreover supplies information on many points not obtainable from their corresponding values in adhesive labels. Obviously there is more scope for enquiry into such things as paper manufacture, letter-press printing, embossing, etc., while the greater surface of the post card allows for a larger display of illustrative design. To take but one instance, that of the current one-cent post card of the United States. This gives us a medallion portrait of the late President McKinley, with the date of his birth and death, an oval with the arms of the U.S.A., and some interesting postal instructions, from which we learn that a space is reserved (for the first time in the history of the country) for post marks. Again, in certain envelopes fine silk threads were incorporated in the material in order to make the forgery of them more difficult. This reminds me that "entires" are worthy of respect by stamp-collectors, if for no other reason than that the first English penny stamp—and therefore the first in the history of the world—was an "entire." For this remarkable progenitor of the modern stamp was an envelope, or cover, whereon was printed a large design by Mulready, which acted as the franking sign, and bore the value in words. This "Mulready envelope" is now very valuable, and is besides of extreme artistic, historic, and philatelic interest. Of less historic, but greater artistic and ethnographical value, are the post cards of various South American States, which bear beautiful engravings of the arms of the country, views of cities, portraits of presidents, railway trains, and even of popular festivals and religious processions.

### THE COLLECTING OF PICTURE POST CARDS.

And this brings me, naturally enough, to the second part of my subject, the collecting of picture post cards. And though there is no real philatelic connection between postage stamps and illustrated post cards, the collecting of the other, as do men and maidens marry and become a wedded pair. And even as sometimes the maid, and sometimes the man, falls first in love with the other, so do stamp collectors turn to post cards, and lovers of post cards are led on to collect stamps! Moreover, many countries now issue officially stamped picture post cards, so that the genuine collector is bound to take cognisance of these "entires," even though he be no collector of picture post cards! Among philatelic sinners in this respect, and, it may

be a sin to join together the "science" of stamps and the art of view post cards, may be mentioned by the colonies of Queensland, Natal, New Zealand, and the Cape of Good Hope (Tasmania had the audacity to issue official stamped envelopes bearing views of places in that lovely island), whilst Hungary had 30 cards with coloured views and historical subjects, and Greece—more cartophile than cartophilists themselves—not only issues over a hundred view post cards, but allows no one but the post-office to publish picture post cards of the country in the kingdom itself! Thus no longer need the pictorial post card collector apologise for his amiable weakness, but rather does he carry the war into the enemy's camp, and proclaim him traitor to philately who ignores her twin-sister—philocarty.

The picture post card owes its birth to several countries, but Germany is undoubtedly the land where it flourished first, and whence it spread to other places. So great is its vogue there now that during the summer holidays the cards sent through the post in a week amount to about ten and a quarter millions, or nearly a million-and-a-half a day, and the Imperial Post-office receives in postage on these cards £24,000 a week. The craze has not spread to such an extent in England yet, though even here the extent to which the cards are used would surprise those unacquainted with the facts. It is said that one firm in London alone made over £20,000 profit on post cards last year and the managing director of the same company, at the last annual meeting, admitted that their increased profits were largely due to picture post cards. There are in London more than 25 big houses which publish these cards, several of whom devote their entire energies to this branch of trade, while every large provincial town has its own post card publishers, and even in the small country towns there is generally to be found a stationer who prints and sells local view cards. Collectors of these dainty missives are found in every corner of the kingdom and among every class of the population; they have their exchange clubs, and even their organ in the Press. In their ranks are found soldiers and sailors, doctors and clergymen, children and business men, ladies and lawyers, all alike joined in their love for a common hobby.

### VARIETIES OF POST CARDS.

The varieties of the post card pictorial are many, but they may be roughly summarised under the following heads: Topographical or view; topical or commemorative; artistic or fancy; patriotic, including statesmen, and naval and military heroes and subjects; theatrical and music; comical and humorous; advertisement and private post cards. Portrait post cards have recently sprung into wide popularity, especially those reproduced by the real photographic process. Among other processes employed in the reproduction of the original designs may be mentioned phototype, including the lineblock and half-tone processes; colotype; chromo-lithography; photo-chrome process; three-colour work; etching; Rembrandt-in-taglio; copper and steel plate, or wood block engraving; photogravure, and finally hand-colouring and painting. Sometimes a combination of two or three processes is used in the production of two or three processes is used in the production of one card. Thus it will be seen that a study of the picture post card is in itself a very practical introduction to the art of colour printing and the various processes employed in producing a pretty post card.

Of the uses and beauties of the post card pictorial, I have, alas! but little room left to tell. To deal thoroughly with so large a subject would need not a single article, but a whole volume. Suffice it to say that picture post cards have their origin in one of the simplest and best emotions of human nature—the desire to share with others the pleasure we are enjoying ourselves. For what is more natural when looking at a beautiful landscape, building, or picture, than the wish to let others not so favoured join in our joy? The chief function of the view post card is to bring before the eyes of a distant friend the scene or object enjoyed by the sender when posting the card; and so



long as it fulfills this object, and so long as human nature remains what it is today, I do not see why the picture post card should remain so. To the hurried, tired tourist the post card pictorial comes as a boon and a blessing, for it saves time and trouble, and it is cheaper, handier, and harder than a photograph. Appealing thus to one's love of nature and art; to some of the highest and most altruistic, as well as the most selfish of human emotions; the present immense success of the picture post card is not to be wondered at, nor can one doubt its abiding and future popularity.

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## THROUGH ENGLAND IN RAGS.

AN AMATEUR VAGRANT'S  
EXPERIENCES OF ROAD LIFE.  
BEGGING AT THE MONASTERIES.

### WHERE WEARY WAYFARERS FIND FOOD AND REST.

Long before I went on tramp I had often been told by experienced roadsters that all monasteries, nunneries, and other Roman Catholic institutions were "good" for something, if only for a lump of bread.

I had no opportunity of personally testing the accuracy of this statement until I was near Leicester, when I determined to "call" (visit for the purpose of begging) the well-known monastery in Charnwood Forest.

It was Sunday; and as I left Loughborough, where I had slept overnight, and walked along the Ashby-de-la-Zouch road, I met scores of tramps coming from and going to the monastic establishment I purposed to visit. Some of those who had been relieved here that morning had had bread and milk, while others had received a basin of soup for which the monastery has so great a reputation in the "trade." I asked one man what he thought of this preparation. Laying his hand on my arm, and dropping his voice to a whisper, he replied,

"It's a mystery, my lad; a mystery, I tell 'ee!"

When I reached the monastery I fell in with a tramp who had been there before, and accordingly made him my guide. Entering the grounds together, and following the path round, we came to a porch, in which I noticed a box for alms, with an inscription to the effect that contributions for the poor were earnestly requested, "as assistance is rendered to all comers without respect to creed or nationality."

We entered another porch, and, passing into the room where food is dispensed, sat down on one of the forms provided for wayfarers. The only other article of furniture in the apartment is a white-topped table. On the walls hang a few pictures, and over the fireplace is a notice signed, "By desire of the Abbot"—requesting visitors to leave as soon as they have eaten what has been given to them, while to the right of it is an opening through which food is handed from the kitchen.

We found seated in the room a tramp and a girl, and while we were waiting to be served three other men came in. Presently a brother appeared at the aperture in the wall, and, without asking a single question, handed each of us in turn a tin basin of soup as well as a couple of cold potatoes.

The potatoes I recognised as such; but the "soup"—well, it is a "mystery;" there is no other word for it. The liquid portion of the contents of my basin—which would hold, I should judge, about a quart—was principally, if not wholly, milk, on which floated a few globules of fat; the solids included bread, cauliflower, onion, beef, cabbage, mushrooms, barley, etc.

All the ingredients were perfectly fresh and good, and I supped the milk with avidity, as I had not tasted any for over a fortnight; but I could not eat all my "soup," so I asked the man whom I had met outside if he would have some. He immediately raised his hands in horror.

"Oh, take it away, mate," he implored, "take it away!"

I was obliged, therefore, to leave some of my "soup." In my opinion, however, the

fare given to men by the good brothers of Charnwood Forest is precisely of the right nature and quality: it is appreciated by hungry wayfarers, but it will not tempt a well-fed tramp a mile out of his road. Women, I may say, are generally supplied with meat and bread, and babies with bread and jam.

In coming away I saw the porter's bell, and the sight of it reminded me that I was told that if I rang it I might receive a penny. The coin would have been welcome, but I did not apply for it. I was also informed that at one time beds were provided in the monastery for belated tramps, and that this particular form of hospitality had to be stopped because the ungrateful rascals tore up the sheets for "toe rags," or, in other words, made substitutes for stockings out of the bedding.

It is freely said, moreover, that many vagrants obtain their suppers at the monastery, and then "rough it" or "do a skipper" (sleep in the open air or a barn) in the neighbourhood, so that they can get their breakfasts there on the following morning. Whether this be true or not, I do know that some of the local "mouchers" (beggars) "call" the place regularly and practically live on the food they obtain from it.

At Leicester, on the same evening, I dropped across a tramp who had come from Brighton, and who confessed to having "called" every monastic establishment in England.

"There's a place on the Cuckfield road," he told me, "a college it is; and you can do it if you ever go from Brighton to Horsham. You'll get a shirt there if you work it properly. I was once going down to Brighton. Before I got to the college I took off my shirt and hid it, and they took me inside and made me put on one of their shirts—new it was, and there was yards of flannel in it. Directly I got away I took off the one they gave me and put on my old one, and when I got to Portsmouth I sold it to a publican for three shillings. It was worth five shillings, if it was worth a penny."

Accordingly, when I was on my way from Brighton to Horsham, I kept a look-out for the college. In passing through Shoreham, which has the reputation of being a "hot" place for vagrants, I saw on an eminence to the left a building which looked like the place I wanted. My impression was confirmed by one of the natives, who told me that it was "the Roman Catholic College."

I consequently struck across Old Shoreham Bridge, went up to the place, found a door, and knocked. I was staggered when a maid-servant came to the door. That fact alone told me there was something wrong, and I was quite certain I had blundered when, in reply to my application for some food, she said—

"We are not allowed to give anything at the door. We daren't give anything."

I found out afterwards that I had "called" Lancing College, and that I might consider myself exceedingly fortunate I was not arrested for begging. I learned, at the same time that the establishment which the tramp at Leicester had in mind was the Carthusian Monastery, at Cowford, near Steyning, which I reached just before seven in the evening.

Though a little girl informed me that the brothers relieved nobody after six o'clock, I walked up to the gate and rang the bell. In a few seconds the wicket was opened, and a low, sweet voice asked—

"Who is there?"

"I called to see if you could afford me a little assistance," I replied.

The sound of retreating footsteps fell on my ear, and shortly afterwards a penny was pushed through the grating, beyond which I then caught a glimpse of a white-cowled head. I murmured my thanks, in response to which the same sweet voice said: "You are very welcome"; and then I proceeded up the Horsham-road.

From what I heard subsequently, I judge that the relief given to wayfarers at this monastery varies considerably. Some get a shirt and a little food, some a loaf of bread, some half a loaf and a penny, some, like myself, get a penny only. I met one man who assured me that he once received two shillings in copper from the Carthusian

Brothers, while another told me that they gave him several of their cast-off habits.

My third and last visit to monasteries took place at Rugby, where I "called" the home of the Fathers of Charity. Outside I met two harvestmen, and we all made application for food together.

"Three o'clock," said the brother who answered the door, laconically.

We hung about the neighbourhood for an hour, killing time as well as we could by "swapping" yarns, and then we went inside the grounds. Assembled round the porch we found fifteen men, a woman with an infant in her arms, and fourteen boys and girls whose ages ranged from five to twelve years. Among the men were a couple of local "mouchers," two travelling tradesmen—one a tailor, the other a stonemason, who had helped to build the very monastery from which he was seeking relief—and three or four unmistakable "spike rangers," or individuals who regularly seek the comforts which the casual ward grants. The women, as well, of course, as all the children, evidently belonged to Rugby.

Shortly after three had chimed from a neighbouring clock, the door before which we stood opened, and a black-robed brother handed each of us a brimming basin of "soup"—thick, well-boiled oatmeal, with just a suspicion of carrot. One youngster, after swallowing a spoonful or two, dropped his to the ground, breaking the basin and distributing the oatmeal over himself and a companion, who was primarily responsible for the disaster. He howled lustily, but stopped dead when the brother who waited on us gave him another portion of soup.

There was no milk in the oatmeal, but it was hot and palatable, though rather too salty for my taste, and the basins were emptied with wondrous celerity. The tailor—a Scotsman—especially distinguished himself. He cleared off his own share, part of mine, and tully half a pint left by a little girl, and then he gazed rather fiercely at a local "moucher" who was emptying the children's leavings into a quart breakfast can he had brought with him.

"I wouldn't take it," explained the loafer apologetically, when he saw the "snip" eyeing him over; "I wouldn't take it till everybody was done, only it's all I have to depend on, and I can do with this, warmed up, for my supper and breakfast."

"Oh, it's all right," replied the tailor in a tone which implied that he thought it was all wrong. "I can last till to-morrow now." Then he said in an aside to me: "Some of them are always here. That woman was here twelve months ago, when I called as I was passing through. Don't go yet," he added, "the brother brings out some food for you to take home sometimes."

I accordingly waited, but only two of the regular "mouchers" were given anything beyond the "soup." They were each handed a parcel containing bread and meat.

After strolling round Rugby, I started off for Coventry; and (thanks to the oatmeal) I covered the twelve miles between the two places in five minutes under three hours—not a bad performance, I consider, seeing that I had that morning walked from Daventry to Rugby (twelve miles), and that there was a hole in the bottom of each of my boots nearly as big as the palm of my hand.

I had intended a few days later to "call" the monastery at Stone, in Staffordshire; but, as before said, the one at Rugby was the last I visited. Nunneries I missed altogether, for the good and sufficient reason that I never heard of them until I had passed them. Nor had I an opportunity of calling at any of the establishments of the Little Sisters of the Poor, from all which, I believe, assistance can be obtained.

"We don't give money, but you can have some food if you like," is the reply usually, if not invariably, made to beggars at such institutions.

Altogether, therefore, wayfarers owe a debt of gratitude to the Roman Catholic Church. Whether many pay it is quite another matter.

The title of the next subject in this series will be "Life in Tramps' Lodgings."



**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.

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

The competition is open to the county.

The winner of the 110th competition is Mrs. A. K. Apperly, The Paddocks, Marle Hill, Cheltenham, with her horse-clipping picture.

**PRIZE DRAWING.**

A weekly prize of half-a-guinea is also given 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 7in.

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 21st competition is Mr. E. W. Beckingsale, "Bransleigh," Cheltenham, with his Evesham drawing.

**PRIZE SERMON SUMMARY.**

A prize of half-a-guinea per week is also 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.

The winner of the third competition is Mr. R. Bridgman, 3 Segrave-place, Pittville, for his report of a sermon by the Rev. A. Beynon Phillips at Cambray Church, Cheltenham.

The sermons will be found in the main sheet of the "Chronicle."

In the photograph and drawing competitions entries close on the Saturday morning and in the sermon summary competition on the Tuesday morning preceding each Saturday's award.

**SHOOTING STARS.**

It is often asked, What becomes of the vast number of falling stars which enter our atmosphere? It is impossible to conceive that they are utterly dissipated and vapourised in the upper regions. The probability is that after combustion they are frittered into dust, which slowly subsides upon the earth's crust. A fall of "cosmical dust" has been inferred from the investigations of several scientists, whose conclusions appear to be that iron is mingled with the dust that has been accumulated in church towers by the winds of ages, and that this iron, as it floats in the air, is often trapped in its fall by snow, which frequently gives traces of it. On the basis of twenty millions of meteors per day, each weighing about a quarter of an ounce, 50,000 tons would be added to the earth's mass each year. Prof. Young calculates that, if the specific gravity of the average meteorite were equal to that of granite, it would take 800 million years for a layer one inch thick to accumulate over the earth's surface. The dust in the church towers and the snow may be partly meteoric, but the great proportion of it is far more likely to be due to fine volcanic dust, such as the great eruptions of Krakatoa, or Soufriere, or Mont Pelee gave—if, indeed, it has not some more commonplace origin.—From "Cassell's Popular Science" for February.



I was walking with my Mater,  
And she said "Oh! how I hate-a  
Stationary perambulator."

Then with my Pa to catch a tram,  
Our way blocked by a standing pram,  
I think I heard him whisper —  
"WHAT MUD!"

Drawn by E. W. Beckingsale, Cheltenham.

**Gloucestershire Gossip.**

It was only to be expected that Mr. Justice Jelf would, as he did, on going to Gloucester for the first time after his elevation to the judicial bench, refer to his connection with the Oxford Circuit, the scene of many of his forensic triumphs. His lordship was in a reminiscent mood, and he recalled to the County Grand Jury the palmy days of the Circuit, when he was first a junior. I think his lordship rather over-stated the case in saying that sometimes there were as many as forty or fifty causes to try and seventy or eighty barristers in attendance. But I, like the Judge, am rather sceptical as to the outside number being 20, which he subsequently put forward, though dubiously, on correction by some official. Certain it is that some thirty years ago two judges used to attend Gloucester Assizes, one to take the criminal and the other the civil business, and that frequently a commissioner was put on to assist them. Gloucester was then what was known as the "washpot of the Oxford Circuit," being the last place on the round, all civil causes that could not be finished up at the various other towns being made remanets, to be cleared up in that city. And I have known an assize to last nearer a fortnight than a week, with both courts going full swing, too. It certainly brought grist to the mill of Gloucester folk, more particularly those in the hotel and catering line, while not a few private householders under the shadow of the Cathedral did not disdain to "take in" barristers by letting them apartments at good rents.

Although Justice Jelf expressed sorrow at the passing away of the state of things to which he referred, no doubt out of sympathy with the gentlemen of the long robe, Gloucestershire jurors, I venture to think, are glad that they are not now called away from their home and business to try "foreign" causes in the county town. I know many of the good men and true used to grumble loudly.

if not swear, at having to be sworn on juries time after time to try some dry trade dispute from the Midlands or Monmouthshire. But, looking at the question from the broad, national aspect, we must, I think, all feel great satisfaction that the decrease of crime and reluctance of people to go to law are now reflected in declining business at each recurring assize. Of course it means less work for the bar, and when one regards the posted-up lists of counsel for the Oxford Circuit, and sees that no fewer than 180 names appear thereon, one cannot but come to the conclusion that many of them have to go empty away with briefs, if they go at all to Gloucester. These last assizes, I should say, established a record for bad brief business, as only one prisoner in the nine criminal cases was defended by counsel, and six of the briefs for the prosecution went to a Cheltenham barrister. Of the five civil causes entered two were settled out of court.

The Cathedral city has a right to claim Justice Jelf as ancestrally connected, for his grandfather was its mayor in the early part of last century and a local banker to boot; and, therefore, its Grand Jury was well within its province in referring to this fact and in offering his lordship its congratulations on his elevation to a judgeship, a nice recognition which at once elicited from the Judge an expression of his grateful thanks and that he was proud of the connection. I cannot help being struck by the fact that within the last 35 years a very small percentage of the "Oxfords" have been favoured with the ermine. I can only remember Baron Huddleston and Justices Darling and Jelf sent up to the Supreme Court. Yet Lord James, Lord Llandaff (Mr. Henry Matthews, Q.C.), Sir R. T. Reid, and Mr. Hayes Fisher have become Law Officers, or Ministers of the Crown. Among minor offices the Oxford Circuit has during the same period received a fair share of County Court judgeships and stipendiary magistracies, not to say recorder-ships.

GLEANER.



# THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART  
AND  
LITERARY  
SUPPLEMENT

No. 113

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1903.

THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE, CHELTENHAM.

To-day.—“THE NEW CLOWN.”

Next Week, first time in Cheltenham, the successful Modern Play

“A WOMAN OF IMPULSE.”

**“EXPENSIVE FAVOURITISM.”**

In the course of his latest article on “The Waste of Public Money,” in the February “Windsor Magazine,” the trenchant Mr. Ernest Williams says:—“Why, if the Admiralty did not intend to give the other firms a chance (i.e., the firms other than Kynochs), did they make fools of those other firms by asking them to tender at all, thus exciting hopes which they intended to disappoint and putting them to trouble which was not destined to be rewarded? This point is worth dwelling upon, because it does not appear to be an isolated instance of Government methods in the matter of contracts. We had another instance of it in the case of the transport contracts of the Remount Department. It would be interesting to know how far this system of apparently putting up work to open competition, while in reality doing nothing of the kind, is followed in the Government service generally. It is needful that public opinion should be roused on these points, for there seems to be a marked disinclination to bring home Governmental misdeeds to the parties concerned. Most of the details, for example, of the cordite contracts were proposed to be inserted in the report of the War Office Contracts Committee. Yet, though the evidence shows them to be incontestable, the committee, by six votes to two, declined to insert them, but wrote instead a much shorter and modified report of the circumstances. In their ‘Conclusions’ this committee reported: ‘Your committee are satisfied that the orders were allocated with the single object of securing the best results to the public service. Your committee, however, consider that in any case in which it might be thought desirable to allow a tender to be modified, a like opportunity should be afforded to all the firms tendering.’ The recurrence of the word ‘tender,’ suggests another sense in which it is used. I think my readers will agree that, instead of these cordite scandals calling for a whitewashing process, they demand to be considered as a grave indication of the general want of business-like capacity in the public service, and of the consequent waste of public money.”

\* \* \*

The municipality of Rome have conferred the freedom of the city upon Signor Marconi. The death is announced from Christiania of Dr. Gustav Storm, Professor of History, at the age of fifty-seven.

THE PRIZE DRAWING.

MAUD BOWEN'S TREE



Drawn by G. J. Cox, Cheltenham.



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## Music and Musical Training.

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

### IX.—BYEPATHS OF MUSICAL WORK.

Outside the spheres of the teacher, organist, vocalist, instrumentalist, operatic artist, conductor, and composer—all of which we have briefly touched upon in the preceding articles—there are many musical workers who aid in the material progress of music as an art, and these, or as many of them as can conveniently be specified, we will now refer to as far as the space at our disposal permits.

#### THE MANUFACTURER OF INSTRUMENTS.

Our great instrument manufacturers—in aiding much towards the development of music as a practical science—deserve initial notice. Only those intimate with the details of the work of large pianoforte factories know how much skilled labour of myriad kinds may be embodied in the "turn out" of a single concert grand. From the first pianoforte of Christofori to the late "barless" invention of Messrs. John Broadwood and Sons, represents an immense stride of mechanical development. Turning to the violin, we find the history of its growth reads like a romance; nor can great artisans like the Amatis and Stradivarius, who brought this wonderful little instrument to perfection, be denied their niche of honour in the temple of Musical Fame. The organ, the harp, military band instruments, the orchestral group, even the village church harmonium, and the homely concertina, require skilled mechanical labour for their construction; and all are the result of many centuries of inventive thought and constant improvement of design in workmanship. A peep into some of our great brass band factories is most instructive, and cannot but make an impression upon even a casual visitor.

While we are upon the subject of musical trade as a means of skilled employment, the work of tuners, regulators, and music shop assistants deserves notice. The tuner fills a very important part in the world of music; he may even be compared, in his compacity of repairing shattered tone, to the physician or dentist who regulates the derangement of physical nerves and masticating organs! A good tuner with a respectable connection may earn a very fair livelihood. Generally such a man is attached to a large firm, as in that way he is in receipt of a regular salary according to efficiency. The music shop assistant requires, if he be a successful salesman, more or less of a musical training. He is often desired to "try" pianos or other musical instruments; to "play over" new music, and in other ways to display a good ear and judgment in tone matters. The days are surely gone by when callings such as these are despised by right-minded people. They necessitate strict business hours, but are none the less healthful and of a much more permanent nature than the unfettered if more sedentary and uncertain career of the "professor" of music.

#### THE "ADVISER" AND THE MUSICAL CRITIC.

The post of "adviser" to a music publishing firm must be placed in a slightly different catalogue, as demanding considerable previous culture and experience before it can be conscientiously undertaken. With such a man rests, to a great extent, the output of new music that yearly floods the market. The responsibilities of such a position are unquestionable. Tact, discretion, and scholarship are all brought into constant requisition if pitfalls and shoals of offence are to be avoided. Somewhat analogous to such occupation is that of the man who buys "for the trade." He needs to have "a head" for business as for art requirements, and to accurately gauge the public taste. The success of a business often entirely rests with such an one, and his importance in musical development cannot be over-estimated.

Coming to other departments of musical work, we approach consideration of the musical critic; he who sits in judgment upon musical doings of the day, and voices public opinion as to the value of new musical pro-

ductions. Of late years it has been the habit to criticise the critic. Musical criticism, many folks say, is at a very low ebb. Save in remote country districts, it is the rule to religiously repress enthusiasm, to couch praise in the most general terms, and to be guarded and opaque in fault finding. The reasons for this are not far to seek. The critic treads slippery ground. He has many to please and keep in perpetual good humour. Daily he runs the risk of offending even his best friends, and it is almost impossible for him to fulfil his duties faithfully without making many enemies. A fearless critic, even when he is justified in his severity, often cuts harder than the case demands—many extenuating circumstances are necessarily hidden from his perception. A too lenient critic errs greatly in encouraging mediocrity and inefficiency, and bolstering up egotism and personal ambition. Hence the "middle path" of guardedness to which we have referred. The policy of some employers who expect their critics to be always on the alert in "fault finding" is surely unwise. Personalities of any kind may easily lead to libel. Again, abuse or vituperation of a person or thing is a poor remedy for a real evil. It generally only directs public attention to it, giving it, perhaps, an undeserved and harmful notoriety, like the treatment of vice in certain "problem" novels and plays of the day. By those who are sure of themselves and their ground, on the contrary, "to be badly abused" is often a blessing in disguise. It sharpens the curiosity, brings about disinterested inquiry, and often leads to a complete reversal of an unfavourable verdict. The emolument of the critic varies. If he is permanently attached to the staff of a paper or journal, he may command a regular salary and the free entree to all places of musical entertainment. If he be an "occasional" contributor, his sources of income are, at best, precarious, and need to be supplemented by other sources of endeavour.

#### THE WRITER OF MUSICAL TEXT-BOOKS,

and musical literature, generally, partakes of the nature both of the teacher and critic. He must pen authoritatively if at all. To do so conscientiously, he should thoroughly know the "ins and outs" of every subject with which he deals, and this not only through the medium of hearsay, but by personal experience. If "the spoken word" is often referred to as something which cannot be recalled, "the written word" may be a still more incontrovertible witness to the faith and sentiments of the writer, though honest recantation, if humiliating, is always permissible under clearer enlightenment. So the task of the critic teacher, who commits his dogmas to writing, is a responsible one. Some famous musical text-books have had a wonderful share in the culture of the great masters of music. Haydn, when only a poor working youth, plodded with intense devotion through Fux's "Gradus ad Parnassum," a famous treatise on composition. There are few latter-day composers of excellence who have not studied Cherubini's "Counterpoint" and Berlioz's "Instrumentation." There is no doubt many of the world's foremost inventive minds have been self-taught; and in this case books of instruction have been to them in place of teacher, patron, and friend.

Of late years, so vast is the increase of the reading public, there is a tendency on the part of all scientists to bring their subjects agreeably within the comprehension of all. The day for abstruse or pedantic literature is over. In the rush and fever of the XXth century, we all desire our literary pabulum in a concise form, palatable and as easily digested as possible. Hence the multiplication of "popular handbooks," attractive and abundantly illustrated articles, and the treatment of technical matter generally, so as to bring it within the easy grasp of all. Wherefore has arisen, in the musical world, the need for writers familiar with their subject who can, as pleasantly as possible, elucidate the mysteries of the great Tone language for all and sundry. There is no reason why anyone confessedly so should long remain unmusical, or quite insensible to the charm of sound in some of its varied forms. It only needs the hearing ear, and the opening up of one's mind to the never

ending music of the life and vibration that surrounds us. So, in a sense, noise may even be looked upon as unregulated music; to many there is music in the sounds of Nature; to most of us, surely, there is music in the accents of voices that we love. Even the deaf can hear echoes of the world without through the marvellous powers of mental conception, memory and imagination. We tread on the Borderland of wonders, among which not the least will, perhaps, be the emotional, educational, and curative powers of music.

From these and many other considerations arises a need in literature for more able, expert dealing with the topic of music than it has hitherto received. The time has come for a better understanding of the *Ars Divinia*; and since the public love nothing so well as a story, it is through the musical novel of the future that we shall hope for the unveiling of all mysteries connected with the "Heavenly Maid." We say the musical novel of the future, because fiction, with but one or two exceptions, has strangely parodied and vilified music hitherto. The ignorance of simple technicalities, shown by even the most noted novelists when they come to speak of music, is appalling. Even the great George Eliot speaks of an "organ stop," as if it were a pause! Instances of this kind could be multiplied; especially do the exaggerated descriptions of musical effects, so common in imaginative writing, show that few romanticists have as yet taken the trouble to practically understand the theme they deal with. Miss Shepherd's "Charles Anchester," Miss Elizabeth Godfrey's "Harp of Life," and Mr. Algernon Rose's editing of "A439, or the Autobiography of a Piano," may be instanced as books wherein the writers show themselves acquainted with the subject. The musical reader (amateur and professional) would gladly welcome more books of this type; so, for the coming musical novelist, there is undoubtedly a great untrodden field which cannot but lead to wealth and fame. Not all who try to explore the new mine may succeed in their endeavours. Those who feel certain of their ground can do no more than try.

#### THE LECTURER, &c.

Numerous other "byepaths" of musical work might be mentioned, such as that of the lecturer, the examiner, and the compiler of musical dictionaries, biographies, etc. Something might also be written of the work of the musical agent, the operatic impresario, etc., but we have, for the present, given our readers enough food for thought as to possible ways of making money—or, let us rather say, a livelihood—by music. Apart from the financial aspect of the profession of music and its numerous avenues of physical and mental activity, the calling has much attractiveness. None are so well able to afford pleasure to others as to themselves by the exercise of their art as are the musically gifted. Even in its exercise it is therefore at once the most enthralling and the most altruistic of occupations; performer and listener are brought into personal touch with each other in a way which is impossible in other branches of art work; and before the "concert of sweet sound"—the greatest of levelers—caste, sect, and schism are temporarily forgotten; the veil of flesh is momentarily lifted, and we grasp, for the time being, the great truth that the human soul, whatever be its earth environments, claims a common kinship, through the emotions, with things spiritual. Thus may music be to us more than a living; it may be life itself—life in its highest senses of being, movement, thought, and wholesome endeavour—the perpetual motion of the universe—the revelation to humanity of that music of the Spheres which obeys the Order which is Heaven's first law. Thus is music a most sacred calling, and should only be approached reverently, and with the sense of fitness and ability to act as a faithful exponent of one of the greatest channels of influence—as yet only partially understood—with which we are acquainted.

[THE END.]

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**THROUGH ENGLAND IN RAGS.**

AN AMATEUR VAGRANT'S  
EXPERIENCES OF ROAD LIFE.

LIFE IN TRAMPS' LODGINGS.

**HORRORS OF THE "PADDING-KEN."**

The great trial of road life is the accommodation provided for "travellers." As a matter of course, it varies considerably. In some places a so-called "model" takes the sway; in others you are obliged to put up at a regular "padding-ken" (in tramps' slang, a "padding-ken" is a house which receives all classes of roadsters—single men, single women, and "couples"); in others you are compelled to go to public-houses. In large towns, however, a single man often has the choice of all three kinds of public accommodation.

On the whole, "models" and roadside beer-houses provide the best lodgings for tramps, though my recollections of the former are not pleasant, and the latter I liked not at all.

In wayside hostels you generally get a tolerable bed—that is, you can manage to sleep in it if you are very tired. But, on the other hand, you often have to pay sixpence for a night's lodging, whereas the usual charge is only fourpence, and you are in very many cases treated cavalierly, and looked upon as a sort of necessary nuisance.

A common experience is to be turned out if room is wanted for a German band. While I was making my tea in a licensed house at Daventry, the landlady came to me and gave me my fourpence back, saying that as nine of these alien atrocities had just come in, I should have to seek other lodgings. She could not turn them away, she observed, for me. And I had to leave and seek a bed elsewhere.

Another objection to public-houses is that in the smaller ones you often have much difficulty in getting hot water; tea-drinking does not benefit the landlord. Yet another is that you are almost invariably expected to be astir early, and to that end are sometimes awakened by devices not less ingenious than effective. When I came downstairs in a Maidstone public-house, the landlord said gruffly—

"Had a good night's rest?"

I thought it very kind of him to inquire, so I replied in my most affable manner: "Yes, I have, thank you."

"I should think so," he returned, tossing his head; "I should think so."

Now, it was little later than eight o'clock!

But unsatisfactory as is the accommodation provided for tramps at roadside beer-houses, it is magnificent contrasted with that afforded in "padding-kens." In some of these "travellers'" hotels you find the knives, forks, and spoons chained to the table; in others those necessaries are altogether lacking, the teapots are lidless, the pots and pans cracked and rusty, and the plates and basins slimy and superannuated.

For this state of things tramps themselves are largely to blame, since they steal everything that is saleable. With a little care, however, they might easily be checkmated. Knives, etc., as well as bedding, might be stamped similarly to some I saw in the town of the Crooked Steeple: "Stolen from the Workmen's Home, Chesterfield." As to crockery, I heard of a landlady who brought a dozen new basins into her house, and immediately chipped each in two places, thus rendering every one of them unmarketable. By the adoption of these precautions honest wayfarers would be spared much inconvenience. Personally, I found it a little awkward to eat an egg without a spoon, and I never quite mastered the art of eating a hot bloater without a fork.

Other aspects of the kitchen side of lodging-house life are peculiar. The cookery is enough to make Soyer turn in his grave. I think it was at Woolwich that two men came in with some purchases, which included four eggs. One of the travellers picked these up and went to the fire.

"Boil 'em soft," counselled the other. "I can't eat 'em if they're hard."

"D'ye think I don't know?" demanded the cook scornfully.

And then he put the eggs on the fire, and after they had boiled for a quarter of an hour began prodding them with a fork, just as if they were potatoes, to see if they were soft yet.

The washing, too, would hardly secure the unqualified approbation of a practical laundress. While at most places you can rinse a shirt whenever you like—which, with many, means the Sabbath—they are particular on this score in some houses. "No washing on Saturday or Sunday" is a rule you frequently see displayed, while at Lichfield I observed an even more drastic regulation: "No washing under three days."

Still, there are tramps who display a masterly familiarity with the mysteries of washing. I shall not forget the artistic care—to say nothing of soap—that a "traveller" lavished on a hard felt hat. And it was delightful to see some roadsters cleanse their shirts carefully, run them through a wringing machine (when the establishment possessed one), and finally, iron them with a bottle filled with hot water.

They you can buy in the kitchen almost anything you require. When I was at Leicester, on the August Bank Holiday, people—fellow roadsters—were in and out of the house all day with articles for sale. They included boots, waistcoats, shirts, scarves, hats, coats, knives, and so forth; the purchase price in every case being only a few pence. In the evening, when money was scarce, I was startled by a new cry—

"Two yards o' blood and thunder for a chaw o' 'bacca!"

What could this be? I looked up in surprise. A man was holding towards a group of us a "penny dreadful," through which he had been spelling his way for several hours.

Among the articles sold in kitchens are many decided bargains. Take, for instance, a lot that I saw change hands at Birmingham. It consisted of an excellent blue merino coat, without fray or tear, a waistcoat to match, and a good black left hat; and the sum given for the whole was threepence only.

Upstairs the majority of "padding-kens" are truly horrible. I shall never forget a night I spent in a certain "travellers'" hotel in the Midlands. On finding the bed allotted to me, I turned down the sheets and glanced at them. One glance was enough. Without a moment's hesitation I stripped off all the bedclothes, threw them on the floor, and kicked them under the bed. Then I pulled off my boots only, and cast myself on the mattress.

Very soon I became fearfully cold; my teeth chattered, and my convulsive shiftings shook the bed under me. And so, with intervals of dozing, I continued all the night through. When dawn broke I took stock of my surroundings. To my right, so close that I could almost touch it, was the door, which lacked a couple of panels—knocked not, probably during a row—and through these openings a fearful draught came; to my left was the fireplace, which was grateless, and down which the wind whistled piercingly; my feet were in the direction of a couple of windows, few panes in which were sound and perfect. Needless to say, I was an early riser that morning.

Quite as bad, on the whole, were my lodgings at Brighton. For one thing, the flooring of the room in which I slept was so loose that when anybody moved my bed pitched and tossed like a boat in a heavy sea. At times, indeed, I thought I was in a ship's bunk.

For me to obtain a decent night's rest while I was on the road was, in fact, the exception rather than the rule. In some towns at which I stopped—Wakefield, Market Harborough, and others—it is impossible to obtain a single bed at the tramps' lodging-houses, and consequently you have to sleep with somebody, unless the landlord will let you have a double bed to yourself for sixpence.

Sometimes I paid this sum to be alone, but on several occasions I had not so much in my possession, while on others I could not obtain a single bed at any price, and then I had to

sleep with anybody whom chance might send—always a most unpleasant and decidedly risky experience. It is amazing that local authorities should permit such a monstrous thing.

Single beds are often about as wide as a knife-board, and when the sheets and blankets are not damp, they are dirty; quarrels upstairs are common; and you always run the risk of being robbed while asleep of any money you may have.

I am bound to say, however, that personally I never lost a farthing, though not once did I take more than the usual precaution against theft, which is merely putting your waistcoat under your pillow. Some tramps stow that garment away between the mattress and the bed, whilst at East Grinstead I slept next a hawker, who was so distrustful of me that he put every stitch of his clothing under the lower sheet of his bed, used his pack as a pillow, and kept awake all night. But, as a rule, "travellers" simply do as I did, except when they have a comparatively large sum in their possession.

Then, as I need hardly say, "padding-kens" almost invariably swarm with a class of lodgers that are uncommon in well-regulated households.

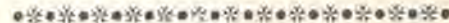
The lodgings I dropped on at Sheffield were particularly unpleasant—so much so, indeed, that after I had been in bed about a quarter of an hour I was obliged to get up and dress. At Birmingham, too, I suffered acutely. Near me was a man who had been walking about the city two nights, and he also could not rest.

Sleep was equally impossible at a Maidstone "padding-ken" when I stopped when first I visited that town. Five of us were in a small room, and of this lot only one dropped off to sleep straight away, the remaining four being kept awake until long after daybreak. Three of us, including myself, did manage then to get a short nap; but a poor Irishman, who was in the bed next mine, and who had been sleeping under hedges for three nights, could not obtain a wink.

The lodger who slept like a top through it all was one of those "travellers" whose recipe for securing a night's oblivion is getting drunk. Large quantities of beer are swallowed by tramps for that purpose.

Some of the houses in which I lodged are, however, so bad, that it is a common occurrence for men to leave their beds, dress, and spend the night in the kitchen; and many told me that they would rather pay to stop downstairs than go to bed. Often, too, I came across tramps who considered the casual ward, even with a heavy task, preferable in summer to the common lodging-house.

The title of the next subject in this series will be "Local Mouchers' and their games."



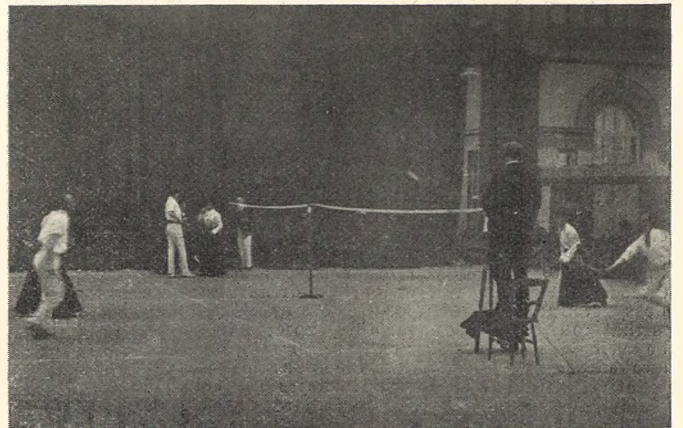
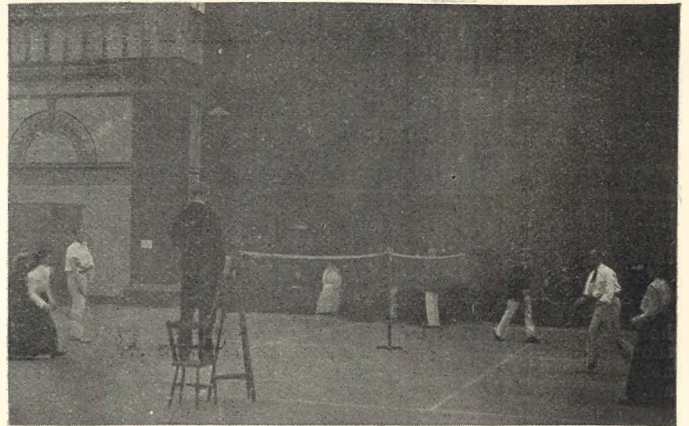
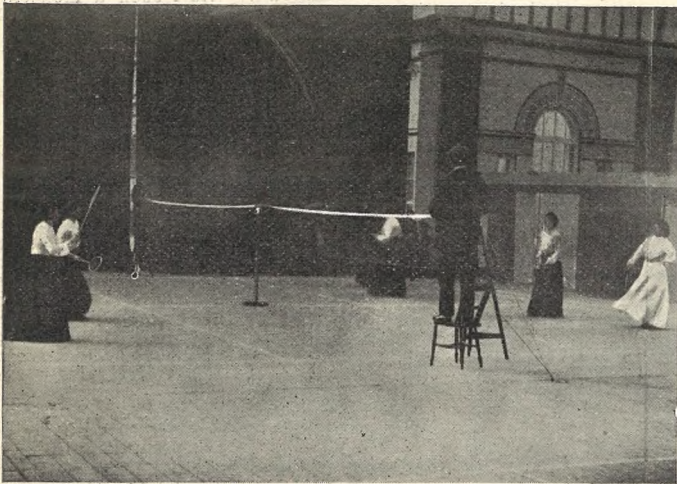
**HOW THE WEATHER AFFECTS FOX-HUNTING.**



The sport in most countries continues to be notable, and this season promises to stand out as one of the best we have had for many years. Singularly open, with the wind steadily blowing from the south-west and a fair rainfall, scent has been always serving, and sometimes hounds have been able to run very fast. In Leicestershire foxes have remained above ground fairly well, and we may suppose the stopping has been more efficient. I believe that a scenting day leads to foxes seeking to go to ground. Nor is it the worst foxes that do this, but the old and experienced ones which would give a first-rate gallop if they remained above ground. These old foxes know when they leave a scent, and having had a hard experience of the results, have no desire to repeat it, and thus are apt to slip in whenever they have the chance. Such foxes are often condemned as bad when they are only wise. The same fox, too, that with a burning scent will give us the run of the season, will on a poor scenting day ring about without going any further from home than he is obliged to do.—X., in "Country Life."



THE PRIZE PICTURES.



Cheltenham Open Badminton Tournament, Feb. 13 & 14, 1903.

THE PLAYERS INCLUDE THE LONDON CHAMPIONS, MISS HARDY AND MISS ST. JOHN, AND THE LADY CHAMPION OF ALL ENGLAND, MISS LUCAS.

Photos by Miss G. Murray, Cheltenham.

BOOK CHAT.



ALL HAIL, IMMORTAL ROME!

The strange vicissitudes of the Eternal City have been the theme of innumerable poets, historians, essayists, moralisers, and, if the anti-climax may be forgiven, guide-book compilers in most of the languages of the world; but, as there is always room for a good book on any subject, the general reader has reason to welcome Mr. Marion Crawford's "Ave-Roma-Immortalis": Studies from the Chronicles of Rome," which treats a fascinating subject in a fascinating manner. Those acquainted with the author's charm of style through the medium of his novels will naturally approach his new work with no little curiosity and expectation, both of which will assuredly be gratified. One might almost say that it attains the dignity of a prose epic of the wonderful annals of Rome, which has, Phoenix like, risen again and again from its ashes, and will apparently survive to the end of time. The striking episodes in the long story are brought before us by realistic touches that cannot fail to recall and vivify one's previous knowledge of it, to afford suggestions for helpful thought, and to give one clues to its inner meaning. There pass before us Rome of the heroic age and the primitive kings, Rome of the Republic, Rome of the Empire, Rome in the dark ages shrunk to handful of fierce and brutal fanatics and

factionists, Rome of the glorious Renaissance, and Rome of modern times; and we are given glimpses of the human passions that went to the making of a drama so fitful and feverish but yet so strangely glorious. A drama of unceasing strife between plebeian and patrician, Pagan and Christian, orthodoxy and heterodoxy, this region and that region this family and that family, fanaticism and enlightenment, religious despotism, intolerance, and political unity and liberty, bringing us up to modern times, and being ever accompanied by "battle, murder, and sudden death." And yet throughout her tragedy Rome has ever commanded steadfast love and loyal devotion; and she survives while places happy in little or no history have been obliterated. The author regards Rome as "masculine from Romulus to the dark age," and adds that "with the first dawn of the Renaissance she began to be feminine." "As in old days the Republic and the Empire fought for power and conquest, and got both by force, endurance, and hardness of character, so, in her second life, others fought for Rome, and courted her, and coveted her, and sometimes oppressed her and treated her cruelly, and sometimes cherished her and adored her, and gave her all they had." "The elder patriots revered their city as a father, and those of after times loved her as a woman, with a tender and romantic love." After his interesting exordium the author deals with the city "region by region" (there are four-

teen of them), and stops by the way to tell the story of and moralise over most of the legacies of the past that are met with in his peregrinations. To those who are visiting or intend to visit Rome, Mr. Crawford's work may be recommended as a guide-book of guide-books. The book is crowded with illustrations of the mighty relics of the past and of modern Rome; it has a good map as frontispiece; and not the least useful section in the eyes of the careful reader is an appendix containing illustrations of the arms of the Popes and noble houses, a chronological list of events, and a table of the Emperors and Popes. Marion Crawford writes as one who knows and loves his great subject, and his glowing imaginative treatment of it will fire responsive enthusiasm even in the coldest reader. His conclusion is admirable, picturing as it does the lover of Rome as a gladiator of life standing before her with bowed head murmuring "Ave Roma immortalis, moriturus te salutat." The work is published by Messrs. Macmillan and Co.

A MODERN PENTAMERON.

The admirers of the picturesque historical romances of Maurice Hewlett, an increasing number, by the way, will be strengthened in their allegiance by his "Little Novels of Italy," recently published by Macmillan and Co. for 6s. The plots of the little novels, five in number, are laid in that weirdly fascinating period when man was beginning to shake off the thralldom of the dark ages and to joy





## STROUD CHORAL and ORCHESTRAL SOCIETIES.

PERFORMANCE OF HANDEL'S "MESSIAH" ON FEBRUARY 19, 1903.

Flashlight photo by H. J. Comley, The County Studio, Stroud.

once more in life, when a somewhat forced civilization was found cheek by jowl with ruthless barbarism, dark fanaticism with simple piety, culture and refinement with unspeakable vice and degradation, and the world abounded with strange contradictions. "Madonna of the Peach Tree" and "Ippolita in the Hills" are in the lighter vein, and comedies in the sense that they end happily, but even they afford some curious glimpses of the dark vices and cruelties of the age as well as of its joyous exuberance and ardent passion. In "The Duchess of Nona," with Cesare Borgia himself on the stage, we have a seething word of intrigue, in which the unfortunate young English Duchess is as a fish out of water; and the climax is inevitably tragedy of the darkest and most overwhelming description. In "Messer Cino and the Live Coal" and "The Judgment of Borso" we see and "The Judgment of Borso" we also see with what fatal facility the joy of life was converted into the pain of life in those far off days. Maurice Hewlett's hand has lost none of its cunning in presenting vivid impressionist sketches of the times with which he deals, and he has thus preserved the old-world flavour of the stories that he recounts to his modern audiences.

### RE-ISSUES.

Among the most interesting and charming of Macmillan's pocket library of the English classics (a marvellously cheap series at 2s. each) is Jane Austen's "Northanger Abbey" and "Persuasion," her two short novels usually bound together. They are associated because both contain lively pictures of the

social side of Bath at the beginning of the last century, but whereas the former is a quiet satire on literature of the "Mysteries of Udolpho" type, the latter is a delightful love idyll, absolutely perfect in its way. The reprint has the advantage of Hugh Thomson's inimitable illustrations, and of a pleasantly-written critical introduction by Austin Dobson.

Another notable reprint, of which we have received a copy, is Thos. Hardy's "Mayor of Casterbridge," in Macmillan's 5s. 6d. series. This is admittedly in the front rank of English fiction after "the age of the giants"; and there is no doubt that Hardy's fame will rest on it and on "Far from the Madding Crowd" rather than on his more pretentious "problem" novels.

Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., on Monday celebrated his 86th birthday.

Mr. Maurice Egerton, a young Englishman, who has been hunting in the Yukon wilderness, is supposed to be lost.

William Foster, a postman, who was buried on Monday at Lichfield, during thirty years walked 212,300 miles, doing twenty miles per day, seven days a week, for fifteen years.

The late Mr. Arthur Appleby, the once famous amateur Lancashire County and All-England cricketer, has left estate valued at £200,000.

Mr. Hanbury, Minister of Agriculture, announced at Preston on Saturday that the fisheries of the country had been placed under his control.

### A VICTIM OF RAILWAY LITERATURE.

Not long since we were on a railway journey, and in the corner of a carriage sat a youth, whom study had seemed to have marked for her own. His bulbous forehead was large enough to hold the knowledge of the universe. His sad eyes, whose inefficiency was mitigated by immense spectacles, were hungry with the expectancy of acquisition. His thin fingers trembled as they turned over the hasty pages. For, of course, he was reading; and as we gazed at the wretched spectacle we thought here is an argument ready and concrete against the sin of study. Poor fellow, we said to ourselves, he has shunned delights and lived laborious days that he might understand the verse of Homer, the prose of Cicero. And then suddenly we caught sight of the papers which surrounded him and heard his empty chuckle. He was hemmed in on all sides with "Bright Bits," "Funny Chips," "Hasty Snacks," and the other sheets which beguile the leisure of the inane. Never once did he take his near-sighted eyes from his journals; he read and he laughed many a weary mile; and as he finished one paper he thrust it with a vicious eagerness under the seat. Only once did he move, and then at a station, where he dashed to a bookstall and returned laden with other snacks and chips and bits. It was not in the cause of learning that he had swelled his head and dimmed his eye. No, he was merely a victim to the prevailing vice, and we almost had it in our heart to pity him. By this time he is probably blind as well as imbecile.—From "Musings Without Method," in "Blackwood's Magazine" for February.



## "Selina Jenkins Letters."

### MRS. JENKINS ON "THE KAISER AS A PREACHER."

The German Kayser's a very clever individual; if 'e 'adn't been born a 'eavenly-hordained Monarch, 'e mite 'ave been earning a tidy bit per week as one of these 'ere advertising agents or a traveller in soap or baking powder, wich is very lucretive employments, so I 'ave 'eard tell. Since Providence hordained 'im to be the ruler of our cousins the Germans, he've advertised their country so well that we all venerate the name of a German. If there's any German debts to be collected, our Himperial responsibility stands by and 'olds the door (in Venezueler or any other uttermost parts of the earth) the whales the Germans 'elps themselves to the debtor's spare cash!

For some time backwards, 'owever, the Kayser, 'ave been lookin' out for a new opening in wich to use his great talents, and now there ain't no fighting to be done cheap or Chinese to be destroyed for military practise, the learned gentleman 'ave turned his attention to the "Hire Criticisms," as they 'do call the craze for picking the Scriptures to pieces and putting of 'em together again; wich always reminds me of pore Jenkins, bein' of a enquirin' and engineerin' turn of mind, as were for ever takin' clocks and time-pieces abroad for people, and more than once, when 'e come to put 'em together again, they wouldn't go at all, much less better than before; and that I will say with these 'ere professors and sich-like—it's all very well for they to pull the Scriptures to pieces, but every time they does so they drops out a bit here and a bit there until there ain't nothing but the covers left as you can really be sure is genuine!

Now, there's Amos Wilkins's case, wich was a very 'ard one. He'd got a fixed hidea in 'is 'ead that Jonah bein' swallered by the whale was a Scripture argyment against vegetarianism, as they calls the folks wich lives on green food, sich as lettuces, heggs, butter, milk, and so forth; and I shall never forget 'ow Amos were cut hup, as were perfectly 'eartrending to see 'im, that it were, after 'aving read in "Sunday Snips" as the whale was a myth and Jonah only a cymbal, as were all very well for the professor chap who found it out, or thought 'e did; but 'ow about Amos, wich 'ad pinned all 'is faith, as the sayin' is, to that whale, and come to the conclusion there weren't nothink worth living for when it were taken from 'im in this cruel manner?

So when Amos looked in to see me the other evening the conversation turned to that there whale and the German Kayser, and Amos told me 'ow a professor called Delights, or something like it, 'ad been pulling a bit more of the Scriptures to pieces, on the strength of 'is 'aving lived amongst Babylon baked bricks for years, and read wot they says on 'em about anciant religion and things; also, besides, sayin' that the Jews wasn't no more chosen than you or I, and only borrowed their religion from them Babylons and pretended it were their very own.

"Well, Amos," says I, "you know I don't 'old with pinning yer faith to whales, wich is 'ere to-day and gone to-morrer, as the sayin' is, and isn't to be depended on as a groundwork of religion, not a bit, being very much on a par with the helefunt and the lively flee—all went into the ark, as must 'ave been a tidy squeeze and very close atmosphere, wich wouldn't 'ave been allowed by the Medical Hossifer of 'Ealth for Cheltenham, with no windows as would open, and only a 'ole in the roof; and, as for them Jews, I never did think as they did a lot of credit to being chosen people—not the ones I've met—altho' there is some very good men and women to be found amongst 'em, if you 'unts 'ard for 'em, as I shouldn't be surprised did borrow their religion from the Babylons, being a good deal given to the borrowing and lending business to this day, and remarkable keen on spoiling the Gentiles, as they calls ordinary people like you and me, who couldn't afford to be born chosen Jews.

"But," says I, "bless yer 'eart and sole, Amos, you needn't be afear'd or worrit your-

self about all these 'ere hire criticisms and modern discoveries; these 'ere whales and Noah's Arks and Babylon bricks is only jest the trimmin's of the Scriptures, and don't make a ha'porth of difference one way or the other."

"You're right, Selina," says Amos; "you 'ave got a 'ead on you in seemin' down to the root of the hevill, as the sayin' is. But this 'ere German Kayser do say that Homer, Luther, Kant, Shakspeare, and a lot of others were inspired as much as Moses and Abraham, and even as much as his grandfather, William the Great. Do you consider as the Kayser is wot you may call a authority on the subject?"

"Well, there you 'as me, Amos," says I. "So far as I can see, it's somethink like this 'ere: The Pope, out to Rome, who is generally supposed to be able to decide these little matters for ordinary folk, sich as you and me and Lord 'Alifax and the Archbishop of Canterbury, is so busy keeping hup his 'Oliness's Jubilee and receiving presents of gold crowns at eighty thousand pounds and other small gifts that the platform's vacant, and, nobody being in site, 'IS 'OLY 'IGHNESS the German Kayser 'ave took on the infallible job, and started a sort of revival mission to put all unbelievers on the rite track.

"You must know that 't isn't the first time the Kayser 'ave took to cushion-thumping, 'aving conducted a good many services on board his ironclads, when 'ome from debt-collecting in Venezueler, rules and regylations being that anybody caught gaping or droppin' off to sleep during the Himperial discourse was to be dismissed the Navy, and worshippers disagreein' with the views of the 'Mailed Fist,' as they calls 'im, was to be 'anged at the yardarm until their views was modified!

"Then, you see, Amos," says I, "the Kayser 'as a spesshul advantage over ordinary preachers. F'instance, there was the Dean of Ripon the other day made a few casual remarks on wot he considered to be the truth, and was promptly called to order by sich a crowd of bishops and reverends and M.P.'s as never was, with pertikler instructions that he wasn't to be so very truthful and honest in the future, on pain of losin' 'is chance to become a bishop; but the German Kayser ain't got no call to worrit about wot other people thinks of his sayin's and doin's, being a Hemperor by divine right, and so all he says and does being divinely right, and no disputing of it, nohow, unless the individual as disputes is prepared to go to prison for 'lessey Majesty,' as they calls it in them parts—imperence they calls it in this country!

"Of course, too, he've been a spesshul Cook's tour to the 'Oly Land, under the auspices of the Sultan of Turkey, and 'aving 'ad a inspired grandfather, according to wot he says, it's very certain as the Kayser must know somethink about the subject in 'and. Still, I can't say as I 'olds with wot he do say in his letter to the German Oriental Society of Marines, whoever they may be, about Shakspeare and Homer and William the Great and Co. being as much inspired as Moses and Abraham, wich we all knows Shakspeare wasn't no better than he ought to be a lot of 'is time, and even after he'd 'rote 'is plays and settled down as a respectable money-lender at Stratford-on-'Aving wasn't at all averse to spendin' 'is evenin's at the Falcon Inn, where they shows you the very chair he sat on and the mug he used to drink out of, as don't seem to me to be very inspired; not to mention another whose name was brought up, Hammarubi, or something, as must 'ave been a downright 'eathen to 'ave 'ad sich a houtlandish name, wich couldn't 'ave been christened in sich a name at any decent church, that's for certain.

"As to the Kayser's grandfather 'aving been a inspired gentleman, similar to Moses and Abraham, if I was to meet 'is Himperiosity I should certainly say to 'im, in his own words, 'That's your view of the question, yer 'Ighness!' I 'ad a very respectable grandfather meself, as was a thatcher by trade, and was never known to use swear words, and was a teetotaller nearly all his

days, till the doctor ordered 'im a drop of somethink comfortin' goin' to bed; wich he always paid 20s. in the pound, and was a deacon to a Baptist chapel, and when he died there were a superscription got up to put a marble stone in the chapel, with a beautiful piece of poetry on it, 'rote a purpose by the minister; and if the Kayser's grandfather were inspired like Moses and Abraham, well—so was mine, that's all I can say. Wot's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, say I!

"'Owver, Amos, I must say the Kayser 'ave missed 'is vocation, and if he'd only 'ad a college education would 'ave made 'is mark as a preacher. Per'aps he might be indooced to take General Booth's sitiuation if it's ever thrown open to competition! Still, I considers as the Kayserin' business is about enough for one man to manage without dabblin' in preaching and hire criticisms, as mite as well be left to them as 'ave been brought hup to the bizness, seein' there's a sayin' to be 'eard now and again about Jack of all trades and master of none."

I must give over now, 'owsomdever, wich, after all, these 'ere hire criticisms, etc., won't fry my pancakes, this being 'rote on Shrove Tuesday; and next week I 'opes to give a few hart criticisms respecting the exhibition in the hupstairs room of the wine and spirit stores in High-street.

SELINA JENKINS.

### 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.

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

The competition is open to the county. The winner of the 11th competition is Miss G. Murray, Christ Church Lodge, Cheltenham, with her Badminton pictures.

### PRIZE DRAWING.

A weekly prize of half-a-guinea is also given 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 7in.

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 22nd competition is Mr. G. J. Cox, of 15 Priory-terrace, Cheltenham, with his drawing of Maud's Elm.

### PRIZE SERMON SUMMARY.

A prize of half-a-guinea per week is also 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.

The winner of the fourth competition is Miss Mary Noyes, of 15 Lansdown-crescent, Cheltenham, for her report of a sermon at Christ Church, Cheltenham.

The sermons will be found in the main sheet of the "Chronicle."

In the photograph and drawing competitions entries close on the Saturday morning and in the sermon summary competition on the Tuesday morning preceding each Saturday's award.



## PETROL AND PICTURES.

### HOW TO REMOVE THE MOTOR PULLEY.

It is sometimes found necessary to remove the motor pulley from its axle, and this is frequently found difficult to accomplish. A motor-cyclist gives the following as a good method:—First remove the belt. Leave compression on. Tighten a spanner on the nut which locks the pulley on; turn until the rull strength of the compression is felt, and then give the spanner a sharp tap with a hammer. A sharp blow will frequently move a nut when a steady strain will fail. Then place a metal wedge on one side of the pulley and between it and the crank, and then shift the pulley by driving a thin wedge in between the case and the other side of the pulley. This puts a square strain on the pulley, and there is little or no liability to crack the latter.

### A NEW INVENTION.

According to "The Motor," a former employee of the Daimler Company has invented a silencer which converts the lost heat from a petrol motor into electricity. Out of every hundred heat units generated in the motor only 18 are transformed into power, 17 escape with the exhaust, and (with cars) 65 are carried away by the cooling water. The inventor utilises the 17 heat units lost through the exhaust, and the apparatus he uses generates an electric current strong enough to light a head-light, or it can be stored in accumulators for igniting the charge in the cylinder.

### AN INCIDENT WITH A 2½-H.P. "EXCELSIOR."

A motor-cyclist of my acquaintance who rides a 2½-h.p. "Excelsior" was recently "hung up" in the following way:—The machine had been running splendidly, when suddenly it stopped sparking. The accumulators were examined, and found to contain a good charge; a spark occurred at the contact-breaker every time the trembler was vibrated with the finger, but no spark occurred at the end of the H. T. wire when held close to the engine. My friend thought it was the coil, but by joining a copper wire to the H. T. terminal a good spark was obtained. This proved that the high tension wire was not conducting the current. On examining this wire it was found that the stranded wires were broken inside the insulation. I think this incident worthy of notice, because it is not often that stranded wire breaks.

### SHORT CIRCUITING TROUBLES.

If any part of the insulated wires become bare, the current escapes through the metal frame and stops sparking at the plug. This is called a short circuit. Sometimes the wires will break inside the insulation and stop the motor firing. The most likely places to look for bare places in the wires are where the wires pass up through holes in the tanks. These holes frequently chafe the wires till the insulation wears away and allows the bare wire to touch the tank, causing a short circuit. It is advisable to wrap a few turns of rubber tape round these likely places. A short circuit may also occur through a loose strand at the battery terminals touching the frame. One of the most likely places for a short circuit to occur is the high tension wire, leading from the coil to the sparking plug. This wire requires to be very thickly insulated, or else the current will leak through in preference to causing a spark at the plug. Always watch this wire, and if the insulation cracks, wrap on a few turns of rubber tape solutioned on.

### A FRUITFUL SOURCE OF PUNCTURES.

Punctures to motor and cycle tyres often occur through the sharp chips of stone which fly about the road under the hammers of the roadside stone-breakers. These fragments of stone are frequently as sharp as knives, and cause gashes in the outer covers of rubber tyres. This is a serious matter to the motorist of moderate means, who cannot afford to keep renewing his tyres. If we, as motorists, have to pay taxes—too heavy in my opinion—to use the roads, we might at least expect to be free from the above annoyance. While writing on the subject of roads, I might draw the attention of those responsible for the state of the streets to some of the stone crossings in the town. Some of these are several inches above the level of the road surface, and cause a nasty jolt to riders of motors and cycles.

### CARE OF THE LENS.

As everyone knows, the lens is the most important part of the camera. It is also the most expensive part, if of fairly good quality, and therefore great care should be taken of it. The lens, when not in use, should be detached from the camera and kept in a case made specially for it, or a wash-leather bag may easily be made large enough to contain the lens. The bottom of the bag should be made of a piece of thin wood or stout mill-board. It is a good plan to buy a second cap, which should be fitted on the back combination of the lens, and which thus protects the latter from injury. The glasses of most modern lenses are very soft, and require great care in cleaning. They will seldom require cleaning. When this is necessary they should be carefully and gently wiped with an old soft silk handkerchief or piece of very soft clean wash-leather. Never rub them with the fingers. A concluding hint is to see that the lens is clean and free from dust before commencing work, as a dirty and dusty lens is frequently the cause of flat and foggy negatives.

### "STAND" DEVELOPMENT.

This method of developing plates is very easy to work, and for this reason can be recommended to beginners. It is also a very useful method for those photographers who have a large number of plates to develop, and not much time to spend on it. Of course there is no science in this method, as it is to a certain extent mechanical. The ordinary flat dishes are of no use. Upright grooved troughs, preferably granitine, should be used. Any developer as used in ordinary development can be used, but it should be diluted with four parts of water. Now as to the working. First pour the dilute developer into the trough, and insert the plates in the grooves as quickly as possible. Place a piece of cardboard on top of the trough. Leave for about twenty minutes. Then take out the plates, when their appearance will decide the period of development. Correctly exposed plates will develop in about twenty minutes, while under-exposed plates will take up to half an hour. One great advantage is that if the trough is covered over the dark-room can be left.

## Gloucestershire Gossip.

What a difference there has been between this month and the corresponding one last year! Then it was frosty February, now it was fair February, with a plenitude of brilliant sunshine and high temperature for the most part, but considerable rain and also rough winds in the last week. It has been quite a treat to see the little lambs skipping about in the fields and basking in the merry, merry sunshine, bevys of young misses from the College vigorously playing at hockey in the big Bayshill field, and even to hear the rooks getting a bit lively on the tree-tops of the Garden town. But I have regarded with misgivings the premature blossoming of fruit trees, and hope that we shall not have to suffer much later on from Spring's vagaries.

Whether the weather was the cause of the salmon from the Severn being unusually fine and large during the opening month of the fishing season I cannot say, but it is certainly some years since I saw such big ones on the local fishmonger's slabs as those I have recently. A 41-pounder was one to remember. It makes one almost think that we are about to return to bygone years, when, in June, 1889, three monsters weighing respectively 61, 60, and 50 lbs. were netted. I could not help being struck a week or two ago by a 26-pounder pike, that had been hooked by a Stroud man in Mr. Playne's deep waters at Longfords, lying in a fishmonger's shop cheek by jowl with the smaller-sized salmon then there. But there are big and little fish in the Severn, and the smallest, in the shape of elvers, are now coming on. I question if many people are aware that even whales, seals, and porpoises have been caught in the river below Gloucester. But there are records (not legends like that of Smith who slew the sleeping sea serpent with a hatchet at Coombe Hill) of captures such as these:—

1863, August 4th, a whale 16ft. long, and 12ft. in girth, at Stonebench, three miles from Gloucester; 1875, September 13th, a bottle-nosed whale, 23ft. long, 11ft. 4in. in girth, weighing 2 tons 12 cwt., near Lydney; 1875, October, a seal at Purton. I remember the evil-smelling carcase of the big whale that was brought up to the city for show purposes, and that it proved a "white elephant" to the purchaser, who was called upon for urgent sanitary reasons to bury it forthwith.

I should not like to say definitely that Mr. Reginald Balfour, M.A., who was on Saturday last appointed by the Gloucestershire County Council secretary of education, was the best of the 186 candidates for this new post, at £750 per annum; but I am quite sure, judging by his credentials and qualifications, that he is a very good man, and that the Council, being in the best position to judge of the respective merits of the applicants, came to a right decision. After all it is fitting that a Balfour should initiate in Gloucestershire an educational system under the Act indelibly associated with his great namesake. I am glad that several pertinent questions were put to the four selected candidates—whether they were in sympathy with the Act; and whether, without any great increase in the expenditure there would be an improvement in the teaching of the Voluntary schools? Mr. Balfour answered these in the affirmative, and thought he "could manage the managers." I have previously expressed my opinion that the success or failure of the Act will largely depend upon its administration by the local authorities and officials; and, therefore, I am glad that in the county and Cheltenham, at least, the powers that be are sympathetic. Mr. Balfour candidly said he regarded the post as permanent, and the Chairman, while hoping that Mr. Balfour would long be associated with the Council, said the agreement would provide for the appointment to be closed by six months' notice on either side. As Mr. Balfour is giving up a Civil Service clerkship, with title to superannuation in due course, there will be, I consider, a great incentive to him to justify the confidence reposed in him, and thus secure practical fixity of tenure of his office.

I wonder whether the versatile proprietor of the big black board overlooking Lansdown Junction is waiting for an inspiration for putting up still another legend, but I must congratulate him on the superior durability of the three yellow letters to the whites during the past autumn and winter. The "Valentine verse" would have looked well there. Could he not take a leaf out of the book of the railway companies and lay in wooden letters to stick up so as to defy wind, storm, and sunshine, and even engine smoke? GLEANER.

### NEW BISHOPS CONSECRATED.

The consecration of the Rev. Arthur Mesac Knight, Dean of Caius College, Cambridge, as Bishop of Rangoon, and the Rev. Lewis Clayton, Canon of Peterborough, as Bishop of Leicester, took place on Tuesday morning in Westminster Abbey. Amongst the clergy taking part in the ceremony was the Archbishop of Canterbury.

\* \* \*

### FROM DOCK TO PULPIT.

The Rev. Maurice Otho Fitzmaurice, the vicar of St. James's, Bolton, who last week was sentenced at Southport to three months' imprisonment for collecting money under false pretences—a sentence he has appealed against—conducted service at his church on Sunday. On entering the pulpit the Vicar said they were doubtless aware he had been confined in a dungeon a night and the greater part of a day, without a pillow for his head, but he felt in the position of the Lord Jesus Christ, Who said He had no place to lay His head on. He asked those who had the slightest feeling of charity to send a trifle towards his law expenses. He added: "There are in the church three detectives and reporters, and every word I am using will be used as evidence against me, so I will not refer to the case or anything in connection with it."



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**The True Gentleman.**

By DEAN FARRAR  
 (Author of "The Life of Christ," etc.).

The word gentleman has two wholly distinct meanings.

In one sense, in accordance with its derivation from the Latin—"gentilis," it means a man who has some dignity of birth, one who belongs to a "gens" or clan. In this meaning a gentleman is a person of a rank between the nobility and the commonalty; as when we say of a person—"He was born a gentleman." Every nobleman, of course, ranks as a gentleman, but all gentlemen are not of noble birth.

Shakespeare writes, in "The Merchant of Venice,"—

"I freely told you all the wealth I had  
 Ran in my veins; I was a gentleman."

The other meaning of the word gentleman is far more complex and difficult to define. In common parlance a gentleman is the opposite to what is generally called "a cad." In this sense the humblest peasant may be a perfect gentleman, and the lordliest of dukes an absolute cad. The poets, who are often our wisest teachers, have repeatedly dwelt on this truth. It is the thought which runs through Burns's magnificent poem.—"A man's a man for a' that."

"Is there for honest poverty,  
 That hangs his head, and a' that?  
 The coward-slave, we pass him by,  
 We dare be poor for a' that!  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 Our toils obscure, and a' that;  
 The rank is but the guinea stamp;  
 The man's the gowd for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,  
 Wear hoddin'-grey, and a' that;  
 Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,  
 A man's a man for a' that.  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 Their tinsel show, and a' that;  
 The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,  
 Is King o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,  
 Wha struts, and stares, and a' that?  
 Tho' hundreds worship at his word,  
 He's but the coof for a' that.  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 His riband, star, and a' that;  
 The man of independent mind,  
 He looks and laughs at a' that.

A king can mak' a belted knight,  
 A marquis, duke, and a' that;  
 But an honest man's aboon his might,  
 Gude faith, he mauna fa' that!  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 Their dignities and a' that;  
 The pith o' sense, the pride o' worth,  
 Are higher ranks than a' that."

Nor is Tennyson less emphatic in insisting upon this lesson, in his "In Memoriam"—

"And so we bore without abuse  
 The grand old name of gentleman,  
 Defamed by every charlatan,  
 And soil'd with all ignoble use."

It is not difficult to point out the characteristics which distinguish a true gentleman, whatever may be his rank, from one who has no claim to this appellation, however high may be his birth.

We remember the old English war-cry of Wat Tyler—"When Adam delved and Eve span, who was then the gentleman?" and the line of Dryden—"His tribe were God Almighty's gentlemen."

Blustering self-assertion and insolent pride of rank at once show that a man is no gentleman. An anecdote is told of a nobleman who once insolently pushed himself in front of another in entering a room, with the remark—"I never make way for my inferiors." "I always do," was the reply of the gentleman, made with a polite bow and a pleasant smile.

Whenever a man in society is guilty of obtrusive self-assertion; whenever he tries to monopolise attention by thrusting himself into the conversation of others; whenever his talk is almost exclusively occupied with

himself and his own doings, he shows at once that, in the true sense of the word, he is not a gentleman. If, again, he shows no consideration for the feelings of others; if he ignores their susceptibilities; if his conversation has no delicacy or reserve in it, he will at once be recognised by all present as lacking in the qualities of a gentleman. "A gentleman's first characteristic is fineness of nature," says Mr. Ruskin. Hence Steele says—"Men of courage, men of sense, and men of letters are frequent; but a true gentleman is what one seldom sees. A delicate sympathy, a refined desire to give no needless pain by heedless remarks, a fine regard for the feelings of others, a bearing full of courtesy which has not in it the least touch of condescension—all these are remarks of a true gentleman.

Here, again, the poets are our best teachers. Chaucer writes—

"Loke who that is most vertuouss alway,  
 Prive and apert, and most entendeth ay  
 To do the gentil dedes that he can,  
 And take him for the greatest gentilman."

With this agrees Tennyson's definition of a clown in "The Princess":

"And yet," I said, "you wrong him more than I  
 That struck him; This is proper to the clown,  
 Tho' smock'd, or furr'd and purpled—still the clown,  
 To harm the thing that trusts him and to shame  
 That which he says he loves."

It must not for a moment be supposed, however, that the delicate considerateness of a gentleman will ever prevent him from the strongest denunciations of every form of flagrant iniquity. To be a gentleman does not mean to be timid, or to allow the prevalence of glaring evils to go unrebuked. Care for the feelings of others in all ordinary matters does not imply the timidity and non chalance of those who are content to see iniquity abounding on every side of them, and yet who do not care to raise a voice for its exposure and suppression.

The sacred Scriptures give us not a few pictures of those high virtues which mark the true gentleman. In every line of the Epistles of St. Paul—in the delicacy and sensitiveness of his feelings; in the exquisite susceptibility which he shows towards the views and wishes of others—we see how near is the character of a perfect gentleman to that of a perfect Christian, nay, more, we may even venture to quote the lines of the English dramatist, and to say—

"The first of men  
 That e'er wore earth about him was a sufferer;  
 A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit,  
 The first true gentleman that ever breathed."  
 F. W. FARRAR.

Next week:—"On Some Unaccountable Things," by Sir Lewis Morris.

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There are now published in the United Kingdom 2,431 newspapers.

The trawler Valiant has arrived at Lough Swilly with 100,000 herrings.

Ripe strawberries are reported in a garden at Sheringham, near Cromer.

Mr. George Sanger, the well-known circus proprietor, is presenting a statue of the late Queen to Newbury, his native town.

Wiltshire was claimed at the annual "Moonrakers" dinner in London on Saturday as the soberest county in England.

An orphanage at Boutnewydd, near Carnarvon, has received a donation of £10,000 from Mr. Robert Davies, of Menai Bridge.

Mr. Carnegie has placed the sum of £4,000 at the disposal of the city of Salisbury for the purposes of a public library, subject to certain conditions. A special meeting of the Town Council has been called to consider the matter.



MR. SID. NORRIS,  
 A Popular Cheltenham M.C.  
 Photo by Harold Stokes, Cheltenham.

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AN ERMINE AT THE ZOO.  
 Most people know that the animal which yields the valuable fur called ermine is really a stoat in its winter dress. Now, though stoats are common—game preservers would probably say too common—in Britain, strangely enough it was not till 1870 that an example in summer dress was exhibited at the Zoological Gardens, and it was only within the last few days that one in the winter dress was received and put out for exhibition. The general colour of the stoat is reddish-brown above, the chin and under-surface yellowish white, and the tip of the tail black. These animals prey on game and other birds, young rabbits and hares, rats and voles. In Scotland, where they are more abundant than in England, they did good service, as did the weasels also, during the vole plague, by preying on the destructive little rodents. North of the Tweed the yellowish-white winter dress is generally assumed; the colour-change is fairly frequent in the northern counties of England, but comparative rare in the Midlands and the southern counties. But the fur of the British ermine is in all cases too short to be of much commercial value, nor is it sufficiently abundant to constitute an article of trade. The specimen in the Gardens has been put in the small cats' house. It is a female and its beady black eyes and black-tipped tail contrast strongly with the snowy whiteness of the fur. From its shyness the visitors may have to wait some time before seeing it, though the keeper will, no doubt, render assistance by removing the hay in which the ermine buries itself, with the natural instinct of a wild animal, to escape observation.

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SPRING.

"Pale crocuses have come before her,  
 Wild birds her welcome sing;  
 Ten thousand loving hearts adore her—  
 The grey world's darling—Spring."

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Lieutenant-Colonel David Bruce, R.A.M.C., left London on Saturday on a mission with which he has been charged by the Royal Society to investigate the sleeping sickness in Uganda.