

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 114

SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1903.

THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE, CHELTENHAM.

This Afternoon and Evening,

"A WOMAN OF IMPULSE."

Next Week—Return Visit of

"ALONE IN LONDON."

WHERE THE DAFFODILS GROW.

There are hundreds of buds just unclosing, I
know,
Tall and slender Lent lilies with Spring all
aglow,
And such thousands of leaves with them wave
to and fro,
While the March winds sweep over them,
bowing them low,
In a meadow I knew when a child, long ago,
Not so far, far away, but to-day I might go,
Where in golden profusion the daffodils grow.
A. GERTRUDE HUMPHIDGE.

OLD SONGS.

Adown the years they come to me
From out the crypts of time,
With half-forgotten melody
And faintly failing rhyme;
With here and there a broken chord,
A missing word of praise,
But sweet as angel whispers are
The songs of bygone days.

A snatch of college drinking-song,
A verse of cradle-hymn,
A bar of tender serenade
Sung when the stars were dim;
The truant strains they come and go
Like sparks of smoky haze—
A tangle of sweet memories,
The songs of bygone days.

And as the measures float along
Like shadows o'er the sea,
Across the drifting bloom of years
Lost faces smile on me;
Eyes dimmed in death's eternal night
Meet mine in friendly gaze—
I kiss the marble lips that sang
Those songs of bygone days.

Old tunes touch hidden chords in hearts
Long mute with age or pain,
And give us for a fleeting space
Lost faith and hope again.
Within yon Cloudland's Far-away
Where swell the hymns of praise,
God grant the angels sometimes sing
The songs of bygone days!
—Sarah Beaumont Kennedy, in the
"Windsor Magazine."



Public Memorial in Barnwood Churchyard to the Late Mr. Hubert Boughton.

The inscriptions are as follow:—

On the shaft: "In loving memory of my dear husband, Hubert James Boughton, who fell asleep on March 26th, 1902, aged 43 years."

On the base: "This monument is erected to the memory of Hubert James Boughton by his friends, who desire thus to testify their personal regard for one who was worthy of their esteem and affection as a staunch friend of unselfish motive and unblemished integrity, and who, himself an athlete of repute, zealously promoted the cause of physical recreation in the city and county of Gloucester and successfully maintained the best traditions of sport. R.I.P."

Photo by John Thornbury, Gloucester.

H. C. Frith, Sculptor, Gloucester.

"Selina Jenkins Letters."

"SELINA JENKINS" AT THE CHELTENHAM FINE ART SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION.

Wich it's very awkward, that I will say, mixin' hup Fine Art Galleries and Wine and Spirit Departments so as you can't tell tother from wich, and I wonder the Teetotalers don't 'rite to the papers about it. 'Owever, I'll tell you wot 'appened.

I'd 'eard tell a good deal about the quality of the pottygraffs on view this year, so I wends me way, between the wind and the showers, one day last week to where I'd seen a bill blowing about in the breeze sayin' summat about the C.F.A.S. and Is. for hadmission, as was to be gave back to the huttermost farthing in prizes, drawn in a raffle like one of these 'ere Romin Catholicick bazaars who sends circulars from Ireland, with tickets at half-a-crown each—first prize £50—not that I ever 'eard of ennybody ever winning the first prize, wich I supposes is providentially arranged for to be won by the people as offers it!

Well, I gets down to the Hexhibition and pushes open a door and walks into a very 'andy sort of office, but no pictures to be seen nowhere, 'ceps a few framed advertisements about champain and port wine and sich like; 'owever, a voice sings out rom another hinner hoffice, "Walk in, Madam," so I accep's the kind invitation, and takes a seat as the owner of the voice offers me—a very affable-spoken gent he were, toc!

"Ho, why it's Mrs. Jenkins," says he; "delighted to see you; let me pour you out a glass of port." So, nothing loathe, "Thank'ee, Sir," says I, "and many of them," not but wot I thinks to meself (up me sleeve, as the sayin' is), "if this 'ain't the

funniest picture gallery as ever I 'eard tell on," so I hups, and I says, "'Ow hever do you make it pay, Sir, that's wot I wants to know?" "Make it pay, Selina," says he, "now wot is it you're gettin' at?" "I mean, don't it cost a powerful lot to give everybody as comes to see your Fine Art Show a glass of port, beside me not 'avin' paid me shilling hentrance yet, wich I've got it 'ere in three threppenny-bits and 3d. of farthings, as come out of the bread money!"

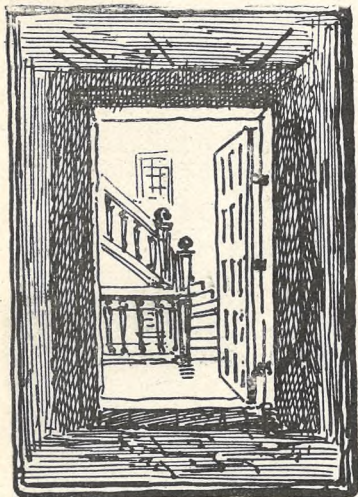
My word! 'Ow that there gent rored, to be sure; I thought 'e never wouldn't stop laffin', and when he did it turned out as it weren't the Fine Hart Gallery at all that I'd wandered into, but Mr. Agg-Gardner's Wine and Sperrit Stores, being the sperrits on the ground floor and the art upstairs! I felt that 'umble, you can't think, makin' sich a hexhibition of meself, wich it's all the fault of 'avin' the two things in the same bilding, as I said afore, and the 2 doors so like as 2 peas.

With the aid of a young man in the outer hoffice I were very politely shown the proper entrance, and I marched up—I can't tell you 'ow many stairs—but I knows 'twas a powerful lot, being very bad for the asmaticks. Up to the top were a table with a youth behind it, on which I deposed my 3d. bits and farthings and received a ticket, wich I 'ad orders to place in a box close by, as was all very mysterious, but wot it's for I don't know.

'Owsomdever, this were eventually the pictur gallery, there bein' large numbers of beautiful frames with picturs in them 'angin' 'rom every available 'angin' 'ook from floor to sealing, little ones and big ones, shaney ones and dull ones, ones you *could* see and ones you *couldn't* see, but as tidy a lot of gold frames as you could see in a dav's march, with upwards of 3 people for the audience! There were a hartistic-lookin' hindividual a-setting on a settee gazin' at a pictur very 'ard, so, thinks I to meself, I'll start a conversation—this 'ere gentleman knows somethink about fine art, so I says, "Ha-hum; it's very un-

settled weather we're 'aving along now, Sir," wich he never moved a mussel nor a heye-lid; so, thinks I, he's deaf. I'll try somethink else a bit louder; so I says, "Excuge the liberty I takes, sir, in liftin' me voice to you, but is these 'ere picter-frames considered to be fine art?" That fetched 'im; so soon as iver I mentioned the word "art" 'e turned on me so suddint I were quite took aback, and answered, "Fine art, madam," says he, "and wot do you and the publick know about fine art per C?" "Well, sir," says I, "beggin' yer pardin', I don't know nothink about 'per C"; but I knows art consistes of picters, pottygraffs, cruel-work, and so forth, the outside of the Montpellier Baths and the hinside of the Winter Garden being *Fine Art*, somethink as you can see, but you can't egspress yer feelin's about to the common 'erd, isn't that right?" He shook 'is 'ead; 'owever I goes on, "I also knows there's hother kinds of art, sich as applied art, industry art, art muslin, weak 'art, besides hothers too important to mention, wich per'aps you would oblige by pinting out the '100 best picters,' as they do say, from all these 'ere crowds."

So 'e shakes 'isself out of 'is seat, and arms me round the hobjects of hinterest, with a word or two of hartistick talk about one and another, for all the world like the verger at Tookesbury Abbey. Firstly of all, we 'ad a look at the amatoor end of the exhibition, wich is the name for them as only makes a *part* of their living at the paint-pot. Amongst hothers was No. 23, called "A Study," wich was a young Grecian girl with as fine a pair of arms as you could wish for; I couldn't see the study nowhere, but s'pose she is intended to be sitting in a study, or is studying the whistle thing she 'as in 'er 'ands. No. 16 was "A Mother and 2 Kids," wich isn't meant disrespectful, being only a nanny-goat and family. Nos. 11 and 12 was very remarkable; I could 'ave sworn that one of 'em was a sunset seen, but my artis' friend were-



28.



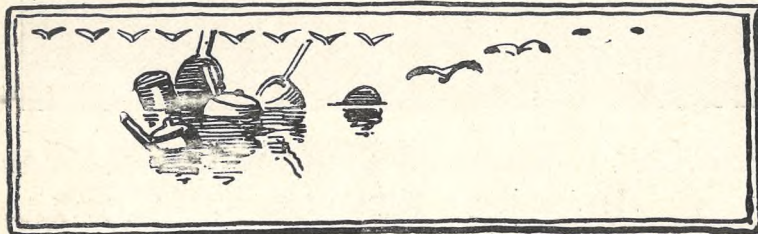
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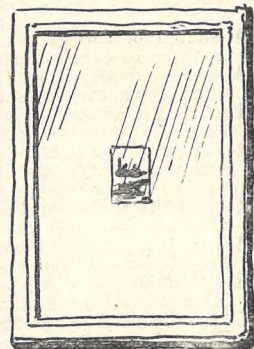
68.



27



249.



3000

- 28. "The Open Door, or British Policy in China."
- 23. "O maiden, with the Grecian 'air," or "Meditations on a Penny Whistle."
- 68. "The Music Lesson," or "The Lost Chord." (Piano by Hill and 30. The Angel is given away with the piano.)
- 27. "Only 27," or "Give! oh give me back that hair."
- 249. An impressionist study of "Sinking Saucepans and Seagulls."
- 3000. "Lost on the Mounting" (sic), an example of modern taste in framing.

hequally positive it were a cottage or something; the hother one neither of us could make out, so I'll say nothink about it. No. 27 was the 1st cousin of No. 23 that I declare, and 'ad a large portion of 'er back 'air 'id by the frame, as was rather unkind, besides being labelled 2/ so big, as if it were 'er age. But, to leave the hamatoors, and pass on to the professional pot-boilers, as the sayin' is, we stopped in front of a large picter of 4 dogs quarrelling over a rat, wich, so they says, 'ave such a effect on live dogs that none 'aint admitted to the Fine Art Hexhibition for fear of their tearin' the rat out of the picter; as is very 'ard on the dogs, some would say, losing the chance of culturing theirselves with a taste for art!

There was a good few perfessional portraits pottgraffs, I call 'em in the Hexhibition, not forgettin' a old 'Indoo gentleman at the end of the room wich quite took me fancy, 'e looking sich a good old chap, and somethink like pore Jenkins, 'ceps for the colour of 'is skin. Not but wot there was a brazen hussy of a picter on 'is right 'and, being a fieldmale party carryinz a jug on her shoulder and apparently 'aving forgot to put on any clothes in 'er 'aste; still, I 'spose 'twouldn't upset a 'Indoo over much, bein' very free in their manners out in Hafrika.

So we passed around, looking at greenery-yallery knights (as they used to call them fellows that went about with lids of saucepans and dish covers all over their bodies), and little naked Coopids, and one of a girl drownin' to the accompaniment of a large number of dragon flies and bumble bees (70), and a face painted on a piece of board (150), I 's pose thro' the artis' 'aving run short of canvas, and 249 being some tin cans and things floating in a pool; 212 reminded me powerful of my Aunt Jane; also there was No. 87, a fine figure of a woman, halsemin' as if she were sayin' "Jist look at me; 'aint this a fine 'at; and wot do you think of the blue beads on to my chain, bein' real stones, and very costly; and the material of my costume, would you be surprised to know it cost upwards of 21s. a yard and 'stands alone,' as the girl says in the "Close of Cornveal' opery!"

So we comes to a picter at last, after 'avin' been the rounds, of a sort of a stained-glass window colour, being a girl out on the sea-shore playin' a Hamerrican horgan with one 'and and lost in thought with the other, the wiles a angel looks over the top of the pipes and says, "Ear, 'ear!" so I turns to me artis' conductor and says, "I considers, sir, as that there picter is a failure; jist look at the frame; 'taint 'alf sich a grand frame as a lot of the hothers 'ere; and, wot's more, whoever seed hanythink like that there girl on this earth, let alone sich a beanstalk sort of a angel, as would 'ave frightened the pore girl out of 'er censuses if 'e 'ad appeared to 'er; and it's all such a mass of colour, greenery-yallery-blueey-reddy-voilet, as I can't see no 'ead or tail, not meself!" "Now, madam, that just shows your hignorance of the subjick," says he; "hif you 'ad as much art culture as my 'at you'd know that the only truly artistic picters is them wich isn't a bit like Nater. When you sees a picter as you can't understand not a bit, as mite be either the Death of Nelson or a Sunset in 'Olland, you may bet your bottom 6d. (supposing you was in the 'abit of betting) that there you 'ave a real Fine Arter. As artis'es we don't want to depick Nater. You can see Nater any day, without yer glasses on, and I considers it our duty to the perfession to paint picters as different to Nater as possible, and wich requires a tittle and 2 or 3 paragraffs of egsplanation to show wot the subjick is; besides, look at the advantage of being able to turn yer picters wichever way up you like, and to see a different subjick each way. Now, there's this one 'ere wich I points out to you and I should be pleased to sell you cheap, being a 'little thing of my own," upon which I makes for the door; "this way up it represents a 'Moonlite Seen on Cleeve Hill," but round like this it's a hepisode in the life of George —"

At this I left, not 'aving no money to waste on sich rubbish; and if you askes me wot I thinks of the Fine Art Hexhibition, I thinks, as I said before, there's a very tidy lot of good

frames to be seen there, and some good picters; hif the public's shillings is wanted I considers they ought to 'ave some musick or somethink continuous; 'twouldn't be a bad plan to hire the Town Band to play popelar hairs on the stairs, and a man to stand outside and shout "This way to the unparalleled show as never was. Fine Art for the Million. All money returned in prizes!"

SELINA JENKINS.

P.S.—I think the artis' gentleman meant George Washington when I cleared out; I know I 'eard 'im say somethink about never telling a lie. 'Owver, that's neither 'ere nor there, as the sayin' is!

Gloucestershire Gossip.

February has now passed, and the thoughts of sportsmen are beginning to turn to point-to-point races, the fixtures of which by the various hunts have been made. Sport was of a fair average kind during the month, and not a day was lost through frost, and though there were no sensational long runs, two or three that took up considerable time may be noted. These are the one by the Ledbury, three hours on the 16th after a fox which was got away from Highnam Woods, and ultimately killed at Lassington, and two by Lord Bathurst's, one and a half hours and two hours, on the 6th, mainly in Mr. Butt Miller's country, but with no kill in either run. Several packs killed a plurality of foxes on one day—Lord Fitzhardinge's three on the 3rd and three on the 16th; the North Cotswold four on the 3rd; the Cotswold two on the 7th, the occasion of the re-appearance of Charles Travess on recovery from his accident two months previously, and three on the 18th (Colesbourne way); the Croome three on the 7th, including one broken up before the Master's house, the brush going to his little son; and Lord Bathurst's four on the 17th, one being rolled over after dislodgement from the roof of the village Post-office at Harnhill, upon which he had taken refuge. One regrettable incident was the warning of the Ledbury Hounds off Mr. John Lord's land at Chaceley on the 20th, consequent on the Master having, with want of tact, objected to the occupier inviting the Longford Harriers there a few days before. The month was not entirely free from accidents, the most serious case being on the 26th, when Mr. Rhodes Emmott was thrown and kicked by his horse while out with Lord Fitzhardinge's. And Capt. Forestier Walker had his collar bone broken when out with the same pack, at Pretherne on the 17th.

§§§

The harriers have been pursuing the even tenour of their ways, or rather the "pussies." I have not heard much about the new black and tan pack of beagles that Mr. Kingscote started at Cirencester. Still, the Boddington Harriers varied a good time amongst the hares by going to "round up" two deer that had gone astray up Kemerton way, and there a hound slipped off "on his own" and settled one of the antlered pair. Sport with the Longford Harriers has not been so good as of yore, but they had one clinking day on the 17th, round about Chosen Hill, when three hares were accounted for, each standing up for about an hour. Mr. Frank Green, I find, will take on the mastership for another year on the understanding that he will hunt the pack one day a week for certain and a second day if his engagements permit.

§§§

Mr. Palmer, whose death at Leeds in the prime of life I, in common with many others, deplore, was a Gloucesterian and a very capable man in his particular walk of life. In fact, I regard him as the most successful man who ever went far from the old city to seek his fortune in the journalistic world, in which the prizes are very few. Yet he has placed on record his fears of failure before he decided to give up his railway clerkship in the city, and his acknowledgment that he was stimulated by the cheery encouragement of his chief, that that would be all right if he wished to come back there, adding though, "But you won't come back." And

Mr. Palmer, before he was 37 years old, had achieved the blue riband of the provincial Conservative Press. But, alas! he was not destined to attain what he told some of his intimate friends was the height of his ambition, namely, "to retire to a country cottage and grow my own roses, fruit, and vegetables." That failure of consummation was largely his own fault, because, devoted, as he was, to his professional duties, he took on, perhaps not wisely, voluntary but exacting work outside these, and he disregarded till too late the warnings to take a long rest. Since his death the interesting fact has been disclosed (of which I am not at all surprised), that the honour of knighthood was offered him, but he refused it point-blank because he feared lest any man worthy of respect should chance to say that it had not been completely earned. Modest to a fault was Henry John Palmer, and his untitled name will endure in journalistic circles, of which he was so bright and honourable an ornament.

GLEANER.

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 112th competition is Mr. J. Price, Bank House, Tewkesbury, with his Clevedon series.

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 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 23rd competition is Mr. H. S. Wheeler, of 13 St. Paul-street North, Cheltenham, with his motorman.

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 fifth competition is Miss M. E. Wilkins, 6 Paragon-terrace, Cheltenham, for her report of a sermon by the Rev. J. Butlin at Salem Baptist 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.

The Midland Railway, it is stated, propose laying water troughs on the main line near Loughborough, to enable express trains to run from London to Leeds without stopping. Glasgow is pursuing a crusade against girl flower-sellers in the streets.



An Echo of the Delhi Durbar

This is a photograph of one of the Military Bands of H.H. the Maharajah of Kashmir, present at the Durbar. The conductor, in the centre, is Mr. Chas. J. Burrow a brother of Mr. E. J. Burrow of this town, who has been for many years State Bandmaster & Musical Director to the Maharajah of Kashmir.

WHERE THE ALIENS COME FROM.

To those anxious to see for themselves what a Russian ghetto is like at its worst, I would recommend a visit to Vilna. From the fort which crowns the hill in the middle of the town—the hill up which Napoleon rode in 1812, when Vilna was the centre of his advance upon Moscow—one of the most beautiful views imaginable is obtained. The town lies at your feet, with its clustering red roofs and hundred gilded domes and spires and cupolas; the glittering river and lovely wooded country, stretching away for miles, make an unrivalled picture. It is difficult among such surroundings to realise the squalor and misery which the place contains. There are said to be some 80,000 Jews here—not by any means all poor. By far the greater part of the trade and practically all the shops are in their hands. But the submerged tenth is submerged indeed. The Ghetto is a seething mass of humanity. Many of the streets and alleys are so narrow that the pavements almost touch. At intervals throughout their length are arched gateways leading into courtyards, round which the dens and cellars in which the people live are clustered. I spent a whole day in visiting them. In the corners of the court one would find a wooden trough, into which all the refuse of the houses was thrown. The stench from these receptacles filled the whole air. The stucco walls were blistered and rotting, as if infected by the poisonous atmosphere within. Inside, the people were crowded pell-mell, regardless of health, age, or sex. In one room I found a lunatic in the middle of a family of young children. I was followed as I walked by a crowd of haggard, anxious, careworn people, staring at me with mournful eyes. Some openly begged alms; others had trifles for sale. Many seemed to pass their time in synagogues, rocking and chanting themselves into oblivion of their miseries. I came across several who had been to Whitechapel and had been sent back, I suppose, as fit for nothing. One man, with a large family, wished to make another trial of England, and asked me, of all people, for money to help him to get there! The slums of Vilna, it is evident, are not a desirable recruiting ground for the East End of London, where nearly all their horrors are being reproduced. Until a year or two ago the poor Jews found plentiful employment in the building and allied trades, in which there was a "boom" but this has been followed by a "slump," and the unemployed are propor-

tionately as numerous as they are in London. At such times their thoughts turn to America and England; dreams of high wages and regular work fill their minds; anyhow it will be something new, and at the worst they will be sent back. And so they arrive in the Thames.—Major Evans-Gordon (O.C.), M.P., in the "World's Work" for March.

THE COMING OF THE MOTOR. MR. NORMAN'S FORECAST.

Mr. Henry Norman contributes a remarkable article to the forthcoming number of the "World's Work" on "The motor age," which he predicts will follow the "the railway age," and, without indulging in any prophecy that is in any way suggestive of exaggeration, gives a glowing description of what is likely to be the state of things when the use of the motor-car becomes, as it must become in the near future, almost universal. Comparing the motor-car with the horse-drawn carriage, from the point of view of utility, he estimates the "horse-keeper's radius" at about twelve miles. "With a car of ten or twelve horse-power," he writes, "the radius of a family—the whole family—is comfortably thirty miles, and, of course, much more par exception, and if they like motoring. To go to lunch thirty miles away and come back is an easy performance, and a hundred miles in a day, fifty out and fifty back, can often be done, not only without undue fatigue, but with great enjoyment and benefit. Now, the area of a circle whose radius is twelve miles is 452 square miles, but the area of one whose radius is thirty miles is 2,827 square miles. Thus the motor-car owner has a sphere of activity exceeding by no less than 2,375 square miles that of the horse-owner, with all its additional opportunities of intercourse with his fellows. In other words, the possession of a car multiplies the contents and the effective sphere of his life by more than six—and by much more if he did not and cannot keep a horse. Think of what it means. Every friend within 3,000 square miles can be visited, any place of worship or lecture or concert attended and business appointment kept, the train met at any railway station, every post and telegraph and telephone office within reach, every physician accessible, any place reached for golf or tennis or fishing or shooting, and with it all fresh air inhaled under exhilarating conditions. It is a revolution in daily life. With a car one lives three times as much in the same span of years, and one's life, therefore, becomes to that extent wider and more interesting.

"The influence upon the community will be no less than upon the individual. Our country districts will revive. The old coaching roads and coaching inns will once more be thronged with travellers. We shall know the land we live in—its rural interests, its beauties, its antiquities. Country residential property will rise in value. The man who has business in the town will no longer be dependent upon a slow and rare ser-

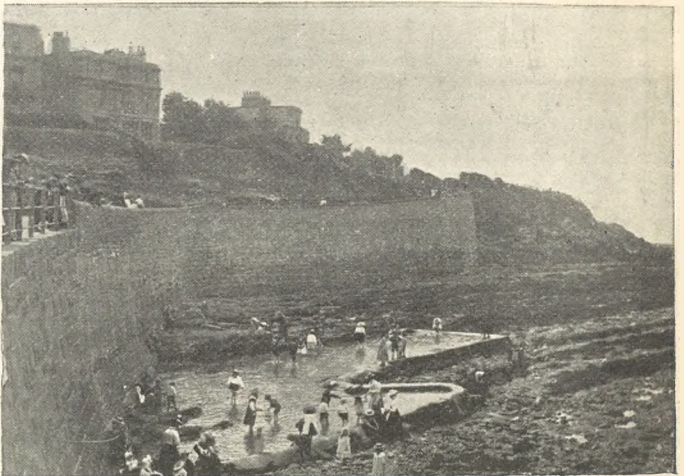
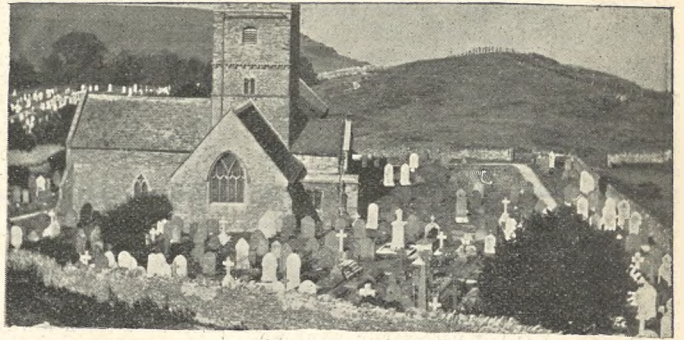
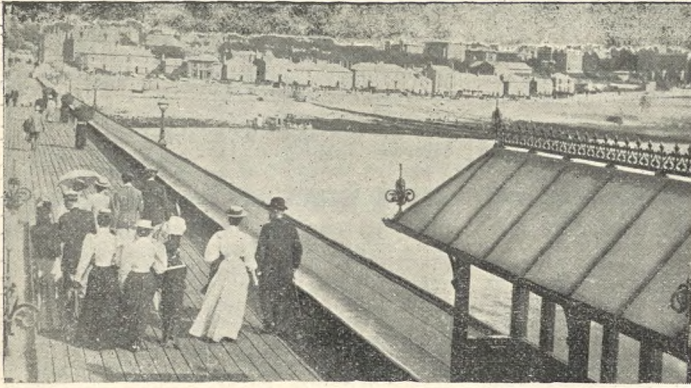
vice of trains. His first-class carriage will await his will in his own coach-house. Therefore thousands of the town dwellers of to-day will be the country dwellers of to-morrow. It will no more be necessary for those who would dwell in the country to stipulate that their house shall not be more than so many miles from a railway station. To the car-owner it is virtually the same thing whether his home is one mile or a dozen miles from the nearest railway. This will bring into the market at good prices a great number of country places unlettable and unsaleable to-day. There will soon arise, in consequence, an irresistible demand for better roads—in all probability for a division of road control similar to that of France, the main arteries under the direct management of the State, the smaller roads under local control. It goes without saying that the present absurd laws regarding speed will soon be altered—by abolishing all restriction upon speed, and making every driver responsible, under heavy penalties, for inconsiderate or dangerous driving. Every person driving a car of more than a certain horse-power will also doubtless be required to procure an official certificate of competence, to be suspended or forfeited on conviction (not without appeal) of reckless driving."

After pointing out the enormous value of the motor-car for business and industrial purposes, Mr. Norman goes on:—"For my own part, I am convinced that ten years hence there will not be a horse left in the streets of London—except the few kept purely for pleasure and pride in their beauty and strength, and for police and military purposes. Their disappearance will have three results; first, twice as much traffic can be accommodated in any area; second, the streets, no longer subjected to the pounding of their iron-shod hoofs, will be smooth and quiet, and will last incomparably longer—to the saving of the ratepayers' money; and third, there will not be 5,000 tons of manure deposited in London every day, to be collected and carted away, filling the air with ammoniacal odours and the lungs with poisonous dust, and costing an enormous yearly sum." And, finally, he argues that the motor will kill the tramway, and will depreciate the value of railway stock to such an extent that, "when the shareholders have lost half their money the demand that the State shall take them over will probably be irresistible!"

"GREATEST LIVING STATESMAN."

As determined by a plebiscite in the current number of the "Journal of Education," the greatest living statesman is the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, who obtains 126 votes. Lord Salisbury comes second with 70 votes. Last in the list comes Mr. Balfour, who is, curiously, bracketed with M. de Witte. As the greatest living soldier, poet, novelist, painter, and man of letters, Lord Kitchener, Mr. Swinburne, Mr. George Meredith, Mr. Watts, and Mr. John Morley come out, respectively, at the head of the poll.

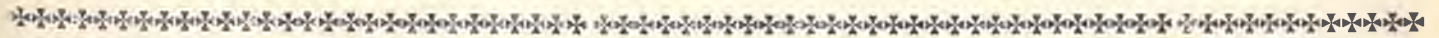
THE PRIZE PICTURES.



CHARMS OF CLEVEDON.

1. Disembarking from the Westward Ho!
2. The Parade.
3. Ditto.
4. Church on the Hill.
5. Children's Pool.
6. Ditto.

Photos by J. Price, Tewkesbury.



MEMORIAL TO DR. LIVINGSTONE.

Information has reached this country that the memorial erected to the memory of Dr. Livingstone in Central Africa is now completed, and permanently marks the spot formerly occupied by the tree under whose shadow the great explorer expired, and beneath whose branches his heart was buried. The memorial is an obelisk surmounted by a cross, and stands some twenty feet in height. It has been designed so that there are practically no flat surfaces on which water can collect. On the cross there are engraved the words "In Memoriam." Two of the tablets

bear the following inscription:—"Erected by his friends to the memory of Dr. David Livingstone, missionary and explorer. He died here May 4, 1873." The tablets on the two remaining faces bear the following inscription:—"This monument occupies the spot where formerly stood the tree at the foot of which Livingstone's heart was buried by his faithful native followers. On the trunk was carved the following inscription: 'David Livingstone. Died May 4, 1873. Chuma, Souza, Miniasere, Uchopere.'" The monument is enclosed in a square, at each corner of which there is a dwarf obelisk, constructed in the same solid manner as the central structure.

There is a movement in North Wales to raise a monument to the famous chieftain Owen Glyndwr.

Chief Inspector Dinnie, of Scotland Yard, has been appointed Commissioner of Police for New Zealand.

A stained-glass window is to be erected in Norwich Cathedral in memory of the 60 officers and men of the 7th Dragoon Guards who died in the late war.

Experiments at Aberdeen University as to tuberculous cows show that until the disease has reached the udders there is no danger of consumption being conveyed in the milk.

THROUGH ENGLAND IN RAGS.

AN AMATEUR VAGRANT'S
EXPERIENCES OF ROAD LIFE.
LOCAL "MOUCHERS" AND THEIR
GAMES.

MEN AND WOMEN AT THEIR WORST.

In the language of the road, "to mouch" is to beg; but in our large towns the verb has a wider meaning. Some local "mouchers" are clackmairers—and, were my arm long enough to reach to Leicester, I could put my hand on a remarkable specimen of these scoundrels, a youth of only eighteen; some are "chanters," or "gutter vocalists," some hawkers, some hang about the railway stations, some are everything by turns and no-thing long, some lack sufficient energy to do anything, even beg; in fine, a local "moucher" lives as best he can without work, though he is not necessarily what we call a "loater."

Many comparatively honest local "mouchers" beg in a particular district. I take as an example one with whom I walked from Chesterfield to Mansfield. His field of operations is the country between York and Birmingham, while his "home" is Nottingham. Though only about twenty he has been seven years on the road, and he is one of the most expert beggars I ever met.

"A month or two ago I got 'pinched' (arrested) in Manchester," he said. "When I came out of Strangeways (prison) the missionaries took me to their place in Strangeways and gave me a feed, and then they got a-talkin' to me. Of course I told 'em. 'Oh, this is an urgent case—a very urgent case,' says one of the ladies, and she gives me a letter for a Captain Somebody. Well, I thought I was going to see a 'toff,' but he was only a captain in the Church Army, and the letter was about letting me into the Labour Home. If I'd known this, I wouldn't ha' gone; but when I'd thought things over—I wanted a rest after Strangeways—I promised to stop four months. I was there just a week, though; I walked out quietly at the back door, and cleared off."

Another local "moucher" I met three miles out of Tunbridge Wells, on the Uckfield road. He was a youth of about seventeen, and he had with him the frame of a perambulator, on which was fastened a bundle of food.

"Not a bad idea, is it?" he asked, noticing my astonished look. "I use it for coming down hills—just done a mile and a quarter in two minutes. Oh, I hide it while I'm calling, or else—. No; I never go farther than twenty-four miles from the Wells," he went on. "The game's very bad about here, though. I've just tried an old woman that I've tried dozens of times, and never been refused; but she's refused me now. 'Baker not been'—the old yarn. Said she assisted two men this morning, and didn't leave enough for herself. All my eye, that is. I shall have to hide this thing somewhere," he concluded, "for I've been run in twice on suspicion of begging."

But most local "mouchers" rarely leave a town, and live even more precariously than the average beggar who "works" a district. While I was resting near the Post-office at Leeds, I fell into conversation with a type of one section of this class—a tall, gaunt young fellow, under rather than over twenty years of age.

"It's these lads that keep me," he said, indicating the telegraph boys; "they're as good as gold. But I shall have to do a bit of chanting to-night; get a wash, and then I'm ready. If I go up the Bank" (the Irish quarter of Leeds) "and tip 'em a few ditties, I shall be all right. One-and-four 'll do me over Sunday. No; I never touch new songs. On Sundays I do 'Jesus, Lover of my Soul'; sometimes 'Knocking at the Gate.' Do you know it? This is how it goes," and then he sang, with a purity of tone and an intensity of feeling that surprised me, a verse of that well-known hymn.

"Pretty; but I can't do it always—I can't, straight. I get thinking of our old woman, who's dead and gone, and—it chokes me. . . . On wet nights I do 'Where is my Wandering Boy To-night?' That fetches the women that have sons in the army surprising—and I know

a few. I do it late sometimes, after they've gone to bed; and you should see me keeping one eye open for the 'coppers' (police) and the other on the windows. If I don't see any ha'pence coming, I do a cough—ugh!—and then it nearly always comes off."

At this point a telegraph boy returned with some water, which I had asked him to fetch for me, as I felt ill and faint after a long walk under a broiling sun.

"I got twelve bob out o' that once, at Doncaster," proceeded the "moucher." "A tin bucket cost four-and-a-half; four lemons, three-ha'pence; glasses I borrowed. 'Here y'are! Who's for a lemon-cooler?' Why, it went like steam at a penny a time, and I drew twelve bob."

Another pause, and then a reference to a big hotel close by started him off again. He was once sitting where we were then, he said, when an Italian hurdy-gurdyist was playing in front of the palatial caravansary in question. A lady opened a window, and threw out a coin wrapped in paper. Before the alien musician could get to it, he had secured it and run away.

A strange specimen of civilisation's products—a strange specimen, truly! Yet there are thousands in our large towns every whit as wretched, resourceful, and pitiable to think of as he. And I am not sure that I have not sounded deeper depths of degradation than that reached by the Leeds lad.

I could find "mouchers" in several large towns who profess to hawk laces, but whom you may have seen in gangs of half-a-dozen in public-houses, with only ten or twelve laces among them. They take these in their turn, go int' the streets, and bring in money that is immediately spent in beer, keeping this up all day long. When "turning-out time" comes, their joint stock is nearly as large as it was in the morning, for no man is considered a good "moucher" if he cannot wheedle pennies out of people without parting with laces, which are merely a means of introduction.

Hanging about the lodging-houses in all large towns, too, you see a class of men too lazy to work, too shiftless to beg, and too cowardly to steal with spirit. They do nothing but prowl about such places, smoking "hard-up," "kerbstone twist," "Regent's Park twist," or whatever they call cigar-ends, snapping up the crusts and the leavings of other people, "bulling" teapots—that is, making a basin of something coloured and something warm out of a pot with which you have done—and committing the meanest and patriest thefts from their fellow-lodgers.

I have known some of them take a pudding from a pot on the fire, and substitute a stone. I have seen—it was at Woolwich—a man carry a saucepan upstairs and put it underneath his bed, lest the meat in it should be abstracted during the night.

Let a stranger turn his back on his bread, his bacon, or his tea for a moment, and he will lose it for ever. Let him put down a knife on which he has deposited a penny (as he is obliged to do in a certain well-known house in Manchester, if he wants one at all), and instantly a "teapot buller" grabs it, rushes off to the "deputy" (manager), and draws the coin. Let him leave some bacon frying on the fire, and go away to attend to something else, and a "moucher" in luck will break a couple of eggs into it—thus rendering identification impossible—and confiscate the lot.

All this I have seen; worse I have only heard of. Thus, for example, a clerk—who had come down from Glasgow, where he had lodged in a large house frequented by the canaille of whom I am speaking—told me of a trick played on him. On entering it, he made some tea and left it near the fire to brew, while he cut up his bread. Presently he was startled by a shout—

"Your tea's boiling, mate!"

He accordingly returned to the fire, and set his pot further back on the hob. Retracing his steps to the table where he had left his bread, he found that somebody had stolen it. He sought the "deputy," who told him he could do nothing unless he knew who the thief was.

"Very well," observed the clerk resignedly,

"I've got no money to buy more, so I shall have to be content with my tea."

During his absence some execrable scoundrel stole that, too!

How do these men raise their lodging money? Well, the fact is, a great many rarely pay any. Some assist the "deputy" in various ways—become, in reality, the lodging-house drudge's drudges—and, in return, he allows them to sleep in the kitchen. But the generality go to the casual ward, or turn out when the "kip" (the lodging money, "4d., 5d., or 6d.") is wanted, and spend the night in the open air, which the Manchester "mouchers" call "sleeping with Oliver Cromwell" and the Birmingham fraternity style "sleeping with Stephenson." Of course, the allusion in each case is to a public statue. When I was at Brighton, hundreds of men were making their bed on the beach every night; though I do not mean to say that all these were the lowest class of "mouchers."

Plenty of men will not pay for lodgings, even when they do get money, but would rather spend it in other ways. I remember a Manchester "deputy" telling me of one who begged 4d., and disbursed half that sum straight away in going to a music-hall. When he came out he bought a pennyworth of tobacco, after which he rode on a tram-car up Cheetham Hill-road, spending the night in a brickfield in that neighbourhood.

In the early morning you may often witness a broup of these sleepers-out gathered near almost any large lodging-house, waiting for the door to open. Rushing inside as soon as they can, they either stretch themselves out on a form and so finish their night's sleep, or stand near the fire and thaw themselves.

But it is very doubtful, after all, whether large cities contain any worse specimens of fallen humanity than some small towns. Take Canterbury and Maidstone, for example, particularly the latter ancient borough. I believe that place has a larger proportion of "mouchers" than Leeds, and for sheer villainy they are unsurpassed and unsurpassable. Every year they rob hundreds of poor harvesters and hop-pickers of their bundles and hard-earned money, leaving them clean plucked and free to reach home as best they may.

I have not said anything about female "mouchers," nor will I do more than remark that they are worse in every respect than the men, and that I was often amused by their wiles when a navy or travelling tradesman asked them to wash a shirt. One invariably undertook the job, only to find that she had no soap, and, next, that she could not work without a drink—a drink in a bucket by preference—of beer; and when she had done she demanded fourpence. Now, reckon it how you like, the washing of the shirt cost at least 8d.; and, upon my word, you can buy a new one—a "shallow" that would make a capital change for anybody on the road—for 9½d.!

The title of the next subject in this series will be:—"Tramps' Industries and Workshops."

THE SIZE OF AN ATOM.

It is supposed, of course, that both the atoms and the molecules are exceedingly small. It is difficult, indeed, to give a clear idea of the minuteness of their dimensions, or to express their weights by reference to any of the ordinary standards. But some ideas on this subject will be gained when I say that there are living organisms, which must themselves be built up of many molecules, so small that half a million of them would lie in a single layer on the surface of a postage stamp; and again, that it has been calculated that about twenty million million million, or 20,000,000,000,000,000, molecules of a gas could be contained by a vessel about as big as a medium-sized die; that nearly every such molecule would consist of two or more atoms; and that if the gas were reduced to the solid or liquid form, as every common gas can be, these twenty million million million molecules could be packed into a vessel many, many times smaller, small though this may seem to be.—From "The New Chemistry," in the "Cornhill Magazine" for March.

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On Some Unaccountable Things.

By SIR LEWIS MORRIS

(Author of "A Vision of Saints," etc.)

Hardly any life, however uneventful, but has its own adventures, though they may not be of a very exciting sort. To most of us of a certain position in the world the days pass and resemble each other, without any serious break from youth to old age. Some favoured individuals claim to have seen ghosts, a good fortune which is denied to the great mass of mankind. Yet consider what a comfort it would be to have one authentic message conveyed to us by such means from the parent or life-partner who is dead and gone, or from the little child who left us so soon. But, alas, there is no such royal road to the mysteries that surround us! Even those who declare that they have seen such things with their eyes, have nothing more to tell us, no message of comfort to give, so that one may well rest content without such visions. When a message purports to come to us through the now familiar agency of the drawing-room table, it is generally a mass of trivialities and nonsense, and never reveals to us anything which some member of the enquiring party did not know before. The table seems to have absolutely no sense of shame in this respect, and the sum total of all its activity is "nil." One sensible table I have met with; and it had much spiritualistic experience, for it was the first Lord Lytton's favourite medium for *Psychical Research*, a skittish little instrument enough, which romped nimbly around the room in all directions, dragging the panting truth-seekers after it. Asked if the poet Shelley would favour the company with a few words, it answered (or the poet through it), brusquely enough, that he would not. Afterwards the late Madame de Blavatsky was announced to be present, but when asked to improve the occasion would only reply to all questions, "I veel not answer. Leave my soul in peace." Alas, there is no royal road Leuconoe! to a knowledge of the unseen future, whether by the Babylonian numbers, or by the latest charlatany of the day.

THE MYSTERIOUS DOINGS OF GHOSTS.

I confess the ordinary ghost story, of mysterious knockings and screamings or what not, does not greatly interest me, nay, irritates me exceedingly. The ordinary ghost, wicked in the past, and wholly unscrupulous in the present, I cannot away with. I detest the morbid self-assertion which leads such beings, on the score of some hidden document, long since barred by statute, to usurp possession of property, bought and paid for in honest money, ages after their title had lapsed by disuse; and to make night hideous with all sorts of senseless noises, and ridiculous appearances without any kind of *raison d'être* for their pranks. If they have nothing better to do than to go on pointing to old chests in which lie hidden worthless old wills or conveyances, or old coins, which can now only interest the Chancellor of the Exchequer; or to somebody's forgotten skeleton with a dagger stuck through the ribs, or to rattle chains, or knives, or to pace up and down the corridors or along the terrace and shriek, they had better be told gently yet firmly that it is no use their coming any more, that the world is sick of them; that we who are on earth now have crimes and sins of our own quite as dreadful as any of which they were guilty, and far more interesting to us; that it is shameful to go on molesting honest people, or frightening other people's maids out of their poor wits; and that unless they are prepared with some articulate message of importance to deliver we decline to concern ourselves with them in the least. As it is, they have nothing to show for all their assiduous use of the machinery and properties at their disposal, any more than the rats, for whom they are so often mistaken. R.I.P. They are not wanted here.

But on the other hand I have a soft place in my heart for those dear *revenants* for whose appearance there is such an overwhelming mass of evidence, who at the very moment when they are called away are drawn back by an ineffable yearning to say a mute

farewell to those who loved them here. Now it is a son, now a brother who plunged fathom deep beneath the swallowing sea, or slain on the desert veldt, yet is fain of his great love and longing to appear, grave and silent, but with eloquent eyes, in the midst of the omnibuses of a London street, or in the ancestral hall, or in the old parsonage, which was his home. To me such appearances are a most pathetic and touching witness to the great hope that inspires the world. How could it be worth while for parting or disembodied spirits so to present themselves if the farewell which they bade was eternal.

AN UNEXPLAINED APPEARANCE.

One appearance, not ghostly, but somewhat ghostlike, too, I remember perfectly to-day, though it is some thirty or more years ago. I was walking with a friend on a brilliant Sunday afternoon in the Regent's Park, the last place, one would think, for such a spectre. It was about two o'clock, the hour when its frequenters were for the most part busy with their Sunday dinners, and it was consequently only, or chiefly, occupied by ragged little children, for whom dinner was a moveable feast, and the dinner hour had little or no concern. As we entered the Broad Walk beneath the flower-spiked chestnut trees we were conscious of a throng of little people moving towards us, who filled the air with their cries, and in the midst towering above them, a strange and majestic presence. It was that of a young man of thirty or thereabouts in the bloom of early manhood. He was clad in a purple robe, brought over the shoulder and falling in graceful folds, over an under-garment of white, like the traditional representations in art of the Divine Figure. The head was bare, the abundant brown hair parted in the centre flowed down gracefully over the neck. The beard was short, the hair on the upper lip only partly concealing the grave and reverend mouth. The eyes, full of a pitying sadness, looked neither to the right nor to the left. The whole face and figure were of a remarkable beauty, dignity, and sweetness. The feet were sandalled, and in the hand was a long pilgrim's staff. Slowly and with measured steps the figure advanced and passed on its way wholly regardless of the attendant crowd, and one seemed to see before one's eyes a figure like that in the Cenacolo of Leonardo, passing on the pathetic journey to Emmaus. Both my friend and myself had recently been fellow travellers in Italy, and were familiar with the masterpieces of sacred Art, and this was the impression left on our minds then, nor, though I have never heard of anyone else who saw this strange vision, has anything come to weaken the sense of its reality. It still wakes a curious thrill when we recall it after thirty years. Artists' model, religious enthusiast—whatever the explanation of it may have been—it was a ghost-like appearance—and left a more permanent impression than any really ghostly visitant. Perhaps it was more effective for the absolute silence which it maintained. Probably the first word would have dispelled the illusion, if it had attempted to proclaim any definite message.

DREAMS.

There is perhaps more in the way of suggestive thought to be met with in dreams than in all the phantasmagoria of the *Psychical Researchers*. Speaking of a word of sympathy the other day to a well-known lady of high rank and higher endowments, on the recent loss of her daughter—a young wife whom to know was to love—"Yes," she said, "it was a great loss indeed, but I knew my dear child would come to me, and I have seen her several times since and conversed with her in sleep, and she is quite happy." O sancta simplicitas! Who would not share a faith so strong and unquestioning as this?

Long ago an old man of the ordinary type, a successful man of business, and a silent member of the House of Commons, recounted to me a recent dream of his own, in which he had conversed with a long dead friend, like himself a man of the world, not certainly of very devout life or eminently successful in keeping the whole moral law. He appeared to have put to him some very searching questions as to his present position in the other world. The answer was, considering the position, moral and intellectual, of the two interlocutors, a very remarkable one. I am

confident that my old friend was absolutely ignorant of all theories, Platonist, Virgilian, or Dantesque, on the weighty subject of which it treated—he never opened any book but his bank-book, and was innocent of all knowledge of the Universalist theories of ultimate Restoration. It was a long and elaborate description of the various steps by which the ascending spirit was purified and made just. There were certain fixed circles one above another, in each of which a certain time had to be spent, longer or shorter in proportion to the deserts of the soul on probation. "I am doing very well now," said the former man of the world, using in the dream the old familiar language of Pall Mall or the City. "I had to begin at the very lowest circle, and have now been there many years, but am shortly to move up to the next." "And our friend X, where is he?" "Oh, he is considerably higher than myself, but he began in a higher circle, and has made far more rapid progress." I forgot the details which gave the number of circles and the time to be spent in each, but the general idea undoubtedly was, that things are very much there what they are here, and that the probationer breathed a not unfamiliar air. But this much was clear, that each spirit had to work out its own salvation by honest work and achievement, while there was no doubt this great difference from our life here, that there was no room there for the typical idle man of the world. I wonder whether this kind of vision is common? It is strange if it is not, considering how many dreamers are filled night and day with attempts to solve the mysteries of which it treats.

Another curious occurrence I have never been able to explain points to the mysteries surrounding our life here! Meeting one day an old friend much in the habit of carrying about with him all sorts of treasures, picked at second-hand book-stalls, musty old first editions, and so forth, he said, holding up a closed envelope, "You will never guess what I have got here." I answered without a moment's pause, and much to my own surprise, "I do know very well. It is a copy of Whately's old riddle, beginning, 'When from the ark's capacious round the world went forth in pairs.'" And, indeed, it turned out that this really was the enclosure. I have no reason to think that I can see further through a millstone or, indeed, a closed envelope than other people. But I think both my friend and myself were a little taken aback by the success of my rapid guess. Guess, indeed, it hardly could have been, so I suppose it must have been thought-transference, a brain-wave, or some equally mysterious process. The incident seems to me all the more strange because of its entire want of significance. To me all these processes are insoluble mysteries, and inconceivable. But so, for that matter, are the dark rays penetrating through opaque bodies, or the wireless messages which are now part of our everyday life.

Here, at any rate, it is a condition of human activity that it should "follow knowledge like a sinking star beyond the utmost bounds of human thought." We must always strive, though our striving be in vain, so far as any distinct assurance goes, to raise the veil which separates us from the unknown. Hardly a glimpse or a sound can we catch as we pass along the old familiar noisy thoroughfare into the great silence beyond. It may be that a fuller knowledge would dry up all the springs of action, and make the waiting soul unfit for its work. Whatever may await us later, here indeed is our first stage of probation, and by our work here we shall be judged. So far as regards our future state, there can be no stronger argument for it than the persistent belief with which unrewarded mankind clings to it age after age. The old Egyptians held it firmly, and it echoes still through the inmost recesses of the Pyramids. It has stained many a blood altar, and fired many a savage funeral pile. It fills many among ourselves with a great hope, and some with perhaps a greater fear. But we cannot rid ourselves of it, and for good or evil, it must always be with us, while we live.

LEWIS MORRIS.

Next week:—"Thrift," by Clementina Black.

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PETROL AND PICTURES.

THE PRIZE DRAWING.

OVERHAULING THE CAMERA.

Although, with the introduction of the modern rapid lenses, photography is quite possible in winter, yet there are still a number of amateurs who, when the dull days come, put their cameras on a shelf and leave them there till summer. After the camera has been put away for a few months it is always wise to inspect it thoroughly, both inside and out, before going out to work. First, expand the bellows to their full extension, and clean them well, both inside and out, getting well into the corners of the folds. First use a small brush to loosen all adhering particles, then a cloth to wipe out the dust, and finally go all over the inside and out with a bit of rag just slightly moist with glycerine. This will lick up the very finest dust particles. Next, if the bellows is inclined to be stiff, or to show signs of cracking, use a little fresh and pure castor oil, and rub it well in and leave in a warm place for twenty-four hours; repeat the dose for a day or two until the leather gets quite pliable. Now examine both ends of the bellows to see if any portion has come away from the wood-work, to which it is usually fastened with glue. If so, have all defects made good. Now examine for pin-holes, cracks, or any other openings admitting light. First put in the lens, cap it, remove the focussing screen, cover the head (but not the camera) with a large tabecloth, and then in strong sunlight turn the camera about in all directions and keep a sharp look out for the slightest ray of light. At first the eyes, being unaccustomed to the absence of light, are not nearly so sensitive as they will be in a minute or two, therefore do not hurry over your inspection, and do not forget that a very slight trace of light may do a great deal of harm to your plate when the dark slide shutter has been drawn and you are waiting to make the exposure. At this end of the camera you are most likely to find light coming in—

- (1) At the junction of the end of bellows and camera front;
- (2) Round the flange;
- (3) Through holes for screws holding the rising front.

Having examined this end of the camera, we must inspect it from the other end. Remove the glasses, etc., of the lens tube, and insert a dark slide, drawing its sliding shutter. If you find the slightest suspicion of light getting in anywhere between the slide and its groove at the back of the camera, it will have to be stopped. Lastly, the bellows itself must receive a careful examination, and any holes found must be made good. If the camera and slides are not light-tight you need not look for good results.

PRESERVING GLOSS ON P.O.P.

It has always been a sore point with me that, however high a gloss I obtained on P.O.P. prints, when they were pasted down on mounts the paste made the gloss suffer. The only effectual remedy was to use slip-in mounts. Recently, in turning over the pages of a photographic journal, I noticed a method of overcoming the above difficulty. The idea seemed good, and I tried it with great success. The following is the method:—Glaze the print in the ordinary way on a ferrotype sheet or plate glass. Mount with mountant, not too liquefied (I can recommend the mountant styled Higgins's Mountant). Press down with the squeegee. Leave prints for a quarter-hour. Now pass them through the household wringer—wooden rollers are preferable—between two thick pieces of cardboard. Between the glossy side and the cardboard insert a sheet of ferrotype plate, just a little larger than the photograph, with the smooth side to the print. The result will surprise anyone trying it.

THE PROBLEM OF POWER TRANSMISSION.

From the time of the first appearance of the motor-bicycle, one of the biggest problems the manufacturer has had to solve is the best method of transmitting the maximum power of the motor to the driving wheel of the machine with the minimum loss



Drawn by H. S. Wheeler, Cheltenham.

of power through friction, stretching, etc. Several methods have been advocated. Most motor-bicycle makers favour the belt as the means of transmission. There are three forms of belts employed—(1) The round twisted hide belt; (2) the flat belt; (3) the built-up V section belt. Each of these can claim advantages. The round belt is very easy to adjust, and is very suitable for machines up to 1½-h.p. Above that power they are not strong enough. The flat belt is coming largely into favour, especially on machines of French manufacture. Given a 1½-in. Dicks's belt, dressed occasionally with castor oil, a better drive cannot be wished for. One of these flat belts has been running on my machine for five months without giving the slightest trouble. The built-up V section belt has been widely adopted in England. The best known of these belts is the

"Lincona," which consists of three strips of leather of great strength, rivetted together with copper wire, and cut into V section. Although I have seen a few of these belts which appeared to be wearing very badly, yet the makers have received hundreds of testimonials from customers praising the belt. A few leading English manufacturers have adopted chain-driving, with limited success. It remained for an enterprising American to combine belt and chain. He encloses a chain in leather, which is cut to fit the usual V section pulleys. The maker claims that the belt gives a perfect drive, never slips, and is absolutely non-stretching. One of these appliances has been run on a machine for 2,000 miles, and so far bears out all the inventor claims for it. I think that the efficiency of the drive depends to a large extent on the position of the motor.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 115

SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1903.

THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE, CHELTENHAM.

To-night, "ALONE IN LONDON."

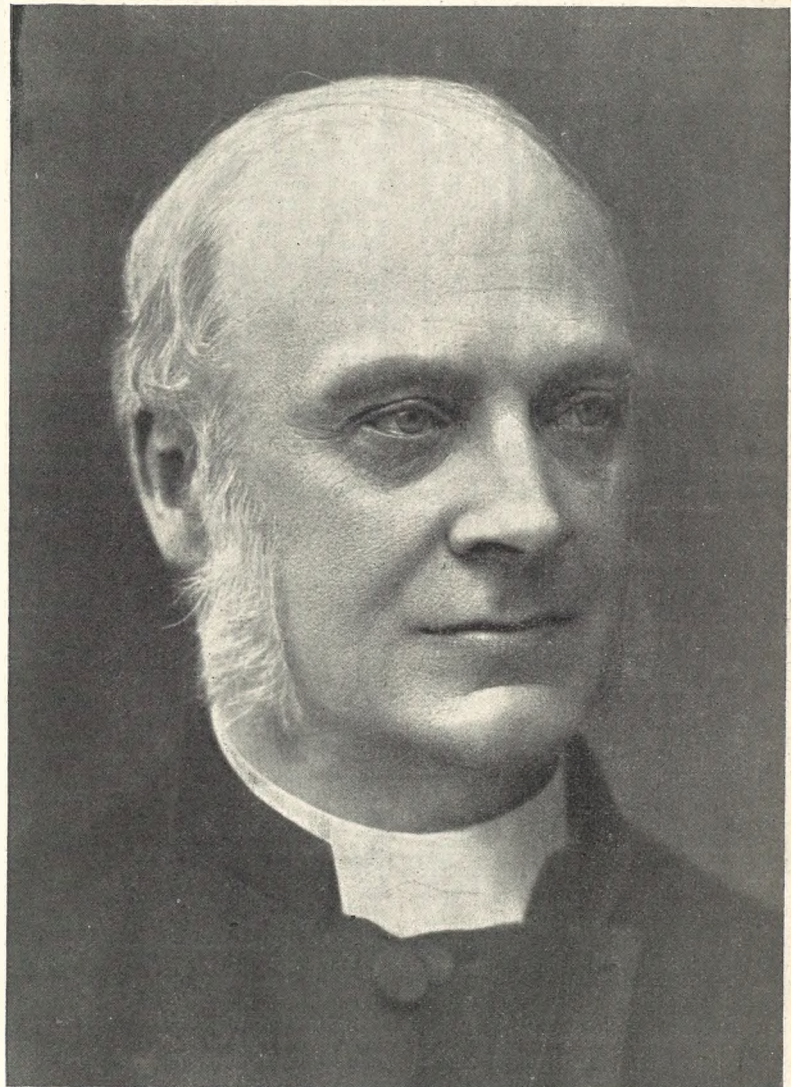
Next week, first time in Cheltenham, the new Comedy,

"THE BISHOP'S MOVE."

THE ENRICHED EARL OF ELLESMERE.

When the clock struck twelve at noon on Sunday the Earl of Ellesmere became one of the richest men in Great Britain. The story is most interesting, extending considerably over a hundred years, the fact above mentioned being the result of the stipulation in the third and last Duke of Bridgewater's will that all his canal properties and all development thereof subsequent to his death should be held under the Bridgewater Trust and nursed until one hundred years exactly from the day of his death, when they were to descend to the rightful heir. The will was a most elaborate document of great interest, and is now among the nation's collection of historical MSS. at the British Museum. In recalling the circumstances, the "Morning Advertiser" traces the history of the birth of the canal, and says that the lucky heir is Francis Charles Granville-Egerton, third Earl of Ellesmere, who lives at Worsley Hall, Manchester, and at Bridgewater House, London, with two other country seats. He already owns 13,000 acres. He has written novels, plays cricket, owns racehorses, is an excellent shot, and is in his fifty-eighth year. The peculiar provision under which he becomes so wealthy is, of course, not unique. Only recently a will was contested in Russia, one of the provisions of which was that 2,500 roubles were to be handed over after 120 years to the heir. A certain Frau Lissner, of Jews'-street, in Posen, left her estate to her children "after 100 years" had elapsed. But probably under the Thellusson Act such a bequest might not now be lawful in England.

The transporting of salmon would seem easy enough to the man who has not tried to take a live salmon a hundred miles journey; but, says a writer in the "St. James's Gazette," Dr. Buckland has shown us how exciting a time he had in conveying one from Worcester to London, procuring fresh water at every stoppage where there was time for half a dozen porters to carry the tank to the nearest tap, or shouting at the station from his carriage window, "A shilling for a bucket of water!" At length Paddington was reached with the fish three parts dead, and only the turning on of the fire-tap for twenty minutes revived the salmon. Even on the drive through the streets Dr. Buckland had to stop for fresh water at a cabman's stand, and the arrival at the sturgeon's pond at the Zoo, in the light from the lantern, was the end of one of the most exciting incidents in a life which never knew one moment of dulness.



Rev. George Despard, M.A.,

LATE VICAR OF ST. LUKE'S, CHELTENHAM.

DIED MARCH 3, 1903.

Photo by Norman May and Co., Ltd., Cheltenham.

The Municipal Council of Rome has at the instance of the Communal Junta, and with every demonstration of enthusiasm, conferred on Signor Marconi the title of "Roman citizen."

The Miners' Federation of Lancashire and Cheshire have declared, by a great majority, on a ballot, in favour of a strike in aid of the South Wales miners if the latter strike to secure their demands.

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THRIFT.By CLEMENTINA BLACK.
(Author of "Princess Désiree," etc.).

The subject of thrift is too vast to be dealt with at large in anything less than a volume. The present article will confine itself to the consideration of thrift as it concerns the working classes. Before entering upon the question of actual money saving, it will be well, perhaps, to touch on the point of early marriage, in regard to which the better-off are apt somewhat unjustly to reproach their poorer brethren. It is patent to the observation of everybody that working men marry earlier than professional or business men, and as it is also a general matter of belief and conduct in professional and business circles that early marriages are imprudent, it is taken for granted that the average workman, by marrying early, shows himself an improvident person. But the conditions are dissimilar. The market value of the average middle-class man is probably highest after 40, certainly after 30. The market value of the average workman, on the other hand, decreases after 40, and in a vast number of cases is as high at 22 as it will ever be. Therefore, while the middle-class man is, in a financial sense, prudent in deferring marriage till 30 or thereabouts, the workman would be foolish, indeed, to delay the birth of his children until within ten years or so of his own decline in market value. The workman who desires, like the middle-class man, that the infancy and schooltime of his children shall coincide with his own period of greatest prosperity, should marry—as in fact he does—between the age of 20 and 24. Then by the time that the father begins to experience a difficulty in getting comparatively well paid employment, the elder children at least will be of an age to earn for themselves. It should be remembered, too, that workpeople as a class die younger than people who are better off, so that a bricklayer, married at 20, and a barrister, married at 30, have about even chances of seeing the manhood of their eldest sons—another reason why the former is wise to marry early if at all. Early marriages, then, whether improvident or no in the case of middle-class bridegrooms and brides, are not improvident in the case of working people—unless, indeed, it be contended that it is improvident to marry at all—a contention fraught with rather alarming possibilities to the future of the race.

SHOULD WORKING PEOPLE SAVE?

Leaving marriage, and proceeding to consider the matter of direct money saving, we find ourselves confronted by two questions: (1) Do working people save? (2) is it wise for them to save?

In answer to the first question, the existence of vast numbers of insurance companies, benefit societies and clubs, large and small, solvent and insolvent, goes to show that working men and women in large numbers do save. Out of a pretty wide experience, I can call to mind hardly one working-class household in which no member contributed to some form of organised thrift. The trade union, the benefit club, the "Prudential," the Foresters, the Oddfellows, the innumerable lesser societies, with strange names and stranger banners, entirely unknown to the ordinary middle-class person, all live upon the weekly pence of the workman and workwoman. In most of them the expenses of management are proportionately higher, and the return for payments less than in insurance companies, demanding higher subscriptions from wealthier clients. Even so it is generally said that the larger societies could not remain solvent but for the number of members who annually lapse, leaving behind them their contributions and ceasing to possess any claims; while the lesser societies are continually breaking up and leaving their contributors empty-handed. No, it cannot be maintained that working people do not save, though it may be sadly questioned whether their savings are, or possibly can be, large enough to make any sort of effectual provision for sickness or old age; while it is unfortunately beyond all question that they

often get a poor return or none for their savings.

This being so, we are driven to consider whether it really pays the poorer working man or woman to save at all. It pays, of course, to put by a small sum weekly towards the purchase of good boots, a warm coat, or coals at the cheaper season; but, out a wage of twenty to thirty shillings, is it wise or foolish to pay tenpence, or even sixpence, a week in an attempt to make provision for the future? It is now a good many years since an old Scotchman of great intelligence and judgment, the secretary of his trade union, a member of the municipal council, and justly respected by his fellow townsmen of various ranks, gave me his opinion.

A FIRST-HAND OPINION.

He related to me how, as a young man, he had accompanied a benevolent gentleman to a lecture upon thrift, and how, as they afterwards walked away, the gentleman waxed eloquent on the duty of every man to lay by. But my old friend, canny even at five-and-twenty or so, replied that he was a married man with two children, that his earnings were two pounds a week, that, if he spent less, either his children must go short of what was necessary to make them strong, healthy, and well trained, or he himself must go short of what was necessary to maintain his efficiency, and that, in his belief, the best form of thrift for a man in his position was to maintain the highest standard of living which his small total income would secure. In his case the plan had fully succeeded. He was, I suppose, well over sixty, as hale, active, and as much interested in the progress of the world as any man of thirty, and a most valuable citizen. His children had both grown up healthy, capable, and industrious; both were regularly employed and in receipt of good wages. But supposing—and his trade was one reputed unhealthy—that the father had died, leaving a widow and young children unprovided for? We may note that his chance of doing so was lessened by his being better fed and clothed than his more sparing neighbour. Still, death is liable to seize even the best nourished, and the most fitly clothed; he might have died long before his children had completed their excellent education or become capable of self-support. Even in that case, however, would these orphans, in whom a foundation had been laid of good health and good teaching, have been really worse off than if, with a poorer endowment of personal acquirements, they had inherited the money pittance—so sadly inadequate at best—that their father might have scraped together in his few years of life? For how miserably small is the provision than can, even with the utmost exercise of parsimony, be made out a wage of two pounds a week! Moreover, many industrious and respectable fathers of families, even in costly London, earn no more than thirty shillings, or even twenty-five. Out of such wages they do save; they save, indeed, in proportion, more largely than persons having thrice their income; but they do not succeed in providing for their widows and orphans, nor for old age; nor is it possible that they should do so. In their inevitably inadequate efforts to make such provision, however, they too often deny themselves the absolute essentials of healthy living. To abstain from buying new shoes in order to make provision for possible old age and then to die of pneumonia induced by want of sound shoes is but a doubtful form of thrift, both for oneself and one's nation. The interests of the nation in particular are certainly better served by the maintenance among working-class families of the highest attainable standard of life than by the accumulation of very small individual provision for possible orphans or possible old age. Even two pounds a week, alas, will not suffice (except in remote country districts—where no man earns so much) to provide super-excellent housing, clothing, and food for four people; and the working-class family does not often consist of no more than four. The present cost of thrift—as thrift is generally understood—is too heavy, and the future return too light; and the wise man is not he who saves his money, but he who spends it to the best advantage.

WHAT IS THE MOST ADVANTAGEOUS WAY OF SPENDING A WORKMAN'S WAGES?

The practice of our Scotch exemplar answers the question. He spent his income primarily in keeping his whole family in good physical condition, and in giving to the younger members the best preparation he could for the future. He further perceived that without the organised support of his fellow workers he was powerless to prevent his two pounds a week from being reduced to something less. He therefore contributed to his trade union both money and time, and later in life, when, as its secretary, he was no longer bound to such rigid hours of work, gave further time and thought to the service of the great manufacturing town in which he dwelt. He would, I feel sure, have maintained that all these exercises of public spirit were not only a fulfilment of personal duty, but also a form of enlightened thrift—a part of that system of keeping up a high standard of living which he consistently practised and occasionally preached. The man who so spends and so lives is truly thrifty; and his thrift does not merely advantage himself at the cost of his class and his country; on the contrary, every man so living makes it easier for every other man to come up to the same level. To help in preventing—by trade combination—the lowering of wages is a truer form of thrift than to pay into a savings bank, and a wisely ordered trade union is the working man's best insurance.

But though to keep wages from falling is always advantageous to the household treasury, it by no means follows that every apparent addition to wages really adds to wealth. Many a wife and mother, by going out to work or taking work at home (with the best possible motives and the utmost self-devotion) is in fact injuring instead of promoting the prosperity of her family and her class. There are trades in which, the men's wages being low, the women have gone to work beside their husbands and the children beside their parents, with the disastrous result that the family instead of the man has become the industrial unit, and the work of all is given for little or no larger remuneration than was formerly received for the work of the father alone.

THE WRONG DONE IN SENDING CHILDREN TO WORK.

A peculiarly baneful form of thrift, largely practised by industrious and careful parents, as well as by those who are neither industrious nor careful, consists in setting their children to work for wages very early in life. While still at school the boy or girl will be sent to regular work before or after school hours—and sometimes both before and after. The last year or two at school, so valuable when the period of schooling is short, are more or less wasted owing to the over-fatigued condition of the child. Moreover, these are precisely the years of early adolescence, in which any sort of strain is so especially pernicious. A boy of from ten to thirteen will earn at the outside half-a-crown a week—often not a shilling—at the cost of becoming a less efficient worker to the extent of five shillings a week or more, his life long. Nowhere among our short-sighted human dealings can be found a more flagrant example of that wastefulness which the French proverb stigmatises as "eating one's wheat as grass." The really thrifty course in regard to children is, on the other hand, to keep them learning as long as possible, and to let them begin earning late in order that they may earn largely. Much of the misery existing in Great Britain would be removed or alleviated if all parents who can possibly afford to do so would keep their children at school until they were over fourteen, and take care that their schooling was followed by one, two, or three years of real trade training. This country is full of amateurs in every department from the House of Commons to the casual ward. In the world of industrial competition amateur work means, for the individual, an insecure footing, and, for the nation, a loss of prosperity. England's real want of foresight shows itself in the degree to which all of us, rich and poor, fail to train

ourselves and our children for the business of life, and neglect that best conceivable investment of capital which increases value. The value of the workman lies in his health, his personal character, his intelligence, and his knowledge of his trade. To improve or establish any of these is true thrift; to leave them poor or to risk injury to them is to be in the truest sense thriftless. The nation in which such thriftlessness continues to be common—as, alas, it is to-day in England—must gradually grow poorer, however large its empire, and however numerous the hoards cherished in stocking feet by its workers.

CLEMENTINA BLACK.

Next Week: "The Up-to-Date Jap," by Clive Holland.

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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 113th competition is Mr. Fred Littley, of "Holditch," Naunton-road, Cheltenham, with his Stonehenge 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 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 24th competition is Mr. J. A. Probert, of 8 Brighton-road, Cheltenham, with his drawings of "Ye Olde Well."

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 sixth competition is Mrs. Brooke, 6 Queen's-villas, Cheltenham, for the report of Canon McCormick's 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.

Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, according to the "New York Journal," has filed plans for a museum to be built of marble next door to his New York residence, in which he will collect the art treasures on which he has spent \$10,000,000 in the past twenty years. They are at present scattered in London, Paris, and various places in Italy and Greece.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

We shall not have very long to wait now to know the fate of the Stroud District and Cheltenham Tramway Bill before the Parliamentary Committees. That it will be opposed, as it was before the Commissioners at Gloucester, chiefly by the Great Western and Midland Railway Companies, there is no doubt; but it is satisfactory that the Parliamentarians will not have their hands tied by the Light Railways Act, and will, therefore, be able to deal with the Bill on its merits, which was not possible before. I can only reiterate my hope that it will be successful, and that in the course of a year or two close and rapid communication via new routes will be established between Cheltenham and Stroud and Gloucester. I have confidence in the County Council safeguarding the interests of the Stroud and Cheltenham scheme to the extent of securing a necessary and fair working agreement between the owners of that line and of the connecting one authorised to be made out from Gloucester to it at Brockworth. The County Council undoubtedly hold the key of the situation, and it is well that the Gloucester Corporation have at last recognised this and have adopted a more reasonable and conciliatory attitude towards their neighbours. It really looks as if a *modus vivendi* were going to be arranged between the two authorities. I trust that Mr. T. A. Neyins will soon have his handy men at work on the extensions of the Cheltenham Light Railway to Charlton Kings and Leckhampton, and I believe that the necessary way to facilitate this is for the local authorities to consent to that gentleman's proposal to lay granite sets in lieu of the patent bricks, which experience has proved to him to be more costly and less durable than the other material, in addition to being decidedly dirty.

On the face of it £150 per annum for the secretary to the Education Committee for the borough of Cheltenham seems very small as compared with the £750 which the Gloucestershire County Council are giving to their corresponding official. But the essential qualifications in the latter case are not specified in the former one; besides, the Cheltenham official will not have anything like so large an oversight of schools as the other, and, moreover, he will not be required to deal with the administration of secondary education. Despite the comparative smallness of the salary, I believe there will be no lack of candidates—good, bad, or indifferent. There must be many suitable persons in this town ready and willing to take up work like this and thus add to their fixed incomes. Still, I hope that, other things being equal, the appointment will go to a man who has not a pension or private means to rely on. I observe that a Gloucester schoolmaster has called attention in print to a very serious loss that the Voluntary schools of that city will sustain through the "City Fathers" deferring the taking up the work under the Act till September 30th. He points out that the aid grant to be lost for the six months would be £472 10s., whereas the new grant in lieu of this would be £1,890, or a net gain of £1,417 10s. After deducting 10d. per head, the share apportioned to the kind of maintenance of the school buildings for which the local authority will eventually be responsible, he estimates that the sum remaining (£1,260) would be more than sufficient to raise the salaries of all the teachers to the level of the scale of the School Board. His letter has been unanswered, and with good reason, too, for it is unanswerable. Unfortunately, those who rule the roost now are not enamoured of Voluntary schools. I think this is a case in which the Board of Education ought to antedate the scheme.

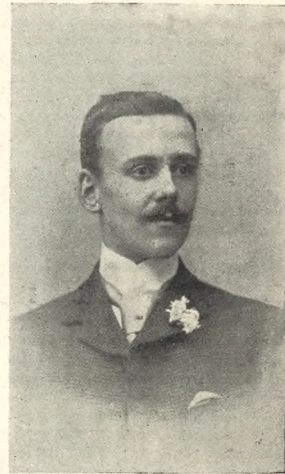
I had been looking forward to the field-day, or sham battle, between local Volunteers that was to have come off last Saturday afternoon up Battledown way, and I cannot understand the fixture being countermanded on account of the weather. There was certainly a little rain, and it might have been dirty under

foot, but surely our horse and foot Volunteers could have stood that trifling discomfort? At all events, a certain newspaper has to be con- doloed with for having been "too previous" in announcing that the field day came off, though it was correct in saying "the weather was stormy and the ground heavy."

GLEANER.

PRESENTATION TO A CHELTONTIAN IN SHEFFIELD.

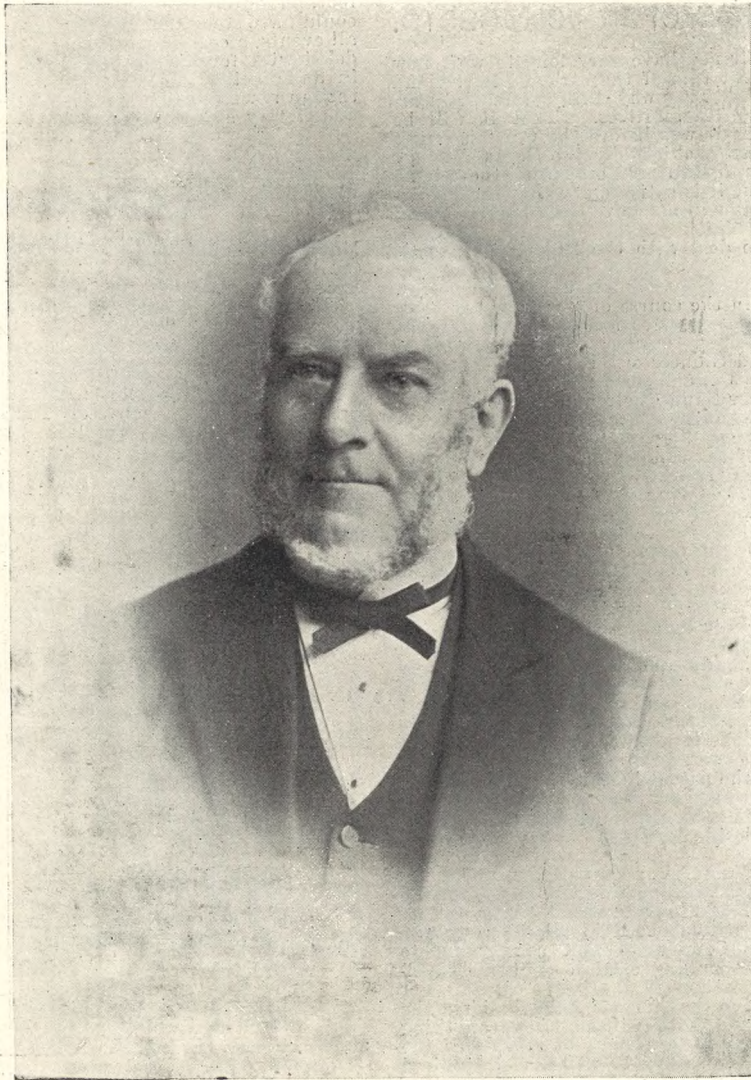
An interesting event took place on Tuesday, March 3rd, at the Queen's-road Goods Station (M.R.), Sheffield, in a presentation to Mr. Frank V. Thornton (grandson of Mr. B. Fielder, market gardener, of Cheltenham), on his leaving this country for Assinaboia, Canada. The presentation consisted of an illuminated address, sportsman knife, silver-mounted pipe, and tobacco. The address was a work of art, of a very pleasing and artistic design, being framed complete. The presentation was made by Head-Shunter C. H. Marsh, who wished Mr. Thornton good luck and God-speed in his new sphere of labour. Mr. Thornton replied in a very touching speech, thanking Mr. Marsh on behalf of the subscribers for the beautiful presents.



KING LEWANIKA'S RETURN.

A special correspondent of the Press Association sends from Liaevi, the capital of Barotseland, an interesting description of the return to his kingdom of King Lewanika. He writes:—"After four months' continual travelling King Lewanika, the Paramount Chief of Barotseland, who was a guest at King Edward's Coronation, has arrived here from London. He was accompanied by Lieutenant-Colonel Harding, who was attached to him during his stay in England. For some time past the people had been daily expecting Lewanika's return, and owing to his non-arrival the opinion was gaining ground that he would never come back. When, therefore, it was announced that the Chief was actually near, the enthusiasm and excitement of the natives was unbounded. Thousands of Barotsi, Valovala, Mabunda, and other tribes assembled to welcome the King on his return to life, and the scene that ensued on his appearance will be chronicled as one of the greatest events of Barotsi history. He was met by the Commissioner, escorted by a force of Barotsi native police. Lewanika, who expressed himself as greatly gratified with his visit to England, will retain his old associations, customs, and habits, and will not introduce into his country any of those spurious reforms so often, politically and socially, disastrous, which are apt to follow on brief visits of native chiefs to centres of civilisation."

A letter, signed by both George Washington and his wife Martha, has just been sold by auction at Philadelphia for one thousand one hundred and fifty dollars. It is believed to be unique.



MR. JAMES DICKS,

A WELL-KNOWN BUSINESS MAN OF CHELTENHAM.

DIED MARCH 7, 1903.

Photo by P. L. Parsons, Cheltenham.

Tour of Our Churches.

ALL SAINTS', EVESHAM.

It is an extraordinary thing that inhabitants of the neighbourhood should be able to talk with truth of two churches in one churchyard, and a tower without a church," and point out that this congested state of ecclesiastical buildings may be seen at Evesham.

I cycled there on Sunday last and attended evening service at All Saints' Church. This is an interesting building, and well repays a visit. From the Market Place you walk through Abbot Reginald's recently-restored Norman gateway into the churchyard, and thence through the fine old Abbot Lichfield's western entrance porch into All Saints' Church. The sacred pile is of a composite order of architecture. Some portions are Norman, such as the western doorway, though the porch itself is said to be of the Tudor period, as is also the southern chapel. The nave, tower, and other portions are thought to have been erected in the 14th century. The chancel was rebuilt at a restoration of the church in 1876, and is somewhat of a dwarfed character, necessitating for such a large church a rather small east window. This window is filled with some good stained

glass; but, whilst speaking of the windows, the most noticeable is one in the southern chantry, erected to the memory of a late vicar. The design—one of the Prophets in each of the five lights, surmounting scenes of local events—is bold, the colours are splendid without being gorgeous, and the window is really well worth looking at. Near here is the small "Chapel of our Lady and St. Egwin," commonly called the "Licheld Chapel," from its being the burial place of the abbot of that name. It has a beautiful fan-tracery roof of the time of Henry VIII. The church has a good old font, and the pulpit is a modern one, handsomely carved in stone.

The ritual at All Saints' is, or has been—I don't think the present vicar is so ritualistic as the late one—rather high. Over the altar one sees the Sacred Lamp continually burning. The fine surpliced choir marched to their places, followed by the clergy, whilst a soft voluntary was played on the organ, the congregation all standing the while. The curate read the opening exhortations, prayers, and responses, and the whole were nicely intoned. Whenever the Gloria was said or sung all turned to the east. The Psalms were very nicely chanted, but I was rather struck with the lively tune used for the second psalm, "Like as the hart." It contains quite a penitential story, and I have generally heard

it sung to a minor chant, especially in the Lenten season. A layman, a member of the choir, read the lessons in a good voice. After the first lesson, hymn 491, "Pain would I, Lord of Grace," was sung, and then followed the Magnificat, to a rather good setting, the men and boys alternately singing several of the verses. The later hymns sung were 534, 190, 263, and 464 A. and M.

The vicar took for his text St. Mark vi., 47, "The ship was in the midst of the sea." He said the safest plan with a ship in a storm on the seashore was to make for the open sea; so when troubles beset the Church, the best plan was to steer straight to the goal, drive the ship for all she was worth to the open sea. He believed in the *via media*—the true medium. He did not agree with Conservatism that stuck to everything of old growth, or to Radicalism that would sweep away all the things of the State. The English branch of the Holy Catholic Church kept to the golden mean; she avoided the rocks and the shores, and steered for the open sea. The extremes were represented by the Roman Catholics on the one hand and Dissenters on the other. The Pope was claimed to be absolutely immaculate; Dissent allowed every license, and was consequently broken up into hundreds of separate sects. They had liberty in the Church of England, a Church governed by Bishops, themselves bound by the laws of the Church which they governed. The preacher dwelt on the two extreme views in relation to the Immaculate Conception, Purgatory, and Confession. Rome said they must confess, Dissent said they must not; the Church of England stepped in and said, "We have it; you may use it or not. There is no compulsion." It was wonderful how little Church people knew about their Prayer Book—a book which told them a stirring history of some 350 years, and of the struggles of the leaders of their Church. The Church revived from the Reformation, but not without some loss. They might find in the Book of Common Prayer some things they would not desire, and they sought for something they would like to have; and yet, considering the times through which the Church passed, it was a wonderful record of its work. In that book they would find full information on discipline, doctrine, and ritual, the three great departments of spiritual life. The Church was not perfect—nothing on earth was perfect. To be perfect, without a flaw, was a vision of heaven, the future hope of those on earth. The preacher prayed that steadily pursuing their way, all might help to maintain their Church, that precious heritage handed down to them from time immemorial.

Evesham has a good way of securing early attendance. There is a notice in the porch that all seats are free ten minutes before the service commences. Consequently seat-holders come in good time, and on Sunday evening the seats were practically all filled a considerable time before the choir and clergy took their places.

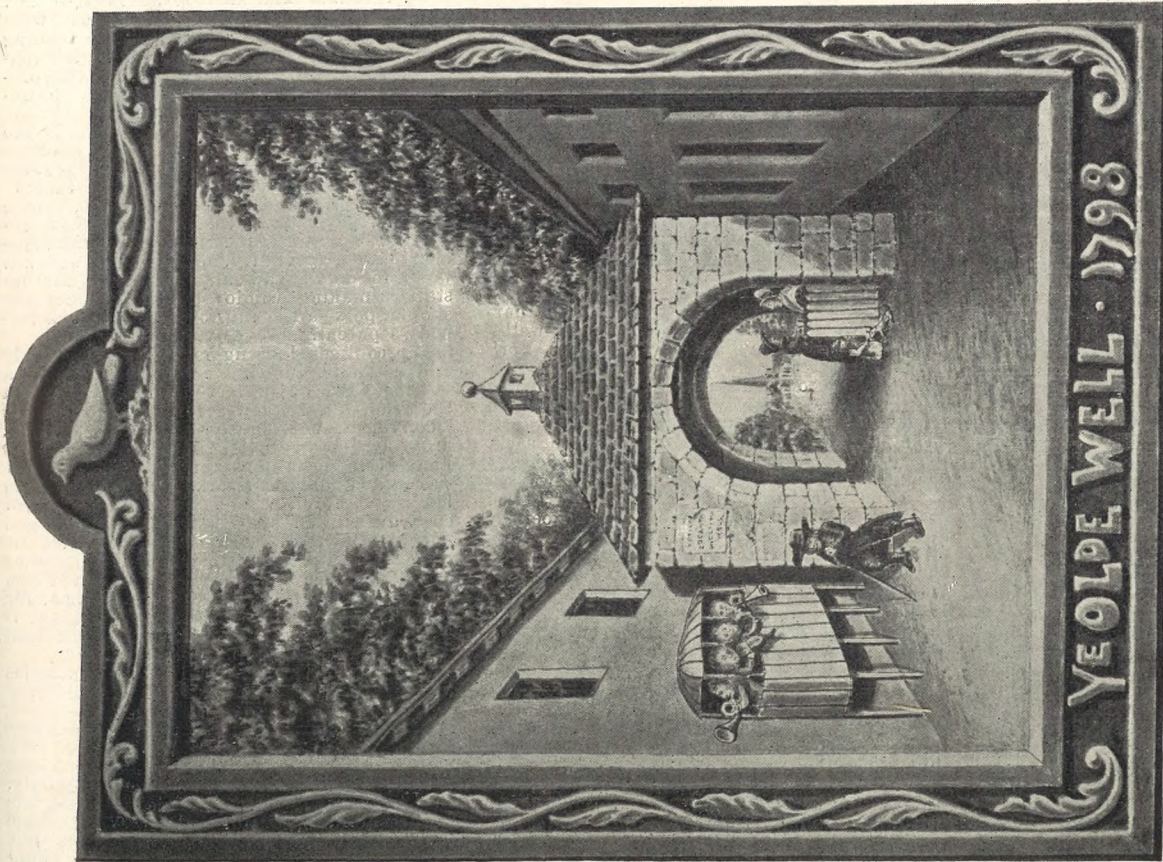
CHURCHMAN.

HUMOROUS ENTOMOLOGY.

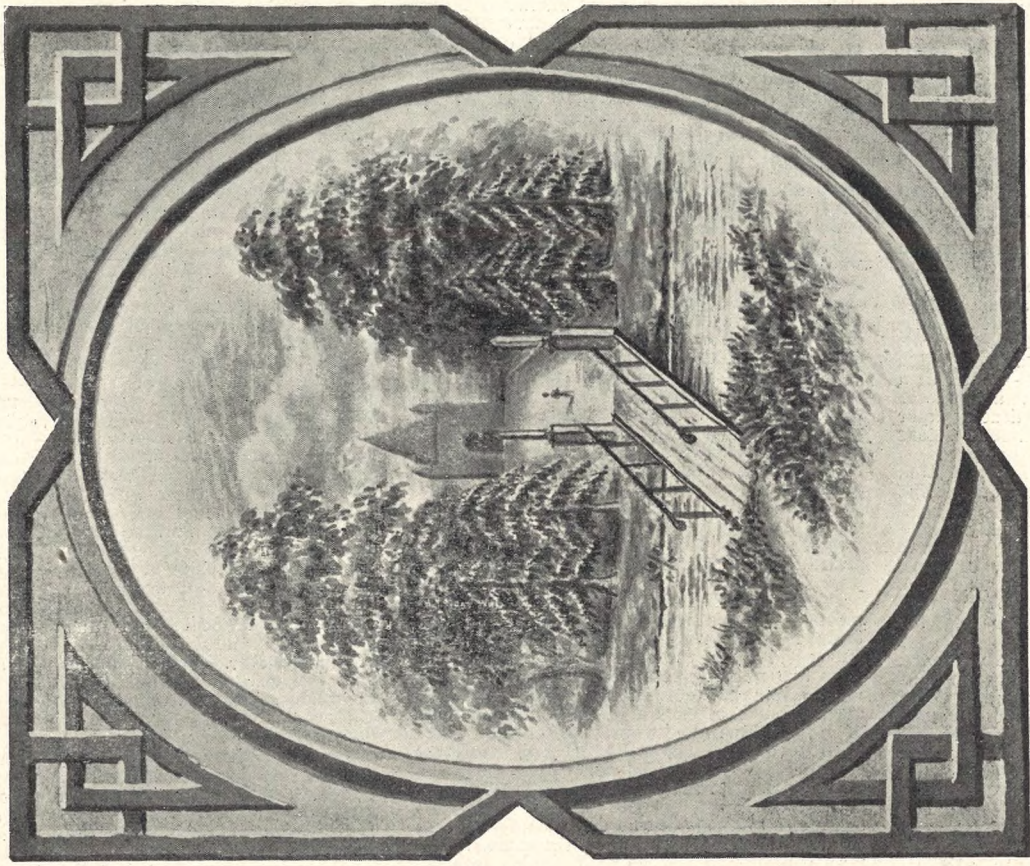
Herr Schumann, an entomologist, of Berne, with a fancy for the grotesque side of things, has succeeded in making a remarkable demonstration of what can be done in the training even of—bugs. Herr Schumann has provided himself with a perfect toy reproduction, in gold, silver, and platinum, of Krupp's 50-ton hammer at Essen, the mass of 200 tons being represented by a weight of 3½ centigrammes. This is worked by a team of the unsavoury insects already mentioned. At a given signal insect No. 1 emerges from his cage and raises the lever, which throws up the hammer, insects 2 and 3 place on the anvil a "bar" of iron fine as the filament of a spider's web, down comes the hammer, and work is over.

The Board of Trade have awarded bronze medals for gallantry in saving life at sea and a sum of £2 each to ten fishermen, and a sum of £2 each to six other fishermen of the village of Whinnwold, Aberdeenshire, in recognition of their services in rescuing the crew of the steamship *Xenia*, of Copenhagen, which stranded on Cruden Scaurs on Feb. 1.

OUR PRIZE DRAWINGS.



The drawing of Ye Olde Well, Cheltenham, depicts it as it was prior to 1800. The view is looking North towards the Parish Church. The building on the right or East side was the pump-room, with a room for extracting the Salts. The water was dispensed by Mrs. Forty, who held that position for over forty years. The visitors at that time usually took their own glasses or cups. The band played in the "Grand Stand" from 7.30 to 9.0 o'clock every morning, and it was supported by voluntary contributions. The water seems to have exhilarated the old spurred gentleman.



EARLIER DAYS OF THE WELL.

THROUGH ENGLAND IN RAGS.

AN AMATEUR VAGRANT'S
EXPERIENCES OF ROAD LIFE.
TRAMPS' INDUSTRIES AND WORK-
SHOPS.
WAYS AND WILES OF LICENSED
BEGGARS.

There is not, to my thinking, a single phase of Road life more fascinating—more amusing, instructive, and rich in human interest—than vagrants' industries. I had plenty of opportunities of following one or other of them myself, but for several reasons I could only study them with an eye to "copy."

I might, for instance, have gone "tattening" or rag-collecting, since a man I met at Wakefield initiated me in all the mysteries of that calling. He advised me to work a "lucky bag," the stock-in-trade for which swindle consists of some "swag"—such as a few balls and other toys and a monster stick of rock—and about two dozen paper hats, some pins and needles, and some sticks of toffee.

When a child, attracted by the toys, etc., brings some rags or other acceptable material, the "tatter" gives her a half-penny or a draw from the "lucky bag." The latter is usually the reward, and the prize secured is invariably a row of pins, three needles, or a paper hat. The toys are never drawn, for the simple reason that there are no tickets in the bag for them.

But this is not the only way the wretched "tatter" deludes confiding and innocent children. He tells them he will give them a stick of toffee if they will fetch some rags, and, having stowed them away in his cart, breaks the rock in half and says, "Which will you have—the thick or the thin part?" Or he shows a child a ball, with a promise that he will give it her for a pair of old boots, and when she returns with a pair he remarks, "Oh, I can't give it to you for them; they're only a small pair," and hands the child a bit of toffee.

The "tatter" assured me that in districts where the "lucky bag" was not known, a man could make 3s. 6d. or 4s. a day by working it. In Yorkshire, he said, cotton rags were worth 1d. per lb., and woollen, 2d.; boots, 2d. a pair; clogs, about 3d.; and old copper kettles, 6d. or 8d. each. When I left the lodging-house he was making "cocked hats" out of travellers' patterns of wall-papers.

Again, I might have become a "gutter merchant" in Nottingham, and sold lavender in 1d. packets. For an outlay of 5½d.—½lb. of lavender, 2½d.; scent, to "liven it up," 1d.; and envelopes, 2d.—I was promised a return of 8s. or 9s.

Then I had a chance of hawking, of which I saw a great deal. In the lodging-house where I stopped while in Leicester was a spectacle vendor who was busily engaged all the day in putting together his wares. He was versed in all the tricks of his trade. Somebody pointed out that in one frame, intended for an old man, he had put odd glasses.

"I know that," said the spectacle hawker, "but if I don't make him see a little bit with one eye or the other, I shall lose the order."

The glasses sold by itinerant "oculists," I afterwards discovered, cost 1½d., 2d., or 2½d. per pair, while they often sell for 3s. and sometimes for more.

At Maidstone I amused myself for a long time by covertly watching a "couple" (I adopt the lodging-house term) with two children. The man was obviously a "dry-land sailor;" but, as he was not a cripple, I inferred that he did a little begging while hawking the nets and knitting-needles which he was making in the house. His offspring, however, rather puzzled me. They were both girls, aged respectively four and ten years. They were as vicious as males, and as artful; and yet neither of them dropped the baby-talk in which she had evidently been carefully tutored—"mummy dear," "daddy dear," and so on. It was a triumph of training. But when, after elaborate preparations—the father rubbed a lump of

butter, left from breakfast, into his hair, following it with a top-dressing of lard—the four went out together on business, I felt confident that the girls were part of what is called the "swag," which means both stock-in-trade and something intended to touch the hearts of the charitable.

I was right, but not altogether right; for in passing through Tonbridge a week later I saw the "dry-land sailor" doubled up in an extraordinary posture on the ground, with his family gathered round him, and with a card in front of him setting forth that he was a cripple owing to his having been frost-bitten while engaged in whale fishery. As I have said, the man was quite sound in limb.

Ordinary hawkers ought really to be classed as beggars licensed by the State. They nearly all "mouch" for food at least, and you will not find one in fifty who makes any secret of the fact.

"I've got my bible (package), but I call myself a 'moucher' (beggar)," said a Yorkshire hawker whom I met at Barnsley. "My 'stiff' (license) keeps me right. It's worth five shillin's a year to me for the fun I have with it with the 'coppers' (police)."

Another fellow told me that at Woolwich, which he called "a rattling good place," he "took one and fourpence out of two streets, and dropped (sold) only six sheets of note-paper."

I quite believe this. I would believe almost any statement of the kind—particularly in regard to women hawkers. Many times did I see these feminine beggars (for they are nothing less), enter lodging-houses with their baskets packed with food and clothes, and often did I hear them boast of having swindled servants, and of their ability to draw the last farthing from the occupier of an almshouse.

When hawkers do sell, their profits are enormous. Take, for example, some of the commonest of the wares they vend—such as combs, mohair laces, and almanacks. A man confided to me that his combs, retailed at 4d. and 6d., cost 2d. each; that his laces he bought at 1s. and 1s. 11d. per gross, and sold at two pairs for 1½d. and 1d. per pair respectively; and that the wholesale price of his almanacks was 4½d. a dozen, though if he ordered a double gross he could get them for 4d. A woman confirmed these figures, adding that that morning she had sold to a servant two plain combs on which her profit was 11½d.

Keeping up the stock is the principal difficulty which hawkers experience. Many consequently undertake a few weeks' field-work in the summer. They go fruit or pea picking, hop, strawberry, or potato gathering, bean cutting, turnip hoeing, haymaking, grain reaping or threshing, in all which industries, and many others of a like nature, thousands of tramps are, as everybody knows, employed casually. I met hundreds who had been engaged in one or other harvest. Two in particular I remember well—a clerk and an upholsterer. Outside York they turned into a field of peas, the remuneration offered for picking which was 10d. a sack. After working hard for three hours they threw up the job in disgust. They had then gathered only half a sack, and were entitled to no more than 5d.

I myself was twice offered field work—once outside East Grinstead, where I was asked if I would do some turnip hoeing; the second time in Tunbridge Wells, a Burwash farmer wanting me to do a fortnight's haymaking at 2s. 6d. a day, with "hopping" to follow.

With the money earned in the fields, however, hawkers buy sufficient stock to carry them through the winter.

Great as are the profits of individuals who vend small wares, they contrast poorly with those of men who sell so-called "ballads," by which is meant, in general, not those topical ditties of the Catnach Press variety, but "popular songs of the day." A man whom I lodged with at Birmingham went in for this sort of thing. He convulsed me with a graphic account of the agonies he underwent in learning "Molly and I and the Baby." Briefly, his "pal," who was an A1 scholar, got the thing off in ten

minutes, but him—well there, being as how he was no scholar, an old woman had to keep repeating it to him for a fortnight before he could get it off.

A gross of ballads, he said, could be bought for 2s., and, if the song was a good one, heaps of money could be made. A friend of his took 6s. 3d. in two streets with the ditty concerning the famous trio before mentioned. Years ago he and a couple of others had three "ballads"—"My Grandfather's Clock," "Home Once More," and a song on the death of the Prince Imperial—that proved a regular gold mine. They could always calculate on taking £1 on a Saturday.

Singing suggests blowing, the road term for playing a wind instrument as a means of livelihood. I came across some remarkable itinerant musicians; but the oddest by a long way was a character who carried a guitar which he had made himself, and the body of which was a superannuated bloater.

All the foregoing industries are necessarily of a more or less precarious character. The only thing of which those who follow them are certain is uncertainty. But of all the shifts for gaining a living on the road none is attended with more hardships and more incertitude than those which depend on robbing Nature—I mean fern, herb, and wild flower gathering, making rush whips, picking nuts and blackberries, and the like.

I met at Leicester a man who had come out of London, and who was tramping into Derbyshire in search of a particular medicinal herb. Another individual of the same class was at Loughborough. He came into the lodging-house with a ticket from the casual ward, which was full, and he was one of the most wretched-looking fellows I saw while on the road. He told me his "workshop" was in a quarry in the neighbourhood, and that he "kept living" by making fern baskets and gathering herbs.

At Brighton, again, I fell into conversation with a man who was making bouquets of wild flowers that he had gathered. His most—indeed only—noticeable experience was that on one occasion he and a companion entered an empty house in the suburbs for the purpose of getting a night's shelter on the cheap. Before they "retired" they had a look round, and discovered in the back garden several rose trees covered with bloom. Early on the following morning they stripped these bare, went to Rottingdean, and "did a roaring trade," the proceeds of the windfall keeping them in un-wonted luxury for three days.

Of course, the vagrants' workshop is the common lodging-house. In many roadside "padding-kens" a table and form are set apart for the use of tinkers, "mush fakers" (umbrella menders), "china fakers," wire workers, paper-flower makers, and those engaged in similar industries; indeed, as some men have a speciality, for anybody who has work to do. I saw an individual, for instance, making window-ticket fasteners for shopkeepers—an "improvement" on somebody's patent.

The common lodging-house is also a study and a studio, in addition to a home and a workshop. I never met a literary man on the road, but I know several who grind out "copy" in doss-houses. I did, however, drop across an artist in water-colours at Leicester. He tramps about the country for subjects, and then works them up in his lodgings. For a whole day he was engaged on a drawing of a castle in Shropshire—and not at all a bad one, either—for which he expected to obtain no more than sixpence or a shilling. He had been paid, he told me, as much as half-a-guinea, even a guinea, for one of his works, but not often. Think of it—a water-colour artist working hard and well for about one penny an hour!

The title of the next subject in this series will be "Fire!" and what came of it."

Mr. Ira D. Sankey, the well-known hymn writer and co-worker of the late Mr. Moody, has temporarily lost his sight. He has undergone an operation in New York. Hope is entertained of saving the right eye, but there is less likelihood of the left being saved.

Topical Papers.

By RACHEL CHALLICE.

VII.—ROLLING, MOSSY, AND JAGGED STONES.

The old adage "Rolling stones gather no moss" falls on deaf ears in an age characterised by love of change.

"Ouida," in her "Views and Opinions," warns "the modern world of the awful state into which it is being dragged by the ugly hurry and scurry wherewith it so grossly disfigures, and through which it scarcely even perceives, or enjoys, the agreeable things around it." The globe hardly seems large enough for the trips and excursions of fashionable society, and the universal complaint of the want of hands for both agricultural labour and domestic service shows that the nomadic tendency is not limited to any particular class. Would it not be wise for landowners who, like Plato, think that happiness is the test of the well-being of a community, to ask themselves if the exodus of their tenants might not be lessened by affording them interests parallel to those liberally provided in towns?

The workhouses and hospitals of the cities are crowded with the many ill-advised country people who have left the substance of definite employment in the country for the shadow of more remunerative, but often only temporary, work in town.

No moss is gathered by these rolling stones to soften the sharp edges of poverty, illness, or old age, and many a lonely heart in London aches for the peaceful little home and sympathetic friends which would have rested a less roving life.

It is refreshing to come across country people to whom the daily round, the common task, furnish all they need to ask, and whose life's work, like that of their father's before them, has been given to one master, or rather to generation of masters, of the same family. They will tell you that they never missed in their youth the modern comforts of the penny post, train, or telegraph, as the hamlet in which they live comprised the circle of their interests.

In view of the well-kept garden, comfortable little home, and the evidently provisioned old age of such a couple whom I have met in Sussex, it is not unprofitable to note one of the chief sources of interest which sustained them in their youth, and formed the first layer of the moss of reward, respect, and success which now covers the stones of their lives. The framed certificates, yellow with age, hanging on the wall of the parlour proved to have been the keynote of their present prosperity.

"Yes, them be the papers of the premiums won up at Goodwood," said the old man, his rugged, fine face bright with interest, and his keen, dark eyes showing something of the fire of early years. "The old duke he used to have matches for pretty nigh everythin'—ploughing, thatching, hurdle-making, sheep-shearing, servitude, and gardening were the most particklar; and then we all went up to Goodwood in June to take the prizes. That were a gala day that were, and looked forward we did it for months. Naun but what had his dinner and two shillings, were he a prizewinner or no. In my recollects there would be as many as eighty who took prizes. A band would play, and it was a regular festival. The ploughing match were in the ploughing season. 'Get your tackle in order,' master wud say, 'and see what ye can do up at Goodwood.' I was carter then, and I 'ad bin at work on the farm sen I begun at six, following the plough for twopence a day. So we would take our teams up; sometimes as many as three went, and sry we all were, and there each team ploughed half an acre of the duke's own land, and rare fine it were for me, when I got the first prize when I were nineteen. Then we wud go up sheep-washin' time and wash some of the duke's own sheep, and no sham work about that, and the prizes were given for that on the same day as t'others. We wore our best round frocks in them days at the Park. The duke allers spoke so kind to all on us. 'I know,' said he at one din-

ner to us, 'there's not a man among you but wud run to open a gate or do anything for your master,' and he were right there, that he were.

"Then there was a prize for them as 'ad brought up the largest family on the smallest wage, without going to the House, and that we got too one year, for work it was enow in those days wi' only nine shillin' a week to live on. But my missus and I, we managed 'atween us. She went out a needle-working to ladies as knew her, and took the baby too some one time, and hard strive we did some when; howsumdever we got along somehow, wi' never a penny from the parish."

"Then there were the prize for kindness to poor relations as yer got one year," said the wife, with a look of pride in her eyes. "Yes, I minds I had a pound for that," rejoined the good man. "I had two old sisters and I gave them a pig every year, which helped them on a bit. Then the servitude prize was 'couragement for servants to bide in their places; both men and women servants could try for it, but to go in for any of these matches we had to have a certificate from the clergyman as to character and that, and whether we were church-goers reg'lar. Master, he thowt a lot of my getting them ere premiums from Goodwood, and arter I'd been carter for twenty-five years I was made foreman, which I were for thirty-five years, till my 'lowance, left me by master, lets me bide quiet and comfortable till I be carried down to the churchyard. There was also matches up at Arundel in them days, but they were not so much; we went and drank the duke's health on prize-givin' day, but it wasn't a festical like that at Goodwood. But then, they were all stopped at the end of the fifties, and a powerful lot of 'couragement stopped wi' 'em. If it were not for the flower-show at Arundel naun wud have no 'couragement noways nowadays; for let be how 'twill it is strives (competitions) as 'peared to force us to our best. Nowadays a young fellow comes as carter, bides a bit, and then is all for soldiering or sailing. But their bean't no interest in the work, that there bean't, and naun to give 'em any, or they wud bide right enow."

Out of the mouth of the aged proceedeth wisdom, and doubtless, if interest in their work and surroundings could be instilled into our country youths, we should find the stones of their lives rounded into the hollows of their birthplace, instead of being jagged and broken in the tortuous courses of the cities. Lives are empty that have no aim or object beyond the weekly wage, and in these days, when town attractions and cheap train service lure our lads and lasses from our villages, it seems sad that they should not have the stimulus to industry and morality which the matches of Goodwood and Arundel furnished their forefathers fifty years ago.

"We don't live, we only bide," said a shrewd Sussex labourer to me one day, and the remark was significant, as it showed that albeit one of those who had no wish to join "the madding crowd," he had an instinctive sense that an existence in a village in which the public-house is the only recreation is not life, but stagnation.

Does not boredom often bring ruin? and would not recreative amusements and objects of interest make our villages more attractive, and thus keep the young people from the temptations of the towns?

The account given by our venerable acquaintance of the system which not only rewarded agricultural skill, but recognised moral worth and long service, may suggest some parallel means of getting a hold on the lives of our young villagers, and prevent their becoming jagged, as well as rolling stones.

Two young oak trees just planted in Colchester Castle Park grew from acorns taken from the crop of a ringdove.

An organised procession of three hundred illuminated motor-cars passed before the German Emperor in Berlin on Saturday.

COAL AND THE NECESSITY FOR ECONOMY.

"The Science and Art of Mining" says:—The Royal Commission on Coal Supplies will not be in a position to issue its report for some time to come, but when it is presented to the country it should contain some valuable recommendations. The alarmist reports which gained currency rendered it necessary, in the interests of the industry, that the Commission should be appointed to enquire into a variety of questions, and though we do not suppose we are threatened with so speedy an exhaustion of our coal supplies as a number of influential gentlemen sought to indicate, we still think that the Commission will not have held its meetings without serving a very good cause. Possibly the recommendations the Commissioners will have to make may lead to the preservation of our supplies of coal, and some important evidence has already been advanced relating to the great waste of this commodity in the methods of producing heat and power at present employed. The question of economy, it is pleasing to note, is calling for attention. This is as it should be, and is important not only to the mining industry, but also to many of the kindred industries, which, if the supplies of coal were to cease, would be seriously affected, resulting possibly in the ranks of unemployed being swollen to such proportions as to threaten our commercial and industrial supremacy. On this score Great Britain herself may be said to be losing caste, but in these days of genuine Imperialism it is necessary to abandon exclusive points of view, and regard the position as affecting Great Britain. When this is done we find that we still occupy first place, and that we are likely to do so for some very considerable time. That time may be still further prolonged if progress is made along the lines of economy. Our losses due to waste alone may be appreciated by a consideration of the estimates of Mr. G. Beilby, who informed the Commission that in the substitution of gas producers and gas engines for the average steam engine and boiler to-day something like forty million tons of coal might be saved per annum on power production. This may be rough on the steam boiler, which has been so good and valuable a friend, and in making any such change first cost would prove an important consideration in the view of manufacturers on a small scale—and the latter may be counted in their thousands. Still the ultimate gain must not be lost sight of, and as by this means alone it might be possible in every six years to save to the country the equivalent of more than one year's production of coal, it will be seen that the life of our coal deposits will be greatly prolonged in a multiple of years.

A NEW ROYAL TOMB AT THEBES.

New, that is, in the sense of being newly found. The tomb just discovered is that of one of the Pharaohs of the eighteenth dynasty, Thothmes IV. For the last two years Mr. Theodore M. Davies, an American gentleman, who is well known in Egypt, has been excavating steadily and systematically in the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings at Thebes, clearing the rubbish away inch by inch, and so laying bare the bed-rock. He has been rewarded this spring (says the "Times") by the discovery of a previously unknown royal tomb. The mummy of Thothmes IV. is in the Cairo Museum, having been found in the tomb of Amenhotep II., to which it had been conveyed by the Egyptian priests for the purposes of concealment, probably in the age of the twenty-first dynasty; but the sepulchre of the Pharaoh had never been discovered, though it was pretty certain that it was hidden somewhere under the debris of the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings. The actual discovery was made by Mr. Howard Carter, the Inspector of the Monuments of Upper Egypt, who has been conducting the excavations for Mr. Davies.

It is reported that the donor of £200,000 to Barnard College for Women, New York, is Mrs. Abram A. Anderson, daughter of the late Jeremiah Milbank, who left her a million sterling.

THE PRIZE PICTURES.



Photo by Fred Littlely, Cheltenham.

PETROL AND PICTURES.

THE PROPOSED MOTOR CLUB.

I have much pleasure in stating that the proposed motor club for Cheltenham and the district around is in a fair way to be established. A meeting of motorists will be held next Monday evening (March 16th) at 7 o'clock at the Queen's Hotel to discuss the formation of a club. It is hoped that all local motorists will attend. I shall be only too pleased to send full particulars to anyone requiring information, if a line is sent to me at the office of the "Graphic." A very well known local motorist has kindly consented to be nominated as president. Every owner or prospective owner of a motor of any description will be eligible for membership. I hope to be able to give full particulars in next week's issue.

AUTOMOBILISM IN RUSSIA.

A correspondent of "The Motor" gives us the following interesting information concerning the new pastime in Russia. The only firm manufacturing automobiles in Russia is the Velociped Co., of St. Petersburg. All cars are driven by petrol motors. No electric or steam cars are manufactured. The Government are giving no encouragement to the trade, and the output is very small. The roads in Russia will have to be considerably improved before motor-cars can be safely used on them, and therefore the cars have not a fair chance to show their capabilities. If the Government were more enlightened, it would see that what would open up Russia would be the improvement of the existing means of communication. Once the roads were placed in fair condition, motor-vans, etc., would soon effect this. The same writer, in speaking of the prospects of the motor trade in Cape Colony, says—"The war prevented the extension of the trade into the interior of the country, but now the prospects are decidedly good. The peculiar South African transport difficulties make the employment of motor transport imperative, and the first to go for the

business side is sure of his reward. The motors will require to be of very sound construction to withstand the vibration of the rough roads."

THE NEWEST IDEA.

Most motorists, I expect, by now have tested the new spark gap idea, discovered accidentally by a workman in the works of Panhard and Levassor. He found that in the case of a sooty or charred sparking plug, if the H.T. wire was connected up, misfiring occurred, owing to the soot bridging the points of the plug, whereas if the end of the wire was held slightly away from the brass terminal of the plug, the spark would occur with great regularity. Since this discovery several firms have placed forms of spark gaps on the market. The best is one in which the spark occurs in a glass cylinder, thus removing the only objection of the danger of fire from petrol leaking. A motorist considers that the best place for the spark gap would be on top of the tank, where it would be easily seen by the rider, and would form a splendid tell-tale as to the condition of the sparking apparatus, obviating the removal of the plug, etc., when testing sparking.

ONE OF THE NEW DEVELOPERS.

A very useful all-round developer is Ortol-Hauff, which has quickly asserted its superiority over other older developers for general work. As a developer for plates, bromide papers, and lantern slides it stands unrivalled. For the scientific amateur who likes to know the constituents of his developers we may mention that Ortol is the sulphate of methyl-ortho amido-phenol mixed with a small quantity of hydro-quinone. It contains, as its name suggest, the detail giver amidol, the softness of phenol, while the hydro-quinone gives ample density. One of its great advantages is its cheapness, being much cheaper than pyro, hitherto the least costly of all developers. The following are a few points in its favour:—

(1) It is extremely easy to use, the results of the variations of accelerator, reducer and

bromide being entirely in the operator's hands.

(2) It can be used for many negatives without losing quality, simply becoming slightly slower in action. Hence its cheapness.

(3) It does not stain, a great advantage in a developer used for bromide paper and lantern slides.

(4) With this developer "frilling" is unknown, even in the hottest weather. The "British Journal of Photography" gives the following formula for preparing this developer:—

No. 1. Solution—Reducer: Cold water, 10 ounces; metabisulphite of potash, 40 grains; ortol, 70 grains.

No. 2. Solution—Accelerator: Water, 10 ounces; carbonate of potash, ½ ounce; sodium sulphite crystals, 1½ ounces; bromide of potassium, 5 grains.

To use, take one part each Nos. 1 and 2 and one part water, with three drops of bromide solution. It is a good plan to commence with about half the amount of No. 2, and add the rest as required.

A subterranean fire has broken out in close proximity to Darlaston, and active steps are being taken to stop the spread of the flames.

Mr. William Thomas, J.P., of Brynawel, Aberdare, died on Sunday, aged 71. The deceased was a member of the Sliding Scale Committee, and had been for 40 years a leading member of the Coalowners' Association.

The King has been pleased to signify to Mr. Theodore Lumley, Commissioner of the Kilmuir estate, that the pier at Uig, in the island of Skye, shall henceforth be called King Edward's Pier in commemoration of their Majesties' visit last September. It has been the custom in Skye to name after the Sovereign the place where he first landed. Portree, or the King's Haven, is so called after James V. of Scotland, the last reigning monarch to visit Skye.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE
AND
GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC
ART
AND
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 116

SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1903.

THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE, CHELTENHAM.

This Afternoon and Evening—

“THE BISHOP'S MOVE.”

Next week, the charming play—

“LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY.”

WINTER GARDEN,
CHELTENHAM.

GRAND COUNTY FESTIVAL
 PERFORMANCE of Handel's Oratorio

“THE MESSIAH”

ON

Thursday Afternoon, April 2, 1903,
 AT THREE O'CLOCK.

PRINCIPALS:—

MADAME CARRIE SIVITER

(of the Patti Concerts),

MISS BERTHA SALTER

(of the London Concerts),

MISS SUSANNE PALMER,

MR. CHARLES SAUNDERS

(the celebrated Tenor)

(Of the Norwich Festival, &c.).

MR. ROBERT RADFORD

(Basso-Profundo)

(Of the Principal Festivals),

MR. J. SOLOMON

(Solo Trumpet)

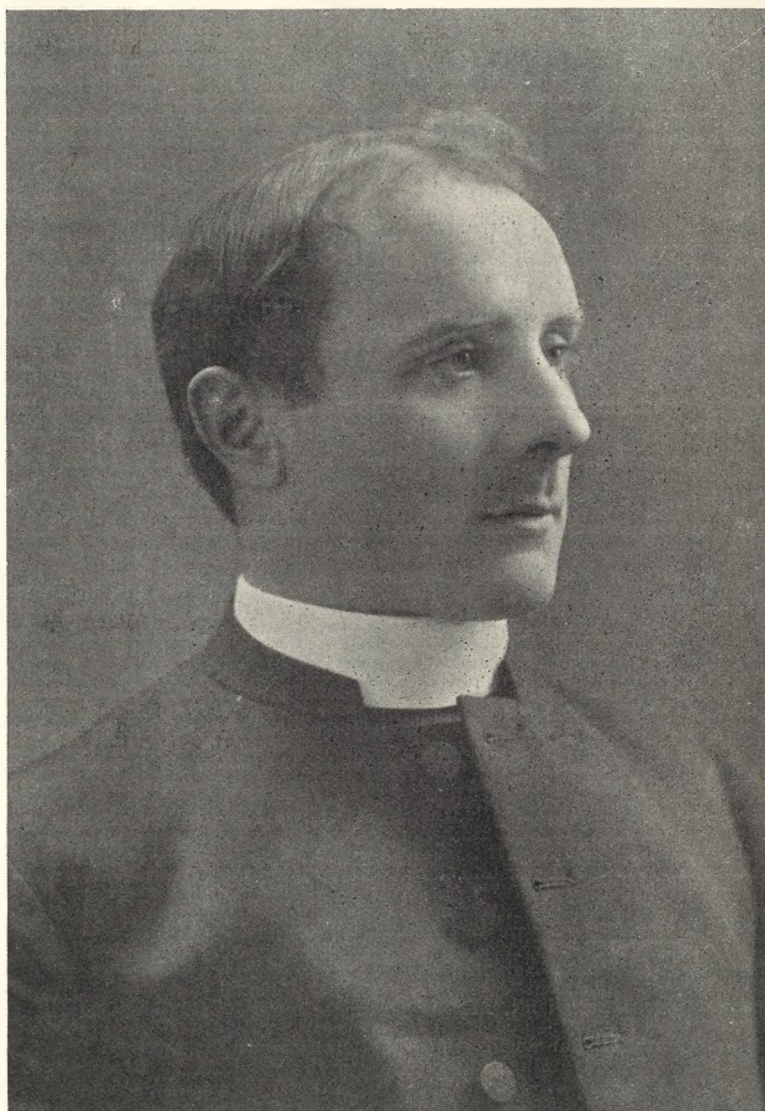
(Of the London Festival & Queen's Hall Concerts).

THREE HUNDRED PERFORMERS

Conductor - - Mr. J. A. MATTHEWS.

N.B.—SPECIAL CHEAP RETURN TICKETS
 on day of Festival from all parts on Great
 Western, Midland, and Midland and South-
 Western Junction Railways. See Bills.

Tickets - 1-, 2/6, 3/-, 4/-, 6/-,
 At Westley and Co.'s Library, Cheltenham.



REV. WILLIAM JAMES CLAY, B.A.,
 NEW VICAR OF BISLEY, STROUD.

Mr. Clay was recently curate-in-charge of Broadwell, near Stow-on-the-Wold, and his first curacy was that of Hailsham, Sussex, on resigning which, in 1900, after 12 years of ministry there, he received several testimonials, among others one from the parishioners “in grateful recognition of his faithful preaching and untiring zeal for their spiritual and social welfare.”

"Selina Jenkins Letters."

SELINA JENKINS ON "PLANCHETTE AND SPIRITS."

At the request of me and a few more kindred sperrets, as the sayin' is, we 'ave formed ourselves into a speshul committee to look into and around this 'ere planchette scandal, to see if there's anythink in it, or if its only jest a 9 days' wonder. Meself, I shouldn't 'ave took much notice of the thing, not agreeing with no dealin's with sperrets, either in bottles or hotherwise, 'ceps as medicine, but wot with this 'ere Cavendish-Strutt case, and the way the planchette 'ave been dragged into the business, it did seem to me to be a thing as should be took hup and sifted to the huttermost cinder. It looks to me as if Sassiety 'ave gave hup prayer-meetings and took to planchette, as a guidance in life, wich a good deal of it no doubt is to be put down to the outdacious small print the prayer-books is doned in now, as as can't be read by nobody unless they 'as the heyesight of a hyhena or a links, and Canon Maccormick were quite right when he did say up to Christ Church the other Sunday as prayer-books was made more for hornaments to match the dress than for to be read by the million, nowadays! So me and Mary Ann Tomrkins, and Amos Wilkins, and 'Enery Higgs, being interested in the matter, 'ad a speshul public meeting in my back parlor last Tuesday, to which the British public at large was invited by sending out upwards of 6 and twenty postcards, wich if you believes me the only person as took the liberty of calling were a Mr. Potts, as said 'e were a medium, and 'ad 'ad great practise with sperrets, wich I will say 'is nose did look like it, that it did! He were a rather talkative gent, and I don't know but what I were glad there weren't no silver or loose coppers lying about anywheres, becoss I 'ad me suspicions, and there's one thing I've learnt as thro' life I've wandered on (being a quotation of poetry), and that is, never to trust a man with a red nose, wich either 'e's actively engaged in putting down the drink and ain't to be trusted that way, or else 'e's got a liver as won't work, and is very ard to get on with, wich pore Jenkins were enuff to try a saint sometimes with 'is liver, and took 'im off at last, thro' 'aving neglected to take his usual cup of 'erb-tea for 3 nights follering.

'Owever, to come to the business in 'and, being the planchette and our speshul meeting of investigation. I, in the absence of the Prince of Wales and General Roberts, were voted to the chair, being the old armchair as were left me by Aunt Jane in 'er will, and Amos Wilkins were elected secketary, wich means 'im as 'rites down wot 'appens, although I will say the difficulty of it was that Amos 'aven't never learnt to 'rite properly—speshully capitals. Mr. Potts, the sperret-dealer, got hup and proposed that 'e should make a speech, introducing the subject, but being the charwoman I jest told 'im to keep quiet, and clearin' me throat preceeded as follows:—"Ladies and gentlemen—and Mr. Potts,—I stands 'ere before you a the British hexponent of 'fair play.' We are met on a sacred and himportant errand, to wit, and that is to say—to find out 'ow much there is, and 'ow much there isn't, in this 'ere planchette. It 'as been said by Shakespeare, or Eno's Fruit Salt, or some other poet, that 'Life is a mass of strange conderdions wich no man can solve,' and, altho' I don't know a bit wot these 'ere poets mean, no more than they does themselves, yet I agrees with this noble sentiment. Anyhow and notwithstanding 'owsomdever, we wants the truth, and nothink else, so we will ask our 'onnered friend, Mr. Amos Wilkins, Esq., to perdooce the planchette." Amos took a little paper box out of his pocket, and amidst a breathless silence, only broke by a 'airpin fallin' out of my back 'air, the hinstrument were removed from its 'rappings and placed on the table, wich, if you believe me, it were only just a bit of board like a hartist's paint palette on three little wheels, with a pencil stuck through a 'ole in one end! "Laws a

mussy me! You don't mean to say that's all, Amos?" says I, clean forgettin' me dignity as charwoman, "why I'd been led to beleeeve as the planchette were a singularly useful machine, as would go down and light the fire of a mornin' for a body, and make a dish of tea by the time you come down, or else could be placed out with the milk jug to tell the milk boy whether you wants a pint or a quart, and to be sure to put the saucer over it for fear of the cats; wich it seems to me as it's nothink but a toy, and not worthy of the name of a hinstrument, let alone being somethink to convey messages from diseased relatives. 'Owever, let's give the thing a trial, and be fair." So sayin', we 'ands the management over to Mr. Potts, who were 'alf weepin' to think 'e were in the company of sich dowters, wich 'e gave us pertickler directions as to 'ow to put our fingers on the top of the board, and to wait for the sperrits to move. So we pulled up round, and placed a piece of foolscap paper, being the sort the sperrits like best, under the pencil, and perceeds to settle down to look pleasant and WAIT!

Upon me word! if we waited 5 minutes I'll vouch for it we waited half an hour there, me 'oldin' me breath, and gettin' 'ot and cold in turns, and my nose itching a good 'un and not 'aving a 'and free to caress it with, until at last I says, "Look 'ere, Potts! if you don't 'urry up them sperrits I shall dissolve the meeting. You seems to know 'em all personally, so you mite tell 'em as much, and say they'll lose their repytation for 'onest folk if they don't start work to onct," wich no sooner 'ad I said this than the piece of board and the pencil began to move, not but wot I'm firmly persuaded as Potts was a-pushing of it along. Any'ow, I couldn't stop it, me 'ands being scrambled, so the thing wheeled hup and down the paper like a motor-car out on the dazzle, until at last it run over the edge of the paper and dropped off the table on to the floor with a rattle. We all 'ad a good look at the paper, as was covered with a lot of O's and crosses and scroll-work as wouldn't 'ave disgraced a hilleduminated testimonial, but as for reading it 'twould 'ave puzzled a 'Ebrew scholar to 'ave done that! Potts said it were done in a furrin langwidge of some sort, but, as I remarked, it "weren't very perlite of the sperrits to palm off furrin langwidges on a meetin' of the British public such as we was." 'Owever, we tried the thing again, 'aving forgot to ask any question the first time, as must 'ave made it very difficult for the sperrits to work, not being given to speaking without being asked questions. So this time we asked if Mr. Whitaker Wright would be brought back to England, as called 4th the response, 'rote very bad, that I will say—

"Right's wrong, and wrong's right, Therefore right is What O!"

Well now, 'ow could a decent body make 'ead or tale of sich nonsents as that there? I call it a reglar hinsult to hintelligence, and I didn't forget to say so much to Potts, wich I told 'im I considered it were a dead failure, and not worth the pencil it were 'rote with!

Still, we gave the thing jest one more trial, and Potts suggested we should turn down the gas and ask Aunt Jane a question, wich it didn't seem to me to require darkness for sich a consultation, espeshully as the old lady was very near-sighted when she were alive and mite want the light on full to see wor she were 'riting down. So we gets ready this time, and with breathless expense we asks Aunt Jane please to oblige us by saying whether there was anythink she left undone as she would like me to do for her. This time the pencil ran about powerful brisk, and pretty well walked away with our fingers, wich, if you please! wot do you think there was 'rote down on the paper when it siezed to work about? Why just this—"Lend Theophilus Potts half-a-crown, and enter it to me.—Your loving auntie, Jane." This were about enuff for me, I can tell you, and altho' that there Potts swore 'e didn't influence the old lady to say it, I 'ad me doubts, espeshully knowing as Potts was a 'abitual 'ard-upper and always borrowing half-crowns.

So, to cut a long story short, we jest passed a resolution, as was perfectly unanimous, only Potts disagreeing, that the planchette wasn't no more to be depended on than a March 'air, and them Sassiety people as wastes their time 'anging over sich things ought to be put to work digging potatoes or any other light occupation for a time till they recovers their censuses.

(Signed) SELINA JENKINS, Chairwoman.
AMOS WILKINS, Secretary
(X his mark).

MARY ANN TOMPKINS,
H. HIGGS, Committeemen.
T. POTTS (disagrees with above,
'aving been offered 3d. on the
sale of each planchette 'e can
get rid of).

It was resolved that copies of the above argyment should be sent to the King, the Prince of Wales, General Lord Roberts, or anybody else who could be persuaded to read Amos Wilkins's 'riting, 'aving been brought up to a night school, and so never 'aving learnt 'ow to do capitals and sich like.

P.S.—Sperrits, forsooth! when they gets to haunt a piece of board and a pencil I considers as they must be very 'ard up for somethink to do, wich I considers they're a lazy, good-for-nothink lot, and not worth their salt.



THE LATE MR. HORACE FILDES.

First prize cycle race at Cheltenham Sports, April, 1902.

THE MAN WHO CANNOT AFFORD TO WORK.

The folly of indiscriminate charity is well known to all social workers. I suppose that there is hardly a member of the Church Army staff who could not tell of men refusing work, and preferring to beg. A beggar once told me that he could not afford to work! At one of our provincial Labour Homes an inmate complained to the officer in charge that honest work did not pay him so well as begging. The officer was somewhat sceptical, and the man went out, returning in two hours with five shillings, the result of heartrending appeals on behalf of "a poor unemployd working man." I am compelled to admit that our Labour Homes cannot compete with a "profession" which makes half-a-crown an hour!—From "The Problem of London's Unemployd," in the "Cornhill Magazine" for March.



GROUP OF NURSES AND DOCTORS.

A pathetic interest attaches to the above. Miss Paterson, the nursing sister to the right on the steps, was recently killed in a railway accident near Barberton, S.A. She was very popular in the garrison, and among her many patients was Sergt. Arnold, Lincoln Regt., now home in Gloucester on furlough.



NEW ENTRANCE CHALET AT PITTVILLE GARDENS.

Topical Papers.

By RACHEL CHALLICE.

VIII.—FAMILY FETISHES.

Fetishism has been defined by Lord Avebury as "that stage of religious thought in which man supposes he can force the deities to comply with his decrees."

The negro of Guinea, upon beginning any expedition against his neighbours, chooses the first object that presents itself, be it a stone, tree, or piece of bark, and vows to worship it as a god if the work in hand prove successful; but, if unsuccessful, the fetish is cast aside as useless—kicked, knocked, and stamped on.

As it is always interesting to note the resemblances running through human nature in its different stages of evolution, it may not be amiss to draw attention to the likeness between the fetishism of savage tribes and that of civilised people, for, albeit not of wood and stone like the gods of the heathen, the idols of cultured folk are often equally senseless. Sometimes the fetish is the family name, and the pedigree is the tree which is worshipped. A young man is not allowed to enter a merchant's office, and his business capacities are left to rust, because the family prides itself on never having been in trade. It is considered more noble to raise money from the Jews than to bring grist to the mill by work; and a life spent in loafing about the clubs in Piccadilly is thought to be more suited to the family dignity than one passed in the activity of an office.

Sometimes the fetish is the family itself. The book of life is a closed volume to the self-centred circle whose sympathies end with their own experiences. Such families lay down axioms of morality, which are supposed to embrace the universe, and their customs are regarded as a ritual not to be transgressed. "That is not done at 102" is often said to me by a member of one of these self-centred families, as if 102 — street knew some standard of morality beyond which digression is disgraceful. The family, as we know, is a most valuable institution, forming the nucleus of communities and tribes; but it is by the wide use of its energies and by the reception of ideas foreign to its routine that such a community gains in power and strength. The rippling waves of fresh inspiration and new energies may reach shores of undreamt-of success, whereas the stagnant waters of narrow-mindedness and lethargy remain in their poisonous pools.

Then, who has not noted the fetish of wealth? The worship of this god impoverishes heart and mind, for the sacrifices of love, honour, and happiness are some

of its frequent rites. No dissertation can surpass the pith of St. Paul's statement that the love of money is the root of all evil; and those who omit the words "love of" and say "money is the root of all evil" ignore the material benefits obtained by money and the spiritual starvation consequent on an overweening admiration of it. Love is often represented as blind; and love of money is indeed destitute of foresight when it leads parents to persuade their daughters to the misery of marriage for mere wealth.

The powerful Danish novelist, Anna Leffler, wife of the Italian Count Cajaniello, protests against this family fetish in her work entitled "Woman's Love," wherein she shows how fatal to all self-respect and happiness is the traditional necessity in Italy of the impoverished nobility marrying for money.

Then there is the fetish of title, when the commonly-termed "handle to a name" is bowed down to as much as any image of wood or stone. A man may be a most dishonourable character, but if he be entitled to be called "the honourable" so-and-so he is frequently feted and honoured until the ideas of honour and dishonour of both worshippers and worshipped are hopelessly mixed; and it is fortunate when some flagrant act on the part of the idol makes its followers turn and rend it as the savages on the Congo destroy the fetish which fails them.

A family often makes a fetish of some particular profession. The son may have a marked proclivity for an artistic, literary, or legal career, but that is sacrificed to the old-world custom of keeping some church preferment in the family circle or to the pride of providing food for powder in either the Army or Navy.

Then we are told by travellers like Mary Kingsley that the bark of a tree is a favourite fetish of some savages, and we find that dress is the idol worshipped by many a civilised family. It is the chief object of care and attention and the criterion of all judgment. Fashion is the ritual which rules, and woe betide the man or woman who dares to enter that circle without the garment considered conventionally correct.

How many lives have been misread by this low standard of judgment. "I begin to see now," said the follower of this fetish the other day to me, "how foolish I have been to listen to the sneering remarks of my family about everybody whose coat is not cut in the latest fashion or whose dress is that of the past season. For not only have the less dressy people often proved the best, but those I have accepted as being correct in costume have often proved to be metaphorically out of elbows in body and mind." The torture

endured in the realm of fashion is shown by the increasing demands on doctors and pedicures to ease the ills incurred in the cult of the small waist and pinched feet. "That lady was crying with temper as she left the room," said a celebrated specialist to me one day, "because I told her that her sufferings are due to tight lacing."

The framed and signed "promenade portraits" presented to and lining the walls of the consulting-rooms of a well-known lady pedicure, to whom the originals go as patients, are a standing proof of the many suffering, albeit smiling, sacrifices to the goddess of small boots.

Then there is the fetish of superstition. Friday is tabooed as unlucky for a journey; and a new moon seen through glass, thirteen at a dinner, a broken looking-glass, all cause heart-burning apprehension, especially among women.

Then, leaving these lesser fetishes, which are legion, how many are the sacrifices to the old-world fetish that work is not synonymous with womanliness. Now that this fetish has been broken by the blows of reverses, death, or other mischance, girls are driven into the world of work as domestic drudges, although under the more euphonious name of "lady helps." It makes one's heart ache to see such women subjected to servitude, to which the domestics of their professional brothers would not submit. If granted a proper education for their particular talents when young, would not such women now have lucrative professions, instead of suffering, footsore and heartsore, as maids of all work and mistresses of none?

These few remarks will suggest many other fetishes to my readers, but I cannot forego mentioning that of society. Lady Warwick's picture of this fetish in the "Lady's Realm" was not overdrawn, for to some families no steps are considered too difficult, no sums too great, to gain admittance into what is considered the magic circle of rank; and after a vain expenditure of time, money, and energy, the circle so coveted is found to be as hard as the stone worshipped by the savage. So is this always; so may such search ever end.

The more one considers how these dominating ideas of the flesh cripple the life of the spirit, the more one wishes that all fetishes that hinder the perfect law of liberty could be stamped by the free into the dust.

The words of King Sugriva in "The Ramayana," the great Indian poem of antiquity, comes as a clarion call to all those who would rise to a higher ideal:

"Be to thy nobler nature true,
Nor let despair thy soul subdue;
This cloud of causeless woe dispel."

THE PRIZE PICTURE.



HARTPURY MILL, NEAR GLOUCESTER.

The stream is well known to anglers, and is situate between Gloucester and Barber's Bridge railway stations.

Photo by Annette Counday, Gloucester.

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 114th competition is Annette Counday, of 45 Tweenbrook-avenue, Tuffley, Gloucester, with her picture of Hartpury Mill.

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 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 25th competition is Mr. E. Winslow Beckingsale, of "Bransleigh," Sydenham-road, Cheltenham, with "Scent to have his hair cut!"

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 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 seventh competition is Miss Grace Jones, of Oxford Lawn, London-road, Cheltenham, for a sermon by the Rev. H. E. Noot, vicar of St. Luke's, 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.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

I cannot remember parallel occurrences in Cheltenham to the recent passing away within the space of 15 days of five of the senior major-generals of the town, all highly-esteemed residents. And it is also remarkable, as showing the longevity of the fair sex in this part of the country, that within the first 12 days of this present March three ladies, aged respectively 93, 92, and 92 years, should have gone over to the great majority. I saw the other day some statistics showing that the number of dead or living centenarians recorded in the country had increased from 33 in the year 1893 to 70 in the year 1902.

I have from time to time referred to the great importance of railway companies as industrial factors in their respective localities. And Gloucestershire has had, and is still having, most satisfactory tangible proofs of the material benefits. Of new works in progress, it will be interesting to mention that the line from Honeybourne to Cheltenham is being rapidly pushed forward, the rails having been laid to a point at Childswickham, while the good folk at Broadway have taken seriously in hand the care of the spiritual welfare of the working navvies. And the Great Western Company are now treating for the purchase of the various properties required in Cheltenham, so as to be in a position to fix up the contract for the Toddington to Cheltenham section. I again hear that "sweet reasonableness" in price on the part of the property owners is still an essential in the scheme. The company has nearly finished the structural alterations to Churchdown Station, the platforms of which have been lengthened by about 100 feet; and only the footbridge remains to be thrown over the lines. There is a rumour that a large number of houses are about to be erected in this pleasant parish, but I should say that a comprehensive system of drainage would be a necessary preliminary to this enterprise. Certain it is that the contract for the erection of the new church was signed and the land pegged-out last week, so that "they are now about to begin." I was glad that the illustrations of the church in the "Graphic" brought in some substantial subscriptions. Although Gloucester is again to participate in a large outlay (some £15,000) by the G.W.R. for additional sidings, the immediate wants of commercial Cheltenham are

not to be neglected by the company, as another siding is about to be laid in the station coal-yard.

Two events that happened last week have reminded me that Gloucestershire can claim connection with the principal actors in them. I allude, firstly, to the Woolwich election, and to the fact that Mr. Will Crooks, the successful Labour candidate, married his second wife from Hartpury, and she has a sister now living at Maisemore, both parishes near Gloucester. Also, secondly, to the circumstance that Mr. Frederick Helmore, who died at Helensburg in his 90th year, was in the early sixties, after the death of Prince Consort, to whom he had been choirmaster, a resident in the Cathedral city and a professor of music practising there and in Cheltenham and Stroud. There are some local musicians living who remember him very well.

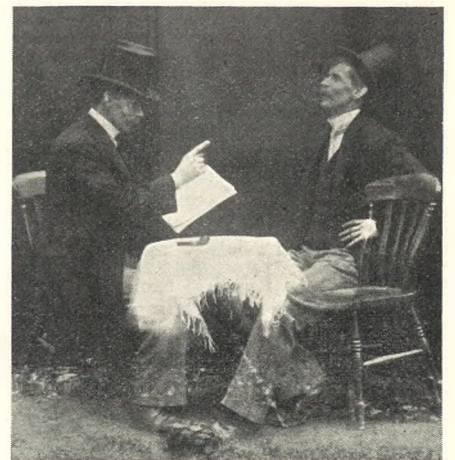
The staff of the County Education Department is working early and late to bring the Act into operation on the first of April, and their labours have been increased by the unfortunate collapse of Mr. Reginald Balfour, the secretary, to a recrudescence of malarial fever, which he contracted when teaching in one of the Boer concentration camps. Mr. Colchester-Wemyss, the able chairman of the Technical Instruction Committee, has, however, kindly stepped into the breach. The County Surveyor's staff is also working at high pressure in making a survey of the three hundred and odd schools that will come under the control of the new authority. Their present state of repair is being carefully noted. The Education Committee for the city have not erred on the side of illiberality in fixing the salary of the secretary of education to be appointed at £410 a year, with £40 allowance for office rent.

GLEANER.

Mr. Frederick Crowte, of the town clerk's office, Cardiff, has been appointed clerk of committees under the Shropshire County Council, at a salary of £250 a year.

The Earl of Effingham benefits to the extent of over £40,000 by the will of his uncle, the late Hon. Kenneth Howard, who made him sole legatee.

On Monday the Legislature of Guernsey agreed to an import duty on sugar of four shillings per cwt., and taxes of 8d. per lb. on tobacco and 1s. on cigars.



"LAUGHING AT HIS OWN JOKE!"

The sender (Mr. R. H. Cook, of 29 Upper Park-street, London-road, Cheltenham) is telling a tale and laughing at his own joke. The photo is not "faked," but is a pure and simple trick.



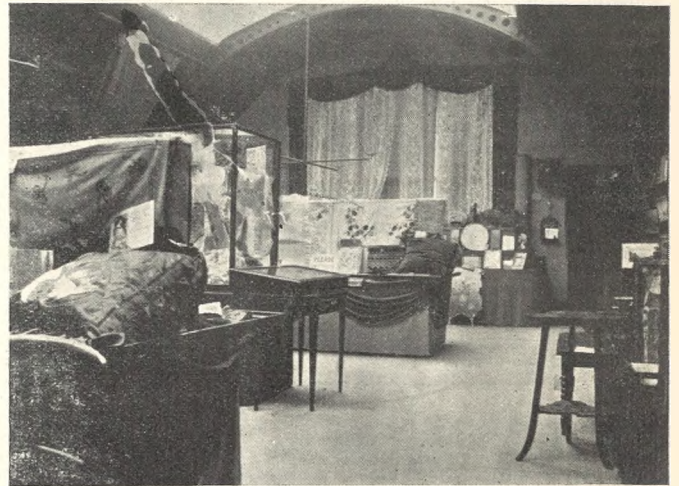
OIL PAINTINGS.



OIL PAINTINGS.



WATER COLOURS.



ART NEEDLEWORK.

VISIT TO THE CHELTENHAM FINE ART GALLERY.

PEARLS AND EMERALDS.

A GROWING SCARCITY.

Pearls and emeralds have become so scarce, says a writer in the "New York Times," that precious stone dealers are obliged to obtain them from private sources to satisfy the demand. This condition of the market has been coming on gradually, until now it is an important feature in the buying and selling of the stones. It is not so much the result of an increased demand, although pearls are becoming more popular each year, as on account of a falling-off in the world's supply of gems. The decrease in the world's output of emeralds during the past few years has been such as to cause grave alarm among the most conservative of precious stone dealers in New York and London. Unless new mines are discovered soon it is not unlikely that emeralds will become the rarest precious stones in the world. As the condition of the market is now they are worth in stones larger than five carats from two to ten times as much as first water diamonds. Several stones now in the hands of New York dealers are worth from 15,000 dols. to 50,000 dols. apiece, while they range from 10 to 30 carats in size, and are not free from imperfections.

In spite of the fact that emeralds were among the earliest stones mined by the ancients, and have since been discovered in different parts of the globe, there is practically but one country in the world to-day

where they are still being mined at a profit. And even the mines there are not considered valuable enough to merit an expenditure of money for improvements and more modern machinery, and are still being worked by the same crude method that was employed almost a century ago. Within the past 50 or 60 years emeralds have been discovered in Russia, on the Asiatic slope of the Ural Mountains; in Austria and Australia, and in North Carolina. Mines were opened at all these places and companies formed to work them, but in a short time they were abandoned as profitless, in some cases the quality of stones being too poor and in other cases the cost of mining too great. The present supply comes from Peru, South America, from what is known as the Muzo district. The method of obtaining the gems from private sources is unique. Individuals known to have large collections of precious stones are communicated with, and offered double the amount they paid for an emerald. In many cases advertising and personal solicitation are resorted to, and stones have recently been obtained by dealers at a cost three times as great as the same stone was valued at 10 or 15 years ago.

Because the emerald was originally an Oriental stone, and was known to be quite plentiful in the days of the ancients, many of the most enterprising emerald hunters are now circulating among the Eastern Rajahs and Indian rulers in search of them. In many cases they are very successful, for the

emerald was much prized by the early Asiatic and Egyptian nations, and valuable stones have been handed down in the same family for centuries till the present day. The scarcity of the pearl results from two causes. The demand is greater than ever before, and the fisheries are not being sufficiently protected. It is estimated that in a few years Oriental pearls will be selling at almost double the price they are bringing now. The discovery of the valuable pearl fisheries in Arkansas a year ago has helped to keep the Oriental variety from soaring too high in price, but the American supply has practically run out now, and unless measures to protect the fisheries are adopted soon they will be almost totally destroyed. A despatch from London declares that the stock is being rapidly exhausted, while there is no hope of the demand abating. Prices are going higher almost weekly, and owners of pearl jewellery who have had them for years are beginning to realise on them at double the amounts they cost.

The Professorship of Sanskrit at Cambridge University, rendered vacant by the death of Professor Cowell, has been filled by the election of Mr. Charles Bendall, M.A., University Lecturer in Sanskrit and Professor of Sanskrit at University College, London.

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The Up-To-Date Jap.

By CLIVE HOLLAND

(Author of "My Japanese Wife," etc.)
For a Western mind, materialistic to a degree as many Western minds now-a-days are, to take the Japanese either as individuals or as a race seriously is somewhat difficult. The tea-caddy and paper screen idea of this strange, clever, artistic people to a large extent obtains still.

But, nevertheless, Japan and the Japanese—tea-houses, geishas, and all—has in the future to be reckoned with, both politically and commercially.

The nation which possesses in the superb Mikasa the largest and in every way most powerful battleship afloat, is a progressive and advancing one. Her standard, old though it be in design, is singularly appropriate at the present time, as it will be in the future of her national life. A sun rising amid a blaze of glory may indeed well be the ensign and emblem of the most enterprising and ingenious Eastern people of the twentieth century.

There are many who will regret the more romantic Japan of the past, which at present—though for how long one wonders—exists as it were alongside the go-ahead Japan of to-day. And these will also regret the colossal as typified by the battleships and Krupp guns of modern Japan replacing the minute which used to be so curious. All will regard the possible destruction of picturesque gardens of quaintly dwarfed trees, the abolition of the butterfly geishas, and the introduction in place of the latter of the prosaic barmaid or bar-tender, or perhaps even the institution of the devices of the automatic luncheon bar with apprehension and dissatisfaction.

But although Western ideas, tools, even, alas! fashions as typified by Parisian millinery and corsets, we are told, are slowly but surely being adopted, and are doing much to modernise Japan of to-day, and to bring the Japanese themselves "up-to-date," as the phrase has it; the fascinations of the land of the chrysanthemum and sun are still almost as potent as ever for both novelist and tourist.

Twenty years or even much less ago such a thing as an alliance between Great Britain and Japan would have been scouted. The island nation which has many aims, needs, and sympathies in common with our own was then only a nation in embryo. Now she is fast advancing to the front rank of naval Powers. From a far away country with which we did trade she has become—in alliance with ourselves—what a Russian statesman has called "a menace to the peace of the world." Translated, this phrase means a check to Russian aggression and schemes in the Far East and possibly in the Near East, too.

PROGRESS IN COMMERCE AND EDUCATION.

The commercial progress of the nation has been quite commensurate with the political. In two decades the trade has increased almost twenty-fold, and the foreign trade alone of this present year is expected to reach or even exceed £25,000,000. It is to be questioned whether we realise to a full or even adequate extent the immense resources of what, from its position as a "sea-girt kingdom," may well be called the "Britain of the East," but there can be little doubt that Germany, our chief competitor, and Russia, our would-be rival, do so far more accurately. The markets of our ally may well be, indeed should be ours. It remains to be seen whether decadent British enterprise will allow British ships and British merchants to be ousted from the coign of vantage available to them.

In education, too, the Japanese are fully aware of the necessity there is for the adoption of the most modern systems and complete methods. In this respect it is true there is yet much to be done; but each year sees material advance in supplying educational facilities upon modern lines, and founded upon the best European systems. In several of the large "public" schools of Japan—more especially perhaps in two or three devoted to the education of Japanese

girls—are the effects of the adoption of European methods and ideas noticeable. The class-rooms are invariably light and airy (as indeed are most Japanese houses), and the physical education of the pupils has due attention paid to it. Archery, games, and exercises, with and without apparatus, turn the innately graceful Japanese maidens into well-developed ones also.

The sending of the young men of position to Europe for educational purposes has for two or three decades at least been popular. It may perhaps be likened to the "grand tour" which young Englishmen of position a century or more ago were almost compelled by custom to make. These Japanese students, who enter at the Universities, are sent to well-known public schools, or who, as many of them do, study privately, attending special classes at London University, almost invariably prove clever, apt, and extremely painstaking pupils. Some of the results of this system of sending the young Japanese of the upper classes to Europe is to be plainly traced in the startlingly rapid progress in civilisation and commerce made by their nation during the last fifteen or twenty years.

Internal commerce has of late also made rapid strides, largely owing to the improved and extended system of railways and tramways which, connecting various towns and ports with the interior, have made the transit of goods and merchandise more certain, quick, and inexpensive. With the growth of commerce and national ambition Japan has become immeasurably more wealthy than she was even two decades ago. Thirty years or so back she possessed no banks, and naturally no banking system. To-day, owing to the fostering care and wise treatment by the Government of the crisis which arose from the permission given to the national banks in 1872 to issue notes which were unconvertible, there are several hundred banks scattered throughout the length and breadth of the country. The Bank of Japan, created early in the '80's to meet the crisis, is a solid and respected undertaking.

There are those who regard Japan's phenomenal progress as likely to eventually lead to a "debacle" either commercial or fiscal. And they point to the immense increase which has taken place during the last five or ten years in the national debt. Thirty years ago it amounted to less than 4d. per head of the then population; at the present time it amounts to nearly twenty-five shillings. The rise is large, especially when one considers that it has spread over a population which has very greatly increased—but it is not alarming. The national debt of a small European State (Belgium) is twelve times as much; while the indebtedness of Portugal is almost twenty-five times as much. The future of Japan, however, may be left to her. She possesses wise, if progressive, statesmen; and immense national resources as yet almost unrealised, let alone developed. She will, of course, have to pay for national prestige and advancement into the ranks of first-class naval Powers; but there is an element of sagacity and perseverance in the national life that will serve to safeguard her amid crises inevitably brought about by progress.

But Japan is not yet quite modernised, not yet inartistic, not yet robbed of the romantic charm and picturesqueness of which so many have written, and under whose spell so large a number have fallen. In the open rice fields, in the tea fields, in the fallow land productive of such beauty and charm of verdure, one may still see the slow, cumbrous but quaint and interesting wooden ox-plough. The spiker-like American article, with its bright and grinning shares, has not yet entirely superseded those of native manufacture.

HAS JAPANESE WARE DETERIORATED?

Connoisseurs and collectors are never weary of telling us of the deterioration of Japanese ware, lacquer, and art. They attribute it—and possibly rightly so—to the increase of the export trade, which last year reached the total of nearly £23,000,000. But they exaggerate. In the small native shops, more especially of the inland and less tourist-ridden villages, are still to be found veritable "objets d'art," comparable with almost the best of ancient work. Cabinets, exquisitely inlaid with ivory, nacre, and ebony, and lined

with sweet-smelling cedar. Lacquer boxes with quaint designs of impossible sea-monsters; delicate leatherlike branches and sprays of flowers. Vases of most beautiful workmanship and decorativeness. So-called "prints" which exhibit the ancient colouring in all its depth and charm, even occasionally some examples little inferior in their purples, blues, and crimson tones to those seen in the works of Iokusai, Toyokuni, and masters of the Kano school. But at a price! And one is almost driven to think that the real grievance with collectors is rather than the admitted, but exaggerated, decadence of Japanese art and art work.

"I buy almost all my Japanese prints in Paris," said a collector to me one day. "There are none now to be had in Japan!" There are; but they are no longer—as was the case twenty-five years ago—to be found, save in odd corners to which the collector (I mean rather the amateur) rarely penetrates. Dealers do, and acquire them for sale in Paris or in London at fabulous prices.

The Japan of the traveller, for as yet the mere tourist is not all pervading in the land of the chrysanthemum, shows less of change than one might expect. The advent of railways, telephones, and electricity have not yet entirely destroyed the picturesque and the interesting.

They cannot detract from the roseate hue upon the snowy cap of Fuji San; the charm and fascination of a Japanese summer night; or the fresh beauty of a Japanese spring dawn. We may yet see tramways running, amid the cryptomerias, wistarias, and cherry blossom of the Kasuga Park, Nara, or desecrating equally lovely spots. But for the present the advance of Japan has happily not lain in that direction.

THE METAL WORKER AND CARPENTER.

Coming from the more modern portions of Japanese towns, from the busy quays, the dockyards, the aggressively modern if convenient telephone exchange, to the by-ways and strange narrow streets of the older quarters. Here progress is almost unknown as yet. A slight tapping noise—it is scarcely more than would be made by the "death watch"—proceeds from the interior of a dim workshop. It is the metal worker. Scorning modern American tools, he sits squatting before his task, in the faint light which falls through the window from the shady narrow street, tapping upon his vase, or box, or metal panel, with old tools which may have belonged to his grandfathers' grandfather, little toylike hammers, and slender, blunted chisels. His measure (and how wonderfully accurate it proves) provided for him by nature, consisting of his hand and a marvellously exact eye. This man, in a long, loose, coat-like garment once smoke blue, and now faded into patches of French grey; what a contrast to the young Japanese clerk who saunters down the street in trousers, cutaway coat, and bowler hat; and European of Europeans! The old order and the new within a few yards of one another.

From this caricature—for this he is, though he has learned to wear the unpicturesque garb to which he clings with some degree of aplomb—how charming to turn to the carpenter a few yards further up the street. His tools are around him; scarcely any of them are larger than those in a boy's set at home. The little plane he runs so methodically along the lid of the cedar wood chest he is making would cause a British carpenter to laugh; as would also the wage at which he accomplishes work unequalled for honesty of purpose. How painstaking he is! Most people must have heard the traveller's tale (it has always of course happened to a friend—that useful friend!) of the carpenter who in making a duplicate cabinet carried out his instructions to the letter, and broke one of the little carved doors in half so that he might repair it again to look like the copy to which a similar misfortune had happened. But, although this particular tale may not be true in fact it is so in substance, and serves to illustrate the exactitude and painstaking care which has done much to bring Japan to her present place in the Far East, and in the estimation of Western peoples.

THEATRES.

Another thing which is not yet modernised is the Japanese theatre. Here little or no

advance has been made in respect of scenery or the details of mounting. Magnificent acting—that is Japanese acting—one may often find; but the scenery and scenic effects would make the most makeshift amateur dramatic company smile. Musical comedy, "smart" plays, comic operas are unknown in Japan. Most of the plays are tragic, and how long! "I've come back this year to see the finish of the play you were acting last fall," said an American to a Japanese friend. "If you're going to run it another year I guess I'll have to get you to cable the 'denouement,' as I guess I'll not be able to stay or call round again." The Jap smiled. But after all that play had been running several weeks.

The Japanese merchant. A suave gentleman, who if he likes you will serve you honestly enough; but, if he doesn't, will cheat you with the most exquisite skill; pander to your foibles, flatter your ignorance, fill you feel that you are a judge of everything that can be purchased within the walls of Tokio. A connoisseur of "cloisonné" without equal, the possessor of a "wonderful nose for scenting bargains." Wait till you get home!

The Jap of the future, who can tell what he will be? Possibly a menace to all the older Eastern civilisations. Probably the "big man" of Asia. It is to be "Advance Japan," and twenty years will show a revolution undreamed of outside the brains of Japanese statesmen.

CLIVE HOLLAND.

Next week: "The Bitter and Sweet of Life," by Helen Mathers.

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THROUGH ENGLAND IN RAGS. AN AMATEUR VAGRANT'S EXPERIENCES OF ROAD LIFE.

"FIRE!"—AND WHAT CAME OF IT. A TRAMPS' HAVEN IN ARCADIA.

Dagnall, I observe from my favourite sedative, the gazetteer, lies between the Dunstable Downs and the Ivanhoe Hills. But when we plodded up that dreary, heart-breaking North-road from St. Albans one Sunday afternoon in August, neither of us knew exactly where the village was situated, and my companion had never so much as heard of the far-famed free shelter in it. Nay, he was exceedingly sceptical as to the existence of any such place, believing, as he monotonously iterated every five minutes, that "there was no such luck for him." But I pardoned him freely: he had spent a day and two nights in the Barnet casual ward, and had only come out that morning.

He was a curious fellow, with a curious life-story, and the causes which led to his taking to the road were in keeping with the rest of his career. An iron-plate worker by trade, he had for some years been employed in London. On the Saturday before August Bank Holiday he went by excursion train to Wolverhampton, taking his wife and children with him. Instead of returning on the following Wednesday, as he should have done, he travelled back alone on Thursday, and was then told by his foreman that another man had been engaged in his place.

He consequently pawned his watch and went to "Hampton" again, with the intention of seeking work in that town. Next day, however, he received a letter from his landlord in London warning him that if certain arrears of rent were not paid within a specified time his goods would be seized and sold. Back he went once more, called in a broker, disposed of his furniture, wiped off his debts, and then began drinking.

That night he went into a "doss-house" in Vauxhall Bridge-road. Next morning, on waking, he found somebody had robbed him while he was asleep of about fifteen shillings, leaving him penniless, and of his boots, which were nearly new. After that he started on tramp for Wolverhampton.

"But the boots you are wearing—how did

you get these?" I asked when he had concluded his narrative.

"Oh, the chap who took mine didn't want me to go barefooted; he left me his," replied the iron-plate worker. "Look at 'em; they're crippling me."

This was perfectly true; and our progress was, therefore, painfully slow. It was nearly six in the evening when we reached Dunstable, and quite eight before we arrived at Dagnall, which lies about five miles off the North-road.

As neither of us had had anything to eat since noon, and I was possessed of 2½d., I tried to buy a loaf of bread as we were passing through the village. It was no use; nobody would answer the several doors at which I knocked. I sought an explanation.

"Do you happen to know that it is Sunday?" asked one of the natives with much severity.

I told him—but no matter. On we then went till we came to a long, low, brick building, with an inscription over the door: "Open to all." This being evidently the shelter of which I had heard so much, my companion walked in at once, while I retraced my steps down the road in search of bread. Eventually I obtained the greater part of a loaf from a public-house for 1½d. When I entered the public resting-place I found the iron-plate worker, with three other tramps, seated just inside the door.

The building, I saw later on, was palpably erected for the special use to which it is put. The first thing you observe is a private office to the left, communicating on the other side with the grounds of the owner, while to your right are a couple of seats, with planks fixed at a convenient height above them that serve as a table. Passing on through a doorway, you enter the second portion of the building, which contains on one side a sink, and on the other a number of forms, in front of these being the flue, etc., of the heating apparatus below. Here, if I am not misinformed, short religious services are occasionally held.

By another doorway you gain access to the remainder of the shelter, which is devoted wholly to sleeping purposes. A narrow passage—in the centre of which, all the way along, is an opening to allow the warm air to ascend from the hot-water pipe or pipes underneath—runs up the middle, and the rest of the place is divided by partitions about two feet high into four compartments. In three of these is straw, while in the fourth is a raised platform, with a piece of wood running across that part nearest the wall to answer the offices of a pillow.

As I have indicated, what a Lancashire woman would call the "living place" of the shelter is—in summer, at any rate—that first entered from outside. Immediately I was seated in it I divided the bread I had purchased into two portions, and, my companion having brought some water in a borrowed can, we proceeded to eat our supper. One of the other tramps observed scornfully that he wanted something warm (so did we, for the matter of that), and he accordingly procured a candle, wrapped it round with paper, applied a light, and held his can over the flame. He was, however, anything but sanguine of success.

"It'll be all right, you'll see," encouragingly observed from time to time an old roadster, who had apparently told him of this wrinkle. Once he added, for the benefit of the company, "A ha'penny dip'll bile a quart o' water, if it's cut in two. I've biled many a gallon with candles."

Sure enough, the vagrant speedily had a pint of tea, and drank it—all. Oh, how I longed for a taste—just a taste! Dry bread and cold water are not particularly grateful and comforting, even when you are ravenously hungry.

While we were eating our supper, an elderly, grey-bearded gentleman, attended by a boy carrying a lantern, came into the shelter and had a few words both with some of us and with some of those in the sleeping apartment. Two of our little party he did not appear to notice—familiar faces at the shelter, no doubt. I immediately assumed, as a matter of course, that he was our host, and after he had departed my assumption was confirmed, and I was told how the shelter originated.

The local brewery was once on fire. A

vagrant who was passing by saw the flames, and not only gave the alarm, but assisted to extinguish them, with the result that the place was saved. And out of gratitude for this timely aid, the proprietor resolved that henceforward every tramp who applied should have beer and shelter gratis. Such, at all events, is the road tradition. The giving away of drink has, however, been discontinued, doubtless owing to the circumstance that the privilege was abused.

I was informed, moreover, that provisions used to be sold in small quantities in the shelter, and that hot water can still be obtained during the winter months. Washing—as well, I believe, as boot-repairing, for which a last is kept on the premises—can be done at any time; and a man is free to come and go when he likes, though it is said that if he wishes to stop for two successive nights he is expected to ask for permission to do so. I may add that in front of the flue from the heating apparatus is what I took to be a circular iron clothes-horse used for drying purposes.

Supper over, we lit our pipes and retired to the sleeping apartment. On the platform I have previously mentioned a regular roadster lay stretched at full length, puffing out smoke like a locomotive, while near him was what at first seemed to be a bundle of rags. It was really an old woman. She had curled herself up in some inscrutably mysterious fashion and pulled down over her a shawl long past redemption.

Barely had I had time to notice this much, when one of our number said, "Who's for the board?" and, without waiting for a reply, turned a number of tins out of a sack he carried, jumped into it, and tied it round his waist, after which he threw himself down between the old woman and the glutton for nicotine.

The others turned into the straw, scattered among which eight or nine men already lay snoring in divers keys. I shared their preference, and, indeed, I know not how to account for the choice of the others, save on the theory that men become so habituated to the plank of the casual ward that they cannot sleep on a softer and more luxurious bed. Pulling off my boots, I converted them, with the aid of some straw, into a pillow, and laid down to rest.

I had ample room—in fact, the shelter would have held four or five times as many as were in it that night—the straw was delightfully sweet and clean; and so I soon fell asleep. Dawn was breaking before I awoke. An altercation was going on among some of my fellow-lodgers as to the time they should take to the road. But I dropped off again, and when I opened my eyes the second time it was broad daylight, and only three of us remained in the building—the pipe-worshipper, the iron-plate worker, and myself. My companion said he had been lying awake for some time.

While we were preparing to depart the sluggish tramp suddenly sat up and rubbed his eyes.

"Oh, don't leave me—don't!" he implored; and with that he sprang to his feet, lit his pipe, and left us without another word.

We set off at about seven o'clock, wondering where breakfast was coming from. After walking for about an hour, I spent my last penny in bread. Bread, indeed, I ought not to call it. In colour and substance my purchase resembled inferior putty, while it tasted as paraffin oil smells.

In coming away from the admirable shelter at Dagnall, I was pleased to see that a few out of the thousands who have used it have expressed their obligations to its owner. On one of the doors, for instance, I noticed an incomplete sentence in pencil: "A young man returns his thanks for the shelter which . . ."

I also beg to record my thanks for the hospitality which enabled me to enjoy one of the best night's rests I had had for several weeks. Would that there were more institutions of the kind scattered up and down the country!

The title of the next subject in this series will be—

'Beggars' Routes and 'Marks.'

PETROL AND PICTURES.

[By "ARIEL."]

A NEW USE FOR MOTOR-BICYCLES.

We are informed by that interesting paper "The Motor" that a novel use has been found for a motor-bicycle. Mr. L. Bucknall, who is an expert motorist, as well as an experienced balloonist, uses his Werner motor-bicycle on his balloon trips. He carries the machine in the car of the balloon, and finds it very useful when he descends miles from a town or railway station. New uses are being found for the motor-cycle every day. It is in my opinion the handiest vehicle of the present day, and it is certain that there is a big future before it.

THE USE OF FORECARRIAGES.

A motor-cyclist (Birmingham) writes on the subject of the use of forecarriages on motor-cycles. He has been a rider of motor impelled cycles for the last three years, and fancied he knew something about them. Like myself, he was fascinated by the forecarriage, and had one fitted to his machine. The result has been that a well-tried engine has gone very wrong, entirely owing, he says, to overheating, caused by the front passenger keeping the air away. With the forecarriage removed, the engine works as satisfactorily as before. It is thus obvious, he says, that for engines which have to drive a machine with a forecarriage water-cooling becomes a *sine qua non*, otherwise there will be nothing but trouble.

THE LOCAL AUTOMOBILE CLUB.

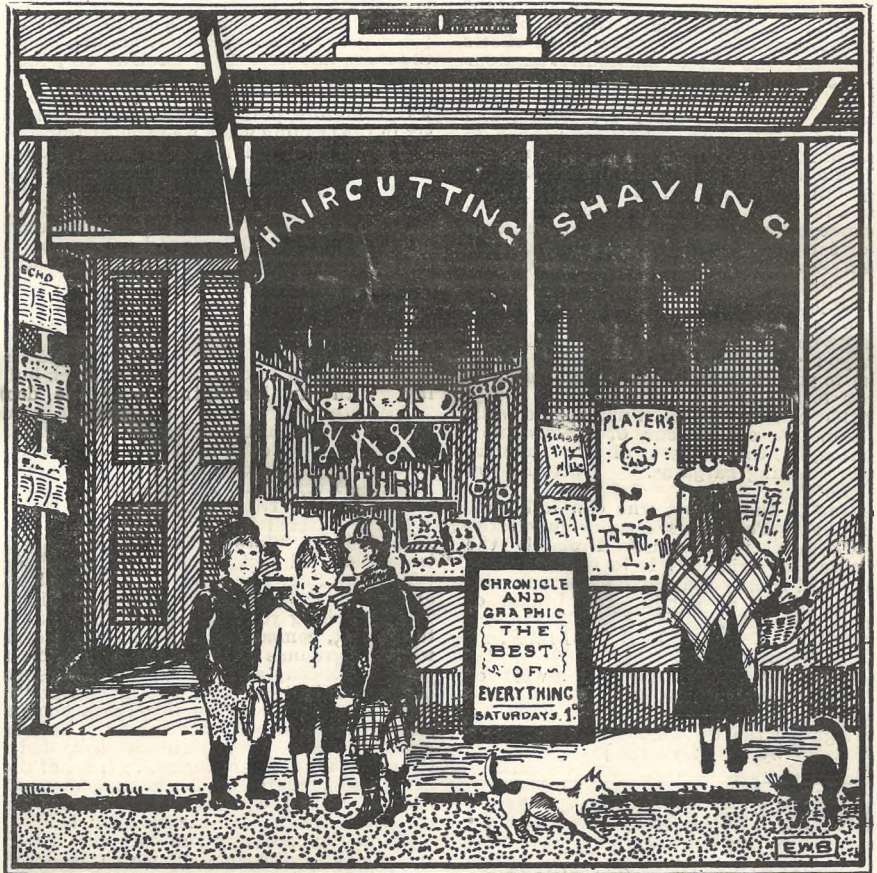
A meeting of motorists was held at the Queen's Hotel, Cheltenham, on Monday evening to discuss the formation of a club. It was unanimously decided that the club should include all the county of Gloucester, with Cheltenham as headquarters, under the title of "The Cheltenham and County Automobile Club." Dr. Fernald, as being the first automobilist in Cheltenham, was unanimously elected president, whilst I had the honour of being elected secretary. The next meeting of the club, to settle all business details, will take place on Monday evening, March 30th, at headquarters, the Queen's Hotel. Any person in the county of Gloucester who possesses any form of motor vehicle is eligible for membership. Undoubtedly Cheltenham is the town pre-eminent in the county (excluding Bristol, which possesses an automobile club of its own) to be the headquarters of a county club. I shall be pleased to send full particulars to anyone interested in the pastime of motoring.

THE PARIS-MADRID MOTOR RACE.

In this important Continental race an Englishman, Mr. Charles Jarrott, has obtained the first starting position on the list of competitors. He will drive one of the new 80-h.p. De Dietrich racing cars. With this good position, aided by his skill in driving, England ought to stand a good chance of winning this great race. The same gentleman will drive a Napier car in the Gordon-Bennett race, which is shortly to be run in Ireland, Parliament having given the necessary permission for racing to take place in that country.

THE AUTOMOBILE IN WAR.

A Volunteer motor corps has been talked of for some time, and has now taken definite shape. The "Gazette" announces that the King has approved of the formation of a corps, to be designated the "Motor Volunteer Corps." The formation of this corps is due to the efforts of Mr. Mark Mayhew, the well-known motorist. All owners of cars are eligible for membership, and the cars will be used in time of manoeuvres for scouting or conveying the various staff officers, and, if necessary, in more serious operations. A special uniform has been designed, officers have been appointed, and terms have been arranged with the War Office upon which members of the corps will be remunerated for their services. Why should not motor-cyclist corps be formed, to be attached to the various Volunteer forces in the country? In time of need their services would be invaluable for scouting and despatch work. Some time ago the Singer motor-bicycle was thoroughly tried in wretched weather in the Eastern manoeuvres, and came out of the ordeal with flying colours.



SCENT TO HAVE HIS HAIR CUT.

Boy comes out of barber's shop, and, having taken off his cap, his friends sniff in turn. "Oh! Lumme! Violets!"

Drawn by E. W. Beckingsale, Cheltenham.

THE SPEED LIMIT.

The Irish authorities appear to be more enlightened than our own authorities. The Local Government Board of Ireland have issued new regulations, to come into force on the 31st of this month, fixing the maximum speed limit at 14 miles an hour, with the provision that the car, etc., must be driven with due regard to the traffic on the roads. There are also two new regulations. The driver must not leave his car, etc., without having previously taken full precaution against it being started in his absence. Owners of motor-bicycles who use trailers will be interested to learn that the old and absurd six miles an hour limit is done away with, the combination being allowed to travel at the rate of 14 miles an hour, provided that a brake is fitted to the trailer.

A USEFUL LIST.

In the new catalogue issued by the makers of the Osmond motor-bicycle is a list of all the necessary things a motor-cyclist should carry on a long journey:—Pump, tyre repair outfit, spanners, oilcan, chain bolt and nut, address book of suppliers of petrol, emery paper, sparking-plug, spare belt hooks, adjustable spanner, screwdriver, pocketknife, pair of pliers, coil of copper wire (I may add that this is one of the most useful things to carry), spare trembler, and platinum screw.

IMPORTANT TO OWNERS OF BENZ CARS.

As there appear to be several of the old pattern 3½-h.p. Benz cars in the district, it may interest the owners to know that Messrs. Ratcliffe Bros., of Frinton-on-Sea, have introduced a mechanical inlet valve for fitting to the engines of the above cars. With this valve fitted, which allows the piston to suck in a full charge of gas at each stroke, the makers claim an increase in power of 25 per cent. The car will take hills and heavy roads on top speed, where with the ordinary valve

the second speed would have to be used. The fittings are moderate in price, and can be fitted by any motorist in a very short time.

DEVELOPING DISHES.

The only drawback to the use of large sizes of bromide paper is the need of having large dishes. These, of course, come rather expensive, and are very liable to break. Dishes can be made in a very simple manner by an amateur who cares to undertake the trouble in the following way:—A specially prepared waterproof paper can be obtained at any photo stores, and it should be purchased cut to size, which should be six inches larger each way than the largest sheet of bromide paper used. It should be folded on each side, the folds being two or three inches. The corners may then be pinched together, and the sides made to stand up so as to form a dish, whilst the corners may be pinched together with wooden American clips. These dishes will be found convenient even in small sizes, for travelling; but when the larger sizes are used they require a piece of flat wood placed underneath them to enable them to be lifted. If a great deal is done, wooden trays will be found far more useful, and many a box-lid can be rendered perfectly watertight with a little trouble. Fill up any corner cracks with putty, and after this is dry the whole dish may be made watertight by giving it a coating of the following solution: Asphalt 2ozs., mineral naphtha 50ozs., rubber cement 30grs. Give two coatings. This will make any box or lid watertight, and so turn them into serviceable dishes. One precaution—do not apply this solution near a fire or light of any kind. It is better to apply it in the open air.

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

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO' SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 117

SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1903.

THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE, CHELTENHAM.

This Afternoon and Evening—
"LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY."

Next Week:

"THE FATAL WEDDING,"

For the First Time in Cheltenham.

Time and Prices as Usual.

WINTER GARDEN, CHELTENHAM.

GRAND COUNTY FESTIVAL
PERFORMANCE OF HANDEL'S ORATORIO
"THE MESSIAH,"

ON

Thursday Afternoon, April 2, 1903,
AT THREE O'CLOCK.

PRINCIPALS:—

MADAME CARRIE SIVITER
(Of the Patti Concerts),

MISS BERTHA SALTER
(of the London Concerts),

MISS SUSANNE PALMER,

MR. CHARLES SAUNDERS
(the celebrated Tenor)
(of the Norwich Festival, &c.),

MR. ROBERT RADFORD
(Basso-Profundo)
(of the Principal Festivals),

MR. J. SOLOMON
(Solo Trumpet)

(of the London Festival & Queen's Hall Concerts).

THREE HUNDRED PERFORMERS

CONDUCTOR - - - MR. J. A. MATTHEWS.

N.B.—SPECIAL CHEAP RETURN TICKETS
on day of Festival from all parts on Great West-
ern, Midland, and Mid'and and South-Western
Junction Rai ways. See Bills.

Tickets - 1/-, 2/6, 3/-, 4-, 6-
At Westley and Co.'s Library, Cheltenham.

RARE COPIES OF DANTE.

On Tuesday Messrs. Sotheby continued their sale in London, of the library of Sir Thomas Carmichael, Bart., and the sales amounted to over £4,800. The principal item of the day was an exceedingly rare edition of the "La Divina Commedia" of Dante, 1481, with Landino's Commentary, and containing all the nineteen designs for the Inferno by Sandro Botticelli and B. Baldini. After keen competition it was knocked down for £1,000. A second edition of the same book fetched £245, and an editio princeps, dated 1472, sold for £252. Other editions sold were:—1487, £54; 1477, £66; and 1578, £38. No fewer than seventy-seven separate sets of Dante's works were sold.



DR. H. P. FERNALD, OF CHELTENHAM,
President Cheltenham and County Automobile Club.

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The Romance of the Weather.

By ARTHUR H. BELL.

Where does all the weather come from? is a question very often asked by a suffering humanity that has to submit to the protean antics of a British climate. Now in recent years some very satisfactory answers have been given to this momentous question, for, owing to the improvement that has taken place as regards the construction of meteorological instruments, students of the weather are much better equipped than they used to be with weapons for attacking the problems connected with the changes that take place within the confines of the atmosphere. But notwithstanding this better equipment of what may be termed the meteorological armoury, it is by no means an easy matter to read the sphinx riddle of the weather. It has often been remarked that the meteorologist is, so to speak, groping along the floor of an aerial ocean, with the element he desires to investigate soaring at an unknown height many miles above his head. In these circumstances, therefore, his outlook becomes very limited, and notwithstanding the investigations that have been made by the aid of balloons and mountain observatories, it is mainly from the lower regions of the atmosphere that all information concerning the vagaries of the weather is obtained.

Corin, when under cross-examination by Touchstone, observed that he knew that "a great cause of the night was a lack of the sun, and that the property of rain was to wet." Now this observation concerning the sun and the rain did not dive very deeply below the surface of matters meteorological, but Corin, like many other people, recognised that sunshine and rain were two important factors in his daily life. Broadly speaking, these indeed are the two main divisions into which all kinds of weather may be divided, and all that most people want to know is whether the day will be wet or whether it will be fine.

In modern times this important question has become a national one, and in nearly every country nowadays weather offices have been established for the purpose of studying this all-important subject, to the end that forecasts and storm-warnings may be issued for the public benefit and edification. In all times there have, of course, been weather prophets who by making themselves acquainted with the local signs of the weather, and by studying the weather proverbs and prognostics for their own locality, have often achieved a praiseworthy measure of success as regards their prophecies. The most successful of such prophets are sailors, farmers and shepherds, and others who live much in the open air, and whose comfort and well-being depends very largely on their knowledge concerning coming changes in the weather. Now the modern meteorologist recognises, of course, the skill and thought which these local weather prophets display in making their forecasts, and in many cases indeed avail themselves of this weather lore. The difference between the two prophets consists in the fact that the modern weather forecaster studies his subject by means of weather charts, an aid to forecasting with which the old-time weather prophet was quite unacquainted.

WEATHER CHARTS.

Weather charts are compiled by means of a number of stations or observatories scattered all over the country, which send up to a head office two or three times a day telegraph messages concerning the state of the weather. The observations are at once plotted on a chart, and it will be understood that with such a chart in front of him the forecaster is able to see at a glance the state of the weather all over the country, and is therefore in a good position to make an estimate as to future changes. The observations thus forwarded from the various stations are all taken at the same hour, and it is for this reason that such a chart as that described above is called a synchronous chart; while since it further gives a general view or synopsis of the weather, it is sometimes called a synoptic chart. Briefly, it is a weather chart, and it is such charts that form the

groundwork of all modern investigations concerning the important question: Will it be fine to-day?

Now of all the details which appear on a weather chart, none are so important as those which refer to the height of the barometer. The barometer readings are as necessary to the weather prophet as the lead-line to a sailor, for they reveal at a glance the variations taking place in the aerial depths, or in other words they show the alterations that are taking place all over the country as regards the changes in atmospheric pressure. But in order that the true inwardness of these barometer readings may be revealed, they need to be dealt with in a special manner. The necessary light is thrown on the figures by running a line through all places having the same barometer reading, these lines being called isobars, or lines of equal atmospheric pressure. These lines it is which more than anything else show the changes which may be taking place in the atmosphere, and on which all storm-warnings and weather forecasts are based.

CYCLONES AND ANTICYCLONES.

On looking at a weather chart with the isobars upon it, it is at once seen that they may take some very curious shapes. Thus, in one part of the chart it will be seen that the atmosphere is taking the form of an aerial eddy, these depressions receiving the name of cyclones, while in other parts of the country it will be noticed that the atmosphere is heaped up like a mountain, these elevations being called anticyclones. A further investigation quickly reveals the fact that there is a different kind of weather connected with the cyclones from what is found in the anticyclones. It is indeed to these two systems that all kinds of weather may be referred: gales and rain, cloudy skies, and unpleasant weather generally coming from the cyclones, while calm, dry days are to be credited to the account of the anticyclones.

Recognising, therefore, that these two systems carry between them all the forces which bring about wet days and fine days, it becomes very important that the weather prophet should know when the cyclones and anticyclones arrive and when they depart. It is to be remarked, also, that the cyclones travel across the country very rapidly, but the anticyclones drift onwards in a more leisurely way, often, indeed, remaining motionless for many days together. With these two opposing systems changing their position as regards one another from day to day, it may be imagined that a weather chart is very like a chess board. What, indeed, the weather forecaster has to do on looking at his daily weather chart is to say what will be the position of the meteorological pieces to-morrow. From this it will be gathered that it may often happen that the pieces do not quite move as they were expected to, and hence it is that the prophets sometimes make mistakes. Thus the conclusion may be arrived at that an anticyclone, with its attendant fine weather, is going to drift across the country, and the forecast "fine generally" is issued; but it may happen that a cyclone moves forward instead, with the result that in place of the fine weather there is a destructive gale, and drenching showers of rain. But despite these failures it is from the cyclones and anticyclones that all weather is derived.

From what has already been said it will be understood that these systems have the power of moving onwards, but it is also to be observed that the winds within them are at the same time blowing round in great circles. Moreover, it should be noted that with each quadrant or area of a cyclone or an anticyclone there is to be found a certain kind of weather. It is, for instance, found that different kinds of clouds are associated with cyclones from what develop within an anticyclone; while different clouds again are seen at the front of a cyclone from what are observed at the back. To take another illustration, hail is manufactured within the cyclones, while hoar frost is the child of the anticyclone. So with fog, snow, dew, thunder and lightning, and so forth, it is becoming well known nowadays to which system and to what part of it these various phenomena are to be referred.

Supposing, for instance, a cyclone comes

swirling in from the Atlantic, on its way across the British Isles, there is a marked sequence in the weather that all who run may read. It is, of course, well-known that at the centre of one of these cyclones the barometer falls very low, the gigantic eddy resembling nothing so much as one of the dimples to be seen in any swiftly-running river. The winds in the cyclone are rushing round and round in the opposite direction to the movement of the hands of a watch, and the deeper the eddy the higher the rate at which they swirl, or, in other words, the stronger is the gale. The first intimation of the approach of one of these depressions, as they are sometimes fitly called, is a falling barometer, and it need hardly be said that the rate at which the mercury falls affords very important information as to the probable strength of the coming gale.

ABOUT MOON HALOES.

Now as this bad weather advances across the country it very often gives rise to the haloes or rings which are so often seen round the moon, these haloes having always been a popular prognostic for stormy weather. At the front, too, of a cyclone are seen those feathery clouds called cirrus, which in weather lore are also known as mares' tails. Presently, as the storm advances, these feathery clouds disappear, the sky is covered with a uniform sheet of cloud, and the air at the same time becomes very damp. It is at this stage that people with corns and rheumatism experience what are called "shooting pains," while certain animals display an unusual restlessness. Furniture, too, creaks, and lamps and candles flare up, all of which, time out of mind, have been taken to be an intimation that rainy weather was near at hand. All these things, however, merely mean that the front of a cyclone has arrived, and no matter whether it be a plant that displays abnormal movements or whether it is the domestic cat that is observed to be paying an unusual amount of attention to her toilet, the movements are all to be set down to an activity induced by the damp, cloudy atmosphere at the front of an advancing storm. It should be mentioned also that at the same time there is a decided rise in the thermometer, which also has an effect on the movements of animals, plants, and human beings.

The barometer, moreover, continues to fall until the centre of the storm is reached. At the core of the cyclone there is little wind, while immediately overhead there is to be seen that patch of blue sky commonly supposed to be sufficient to make a Dutchman a pair of unmentionables. As this central region passes away the barometer rises, and commonly the rain comes down in torrents. But when the rear of the storm approaches, the wind dies away and the weather turns suddenly cold. There are, therefore, very definite changes in the weather connected with every part of a cyclone, so that if a weather forecaster always knew on what course a storm would travel, he would have no difficulty in saying what would happen in different parts of the country.

As already mentioned, in anticyclones all the foregoing conditions are reversed, and the weather they dispense is of a much quieter description. Anticyclonic weather is generally very exhilarating. The morning perhaps may begin with a mist, which in the winter months is often accompanied by a brilliant display of hoar frost. Both the mist and the frost, however, give way at mid-day to brilliant sunshine, and everyone agrees that it is a fine day. The barometer at such times stands high, while birds and animals are unusually active, and a careful observation of their movements has often enabled local weather prophets to foretell a continuance of the fine weather. The scientific forecaster with a weather chart knows that all these activities are due to the presence of an anticyclone; but it will be seen that many of the old ways of foretelling the weather are not discarded by modern meteorologists, but are merely put on a scientific basis.

The whole romance of the weather, therefore, is built up and carried through within the confines of the cyclones and the anticyclones, the details of the story being learnt by studying such things as rain, snow, fogs,

dew, hoar frost, and thunderstorms individually. Each of these things are, of course, built up out of aqueous vapour, which plays a part in every episode that occurs in the atmosphere. Enough, however, has been said to show that of all the romances, that of the weather is by no means the least interesting.

ARTHUR H. BELL.

Next Week:—"Van Beulingh and the Cannibal Feast," by Sir H. H. Johnston.

THROUGH ENGLAND IN RAGS.

AN AMATEUR VAGRANT'S
EXPERIENCES OF ROAD LIFE.
BEGGARS' ROUTES AND "MARKS."
"MOUCHING" BY MANY METHODS.

Most tramps lead the same kind of life as that led by an old acquaintance of mine who has seen thirty years' in the vagrant army, in which he has attained the rank of "Colonel." This hopelessly incorrigible roadster travels the country in summer, and in winter sets up in business as a cripple in some large town. One season he goes north, the next south, walking only about seven hundred miles in five or six months. This is quite the usual thing, only as a matter of course the industry followed during the winter varies, while many men retire into the workhouse about the end of September.

When vagrants are travelling they generally have some destination in view, but they make for that destination at a speed and by routes peculiarly their own. Their average rate of progression is rather less than ten miles per day; they rest on Sundays, and they nearly always avoid main roads, because they are "spoilt" by travelling tradesmen and others. "Keep away from the telegraph poles" is the first advice given by vagrants to the tramping tyro. For the same reason that they leave turnpike roads—"there is nothing on them"—they go miles round to keep clear of moors, downs, and other stretches where there is "no calling."

On the other hand, a local festival or any other event that attracts a crowd will draw them, too; and they very often arrange matters so that they can be in a town when wages are paid. Leeds was full of "travellers" when I was there, waiting for the militiamen to "come down" and spend their bounty—"flatten it" is, I believe, the local term. Of pay days I could make out a long list. As an instance of the way I picked up information on a subject in which most of us are interested, I take a trining incident that happened outside Mansfield.

I was trudging along the main road to Nottingham, when I met a tramp who expressed unbounded amazement because I said I was not going to turn aside and proceed by way of Hucknall and Bulwell. Why that road in preference to the one I was taking? It was Friday, the colliers' reckoning day, and I could, said the roadster, "work" the former village that night and the latter on Saturday morning on my journey to Nottingham. Later on, I may say, I dropped across another vagrant, who swore lustily because he had missed the road by which I was advised to travel.

Tramps likewise swarm to watering-places in the summer, and to such towns as Melton Mowbray during the hunting season. Visitors, I need hardly remark, fall an easy prey to them; but I never heard of anybody half so fortunate as a fellow who, with two others—one a white-haired old cadger of 70—for several years "worked" various parts of the Scottish coast.

The man himself assured me that he was never better off or happier in his life—and, according to his own story, he once had a good position—than at that time. In summer the two lived in a tent; in winter, in an old barn which they had repaired and made habitable. Their principal victims were English tourists, whom they melted with heart-breaking stories of their sorrows and sufferings. The old "moucher's" white hair was accounted to be worth quite half-a-sovereign a week, and it was so great a blow to the younger men when they awoke one morning and found the owner of it lying dead by their

side—fatty degeneration of the heart being the cause of death—that they left the country immediately.

Still, some vagrants stay a good while in a town. Everything depends on the "game" (the mode of gaining a livelihood) and the number of "marks" (charitable ladies and gentlemen) that can be found. A man such as one with whom I lodged at Maidstone must be pretty constantly on the move. His speciality was begging shirts, and he confided to me that in that town he had "mouched" five (value about 1s. 8d. altogether) on the previous day. He had gone from door to door whining—

"Could you give me an old shirt, missus? I'm going to start work for Mr. — (using the name of a local builder) in the morning, and I'm 'shamed to pull my coat off."

The largest number of "shallows" (shirts) he had begged in one day, he said, was fourteen, at Fulham, and all these he sold in the lodging-house at the usual price—threepence and fourpence each.

"Griddlers," too, do not stop long in a town. "Gridding" is, of course, singing in the street, and I am convinced that it is a profitable "game." I could adduce many facts in proof of this proposition, but I content myself with one series. From Daventry to Dunchurch my companions were a "couple" with a child in a perambulator. Both told me, independently, and without each other's knowledge, that on the previous night the woman had "griddled" Daventry from beginning to end without getting a copper. Then she "nobbed" then—went into shops and knocked at doors—with this result: a pair of kippers, a rice pudding (dish included), and 1s. 6d. in coppers.

On the previous Sunday, at Northampton, they raised 8s. 3d., besides a quantity of tea and sugar, nearly a whole Yorkshire pudding, some bread and meat, and other victuals. They "did" two streets without getting a farthing, whereupon the woman shouted to her helpmate, who was collecting—

"Do ask somebody for a bit of tea and sugar. I haven't had a drink to-day."

I don't think this was an artistic way of lying; but still, it served. In less than five minutes they had sufficient of those articles to last them a week. And after that food and money poured upon them.

The usual practice of the couple, when they reached a town, was to leave the perambulator at a lodging-house, and then she "griddled" while he went round to the public-houses and sustained the character of the British workman unemployed. After he had visited these he joined the woman and sang with her.

"Chanting" hymns in villages on Sunday mornings is closely allied to "gridding," and is a "game" followed by gutter vocalists, who also are mostly obliged to "keep moving." A couple of men who had been "working" the district came into a lodging-house at St. Albans with over 4s. as the result of two or three hours' hymn-singing.

Such callings as these, then, necessitate a good deal of walking; while, on the other hand, there are some which suit men who can do without exercise admirably. "Working a 'stiff'" is an example much to the point. A "stiff" is, in this connection, a begging-letter, which, as everybody knows, takes many forms. The most novel and most ingenious I heard of set forth that —, late valet to Lord — (a peer lately dead—the name was altered from time to time), was unfit for further service of a like nature, owing to cancer in the stomach, and that he therefore sought some light employment—such as carpet mending or other household work.

A printer's reader whom I saw at Chesterfield proclaimed himself to be the modest author of this document, and said that the man who was working it left a number of copies at houses, and collected them later in the day.

"That's not begging," concluded my casual acquaintance in a significant tone.

I came across many men, however, who had "worked" a "stiff" of the ordinary kind with satisfactory results. One fellow assured me he had lived for six months in Birmingham principally by means of a begging-letter. He picked up a companion who was consumptive, and who had a medical certificate

to that effect, and endorsed with a recommendation that the sufferer should go to a certain health resort. He also had a "stiff" which set forth these facts, and appealed to the charitable for assistance to enable him to go away. With these documents he collected a large amount of money.

On one occasion a solicitor gave him a sovereign and a letter of recommendation to his brother, who lives in the same street.

"What do you come to me for?" demanded that gentleman. "According to your own showing you have enough money to take you to the seaside."

"Yes, sir," returned the wily consumptive; "but when you go into an institution you must have some clean linen, and I have none."

This explanation satisfied the "mark" (alms-giver), who also gave him a sovereign. Occasionally my informant, himself a pale-faced, delicate-looking man, borrowed the certificate, wrote, or had written for him, a begging-letter, and raised some money on his own account.

This man had, when I met him, just done his first stage out of Nottingham, where he had been living for four months on weekly allowances made him by several tender-hearted inhabitants. In one case the grant was two shillings. Eventually the gentleman who made it said—

"I shall not assist you any more. You were drunk on Saturday, and, besides, you are not a fit subject for charity. You can have your case investigated if you like," he went on, checking the tramp's protestations with a wave of the hand, "but in future you must apply to my private secretary."

"Worse than a relieving officer, he is," remarked the roadster to me; and then he proceeded to tell me that the same night, with a view to softening the "mark's" heart, he sent a friend to the gentleman to "thank him for his past kindness." The plan failed, however, for the mediator could not even see the intended victim.

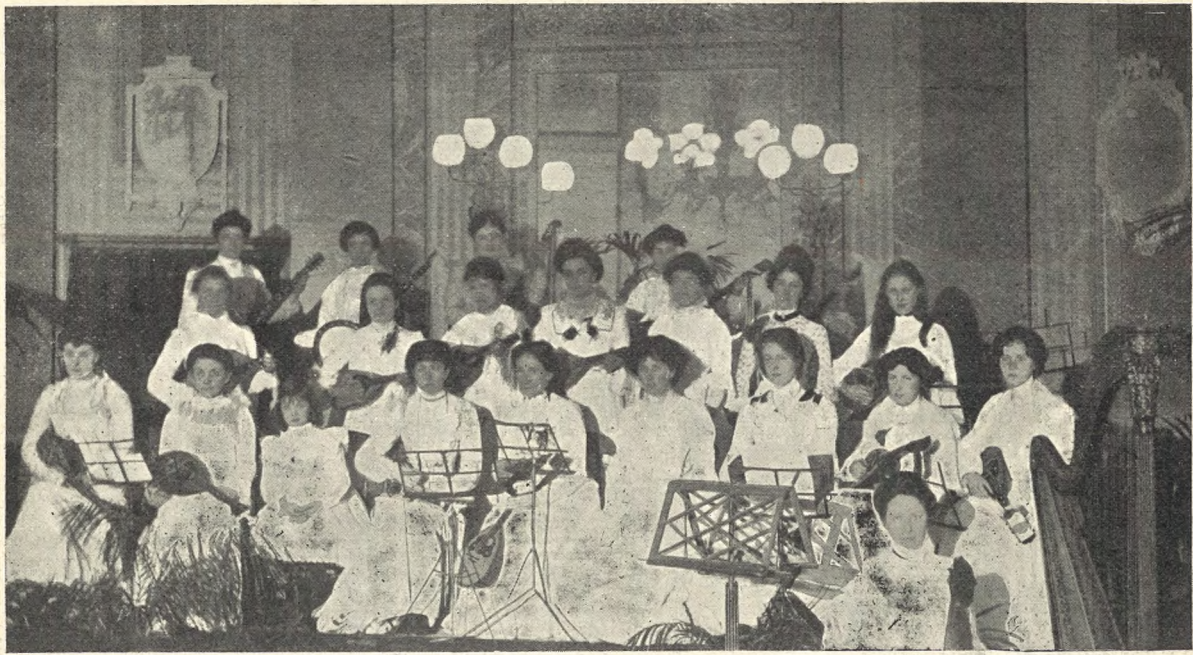
Afterwards he discovered that for the "spoiling" of this source of income he was indebted to a fellow-lodger—an old man of sixty—who treacherously informed the almoner of his true character.

I daresay I also could have stopped in Nottingham for a few weeks, for this man gave me the names and addresses of several people "good" for various amounts—which are a great help to anybody who does not know what are called the runs of a town. I wonder, indeed, that a boy to be found at one of the Newcastle lodging-houses has not more imitators. For a mere trifle this youngster will, I believe, take a "moucher" to all the "marks" in the city. I did not, however, see that I could gain much by acting on the advice given me.

Beggars who are skilled in "working" "marks"—such as the man who had been living in Nottingham—may become quite old inhabitants of towns. Many of such individuals used to be found at Burton-upon-Trent, but since a Charity Organisation Society has been established there the number has greatly decreased. There is a similar association at Bedford, and when I was there I noticed bills on the walls cautioning people not to give money to beggars, but to refer them to it. The advice was needed. In one of the local lodging-houses I met a man who had been in the town for four years. He was afraid, however, that he would soon have to seek fresh fields, inasmuch as one of his "marks" had given him, instead of his weekly allowance, a ticket for the Charity Organisation Society, which had then his case under consideration, and he fully expected that the result would be unfavourable. Meanwhile, he would be very glad to sell me or anybody else the various articles of wearing apparel he had "mouched" that day.

Seeing, then, that vagrants perambulate the country so leisurely, it is no wonder that they dubbed me the "Flying Tramp," and that I met only about four while I was on the road who would keep up with me.

The title of the next subject in this series will be:—"Tricking Local Mendicity Societies."



MISS GARDINER'S BANJO AND MANDOLINE BAND.

Flashlight photo by F. C. A. Jaynes, Cheltenham.



MRS. FORTY AND MRS. ROUS,
Who dispensed the waters at Ye Olde Well
in Royal Well Walk. The portrait of the
former was drawn in 1798 and that of the
latter some time earlier

Burns, the poet, is to have a statue at Mel-
bourne, Victoria.

The fund for the provision of a memorial
to Worcestershire soldiers who fell in South
Africa has now reached £700.



MR. GEORGE TURK
(of Cheltenham),
DIED MARCH 15, 1903.

"TO STAY AT HOME IS BEST."

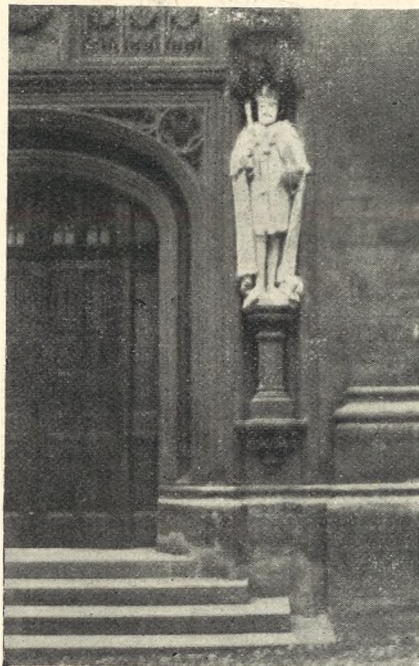
As the early travellers return from the Riviera and tell their tales of bitter winds and insufficient means of heating their rooms, one feels inclined to ask them why they so determinedly go abroad year after year and never try some of the warmer spots in England. This year, at least, it has been admittedly pleasanter at home than in the South of France, and for many people it is more convenient, even when on holiday, to be within easy reach of their permanent home. Good hotels and boarding-houses are to be found in almost every English watering place, the prices are less exorbitant than those which the foreigners charge, and the little comforts which English folk desire are more easily attainable. And it is probable that the sanitary record of the place

will be more satisfactory than that of many foreign towns. We have before us, for example, the health record of Hastings for the last six months. As Hastings is a place where consumptives go, it is to be expected that both in public institutions and in private houses and hotels there will be the deaths of invalids to swell the mortality lists and these deaths should not be debited to the borough itself. Yet, even including these, the report shows a comparatively small record of deaths of young persons. A very large proportion are deaths of persons over 60 years of age—deaths which may fairly be regarded as natural. The death-rate among young children—the most delicate class in every community—is small and is steadily decreasing. The death-rate for the last quarter of last year was 14.08 per thousand, and that for the quarter which ended Sept. 30th only 11.43 per thousand. As the average death-rate for England and Wales is 16.3 per thousand, it is clear that the health standard of Hastings, even during the worst quarter of the year, is above the general average, and stands thus high even though we include the deaths of those who went there in an almost moribund condition. That it is a pleasant place all who have been there know—sheltered from bleak winds and catching more than its share of sunshine. Moreover, it is within easy reach of London, which is surely an advantage. The long journey to and from the continental health-resort often undoes all the good that the place itself may do. And after all, it is pleasanter, if one is something of an invalid and is alone, as some invalids must be, to hear one's native tongue spoken all round, and to be surrounded by frank English faces. When one's health is feeble "to stay at home is best"—at any rate as near home as one can find a sufficiently genial climate.—"The Hospital."

MUNICIPAL TRADING.

The annual meeting of the Association of Municipal Corporations was held on Saturday. Sir Albert Rollit, M.P., the president, spoke on municipal trading, which, he said, had been subjected to a great deal of exaggerated and loose criticism. Private enterprise had done much, but there were many things which municipalities could do so much better than private individuals, as had been amply proved, and municipalities would still stand to their arms for the good of the community at large.

STATUE OF KING ON EXTERIOR OF
CHELTENHAM COLLEGE CHAPEL.



A PHOTOGRAPH.



A DRAWING.

By Arthur Dutton, Cheltenham.

THE PRIZE DRAWING.



Drawn by Harry H. Franklin, Ebley, Stroud.

MUNICIPAL SHEEP FARMING.

Torquay Town Council has successfully carried out a sheep-farming experiment. It possesses over 2,000 acres of land around its reservoirs on Dartmoor. During the financial year just closing it bought 190 sheep for £243, sold 112 in the market for £226, and still has 151 sheep and lambs worth £335 12s. Councillors claim that the experiment has paid, and shows a credit balance of £250. Consequently the Town Council is about to go in for sheep farming on a large scale, as well as for colt breeding.

Owing to the high rates of insurance owners of "skyscraper" buildings in New York have decided to form a mutual fire insurance society.

The workmen, while pulling down Newgate Prison, have come on the remains of several criminals executed and buried within the precincts of the gaol several centuries ago.

The final arrangements for electrifying the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway system between Liverpool and Southport are in course of being made, and this line will be the first of its kind put into operation in England, as it will be opened during the current year.



THE RIGHT REV. DR. ELLICOTT,
40 Years Bishop of Gloucester,
Lady Day, 1903.

A news agency understands that when the budget is introduced, a member on the Opposition side of the House will suggest that a penny stamp should be required to be placed upon all packets of cigarettes which are sold at the rate of ten a penny.

PETROL AND PICTURES.

[BY "ARIEL."]

HOW TO SET A DE DION TREMBLER.

Very good results can be obtained with the ordinary Le Lion trembling contact, but the trembler requires very careful and accurate adjustment if the best results are to be obtained. Having used the above on my machine for eight months, I have experimented to find out how to get the best results. First get the trembler blade fixed. This should be screwed up until the end of the blade drops half-way to the bottom of the notch in the cam. Now place the platinum-tipped screw in its pillar. Switch on the current, and bring up the screw slowly. When the screw touches the trembler a slight spark will become visible. When that is seen, the screw is in far enough, and it will be found that sparking will be good.

THE DERBY OF AUTOMOBILISM.

The Gordon-Bennett automobile race has been more talked about of late than any other race on road, track, turf, or sea. Perhaps it will be interesting to some of my readers to explain the origin of this race and how it is managed. The race takes its name from Mr. James Gordon-Bennett, the proprietor of the "New York Herald." He was intensely interested in the motor movement from its infancy; and, seeing that France alone appeared to be making great headway in the construction of motor-cars, he decided to try and remedy this by offering an international race cup. This cup is very large, and represents a motor-car steered by Progress and carrying a winged Victory as passenger. This cup was delivered over to the Automobile Club of France. Any automobile club can challenge for it, and the race must take place in the country of the holder of the cup. As everyone knows, Mr. S. F. Edge won the cup for England during the Paris-Vienna race of last year; thus the race this year must take place in the British Isles. Ireland was selected, and a special Act has been passed by Parliament to allow the race to take place. The club holding the cup can choose the route. The distance must be between three hundred and four hundred miles in length. England will be represented by Messrs. S. F. Edge and Chas. Jarrott, both of whom will ride Napier cars. Germany will enter three Mercedes cars. France will enter Panhard and Mors cars, and America will send two Winton cars. The Napier car which will be driven by Edge is stated to be of 103 horsepower, and some sensational speeds are anticipated. Elaborate precautions are being taken to ensure safety to all concerned. Every foot of the road is going to be examined and all bad places put right. To provide money for this purpose, all automobilists throughout the United Kingdom are being asked to subscribe. The race day is Thursday, July 2nd, and the competitors will start at seven o'clock in the morning.

A PLEASANT RUN.

Last Sunday morning a few members of the newly-formed club met. The sun was shining brilliantly, and it looked as though a very enjoyable run would be had. The town was left behind at 9.30, and the machines headed for Broadway, the old English village, about eighteen miles distant. With the wind behind, the machines went along in fine style; and, except in a few places, the roads were perfection. Broadway was reached at 10.30. A pleasant surprise was in store, for outside the principal hotel was the car of the club's president, Dr. H. P. Fernald. He accompanied the motorists home again. The return journey was made via Evesham. With the wind in front, progress was slow, but Cheltenham was safely reached. It speaks well for the motor vehicles that not once during the run did they give trouble.

A NOISELESS CAR.

The car shown in the illustration is the "Oldsmobile," an American car. The chief point to notice about it is its noiselessness. This is due to the special silencer fitted by the makers. The engine is of $4\frac{1}{2}$ h.p., and is capable of driving the car at the rate of from 20 to 25 miles an hour on top speed. The engine is set horizontally, and a feature is the heavy fly-wheel fitted, ensuring very smooth running. A mechanical inlet valve is fitted. Cooling of the cylinder is effected

by a water jacket and a circulation system of radiating coils. The power is transmitted direct from the motor shaft by a special chain, which the company claim to be unbreakable. Two speeds forward and one reverse is fitted. Another special feature is the starting gear, which enables the motor to be started up from the driver's seat. A spray carburetter is fitted. The car will climb a gradient of one in seven easily. For town use for doctors, etc., this car should be practically perfect. The weight comes out at seven hundredweight. Price £185.

EXPOSURE.

One of the most difficult things the beginner in the art of photography has to face is the correct exposure of his plates. In these days of quick lenses and rapid plates, an exposure of 1-16th of a second too much makes a vast difference to a plate. Various appliances have been invented to help the beginner in this matter. One of the neatest and most accurate is the small pocket meter issued by the Imperial Co. This is made in cardboard, and consists of several scales and two moveable slips of cardboard. On the back of the meter numbers are given for month and hour. When the number is found on the back the meter is turned over, and the first slip of cardboard (which has printed on it different states of weather) is moved up till the weather corresponds with the number. The next strip of cardboard—which is fixed—contains speed numbers of all plates issued by the company. On the next strip of moveable card is printed subjects usually photographed. This is moved until the subject to be photographed is level with the speed number of the plate. The next strip gives the correct exposure in seconds and parts of a second.

VIGNETTING ENLARGEMENTS.

For portraits, especially a rough surface, bromide paper will be found to give the best results. It is extremely easy to vignette enlargements. Take a piece of cardboard of fair size (the cardboard in which half-plate P.O.P. is packed will be found very suitable), and cut in it a small hole of the shape desired for the vignette, but not much larger than the full size of the lens, and this held between the lens and the bromide paper, and moved backward and forward during exposure, will give a very good vignette. The nearer the lens the cardboard is held the larger the vignette, whilst the nearer the sensitive paper the smaller the vignette.

NAPOLEON'S FIRST GREAT BATTLE.

Lord Wolseley concludes his absorbing studies of Napoleon's early career in the April number of the "Pall Mall Magazine." "The Battle of Montenotte," says the distinguished writer, "was the genesis of his unparalleled career and of the undying renown with which he endowed the land of his adoption. His greatness in peace, his success in war, his wisdom as a ruler, his genius as a commander, all combine to make him the most remarkable man whom God ever created. It is no wonder that he occupies so large a space in the history of France and of the world itself. His cultivated wisdom as a lawgiver, and his victories, insure him a lasting fame that appeals to the imagination of the quick-minded and chivalrous people he ruled over. France owes him much, for he rescued her from the terrible throes of a bloody revolution, and made her greater than she had ever been before. Were it possible to doubt that the history of war is the history of the world, a study of this campaign in Italy should dispel all uncertainty upon the point. It was the opening act of the great drama, I might say of the tragedy of that Empire which under his immediate direction altered the face of Europe and the whole course of subsequent history. In after years Napoleon said, with well-justified pride, that his patent of nobility dated from the battle of Montenotte."

Kingston-on-Thames Town Council have invited Mr. Andrew Carnegie to accept the honorary freedom of the borough for his gift of £2,000 towards the cost of the new Free Public Library.

Sir John Kennaway, M.P., has been presented by the officers of the 3rd Volunteer Battalion Devon Regiment with a pair of silver porringers on his retirement from the command.

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 115th competition is Mr. E. W. Lifton, of "Fairmount," Barnwood-road, Gloucester, with his picture of Cranham Potteries.

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 26th competition is Mr. Harry H. Franklin, of Cambridge Villa, Ebley, Stroud, with his wash drawing of a female figure.

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 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 eighth competition is Miss Mary Davies, Mersea House, Cheltenham, for her report of a sermon by the Rev. G. Gardner, at All Saints' 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.

INNS AND MOTORS.

The varying fortunes of English country inns are curious to contemplate. There was a time, a short while ago, after railways had superseded stage coaches, when the days of their affluence and importance seemed gone for ever. They were deserted. Then came the cyclist, to help them in some measure to keep a little money in the till; and now we have the ubiquitous motor powerfully reinforcing the cycling brigade and bringing custom to places from which it had seemed to have departed for ever and a day. The big outbuildings that used to be required for the service of the post-chaises and horses may now often be seen converted into a rough-and-ready garage for the motor-car. It is a pity that the cuisine of these country inns is so rarely as good as we have a right to expect. Elaborate cooking we do not look for, but we may expect to find poultry good and well cooked, and why should the British landlady be unable to send up as light an omelette as the landlady of a French inn?—"Country Life."

The Duke of Argyll, Earl Aberdeen, and Lord Strathcona have expressed their approval of the scheme for a visit of members of both Houses of Parliament to Canada during the autumn recess.

TOPICAL PAPERS.

By RACHEL CHALLICE.

IX.—EXPENSIVE ECONOMY.

Constant use so veils the meaning of many of our words that it is often useful to let the searchlight of a good definition throw light upon their real signification. Swift defines economy as "the disposition or regulation of things," and as the word is so closely connected with the system of saving, it is as well to remember that economy which is irrational may often prove expensive.

The idea of economy being always synonymous with sense leads to much evil being done in its name; for as to oppose what is sensible is equivalent to writing oneself down an ass, fear of classification with this type of stupidity frequently permits a rule which is unreasonable. An economy which saves at the price of physical well-being reminds me of an old servant of ours, who, when noticed to be eating one or two pills she found upon the floor, remarked reproachfully: "Why, would you have me waste them, miss?" The same irrational sense of saving darkens the days of many.

In her clever address, at the Women's Institute, on "The Miseries that need not be," Madame Sarah Grand touched upon the wretchedness caused by ignorance of nursing, cooking, hygiene, and all that belongs to the rational economy of a household. A saving in necessary nourishment which has to be expiated by doctors' tonics cannot be called sensible. And yet we all doubtless know many well-to-do matrons who delight in telling you that they have reduced their milkman's or buttermilk's bill by a few shillings a month, whilst they forget that the chemist's account may record a relative increase.

"I could sleep better if I could have some hot milk before going to bed," complains a delicate girl suffering from nervous exhaustion, whose parents expend largely on social functions, "but cook always says that she has not any to spare, so I am now taking a medicine instead." Can economy which substitutes a drug for the most wholesome, and, indeed, the cheapest of all nourishment, be termed anything but an expensive economy?

Then how often is this misapplied word used by girls as an excuse for not spending enough of their dress allowance on necessary warm underclothing. Pretty, thin summer shoes, charming spring hats, and tasty tussore dresses all find ready purchasers, but it is dull work to choose double-soled boots, a thick winter jacket, and other like necessities. So the first bitter winds and raw foggy days prostrate the improvident with bad chills. "We doctors would have to shut up shop if people were more sensible about their clothing," said a shrewd Scotch physician to me not long ago, and he was right. The economy which brings illness is an expensive economy to any household. Some of us may also have wondered at an economy which exacts from children the suffering of wearing boots too small for them. A young dressmaker I know is now paying the price of her parents' course in this respect; for her feet require constant medical treatment. "But you see, miss," she added, pathetically, when speaking of the matter, "as there was none young than me to wear my out-grown boots, mother just had to make me go on with them." Would that the mother could have realised the effects of such an economy! For hard as it is for poor parents to provide a succession of boots for a child, it is harder for the child to suffer from cramping foot-gear.

Then how frequently do parents fail to recognise that a false economy in education is one of the most expensive practices that can be followed. "Penny wise and pound foolish," indeed, is the father who compels his son to take a place unequal to his capacities, so as to save the expense of developing them. "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," is the proverbial weapon wielded by these false economists. But, as we learn from one of the Hindu Apologues, it may sometimes cost untold treasure to keep a bird from winging its way home.

In his "Map of Life," Lecky truly says: "Character consists in a man steadily pursuing the things of which he feels himself capable." What can, therefore, be expected of a lad who is deprived of the education which should draw out his faculties; how can he escape being stunted mentally? "Natures thus dwarfed," writes a well-known novelist, "are not uncommon; natures whose aspirations are crushed and thwarted by an adverse fate, their energy misdirected, their talents misapplied, their tastes offended, the current of their lives diverted into channels charged with obstacles that impede its flow—and yet our reputation rests on what we do, not on what we would be or do."

And surely the economy which denies the necessary means for the development of particular talents is as false for a girl as for a boy. As the daughters of a house are exposed frequently to the necessity of earning their own living, it is not unreasonable for them to expect to be equipped with an education which fits them for the work. Indeed, I believe there is not a girl who is not endowed with some gift, be it teaching, painting, music, or the most useful arts of cooking, dressmaking, etc., which, if cultivated, would give her the power to earn a livelihood; whereas, balked of the natural development of her powers, a woman sinks into the slough of despair and dependence.

In making these few remarks on expensive economy, which are more suggestive than conclusive, I cannot help touching upon the false economy of time which brings death to many workers and desolation to those belonging to them. "Better wear out than rust out," is the watchword of those who in cheerful, unselfish activity rush to their doom. For doom is the destiny of those who ignore the terrible risk run by economising time at the expense of requisite rest and recreation. A young lawyer, respected by all who knew him, denied himself any holiday for three years in his struggle for the particular position he desired in London. But the wheels of Fate grind slowly. Hardly had he, by incessant work, reached the goal of his ambition, when he was seized with a mortal illness, due to over-exhaustion of the nerves, and his sphere of activity now knows him no more. Wreaths and condolences from Royalty are but poor consolations for a family thus bereaved.

Nietzsche, the great German philosopher, who has recently died, and whose words of wisdom glisten like gold amid the mud of his pessimism, strikes the right keynote of the matter, and raises a valuable word from the dust of misuse when he says: "True economy is that which gives full force to our highest powers."

It is, therefore, not well to ask whether the economy which is practised in our lives enfeebles or invigorates, stultifies or inspires? For only by such tests can we know when it can be termed a false or a true economy. On the Babylonish tablets the Kings of antiquity used to have recorded all their titles to power. Their mere names would have been inadequate; all their priestly and royal rights had also to be engraven on the stones of the temple to give them fitting dignity.

And would not the happiness of many households be increased if the title of the system reigning under the name of economy were always tested? If the "regime" be rational in its tendency to promote the well-being of individuals, who will deny its rank as a righteous ruler? But if it cripple either the moral or physical forces of any member of a family, should it not be overthrown as an usurper in the home dominion?

The Prince of Wales has become a patron of the Licensed Victuallers' School as an especial mark of royal favour, in this the centenary year of the institution.

In London an interesting Shakespearean relic, consisting of an armchair made from the mulberry tree planted by Shakespeare in New Palace Garden, Stratford-on-Avon, has been sold. The bidding started at £50, and eventually it was knocked down for £145. At the same sale a first folio Shakespeare fetched £305, and a second folio £200.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

That gathering of the clergy, churchwardens, and sidesmen of the Diocese of Gloucester in the Chapter House of the Cathedral last Wednesday to present Dr. Ellicott with a Latin address of congratulation on the attainment of the fortieth year of his Episcopacy will be historic. Neither in the times of the Mercians, nor during the 859 years that the Gloucester Diocese formed a portion of that of Worcester, nor since it was formed a separate see in 1541 did any of the prelates hold the office for so long a period as his lordship. I fervently hope that our venerable and venerated Diocesan may be spared to continue his benign and highly-beneficent reign and to beat this record of Episcopacy. His lordship is certainly a wonderful man, mentally and physically, and, although he will be 84 years of age on April 25th next, he carries his years lightly, and I have good reason for saying that the Bishop attributes his longevity, health, and activity to the regular walking exercise he takes, varied by a run out on his tricycle, which he learned to ride when near on four score years.

Of course within the forty years of Bishop Ellicott's Episcopacy there have naturally been many changes through death of the incumbents of his diocese. The number, I find, is even greater than I had anticipated, for taking the Diocese of Gloucester (I have not had time to go into that of Bristol) I have ascertained that there are only sixteen contemporaries of his lordship left out of the about 320 incumbents who were in office at the time of his consecration. And only one of these clergymen has a town living, namely, Canon G. P. Griffiths, vicar of St. Mark's, Cheltenham, instituted in the year 1862. The great bulk of the others have charges in secluded parishes on the breezy and healthy Cotswolds. The list is—Rev. M. H. Whish, Alderley, 1846; Rev. Canon the Hon. H. P. Cholmondeley, Broadwell with Adlestrop, 1852; Rev. T. C. Gibbs, Coates, 1848; Rev. Canon H. W. Maddy, Down Hatherley, 1856; Rev. Canon W. H. Stanton, Haselton, 1860; Rev. J. E. Alcock, Hawling, 1859; Rev. D. F. Vigers, Notgrove, 1858; Rev. B. Mallam, Poole Keynes, 1862; Rev. R. Le Marchant, Little Rissington, 1862; Rev. Canon T. G. Golightly, Ship-ton Moynes, 1856; Rev. Canon K. S. Nash, Old Sodbury, 1856; Rev. J. C. Bradley, Sutton-under-Branes, 1862; Rev. H. D. Y. Scott, Tibberton, 1852; Rev. H. T. Goodwin, Twynning, 1844; Rev. J. Davenport, Weston-on-Avon, 1849. And on the Cathedral establishment not a single contemporary of our Diocesan now remains. I calculate that altogether only five per cent. of the incumbents who held office on the date of consecration have survived the fortieth anniversary. Time had not permitted of Mr. Walter J. Lifton completing the address, so it was only formally presented to the Bishop, and then returned to the artist to give it the finishing touches. I do not doubt but that the address and accompanying album—containing the names of over a thousand signatories—will be in accord with Mr. Lifton's best style. I am glad to hear that the "Graphic" will be able to reproduce this historic and highly-interesting address for the perusal of its thousands of readers and as a permanent record for posterity to appreciate.

Having from time to time advocated the placing in the Cathedral of a memorial to the Gloucestershire soldiers who fell in the recent war, I notice with satisfaction an organised movement to carry out the idea in the grand old Minster. I am quite aware that memorials have been put up in some parishes in the county, but still I favour a complete one. The names and regiments of the fallen are being sought of their relatives, and these, as well as any donations that the public may be inclined to give towards the object, should be forwarded to the Secretary of the Memorial Committee at Gloucester. GLEANER.

"Selina Jenkins Letters."

THE PRIZE PICTURE.

SELINA JENKINS ON POLITICS.

Politics is a sort of thing as I never could understand the rights of, wich pore Jenkins used to say was becos I was a woman and wasn't born with a 'ed to understand. Of course that may be, but I've 'ad a good few talks with the men-folk theirselves respecting the difference between Liberals and Conservatives and Unionists and Free Thinkers and Unitarians and other forms of politics, but never 'aven't been able to tell tother from wich only by their names; so far as their beliefs do go it seems to me if you was to throw 'em all into a bag and shake 'em up, they'd all come out together, as the sayin' is.

Amos Wilkins come along the other day, and tells me all about a glorious day as is dawning, 'e being of rather a poetic sentimental disposition, and 'ow wot with Mr. W. Crookes and the Woolwich election, the tide was flowing and the bells of liberty was peelin', not to speak of the chains of slavery bein' tramped under foot, and the British working man asserting his riteful dew with 'is foot on the neck of them British tyrants as 'ad ruled the roost for so long, besides a lot more as I won't waste good hink with a-'riting down, not considerin' as its Amos at 'is best, not by a lot, 'is little failin' being as 'e's a red-hot 'On-e-Ruler, Socialist, Demycrat-Labour-Unionist, Campbell-Bannermanite, as is rather trying to the nerves when 'e's always on about 'is side of politics, and drags everythink round to 'is pet subjeck.

Wich I says to 'im, says I, "Ave you 'eard that these 'ere Dissenters, with Mr. Perks at their 'ead, 'ave sworn they won't vote Campbell-Bannermanic not never again once more unless Home Rule's a-thrown overboard, and this 'ere Education Act repealed, as seems to me a great waste of time and money to take all that trouble in putting the Act into shape, and bolstering hup the involuntary schools, only to 'ave the whole thing repealed by the next Government as comes along?"

"Selina," says Amos, very dramatic like, a-blowing hout 'is chest and speaking down in 'is throat so as to sound big and noble, "Selina," says he, "these 'ere Dissenters ought to be main well ashamed of theirselves, a-puttin' their religion before their politicks. Never 'ave I did such a disgraceful haet in all the course of my career, wich you knows I 'aven't gone to bed for a whole week together election times, working for the glorious cause, and as for votin' against me principles at the beck and call of any parson, I would scorn the haetion meself!"

"Wait a minit, Amos," says I, "now don't you be so fast a bit! Do you really think all this 'ere politics, as you plumes yourself on so much, is really principles? Is your side really always right, and the other side always wrong?"

"Well, now, Selina, there you 'as me, straight; that's a matter as I don't care to waste no time in argyfyng about, becos 't isn't for me to know anythink about sich matters as that; all I knows is that I reads my 'Reynolds's' reg'lar, and you should see there week after week the wicked wrongs as is done by the present Tory Government, wich is really in the pay of a gang of South African Jew millionaires, and is the most corrupt Government of modern times."

"You don't say so," says I, quite hinnercent like. "'Ain't it a wonder that the King don't turn 'em out; or perhaps 'twouldn't be a bad idea if you yerself was to put up for a M.P. so as to purify this den of corruption, as you calls it, now the working men 'ave got a foothold in Parleymunt." "Well, Selina," says Amos, not takin' it as a joke, as I did mean it, "to be sure you'm right there, and I believes I should make as good a M.P., with a clean collar and me gold-plated halbert on, as any of them fellows up to Westminster; and I can tell you I'd show that there Brodric and Chamberlain and all the rest of 'em wot for, if they was to use any of their sauce to me!"

"Speaking of Chamberlain, Amos," says I, "do you consider he 'ave done 'is duty and put things to rights a bit by going out and inspecting the wild Boers and other 'eathen races on the actual spot where they 'ave been slaughtered?"



CRANHAM POTTERIES, NEAR GLOUCESTER.

Photo by E. W. Lifton, Gloucester.

"No, Selina, I don't 'old with Chamberlain, not a bit; if he'd remained a Liberal, as he were in his wiser and younger days, I should 'ave been most pleased to 'ave give 'im a word of praise, but being a member of this 'ere corrupt Government, on principle I considers that he's been a dead failure, and ought to be made to pay for the cost of the war out of 'is screw-making bizness, wich they do say pays remarkable well. No, I don't 'old with Chamberlain, on principle; he 'adn't no right to change 'is colours, being a rank turn-coat, and never ought to 'ave been allowed —"

Jist at this junction, as the newspapers do say, who should look in but Ezra Gaskins, as used to be a pertikler friend of pore Jenkins when he were alive, and, thinks I to meself, "now the fat's in the fire," he bein' of the Conservative Tory Primrose-Leg Imperial type of politicks, and rather tatchetty with that.

So, as soon as he 'ad passed me the time of day, he turns on Amos, as was still wandering on with some abuse about Chamberlain, and dresses 'im down right and left for "'aving the hordacity to go for to say sich onmannerly aboose about a great man like 'im, as was the greatest statesman the world had ever knowed, and could knock Moses and Abraham and Alexander and all the ancients into a cocked 'at for business methods; besides the fact that he had gone and took the Boers by the throats and told them they must keep quiet, or they'd be made to," etcetry, and so forth, a lot more.

I could tell there was a storm brewing, for Amos kept sniffin' the while Ezra was talking, and were as red as any turkey cock up one side of 'is face, wich he retorts Ezra like a devourin' lion, and said, "Horlright, Mr. Primrose Night, we all knows why you be a Tory, and that's jest becos you be made a lot of election times, and is asked to go on the platform and say a few Tory words, wich is wrote out for you beforehand, as a genuine workin' man; not to mention the way in wich you'm molley-coddled by the Primrose Dames, as they calls theirselves, as is a scandalous way of conductin' politicks, so I considers, to secure votes with sugary cakes and cups of tea, with a bit of music throwed in, and a title as everybody laffs at. I don't see as you 'ave a bit of backbone or principle to submit to be told 'ow to vote like you does now."

Ezra didn't 'alf like these 'ere remarks, the more as there was 'alf-a-grain of truth in them, and they went at it 'ammer and tongs, a-bangin' my table, and a-hagitatin' theirselves to sich an extent I was really a-feared there might be bloodshed afore it were hover, and hall about nothink, as you mite say! So "Be quiet, you critters," says I, "can't you be 'ave yerselves in the sarsiety of a fieldmale lady? I'm downright ashamed of you both, that I am! There 'ain't a pin's-head to choose between you; you're both fools, and one as big as t'other, making all this smother and bother about a thing as never 'aven't done nothink for either of you, by wich I means politicks; politicks don't save your soul, like religion; it don't pay the rent nor feed you, like yer daily hoccupation; and yet you thinks more of yer political principles, as you calls them, than anythink, and would lay down yer lives pretty near for a thing wich don't matter a rap one way or t'other! Talk about principles! The only principles you political gents 'ave is that everythink done by your party is right, and by the other party is wrong, and ought to be put down; in other words, vote straight for yer colours, even if yer knows it's all a lie, and you don't believe in it to the extent of a brass farthin'! Ezra and Amos, you've both been took in, and if I was you I'd make up me minds, if you 'as any, that you won't mistake politicks for principles never no more, and consider as it's after all only a matter of happynun, and there's good and bad people, and good and bad Acts passed on both sides, chiefly the latter, that I will say!" So they really hadn't got nothink to say, and when I withdrew to my "boudwaw" to rite this 'ere account of wot passed, I left them, 'aving sworn never to interdooce politicks again, as 'appy as a pair of crickets, over a crust of bread and cheese round my festive board, as they'd only just before been thumping in their collar and wrath. And all this change in their manners jist becos they'd eschewed politicks and choosed cheese instead, as is a very wholesome food, and 'ave been known to save people's lives afore now, wich can't by no means be said about politicks nohow. 'Aving said wich I considers politicks, from a fieldmale point of view, is a 'umbug.

SELINA JENKINS.