THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 118 SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1903.

THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE, CHELTENHAM

This Afternoon and Evening—
"THE FATAL WEDDING."

Next Week—Closed. Re-opens Easter Monday with
"THE BELLE OF CAIRO."

PRIZE PHOTOGRAPHY.

The Proprietors of the "CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC" offer a Weekly Prize of Half-a-Guinea for the Best Photograph the work of an Amateur.

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

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

The competition is open to the county.

The winner of the 116th competition is Mr. C. E. Rainger, of 9 Bath-place, Cheltenham, for his snapshot of the Premier.

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 27th competition is Mr. Harold E. Dicks of "Semington," Cleeve Hill.

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 ninth competition is Miss B. Matthews, 96 High Street, Cheltenham, for sermon by the Rev. Carey Bonner at Brunswick Road Baptist Chapel, Gloucester.

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 PRIZE DRAWING.

Cheltonia (considering the proposal re Tiffville Spa Avenue); I wonder can I get it done by Whitsuntide?

DRAWN BY HAROLD E. DICKS, CHELTENHAM.

Halifax Corporation is setting aside £1 per cent. on the wages of its workmen to form a compensation for accidents fund.

The Queen has given £1,000 to the London Hospital quinquennial appeal fund.

Swallows have been seen already in several districts.

Last year the number of Irish emigrants was 40,401, nearly a hundrdth part of the total population. All but 211 were natives of Ireland, and less than a tenth of them were children under fifteen years of age.

The Llanfyllin Guardians on Wednesday decided to give a shilling to every tramp who would submit to vaccination. The Dolgelly Guardians are giving half-a-crown.

Major C. Du P. Richardson-Griffiths, 2nd Gloucestershire Regiment, attains in a few weeks the age limit of his rank, and will be retired on a pension.

Dr. Clifford has been elected an honorary member of the National Liberal Club. At the election of members of the National Liberal Club on Wednesday 46 new members were admitted.

THROUGH ENGLAND IN RAGS.

AN AMATEUR VAGRANT'S EXPERIENCES OF ROAD LIFE.

TRICKING LOCAL MENDICITY SOCIETIES.

IS ORGANISED CHARITY A FARCE?

Had I to choose between begging and living on organised charity, I would "mouch" and "mouch" till I made a competency or dropped dead by the roadside. For the one is, even to an independent spirit or to an unprofessional tramp, infinitely easier, pleasanter, and in every way more satisfactory than the other.

This conclusion was forced on me by what I saw and heard of local mendicity societies while I was a vagrant. Brighton, Leicester, Lichfield, Burton, Market Harborough, Bedford, Tunbridge Wells, and other towns that I visited, all possess such an organisation, while many places that I did not pass through also have a mendicity society.

One morning—to take my own experiences first—I resolved to test the relief afforded to wayfarers by these agencies; but on reaching the office of a certain local society, and being told by a man who had just left it what I should have to do if I applied for assistance, my courage failed me.

In this instance you are obliged to bolt a pound of new bread on the spot, and are allowed nothing to drink but cold water! No, it was not tempting enough, and, moreover, I was at that time suffering acutely from a stomach complaint. So I turned away immediately.

While I was in another town I called at the relieving office, where I had heard I could obtain one pound of bread. It was 4.15 p.m. when I reached it, and, after reading all the notices in the window, I walked in and applied for the relief allowed to wayfarers.

"The gentleman who attends to that won't be here till six o'clock," said an elderly man who walked out from the inner office; "and I don't know but what the bread tickets have been stopped during the hopping season."

The equivocal nature of this reply struck me at the moment it was uttered. I went outside, however, and strolled about in the rain until 5.30, when, in consequence of "information received," I applied again.

"I wish to see the relieving officer, said I to a young man.

"I am the relieving officer, he replied in an arrogant tone.

I told him my business.

"That is another matter. The gentleman who gives the tickets won't be here till after six o'clock, if he comes at all to-night."

He retired, as if to intimate that that settled me.

"But surely you can tell me whether the giving away of bread tickets has or not been stopped?" I said raising my voice.

"I don't give any bread tickets."

"Do the guardians give them?"

"No; a mendicity society does."

I thanked him, and again walked out into the street. At 6.15 I entered the office for the third time, and at last I caught my man.

"The tickets have been stopped," he said, in reply to my application. "Haven't you read the notice?" he added, pointing to the window.

I went outside, and then saw for the first time a card, bearing an intimation to the effect that no more bread tickets would be given away that season, except in pressing cases. Going back, I said warmly—

"That notice was not in the window when I came before."

"It was. It has been in all the afternoon."

"I say it was not. It has only just been put in. Now, do you consider it a gentlemanly action to keep me waiting about here for two hours in the rain, without being able to learn whether the bread tickets had been stopped, and then to put that ticket in the window just before I came for the third time, for the purpose of staving me off? Is it a decent thing to do? For aught you know I may be dropping for want of food."

"Yes, for aught I know, you may be," he admitted.

"As a matter of fact," I proceeded, "I haven't had anything to eat since this morning."

Now, this was a lie, for I had had about four ounces of bread—the remains of breakfast—at one o'clock. Angry as I was, however, I saw my chance, and I embraced it instantly.

The officer then asked me if I supposed he could relieve everybody that applied, to which I retorted that I was only concerned with what he would do in my individual case. After that he refused me point-blank, whereupon I returned to the subject of the ticket; and eventually I understood him to admit that he had attempted to play me a trick, and to say that if the notice was not in the window when I called before, it should have been.

Next we had a verbal passage of arms about my trade; but I think I may, without boasting, say that here again I had the better of it. Then, after entering a few particulars in a book—my name, trade, where I had come from, and where I was going to—the officer handed me a bread ticket, with the remark that he was exceeding his instructions in doing so. That ticket entitled me to one pound of bread, value 1½d.; but it also obtained for me two rolls, which the gentlewoman who changed it gave me out of genuine charity.

About a fortnight later I was in a town possessing a mendicity society worked on rather novel lines. I had been accurately prompted as to what I should have to do if I wanted a ticket from it; but it suited my purpose to be innocent and childlike, since I required information, not bread.

I accordingly went to the police station, and, walking in, turned into a room leading from the corridor. I had hardly had time to see that it was empty, when a constable, whom I had noticed, came to the door by which I had entered.

"Just come out," said he, indicating the opposite wall of the corridor with extended forefinger. "If the door is open, it's not for you to walk in when nobody's here. And don't do it again."

I could not help wondering what might happen if I should sin so grievously a second time; but I walked out meekly, and went down on my marrow-bones.

"This is a public office?" I at length ventured to remark deferentially.

"Yes," replied the constable; "but everybody can't walk into it as they like."

Without attempting to argue the point, I said I had come there for a bread ticket.

"We don't give them; we only sign them."

"Where can I get one?"

"At any of the shops; but you won't get it signed unless you are going to leave the town."

"I am going to stop here to-night."

"We can't sign it if you're going to the casual ward."

[Nor, I may observe, will any mendicity society relieve a wayfarer who is known to have come from the local tramp ward.]

"I am not going to the casual ward," I said. "I shall take lodgings."

"Perhaps, then, you might get one signed, if you haven't got more than your lodging money."

"I have 6½d., but that has to keep me over to-morrow (Sunday)."

"We can't sign it if we know that."

Having thus obtained all the information I wanted, I thought it was only decent to leave the constable to the undisturbed enjoyment of the evening paper in which he had appeared interested during our conversation. I accordingly took my departure.

In a rather savage mood I may have been, but I was perfectly satisfied. What I sought was merely official confirmation of all I had told about the rules of mendicity societies in general and about this one in particular.

I have only to remark on the foregoing dialogue that the rule compelling a man to beg for a ticket, which is intended to stop begging—a ticket which, after all his trouble, may benefit him nothing—is, I believe, peculiar to one society, and that, in any case, it could only have been conceived by a truly official mind.

Do subscribers to local mendicity societies approve of the manner in which their charity is distributed? Few, I suspect, know anything at all about the matter. A man told me he once spent eight weeks in a certain city "on the downright" (begging from door to door). At last a lady, who had given him a shilling or two regularly, handed him a ticket for the Charity Organisation Society, "in order that his case might be investigated."

Of course, this was just what he did not want; but, knowing that she was "good," and thinking she might be "worked" afterwards, he called on the secretary, who asked him endless questions, and finally told him to look in again in a week. He then applied for immediate relief, saying he was starving, upon which the secretary shouted down a tube: "Food for one!" Presently a servant entered with some bread and a jug of water, and set them down before the expectant "moucher," who had confidently counted on "nothing less" than beef and beer.

"Who is that for?" he gasped.

"For you, my man," responded the secretary.

"For me! For me! Why, I've better food than that in my pocket. Is that all you can give me—bread and water?"

"That is all we can do at present."

"Then"—with a sudden accession of politeness—"allow me to wish you good-day."

Reaching the pavement, he struck an attitude, and called on a group of corner-men to witness the "outrageous treatment" (I quote) to which he had been subjected. Some sporting characters, standing outside a public-house close by awaiting the result of a race, came to him, and he told them "the tale" with such indignation that they made a collection for him immediately, and handed him 2s. 3d. With a cheerful nod to the secretary, who stood at his office door watching the performance, he then went his way.

The part of this man's story which particularly interested me, however, was that he saw the lady who had given him the ticket, and that she was so indignant because he was offered only bread and water that she said she would never subscribe another farthing to the local Charity Organisation Society. I heard of many cases, I may add, in which a similar resolution was made.

Whether subscribers to local mendicity societies are ignorant or not of the way they are worked, I think I have said enough to show that there is plenty of room for improvement in the treatment of wayfarers by these agencies.

Of course, it will be said that this form of organised charity is abused. True; I admit it. I heard that at Burton the experienced hands contrive to pop a bit of their half-loaf into their pockets, and go straight to a certain clergyman, from whom they get twopenny tickets for soup, into which, in due course, they break their hunk of bread, and so make a good meal.

It was freely said in a lodging-house at Market Harborough, too, that the relief tickets given by local shopkeepers, and changeable, without any inquiries, at the coffee-house, are often sold. I heard it remarked, indeed, that a promising youth came in with four, three of which he disposed of for 2d. apiece.

Nevertheless, it ought not to be more difficult and more unpleasant for a respectable wayfarer (I use the adjective deliberately) to obtain bread from a mendicity society than to "mouch" it by going from house to house. For my part, I blame no man who prefers to beg rather than accept "charity" at the hand of officials who too often—I know there are exceptions—outvie relieving officers in arrogance and heartlessness.

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The title of the next subject in this series will be "Tramps and Country Houses."

Two razors and three pipes, value 14s., sent by parcel post to America, cost 10s. in duty charges.

"Selina Jenkins Letters."

"PERSONAL MAGNETISM," PRICE 2s. 6D.

Personal magnetism is a new discovery, as tells you 'ow to fix heverybody and hevery-think with your heagle heye, as the sayin' is, so as there ain't no need to talk and chatter to folk no more, seein' as 'ow you can get them to do all you wishes by jest 'olding yer breath and disiring of them to do what you wants. You can buy it for half-a-crown, as is advertised reg'lar in the papers. Some folks even gives away books on the subjects, with a few 'ints at the end that you'd better send along a postal order or so for a magnetic electric belt or summat, wich I considers is all very well for tram-lines and the like, but as for goin' about yer daily education with currents and magnets and sich tied around yer body, well—I don't consider it's human, and egsplines why there's so many hawful thunderstorms and volcano interruptions, being on account of the large quantities of helectricities as is in our midst, unbeknownst, on every 'and, around people's wasteses, etcettery!

Amos Wilkins showed me the advertisement in the paper the other day, wich said that health and wealth and wisdom and money, besides a large number of other useful articles, would jest flow in so soon as one mastered the hart of "personal magnetism," to be obtained at two-and-sixpence, post free, from a address in Chicago, U.S.A., and wrote by a doctor who had gave all his life and talents to thinking out the matter, and 'ad neglected his own education and forgot to pass 'is examinations in 'is hearnest desire to benefit me and you and all the hother people which 'ad the privilege of buying 'is book for half-a-crown, as was 'onestly worth one hundred pounds per copy, but if the half-a-crown was sent per return male, wouldn't say nothink about the rest of the value.

Besides all this, it went on to say in the advertisement that for men the expenditure of the half-crown meant "power, influence, wealth, and success"; for the woman it meant "social prestige, popularity, satisfaction, and love." Of course, all this was very pretty, so me and Amos forms a synekit, and sends along our half-a-crown, as 'ad to be turned into American money to get it took, being very suspigious over in them furrin parts. So we was all on thorns, as you mite say, till this precious packet arrived, and Amos looked in every time he went to work to see if it 'ad turned up, although I told 'im it couldn't by no means come all that distance in less than ten days. 'Owever, he brought me a paper as said a lot about this 'ere wireless telegraffy and Marconigrams, as they do call 'em, and remarked that very like they was able to send parcels a lot quicker now this were become law. Wot was more to the pint, I looked down the list of all the vessels wich come from American ports to England, but never a one could I find as sailed from Chicago! 'Owever, in about a fortnite's time this 'ere himportant and hegciting book arrived, in spite of our angziety, with two stamps on it of a very hextraordinary color, and containing the photograph of a very decent-looking old gent. on them.

And of all the bogus delusions I ever spent half-a-crown on, I think this 'ere turned out to be one of the very downdest, when me and Amos come to go into it together!

There was all sorts of remarkable feets to be did. Amongst the first was to make a pencil mark on yer nose and gaze at the same for upwards of 15 minutes. wich it said would give a fixity of expression as would be very useful in life; wot it did to me was to very near give me the squints for life, not 'aving noticed that it said you was to look at the spot on your face into a glass; I will say I tried the scheme on Amos, 'aving made a ink-blot on the bridge of 'is nose, and stared at it till I couldn't 'ardly see out of me eyes, but HE didn't feel no different, and 'adn't been a bit impressed with wot was passing in me brain, being "Wot a silly he did look with the blot on 'is nose."

We both come to the conclusion that this 'ere "magnetic gaze" wasn't worth a used ha'penny stamp; for instance, the following day I tried to fix the butcher when I were purchising a bit of meat to see if I could persuade 'im to let me 'ave extry good weight, and when I were tryin' to catch the tram I gazed so 'ard and magnetically at the conductor's nose as mite 'ave gone through a six-inch wall, but it didn't answer not a bit with one or the 'tother, as lost the tram for me, and made the butcher ask if I wasn't quite so well as I 'ad been, a-staring at 'im like that there!

But there was other nonsents besides. For instance, there was "Mental Photograffy," as consisted in settin' quite calm and thinkin' very 'ard about nothink whatever for 10 minutes, after wich a-riting down on a bit of paper "I *will* that my troubles with John Jones cease," or "I will that somebody shall do somethink I wants 'im to." This is very easy in the book, but I can't say it answers in hordinary English life, although it mite do in Chicago, per'aps!

I dotted down a few remarks about the landlord, and willed 'im to 'ave the front door painted, as 'aven't been done for 3 years, and do look like a map of Switzerland for the blisters and lumps there is on it becos of the sun, not forgettin' also to remind 'im of the 2 bars out in the back-kitchen grate, and the 'ole in the roof as lets in the wet shameful on the ceiling of the spare bedroom, and were promised to be done 3 months ago; but, you mark my words, altho' I sent around a perlite note as well, askin' of 'im to do 'is dooty, 'e 'aven't been anigh the 'ouse yet, and that was a week ago.

That there book was very interestin' readin' for them as 'ad more faith than comm'onsense, that I will say for it; according to this 'ere philanthropic doctor a good many people 'ad been known to make a big fortune in a few years by jest daily, instead of sayin' their prayers, 'aving 'eld their breath 'ard for a few minutes, and uttered to theirselves in a himpressive tone of voice, "Business will improve"; as is the heasiest way of making a fortune I ever 'eard tell on, to be sure!

If I was able jest to 'old me breath in the morning, and will the 'ouse-work to be done for the day, I should consider it a very good idea, egspesshully if it come off, the front-door steps being a perfect 'orror to wash down, through the water always runnin' down into the pantry underneath where I keeps me bit of vittles, and all through the landlord's parsonmony as wan't 'ave the 'oles stopped up. But I must tell you there were a sort of second chapter to all this 'ere half-a-crownsworth of nonsents, being a lot about "Zoism" as they do call it, being 'rote out in this fashion—

"What seek ye? Happiness? Calm? Peace? They are for you. They are yours. Claim them.
Wealth? Power? Influence?
They are in your grasp. Take them";

as was a very 'andsome offer, and very kind advice, but were like putting a empty plate before a body, and 'oping they mite eat a very 'earty meal, seeing as it weren't said 'ow "Happiness, Calm," and so forth, was to be took 'old of!

It seems to me to be a sort of cross between Salvation Army-ism and Sandow's phisical hexercises, being a mixture of 'olding oneself upright, expanding the chest, and refusing to worry, with an occasional prayer to nothink in pertikler and everythink in general thrown in.

The directions was as explicit as a pill-box, the most himportant thing of all being to inhale through one nostril and breathe out from the other; if you didn't do this you wouldn't arrive at the perfect state, in wich, so it says, a body can do without food, and can remove from one place to another without walking by a kind of spirit-flitting, as must be very useful when you lives rather a long way from the centre of the town, and isn't so active on your pins as you used to be.

I don't consider as I shall ever be a good Personal Magnetism Zoist, an' I know Amos won't; I don't want to get to a state when I don't enjoy me vittles, and as for flitting about by spirit projection, as they do call it, the trams or Shanks's pony 'll 'ave to do for me. This 'ere nonsents is all very well for Chicago pork-butchers and other lunatics, but, as I was a-sayin', it ain't in my line a bit, and I only regrets me and Amos ever formed a synekit to purchase sich a waste of valleyble printer's ink as this 'ere "Personal Magnetism" tract.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

Hunting is now rapidly drawing to a close, and is strictly confined to localities where "the horn of the hunter is heard on the hill." Point-to-point races and steeplechases are in full swing. The North Cotswold Hunt, for the first time, had a successful race meeting on March 19th. The last month was a fairly good one for sport. Several runs of about two hours have occurred—the North Cotswold, 2 hours 10 minutes on the 27th, with a kill; the Croome, on the 5th and 21st; and Lord Fitzhardinge's, on the 5th, with a kill. Lord Bathurst's and Lord Fitzhardinge's had a particularly successful killing time on certain days—the former pack a brace each on the 3rd, 13th, and 24th, 2½ brace on the 17th, the first three being rolled over in Ampney Park in 15 minutes; and the latter pack a leash on the 3rd, two being dug out of an earth, a leash on the 7th, one being killed in the Duke's country after a run of an hour and twenty-five minutes, and a brace on the 5th. The kills of the Cotswolds include one fox after a run of an hour and eight minutes on the 4th, and one on the 14th after a slow 45 minutes' hunt, in which a line of 1½ miles was taken along the railway to Hampen. This pack also did 4½ miles under 30 minutes on the 21st, their fox suddenly disappearing near the Roman Villa, Chedworth. The North Cotswold, on the 4th, quickly killed a three-legged fox and settled another that ran against wire, and rolled over a third in the Heythrop country, after a run of an hour and ten minutes. Another remarkable day was with the Croome on the 26th, when they ran three foxes to ground all round Bredon Hill. The Ledbury made a season's record on the 16th, when a brace from May Hill and Newent Wood was accounted for. They have had very hard luck through bad earth-stopping. The Longford Harriers distinguished themselves in the Ledbury country on the 10th, when, being laid on to a mangy fox, they had a splendid but bloodless run of seven miles in 40 minutes. The Duke of Beaufort, having enough foxes and to spare, kindly allowed the Burton Hounds, which had a scarcity in their country, to have several days' sport in his territory.

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The accidents in the field during March were to Mr. J. G. Hawkins and Mr. Kennedy Skipton on the 10th, when hunting with the Longford Harriers at Staunton, the former's horse getting entangled in some sheep wire; and to Mr. King, when out with the V.W.H. (Cricklade) Hounds on the 21st, near Fairford, he being hurt seriously. I sincerely hope this will close the list of casualties, fortunately not a big one, for the season.

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Daffodils are now greatly in evidence for sale, chiefly in shop windows and the streets. Many of them come from Dymock, near Newent, where they grow in profusion in the water meadows. Their ingathering affords employment to a number of women and children, and men for that matter. But I am afraid the money the pickers pick up is infinitesimal as compared with the prices at which the daffodils are sold by retail. It is the old question of the middleman and the cost of railway carriage before they reach the public. The carriage, however, does not prevent these yellow flowers from being despatched in ten ton lots to the large towns, more particularly those in the North, where there is a big demand for them at Eastertide for church decoration purposes.

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The forthcoming training of the Royal Gloucestershire Hussars Imperial Yeomanry in camp at Badminton between May 4th and 21st promises to be unusually interesting by reason, at least, of the expectation that Major-General Baden-Powell will be the inspecting officer. And there is just the chance of the inspection being on Mafeking Day. Another Mafeking protagonist will be there, namely Major Lord Charles Cavendish-Bentinck, as adjutant of the regiment. It would be so very appropriate to bring the inspection off on that day.

GLEANER.

SPORT IN CHELTENHAM AND DISTRICT.

CHELTENHAM.
(Three players are unfortunately crowded out)

GLOUCESTER.

THE PREMIER (RIGHT HON. A. J. BALFOUR) AND LORD ELCHO ON CLEEVE HILL.

PHOTO BY C. E. RAINGER, CHELTENHAM. [THE PRIZE PICTURE.]

A WINNER AT THE BODDINGTON HARRIERS' MEETING.
MR. STUCKEY'S "CHOICE."

CARE OF THE TEETH.

Statistics published on Tuesday at the annual meeting of the Royal Dental Hospital lend colour to the belief that people are becoming more concerned regarding the condition of their teeth. The total number of patients on whom operations were performed during the past year exceeds the record of the previous twelve months by some 15,000. In 1874 the total was given as 19,255; in 1901, 70,040; and last year, 85,284.

The Chairman said an eminent authority on dentistry expressed an opinion that dental decay was greatly increasing among the poorer classes of London. A perfect set of teeth in an adult was now extremely rarely found. The hospital authorities had for some time past been endeavouring to secure a perfect set of teeth for purposes of demonstration. Such a set had recently been discovered, a Guardsman being the fortunate possessor. The recent appointment of Army dentists had again brought under notice the question of the disqualification of Army men because of unsound teeth. The three dentists appointed by Mr. Brodrick will be engaged chiefly in stopping the teeth of men belonging to the troops, and although the measure is at present only temporary it is likely to be continued. For soldiers particularly sound teeth are most important. It is not so essential a point where good, soft dietary is assured, but under camp conditions at the front the point is of vital significance, and has more to do with good health than most persons realise. Anæmia, dyspepsiâ, general maladies, and slow poisoning are all traceable to unsound, decayed teeth.

Something ought to be done at the schools towards checking the decay of children's teeth, and its prevention. Dentists had been appointed in some cases to the National schools, but, so far, although provision had been made to secure optical attention for the children attending Board schools, nothing had been proposed regarding dentistry, a subject almost as important. The Board had appointed a dentist, who was held responsible for the children belonging to their residential industrial schools, but, beyond this, they were irresponsible. Twenty years ago in England dentistry meant extraction; now, it was realised that care, judicious stopping, and general preventive measures in early life were only correct.

America easily led the way in this particular. Her dentists gained such professional skill that to-day she is still credited with the greatest successes. As a matter of fact, however, England having learned the lesson equally well, can and has achieved triumphs as great, and results as wonderful as any Transatlantic record. Considering the opportunities for practice to be found throughout the Empire, the number of those entering the profession of dentistry does not increase as it might be expected to do. At the present time those registered as students, and who subsequently become qualified, are not more than sufficient to replace those whose names are removed from the Dentists' Register.

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SHIP.

The Kaiser Wilhelm II., the largest ship in the world, is to make her maiden trip on April 14th. She had a tonnage of 26,000 and 41,000 horse-power, and is capable of providing accommodation for 2,488 passengers and crew. There has been launched at Greenock the largest Peninsular and Oriental steamer yet built. The vessel, named the Moldavia, is the first of four steamers of the same class which the company propose adding to their fleet during the present year.

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SOVEREIGNS FOR NON-SMOKERS.

The workpeople of Messrs. J. T. and J. Taylor (Limited), of Batley, have had submitted to them by Mr. Fred Taylor, deputy managing director, a remarkable offer. Mr. Taylor undertakes to give a sovereign to every man or boy in the employ of the company who abstains from the use of tobacco from the 1st of April to the date of the next annual meeting of the firm—a period of eleven months. The offer also extends to women and girls. The company has over 1,000 workpeople, of whom a large proportion are women and girls.

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Connecting the 2,000 telephone subscribers at Bristol has taken 4,000 miles of wire in cable and 1,400 miles overhead.

Leith is the first town in Scotland to follow the example of Battersea and establish a depot for the sale of sterilised nursery milk.

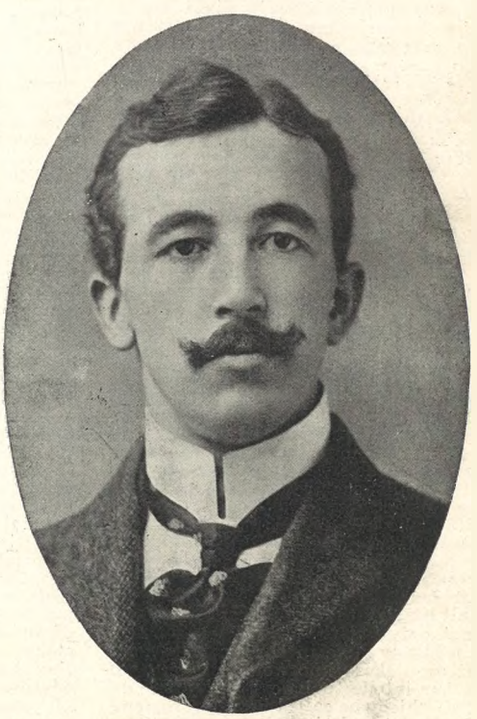
COUNTY FESTIVAL PERFORMANCE OF "THE MESSIAH," WINTER GARDEN, CHELTENHAM, ON APRIL 2.

THE PRINCIPAL SINGERS.

MADAME CARRIE SIVITER (SOPRANO).

MISS BERTHA SALTER (CONTRALTO).

MR. CHARLES SAUNDERS (TENOR).



MR. ROBERT RADFORD (BASSO-PROFUNDO).

TOPICAL PAPERS.

By RACHEL CHALLICE.

X.—GHOSTS OF GAY SELVES.

We are all so familiar with the common expression "dead alive," that it will not be exploring unknown ground to consider why there are so many people who, from their lack of either emotional, intellectual, or moral life, can only be called ghosts—ghosts of gay selves; for although they now wander aimlessly and sadly in the scenes of their old activities, they have often been the gayest of the gay. They still physically live and move, but all the spontaneity of life is gone. They may do their daily duties, but it is only in a perfunctory manner; the glorious, enkindling enthusiasm which made every task easy and every toil a joy has faded away. Victor Hugo says: "When love goes, the spirit dies;" and in this statement the great French novelist and philosopher voiced a sad fact of life. For when the loss of love includes that of faith and hope, what sense of life remains? The heart grows dead, the sense of duty becomes vague, and the spur to action is wanting. Ibsen's play "Ghosts" is a powerful picture of this death in life. Hence the necessity in bereavement of believing in a future life where real spiritual love will endure. Thus faith and hope are kept alive, and as Shelley said:

"Life where long that flower of heaven grew not,
Conquered that heart by love which gold or pain,
Or age, or sloth, or slavery could subdue not."

If the necessity of providing food for thought and action in times of trouble were more generally recognised, would not real life be less decadent, and should we not see fewer ghosts and more real human beings about us?

More than twenty-five years ago, a lady I knew (how sad is the past tense!) had a great loss—her most valued friend was taken from her by death. Naturally fragile and sensitive, her health suffered, and the worst was feared. But, fortunately, her doctor was a clever scientific man, and believed in medicine for the mind, as he shows in an article he wrote on the subject in the "Nineteenth Century" some little time ago. Seeing that his patient was likely to slip into the Unknown owing to lack of any interest to occupy her powerful intellect, he came boldly into the room one day and said: "I hear a great German philosopher has just brought out a new work, showing that there is no future life. The treatise is in six thick volumes, and if you, with your knowledge of metaphysics, can refute the theory, you will do something for the world." Keen as a war charger at the scent of battle, the bereaved lady rose to the occasion. "Yes," she said, "I must do that before I die." Such was the origin of the work of Mrs. FitzGerald, who has been quoted as "one of our most gifted metaphysicians." It must have been a pathetic sight to have seen this frail and lonely lady sit down every day for hours of study of the heavy volumes of abstruse German philosophy, with the view of refuting the doctrine which, if true, would have made life a living death to her. At last the doctor saw her eyes brighten as her keen intellect pierced the gloom of the philosopher's pessimism. With triumph she began to note down the arguments brought by her powerful mind against the German's theory. Fighting for all she held dear (for if there were no future life, faith and hope would be but empty words) my friend regained the strength to bear her part in this life, whilst she anchored her soul more surely to the next. Such was the origin of this writer's first book, "The Philosophy of Self-Consciousness," which placed her high in the rank of metaphysicians. It was followed by "A Protest Against Agnosticism," "A Rational Iedal of Morality," and other works, all bearing the same message of hope. Thus, not only did this grand woman keep herself mentally alive in her lonely pilgrimage, but even those who were unable to appreciate her intellectual work of the twenty-five years, which she called her "probation," could not fail to admire the warmth and largeness of her heart. "If she live to be a hundred she will never be old," said all those who knew her, and, indeed, it was true, for even at seventy-nine she was more intellectually and emotionally alive than anybody I have ever seen silence. I never heard such a young voice at her age, so full of vitality and so expressive of the intensity of her character. Even on her death-bed her eyes glowed with a youthful enthusiasm as she made her confession of faith in the enduringness of love both Divine and human, which she rightly believed to be the rational basis of faith and hope. "For if a rational being finds happiness in the fulfilment of the ideals of reason," she writes in one of her books, "how wretched must be he when he loses touch with those ideals!" The ideal of the emotions is love, that of the intellect is understanding, and that of the moral sense is goodwill. But when want of sympathy suppresses the emotions, repression stultifies the intellect, and opposition thwarts the moral sense, where is the vitality of a human being? Heart, mind, and will all die down, and ghosts parade the world instead of happy human beings.

The French expression *terre à terre* when speaking of people who have no interest in the higher life, conveys the idea of this living death more than any dissertation can do. This question of life has little reference to age. One often hears the remark, "That girl is older than her mother;" and she may indeed be much duller and less alive than her parent. Her years, of course, are fewer, but that elixir of life is wanting which gives eternal youth to the soul and augurs everlasting life.

No Psychical Research Society need investigate the existence of these ghosts, or those who are dead emotionally, intellectually, or morally. They sit next us at dinner parties, they meet us in trains and omnibuses, and they call on us in our homes. Having no life in themselves, they fail to make us feel alive; the gloom of the grave pervades them, and between us and them a gulf seems fixed. But Charles Kingsley's daughter would show in her last book, "The Gateless Barrier," that even a ghost is susceptible to love and sympathy, and may be thus endowed with sufficient faith and hope to take her place in the sphere awaiting her.

"The desire of our desires," says the same metaphysician before quoted, "is for a perfect life, and when that desire faileth the heart is dead," and the person is a ghost. Of course, unhappy marriages are a fruitful cause of this spiritual mortality. "She is a little ghost of her gay self," wrote a friend to me with regard to a girl who had made a most unhappy marriage. And it is not only women who thus become ghosts. A doctor of our acquaintance was once so active, so alive in all good works, that his partner used to call him the "Reformer." His one resource was music, but apart from that he lived for the beneficial exercise of his calling. He is now well known, and, marrying a rich widow about two years ago, he seemed to be launched upon a prosperous career. I met him at a musical party last summer. "Are you ill?" I asked, for he looked so listless and apathetic that he seemed a mere ghost of his former self. "No, I am not ill," he replied, "but it just seems as if the spring of my life had gone." What a sad confession for a man not yet middle aged to make; but when a wife taboos the one recreative taste of her husband and is generally unsympathetic, it is difficult to keep the spring of life oiled. As Nathaniel Hawthorne put it so powerfully in his wonderful work, "Transformation," "the whole fabric of our lives seems to fall with the failure of our ideal." But with a firmer faith in the ideals of life might not the disappointed recollect that God is not mocked, and His system cannot fail, although a wrong instrument may have been chosen to illustrate it? When one knows what a matter of life and death this faith in the Ideal is, would it not be wise to fan the flame of it in the hearts of young people, so that it may resist the storm and pressure of later years? As Pestalozzi said: "Only by the accordance of education and training with the eternal laws of human growth is man really educated and trained." Should we hear as much as we do of the Hooliganism which now disgraces our great metropolis if the hearts of our boys were more diligently sown with the seeds of the Ideals of Truth, Harmony, and Goodness, instead of being left fallow to bring forth the weeds of lying, cruelty, and evil? Would young lads become like demons in our city if they were not so wanting in spiritual life? They have too much physical strength to become ghosts. It is a notable fact that the increase of Hooliganism seems to go hand in hand with the decrease of Sunday schools. "What is the good of confusing the minds," as a clever old woman wisely said, "with more learning than can be digested whilst the education of the heart—the seat of the emotions—is wanting?" It is a humanising influence on lads to think that their Sunday school teacher takes an interest in them, and it is touching to see how responsive they are to that influence. I can only speak from experience, as I had a Sunday class of twelve boys from when they were about ten to twenty years of age, and I never had, and hardly ever heard a rude word from one of them, whilst they all did me the honour of considering me their friend. Women who wish to be philanthropic should recollect the great power they have for good in influencing hearts of the young and preventing them growing dead to all good feeling. "I am not clever enough to teach," I hear so many say, but if they have heart enough it is all that is wanted, for as Quintillian said: "The heart, and not the brain, is that which makes a man eloquent."

These ghosts are certainly rare among the hard-working poor classes of either town or country, for the hearts that are warm enough to offer to lend an apronful of coals to a neighbour whose husband is out of work, or to do a bit of washing for an ailing friend, are far from the living death. Who can visit in a poor district without hearing of the kindness of "the lady in the kitchen" or of "the young woman of the fourth floor back," and not feel that such poor women have a cure for heart-ache more potent than any of the soothing draughts so recklessly prescribed by the Faculty for their richer sisters. In the more artificial states of society women are too much excluded from what may be termed a real life. In the "Master Christian," Aubrey Leigh states the fact in a truly logical way when he says: "Woman is the true helpmeet of man, and takes a natural joy in being so whenever we will allow it—whenever we will give her trust for her instincts." But the tendency of society is to suppress these spiritual tendencies, so that instead of marching with the banner of the Ideal high, like Excelsior, on "the mountain paths of virtue," young people crawl along the lower walks of self-indulgence and impoverished ideals. Thus we hear girls openly say they only look for rank and wealth in marriage, young men declare that love has died out, and the old people bid them all to feather their nests as best they can. No wonder that the drawing-rooms of so many mansions are occupied with ghosts who sit alone, uncaring and uncared for, unless they are galvanised into artificial life by attending, or giving, some crowded social function. "Keep it up, keep it up," is the inane cry of those who know that if the artificial stimulus of society stop they will be seen to be ghosts, like the character in one of Hawthorne's nevels, who crumbled up when his pipe went out. The very perfection of the domestic service in such houses precludes the owners from the exhibition of any practical activity. For if the fire went out, or if the food were not cooked, it might give a momentary stimulus to the intellect to try and rectify these deficiencies; but the monotonous automatic performance of all the household duties precludes even this excitement, and it is enough to make anybody feel dead-alive to know that all the necessary duties for your funeral would be observed by hirelings with no more emotion than those pertaining to the service of meals and the ordering of the house.

These are the people who require visiting by kindly, friendly spirits who could give them fresh life; and might not the clergy more frequently remember that a sympathetic visit to a lonely, rich parishioner is quite as much a duty is one to the poor? The poor may be pleased to see them, and thus get soup or coal tickets, but the souls of the rich may

be so starved as equally to require some support.

People will rush to save a drowning person, thousands of helping hands are held out, but how few think of the timely support which may keep a soul from sinking into the death of despair! We know in a serious illness how often it is felt that it is easier to die than to live; the barrier between this world and the next is then so slight that it seems better to pass it. But the effort to regain a footing on health must be made, and, if successful, the body is once more launched on the tide of life. So when the heart is dying, and the sense of any aim becomes too vague to spur it to action, then is the time for the physician of the soul to bid the sufferer to be of good courage and to live and not die. And to be such a physician of the soul requires no diploma from a college of medicine, but merely the genial capacity for warming the heart which is chilled unto death. Would an hour be wasted in giving what has been called "medicated music" to a worn-out spirit? They why do not many girls gifted with a musical taste expend it on a lonely friend? How often could time be well spent in relieving the long hours of tedious grandeur of many lonely lives; and might not such sympathetic visit stay the steps of weary souls from entering the realm of ghosts?

As Pindar said: "It is our duty to harbour a goodly hope," and as Hope is the anchor of souls, would they not be less likely to go adrift if hope were more generally given? Would not the world be brighter if it realised more that it is everyone's duty and privilege to hold out the hand of fellowship to those who are fainting by the way for the lack of emotional, intellectual, or moral life? For to quote again from Mrs. FitzGerald: "A happy, righteous, or God-serving universe of self-conscious beings is the supreme rationally-conceived Ideal of the goal of evolution."

Van Beulingh and the Cannibal Feast.

By SIR H. H. JOHNSTON, K.C.B., etc.

(Author of "The Uganda Protectorate," etc.).

Van Beulingh was, I believe, born on the Gold Coast when portions of that colony were in the possession of Holland. His father was a Dutchman, his mother a half-caste. There are not a few of these rather yellow-tinted Hollanders in the British colonies on the West Coast of Africa, the descendants with or without negro intermixture of the Dutch traders and Government officials who for something like four centuries visited the West Coast of Africa. These men with Dutch surnames are among the most useful members of the scanty European population of West Africa. They have become inured to the climate, they are generally sober, and almost always well conducted and industrious.

A REPRESENTATIVE DUTCHMAN.

Van Beulingh, however, was not always, I fear, a model representative of this Dutch element in West Africa. He was very far from being a teetotaler, and had no morals at all in the conventional sense of the word, except that he was honest in his dealings with black and white, and nobody's enemy but his own. In appearance he was a curiously yellow man, no doubt owing to the slight proportion of negro blood in his veins. His eyes were somewhat prominent, with very yellow whites, and pale, greyish blue iris. He had a fierce black moustache,and a stubbly head of hair constantly kept close-cropped, but cut by some very imperfect means. For the rest, he was of stalwart appearance, and however rough the life he lived his hands were always beautifully kept, with well trimmed nails. He was generally dressed in a white tunic and white trousers, with absolutely no other clothing. He went about very often with bare feet until the jigger plague compelled him to take very reluctantly to boots and socks.

If Van Beulingh's stories are to be believed he had traversed repeatedly all the "Juju" country between the lower Niger and the upper Cross River, which until the Aro expedition was absolutely a terra incognita to white men, a land in which it was supposed that no white man could penetrate and return alive.

STRANGER THAN FICTION.

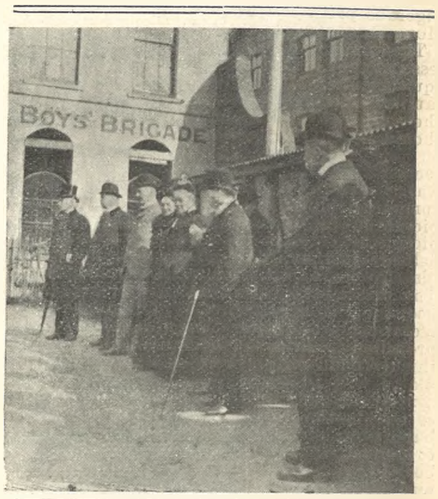
Without attempting to imitate Van Beulingh's picturesque but discursive and disjointed style, here, as near as I can remember it, is one of the stories he told me, though I decline to vouch for its accuracy: "In 1884 I went up the Cross river in a long Calabar canoe for the purpose of obtaining natural history specimens. I wanted to get skins and skulls of chimpanzees, of that curious Calabar Potto,† and some interesting native 'fetishes' I had heard of. I also wanted to see for myself if the natives of the Enjok river really were the thorough-going cannibals they were said to be by the Efik people of Old Calabar. The chief Asibon had filled me up with stories about them, and had promised to send a guide with me who would take me to the chief town of the Odipup oil markets on the upper waters of the Enjok River. Without some such introduction as this my life would not have been altogether safe. I can go almost anywhere in West Africa, but just on the edge of that great Juju country the people were much excited at that time because of the attempts on the part of the Germans, French, and English to conclude treaties and bag the oil markets. Well, I got to Odipup, and an extraordinary place it was. The people were evidently very rich. Nearly every house was no common hut, but a dwelling built in the form of a hollow square—nice, well-thatched houses on raised daises of hard mud. The streets were broad, and had elephants' skulls dotted at intervals on either side. There were splendid oil-palms and flourishing-looking gardens. Well, I found here that there was a tremendous market for slaves, which generally came from the lands to the north, in the direction of the Benue. The slaves were an awfully wild looking people, as low a race as I have ever seen—stunted, short-necked, and with prognathous jaws.

THE HORRORS OF THE FEAST.

Some of the children among these slaves were shut up in pens made of very stout poles close together—prisons, in fact, but nicely thatched, with good dry floors, and kept very clean. Here they were stuffed as hard as they could eat with yams and palm-oil 'chop' and other fattening diet. Every now and then the owners would come and cast a glance over them, and point out such and such a child to be taken out. Then the boy—it was generally a boy, the girls being sent off to the chief's harems—was led away well out of sight of the pen, generally into the compound inside the hollow square of his owner's house. Here he was suddenly thrown down and his throat was cut, some of his blood being poured out as a libation into the clay tub in the middle of the compound from which a fetish tree grows. All sorts of devil tricks were played with the child's head after it had been cut off, though in the case of quite a small one it was often left on, and the body was cooked whole for eating. I was asked one day to a big palm-oil 'chop' at the house of the principal chief; I tell you, although I am used to most things, I felt pretty sick when the principal dish was brought on. This was an enormous platter of tin, one of the biggest we ever get out for the Trade, and on this platter was the body of a small child that had been baked in a clay oven, with a lot of yams round it. . . . I did not want much more evidence for the Consul on cannibalism in this direction, and it was not a good country for collecting, as it was well populated and thoroughly cultivated, most of the wild beasts being driven away. So I descended the Enjok river again, joined the Cross river, and ascended this stream as far as the Atam country. I landed at a friendly town on the south bank. It seemed a splendid point from which to explore the dense tropical forests that lie between the upper bend of the Cross river and the Cameroons. I was warned by the Muriong natives—a very friendly though rather excitable tribe of cannibals—that in the forest lands behind them there was a race of cannibals with whom even I could not make friends. However, I set out in a south-easterly direction, hoping to be able to do an absolutely new bit of African exploration from the upper Cross river to the Cameroons. I sent my borrowed canoes back to Old Calabar in charge of the Efik boys, and took with me only my two Accra bird skinners, my cook and general factotum (also from the Gold Coast), and ten of my canoe men who were Akwas from the back of Old Calabar, and who would act as porters to carry my necessary loads. I also carried with me some tinned provisions, cartridges, and trade goods amounting in all to another twenty loads, and these with some difficulty I persuaded the Muriong people to carry for me at least three days' journey into the interior, where I had heard of a large native town of the Babom people. Here I thought I would settle down for a time to collect and make friends with the people, who would no doubt furnish me with carriers to send me through towards the Cameroons."

H. H. JOHNSTON.

† A kind of tailless lemur.



CHELTENHAM GORDON BOYS' PARADE. INTERESTED SPECTATORS.

WHAT ARE RONTGEN RAYS?

At the Royal Institution on Saturday, Lord Rayleigh delivered another of his course of lectures on "Light: Its Origin and Nature." In the course of his lecture Lord Rayleigh spoke at some length on the subject of Rontgen rays. Professor Rontgen, he said, at first supposed the rays which were named after him to be different from the rays which made up ordinary light. If they could polarise the rays they would be able to conclude whether they were transversal, and it would be most natural to suppose that they were an extension of the spectrum on the blue side. Until lately their ordinary optical methods were not sufficient for that, but within the last few weeks some evidence had been brought forward by a skilful French experimenter which went far to prove that the rays were susceptible of polarisation. That had not yet been confirmed, but there was no reason to suppose that the rays were other than ordinary light of extremely small wave length.

Queen Alexandra reached Copenhagen on Tuesday evening.

Headed by the daughters of the vicar, the ladies of Combe-in-Teignhead, Devon, have formed a ladies' guild of bellringers, and are now practising with muffled bells.

On rainy days at Caistor, Norfolk, the carrier is to be sent round to take children to school to save the loss of education and attendance grants.

Scotland's oldest town clerk, Mr. J. Stedman, who had been town clerk of Jedburgh for forty-seven years, has died in his eighty-fourth year.

PETROL AND PICTURES.

PAINTING ON PHOTOGRAPHS.

The April issue of "The Barnet Photographic Record" gives the following good tip for tinting P.O.P. prints:—If it is required to tint or to touch up a glossy P.O.P. print with water colours, the resistance offered by the shiny surface can be overcome by treating it with the following solution:—Albumen 6 drams, water 4 drams, glycerine 1½ drams, ammonium carbonate 15 grains, and one drop of ammonia. If oil colours are to be used, the print should be coated with a mixture of gelatine and gum arabic.

TONES ON P.O.P.

It is useless to expect the finest deep purple black tones on P.O.P. prints made from thin weak negatives. These will yield prints which lend themselves to toning to delicate reds or browns; but for purple black a very vigorous print is needed—one in which the shadows are bronzed by the time the high lights are just about printed. A better understanding as to this would often save a good deal of disappointment. Of course the thin weak negative can be intensified, and a vigorous print can be produced.

MOTOR-BICYCLE AND CAMERA.

The camera has been proved to be by countless writers an indispensable accessory in the equipment of every up-to-date cyclist in his jaunts about the country. If this be so in the case of a cyclist, undoubtedly a camera should be carried by the motor-cyclist, who on his motor-propelled steed can travel longer distances and visit more out-of-the-way places than his humbler brother. It is comparatively easy to carry a camera on a bicycle; but on most of the motor-bicycles no space is left for carrying delicate instruments. The only practicable place appears to be over the back mudguard. The ordinary camera satchel will be of no use, for the vibration to the frame of a motor-cycle is greater than that of a pedal-propelled machine. Therefore, unless a very thickly padded case be used, the camera and plates will suffer greatly. A handy little contrivance has just been put on the market to enable the camera to be fixed to the handle-bar of a machine when it is desired to give time exposures. It consists of a small board covered with baize, fitted with a bush and screw for the camera at one end and a clip for attachment to the handle-bar at the other end. With this contrivance the camera can be held securely in any position required. The above handy little article can be obtained locally at the price of eighteenpence.

SELF-TONING PAPER.

There is a general impression abroad that self-toning paper is not very permanent. Much of the mistaken ideas as regards this have arisen from careless workmanship on the part of those who jump at the opportunity of saving trouble which self-toning paper offers, and must needs still further curtail operations by insufficiently washing the prints. Having saved so much time by avoiding toning, one would have thought even a little extra care about what few operations there are to be attended to might have been bestowed.

A CORRECTION.

I have received a letter from a correspondent drawing attention to a mistake in the formula given in last week's notes for waterproofing boxes for photographic purposes. This should have read 5ozs. (instead of 50) min. naphtha. The error arose in printing.

THE CHELTENHAM AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE AUTOMOBILE CLUB.

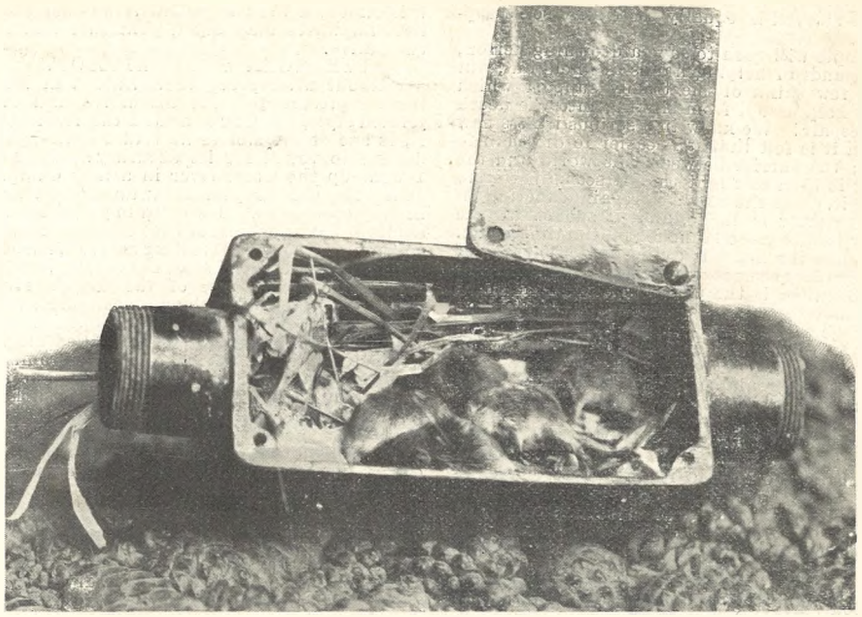
A well-attended meeting of the above club was held on Monday evening last at the Queen's Hotel, the headquarters of the club. The meeting was for the purpose of electing a committee and settling other business. A committee of nine was formed, including the president and hon. sec. as ex-officio members. The committee include Messrs. Bennett, Bostock, Morgan, Sanders, Wilkins, and Wyatt. Several new members were admitted at the meeting. The question of rules and other details was left for the committee to settle. The first "meet" of the club will be held very shortly. The main object of the club will be to forward the interests of automobilists and automobilism generally.

A GOOD IDEA IN SPARK-GAPS.

Whilst the question of an outer spark-gap is exercising the minds of automobilists, it is a pleasure to be able to state that one of the best forms of spark intensifier now on the market is made locally by Messrs. Hughes and Co. The illustration depicts this useful addition to the equipment of a motor-bicycle, etc. It consists of a small metal cylinder open at one end to receive the high tension wire from the coil. A small screw in the side of the cylinder fixes this wire firmly in connection with a metal point inside the cylinder. The other end contains a small rod pointed at one end and bent into a hook at the other. This hook is attached in the ordinary way to the sparking-plug. This rod is insulated from the cylinder by fibre. Two openings in the sides of the cylinder are covered over with wire gauze, which renders the whole thing perfectly safe from fire. This device is patented by Messrs. Hughes. I have tried several experiments with this spark-gap. First I selected an old plug which would not produce a spark at all in the ordinary way. On moving the trembler I was surprised to find a spark every time occur at the plug simultaneously with the spark inside the spark-gap cylinder. A plug was then sooted over and tried in the engine. It sparkled perfectly. The spark-gap was removed; result, no spark. This proved that the spark-gap would save a novice a good many removals of his sparking plug, when he has overdosed his unfortunate engine with lubricating oil, and consequently sooted his plug. I next proved that the spark-gap was entirely fire-proof by pouring petrol through one of the openings while the engine was working. The petrol burnt quietly inside gauze, but no flame appeared without. My only objection is that the device could be made smaller and lighter.'

AN IRISH POLICEMAN'S DIFFICULTY.

An Irish policeman in a conversation with a motorist with regard to the speed of cars, said "Shure, an' Oi've often been after wondering how Oi'd stop one av thim things if Oi wanted to. If Oi thought Oi'd only be hurt enough to have a pinsion Oi'd try; but, shure, Oi might be kilt entoirely, and then the pinsion would be no good at all, at all."



A BOX OF YOUNG MICE.

The accompanying picture affords an interesting illustration of the curious nesting-places selected by rats and mice. It shows five young mice in an iron simplex drawing-in box used for electric wiring purposes. The box had been brought from Birmingham to the new Cheltenham Townhall with other fittings, and had been lying there some time when it was discovered that it had been used as a nesting-place by Mother Mouse. The top was, of course, closed, and ingress and egress had been effected through the tube. The young mice wore particularly glossy brown suits, and were apparently very healthy and active—so much so that in a very short time they would have been able to shift for themselves, and doubtless before long, with the amazing fecundity of rodents, would in turn have become responsible for the further multiplication of these undesirables.

WHITAKER WRIGHT.

The "Magazine of Commerce" for April has an article and a special portrait (believed to be the only one extant taken by photography) of Mr. Whitaker Wright, "a man who has juggled with millions." The general impression is that Mr. Whitaker Wright is an American. It is to Cheshire that the honour of his birth belongs. He did not, however, elect as his life-work the milking of that county's cows; he felt that the United States provided a more congenial sphere, and he tried Philadelphia. His experience of company promotion in the Quaker City was not particularly happy, and he transhipped himself to London, where he started in business as a company promoter in 1891. At first the Thames refused to be set on fire, but in 1894 his opportunity came. Popular interest had been aroused in the West Australian goldfields, and he promptly brought out the West Australian Exploring and Finance Corporation for the express purpose of promotion. The game proved so profitable that in the following year he created another promoting venture—the famous London and Globe Finance Corporation. Mr. Whitaker Wright had struck the high tide of prosperity, and the two companies named floated with great success venture after venture. Fired with ambition by his previous successes, he now conceived his ideas on a colossal scale. The glamour of his operations was so great that the late Lord Loch was induced to join his board, and, subsequently, the late Marquess of Dufferin actually consented to become chairman. But it mattered little who was on the board—the whole direction of the company's sensationally speculative finance was kept in the hands of Mr. Whitaker Wright as managing director.

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THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 119. SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1903.

MARRIAGE OF MRS. DUDLEY SCOTT.—A marriage announcement in our columns today recalls celebrated tragedies in this county and London in August last. We allude to the marriage on Saturday last of Mrs. Dudley Scott (widow of the Horsley gentleman who was cruelly done to death by a supposed friend, who afterwards committed suicide) to Capt. R. F. Lush, of the West Yorkshire Regiment.

GLOUCESTER'S NEW COUNCILLOR:
MR. GUY GURNEY,

Returned last Saturday as representative of the Lower Barton Ward by the record majority of 157 votes. Mr. Gurney was Prov. Grand Master of the Gloucester District of Oddfellows (M.U.) in 1896; he has been an enthusiastic Rifle Volunteer for 26 years (one of six brothers in the same corps), and is sergeant of the ambulance section of the Dock Rifles.

The rector of St. Mary's Church, Chester, in accordance with an interesting custom, has awarded a prize of half a ton of coal to two local fishermen for the first salmon caught in the Dee since the opening of the season.

In London last week 2,465 births and 1,386 deaths were registered. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 229 and the deaths 389 below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years.

An extraordinary trial is being conducted in Berlin, where a wealthy lady is accused of compassing the death of her husband and one of her sons, goading two others to suicide, and plotting to murder her grandson, a boy of thirteen, who sought the Kaiser's protection.

Derbyshire magistrates at Quarter Sessions on Tuesday upheld, on appeal, the decision of the Bakewell Licensing Justices, who had refused the renewal of three licenses at Tideswell, in the Peak of Derbyshire, on the ground that the number of public-houses in the district was excessive.

PRIZE PHOTOGRAPHY.

The Proprietors of the "CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC" offer a Weekly Prize of Half-a-Guinea for the Best Photograph the work of an Amateur.

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

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

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

The competition is open to the county.

The winner of the 117th competition is Mr. W. A. Walton, of London-road, Gloucester, with his snapshots at Sharpness.

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 28th competition is Miss Rosie M. Burroughs, Swindon Farm, Cheltenham, with her Promenade caricature.

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 tenth competition is Miss Maud N. Lyne, Ryecote, St. Luke's, Cheltenham, for her report of the sermon by the Rector at St. Matthew's, Cheltenham, on Sunday morning.

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.

In cross-examination, a defendant in a breach of promise case on Friday said it was the usual thing for a young man to tell lies about his position in the world when he became engaged to a young woman.

THROUGH ENGLAND IN RAGS.

AN AMATEUR VAGRANT'S EXPERIENCES OF ROAD LIFE.

TRAMPS AND COUNTRY HOUSES.

"MOUCHERS" WHO SOMETIMES CATCH TARTARS.

"The best places in the world—and the 'hottest,' if you don't know your way," is the description tramps give of country houses.

That many have been ideal places for "calling" is certain. I heard them talking in the lodging-house at St. Albans of a mansion in the neighbourhood—of how it used to be always good for food at least, and of how it had recently been "spoiled" by a tramp who, with the object of exciting sympathy, pulled off his boots a short distance from the house and hid them in a hedge, totally unaware that he was watched by two men-servants, who confiscated his property, and told their master of the trick that had been played upon him.

Near Mansfield, too, lives a Lady Bountiful who formerly never turned anybody empty away from her door; but, as her eyes have been opened, it is in vain that the most artistic taleteller calls there now.

Not long ago a woman borrowed three children, making her family number five altogether, and went to this lady, who sympathised with her, gave her two shillings, and promised to call on the following Thursday at the address given—the lodging-house in Mansfield at which I stopped. Unexpected business, however, took the patroness into the market town that afternoon, and while she was there, bethinking her of her morning visitor, she drove to the "padding-ken." When she reached it she saw the female "moucher" leaving a neighbouring public-house, and heard her address the two children who were with her by the filthiest terms in the vocabulary of the most abandoned of her sex. Horrified beyond expression, the lady at once drove away; and from that day to this no beggar has been known to receive anything from her.

I was told by several tramps that Madame Patti was also "good" until a short time back. Everybody who called at her castle in Wales was given two shillings. At last somebody "spoiled" this by getting drunk at a public-house close by, and creating a disturbance; and now the rule of the establishment is to relieve vagrants with food only.

Houses, in fact, are constantly being ruined as "calling" places by roadsters themselves. Nevertheless, there are yet very many in all parts of the country where to ask is to receive. Nearly all the old Roman Catholic families relieve wayfarers indiscriminately. At a house between Pegwell Bay and Ramsgate every beggar, young or old, male or female, is sure of a penny, just as there was once a mansion outside Maidstone every caller at which was given threepence.

The residence of a sporting celebrity, Capt. M——, is noted for the fact that parcels of food are kept ready for vagrants, while the same kind of assistance is extended to all comers at the seat of a peer in the neighbourhood. I was recommended to "call" on this nobleman if I had the chance(which I had not), and to see "him himself," if possible. But it was strongly impressed upon me by two or three old tramps that the only passport to his lordship's purse was a good road yarn. If I could make him laugh I might get half-a-sovereign, perhaps a sovereign; whereas if I attempted to "tell him the tale" I should in all likelihood be kicked into the road. I shall never cease to regret that I had no opportunity of trying to win that sovereign. Besides, think of the "copy"!

There are also numerous houses which relieve only tramps of a particular class, or, rather, those who profess to belong to a particular class. I take as an example the places in Yorkshire where "harvestmen" alone can obtain assistance. The occupiers think that if they help only such men as carry a basket and bundle and a sickle they cannot be imposed upon; but I am confident they are deceived as often as anybody.

I saw at Barnsley a fellow who by his dress appeared to have "just come over," yet he spoke in the Leeds dialect, and was unmistakeably a Yorkshireman. I asked him how far he had come—that is, what distance he had travelled that day.

"Oi've come all the way from Oireland to rape the corn next harvest—next harvest," said he, with a wink.

I interpreted this as meaning that he was "got up" for the purpose of calling on the calling on clergymen and others who help the class to which he seemed to belong—an imposture that I know is often practised, particularly in the potato-growing district of Yorkshire, where there are so many places of the kind in question that a man can easily live on them from the end of the corn harvest till "tator-scratching" begins.

[In several respects the gathering of the potato crop is to the north what hop-picking is to the south; but I believe that at harvest time it is much easier for a vagrant to live in Yorkshire than in Kent. I have before me the names of a number of houses at which tramps who say they are "waiting for the potatoes" are relieved, and of several parsons who give away tickets exchangeable for food at village grocery shops.]

Last of all—in the roadster's estimation—come those houses at which tramps are required to work before they are assisted. It is rather difficult to classify these, because there is much diversity of opinion about them. I asked a tramp whom I met a few miles out of Maidstone what was the "hottest" place he had ever "called," and he unhesitatingly replied that it was a rectory in Essex.

"The parson asked me if I'd do some work," he said, "and I told him that was just what I wanted; so round he takes me to the back of the house, and there, stacked on the lawn, was a heap of setts—you know, granite stones: them big heavy things they use to make crossings with.

"'Now,' says he, 'I want you to remove these stones from heah, and put them down theah.'

"Carry them across the lawn, that was. I said, 'Very well, sir,' and I started; and when I'd done, every blessed bone in my carcase ached dreadful. I went to look for the parson, and I found him on a garden seat. I told him I'd done the job.

"'Very well,' he said, in his mothers'-meeting voice. 'Now put all the stones back as you found them.'

"Oh! But I said nothing. I went and did it, and then went to him again.

"'Carry them'—he didn't look up from his book this time—'carry them over the lawn again; and, by-the-bye, you can take them to and fro till I stop you!'

"Well, there, I thought of cutting it (running away); but I made up my mind I'd see the thing through if I died directly after. I was nearly dead—to cut a long story short—when he came and stopped me.

"'That will do, my man,' says he. 'I find,' says he, pulling out his watch and looking at it, 'I find you've been working four hours. I don't know what is usually paid you; but I think I have read in the newspapers that labourers get 6½d. or 7d. an hour.'

"'Yes,' I said; 'but, sir, I'm not a labourer. I'm a tailor, and I get 10d. an hour.'

"It wouldn't do at all. He forked out 7d. an hour—2s. 4d., all in pennies and hapennies. And they call that Christianity!"

Now, there are many habitual vagrants who would not at all object to an experience of this kind, while others would not knowingly "call" such a place as the Essex rectory. Perhaps the only safe thing to say is that all houses where tramps are made to work, or in default refused either food or money, are generally considered as "bad."

Hundreds of Yorkshire farmhouses consequently come within this category, for at most of them a "moucher" is required to pump water. Not many miles from Hull, indeed, there is one called by the cadging fraternity the "Pump and Pie House," because every body who begs there has to fill the cistern, or chop a certain quantity of firewood, and is then given a lump of pie and some broken victuals. Similar places, however, are common all over England, the only important difference in them being the nature of the "task," which, as may be imagined, is frequently curious enough. A Kentish rector keeps a monster garden roller for the benefit of beggars; a Roman Catholic priest in Yorkshire makes vagrants work in his garden, giving fourpence for half-an-hour's digging and weeding; and I remember being told of a Lancashire gentleman who sets tramps to work at gathering mussels along the sea shore.

The great pests of country houses—or, at any rate, of those that lie some distance from the main roads—are "couples" with children and old soldiers. The latter class, as a matter of course, pay particular attention to half-pay officers, who mostly live far from the busy haunts of men.

One of these gentry assured me that he never asked a working-man for a penny ("you only get insulted," he said), that he had not been in a casual ward for four years, and that then he went in "through his own fault"—a favourite phrase of roadsters, by-the-bye. Another related to me many of his experiences during his ten years' travels.

On one occasion, according to his story, he called on a retired colonel, who asked him to do three hours' "sentry go" in front of his house. He assented, and, after he had been handed an old musket, and cautioned not to allow anybody to pass without the password, which was "Nelson," began pacing to and fro in military fashion. Looking overhead, a quarter of an hour later, he saw a telephone wire leading from the house to the village, about a mile distant, and presently he espied a policeman hurrying up the hill in his direction.

He began to quake, but he thought he would have some fun before he was arrested; so when the officer reached the gate he challenged him—once, twice, thrice. All the notice the constable took was to shake his fist. The tramp presented the old musket, and pulled the trigger. It went off with a terrific report, and the policeman fell!

The old roadster dropped the gun, and wrung his hands; but on hearing the sound of hearty laughter inside the house he picked it up and shouldered it, and began walking up and down as if nothing had happened.

Presently the colonel came out of the mansion smiling, and helped the constable to his feet, after which, with a few words of explanation, he assisted him to the gate, and then came back to the tramp.

"That will do very well," he said.

The man took no notice, but continued to pace to and fro.

"Don't you hear, man? You've done very well," shouted the old soldier.

"Don't you know, sir, that that's not the way to address a sentry?" said the tramp, stiffly. "I must be relieved properly."

The colonel laughed, called out his son, and went through all the formalities of relieving guard. Then he gave the tramp half-a-sovereign, with the remark that he had unconsciously played his part very well, and that the coin would perhaps recompense him for his fright.

Personally, I did not "call" one country house off the main roads, because, as a matter of fact, I never had the chance of visiting a "good" one, and did not care to run obvious risks and waste time in begging from such places at random.

The title of the next subject in this series will be "Secrets of 'Spike-Ranging.'"

MR. ROOSEVELT AND THE TRIPLETS.

Just before President Roosevelt's departure from Washington he sent a letter of congratulation to one George Cunningham, of New Jersey, who recently became the father of triplets—all boys. The President wrote:—"I congratulate you and Mrs. Cunningham. That is the kind of American citizenship in which I believe. I send you three photographs of myself for the three new Cunningham boys, and my compliments to Mrs. Cunningham."

Sunday was "Show Sunday," and large crowds visited the studios of Academicians and Associates to view the pictures they intend to send to the Royal Academy.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

Statutory holidays in this country are not availed of by everybody, but are frequently more honoured in the breach than the observance. The Gloucestershire County Council is one of the sinners in this respect, for its principal members, with strict devotion to duty, do not allow Bank Holidays to interfere with the quarterly sittings. The officials, however, are very properly given a day off at some other time. The Council, at its meeting on Easter Monday next, will have to appoint a Secretary of Education in place of Mr. Reginald Balfour. I trust that gentleman will soon have sufficiently recovered from the recrudescence of malarial fever from which he is suffering that he may get reinstated in the Board of Education Office at Whitehall. I confess that, although I admired Mr. Balfour's push in seeking an appointment which would at once give him more than double his then salary in the Civil Service, I had my doubts as to his discretion in giving up a certainty, with gradual increments of pay and secure superannuation on retirement. I venture to think that Dr. Grundy, of Brasenose College, Oxford, who was for a time first favourite in the "Secretary Stakes," and was very close up to Mr. Balfour at the finish, will now pull off the prize, with the aid of the Council, provided, of course, that no dark horse comes to the front.

Both Gloucestershire and Cheltenham have fairly launched the Education Act for weal or woe—I believe for the former. But the city of Gloucester, which has a hostile authority, seeks to hang it up for six months, a sort of passive resistance which does not quite commend itself to the Board of Education, which has not yet confirmed their scheme, but is pressing for an earlier date of adoption. I must reiterate my hope that this central authority will keep a tight rein on the Gloucester Council, amongst those authorities that have prejudged the Act as a failure and are doing their level best to wreck and make it obnoxious to the ratepayers. The dominant party among the City Fathers have, despite the protests of the small minority, insisted on a 6½d. rate for six months, according to their prejudiced idea of levelling up the Voluntary schools to the standard of those of the Board. Further, they have lost both classes of schools the extra grant for six months. It is, however, significant that at the first opportunity electors have marked with no uncertain sound their sense of disapproval of these reprehensible party tactics. That opportunity was last Saturday in the election of a councillor for the Lower Barton Ward. There the "Progressive" candidate, who denounced the Act and said he should join heartily with the Council "in rendering the Act as little retrograde as possible," was soundly beaten by Mr. Guy Gurney (the Conservative) by a record majority of 157 votes. The "actors" will speedily find out they are much overdoing their part as wreckers. The imposition of excessive rates will recoil on them more effectually than the no rate policy.

The making of the Honeybourne Railway will at least have the effect of reducing the plethora of licenses in Cheltenham by one, for the Old Cherry Tree Inn is scheduled for destruction. This public-house will pass to the G.W.R. Co. without arbitration as to price, as was quite recently expected. I am glad to hear that a sweet reasonableness animates the owners of small property to be acquired, and the larger proprietors—more especially public bodies—will do well to facilitate the "cutting of the first sod by not following the example of the Dutch in asking too much. The Toddington section is making good headway, and I see that one day last week the navvies had to knock off work at Broadway owing to the rain, but they had a very "wet" time of it at one of the public-houses.

History has repeated itself in the Badminton country, for there is still a sporting sweep about. One knows that a knight of the brush figures in a famous print as having refused to vote for the Liberals at the West Gloucester election in 1833 "'Cos I 'unts with the Duke." And yet only last week the Duke's hounds ran a fox into a drain, when a sweep appeared and bolted the varmint with the aid of his long brush. There ought to have been a sweepstakes for the benefit of that handy man. GLEANER.

POETRY.

IN VIOLET TIME.

A bunch of violets, dusk and sweet,
Bought in a busy London street,
And wet with April rain!
Back, back the waves of memory flow
To one dear haunt of long ago:
A blossom-scented lane.

And there, beneath a drooping tree,
With smiling lips, she waits for me—
The maid I love the best.
Her hair has caught the sunset-light;
She wears a gown of softest white,
With violets at her breast.

The moon climbs high above the thatch,
We hear a softly lifted latch,
A distant clock strikes nine!
Then, 'twixt the silver and the grey,
A bunch of violets finds its way
From her warm heart to mine.

Fate willed that from those far-off days
Your feet should tread the quiet ways,
And mine the noisier street;
Yet when I hear a flower-girl's cry
'Tis for your sake I stop and buy
Her violets dusk and sweet.

E. MATHESON in "Chambers' Journal."

HOW DID YOU DIE?

Did you tackle that trouble that came your way
With a resolute heart and cheerful?
Or hide your face from the light of day
With a craven soul and fearful?
Oh! a trouble's a ton, or a trouble's an ounce,
Or a trouble is what you make it,
And it isn't the fact that you're hurt that counts,
But only—How did you take it?

You are beaten to earth? Well, well, what's that?
Come up with a smiling face.
It's nothing against you to fall down flat,
But to lie there—that's disgrace.
The harder you're thrown, why, the higher you bounce;
Be proud of your blackened eye!
It isn't the fact that you're licked that counts;
It's—How did you fight—and why?

And though you be done to the death, what then?
If you battled the best you could,
If you played your part in the world of men,
Why, The Critic will call it good.
Death comes with a crawl, or comes with a pounce,
And whether he's slow or spry,
Is isn't the fact that you're dead that counts,
But only—How did you die?

EDMUND VANCE COOKE in the "Windsor Magazine."

THE CAUSES OF CANCER.

The Registrar-General of Ireland has made some very valuable investigations into the history of cancer cases in Ireland. There were 2,893 deaths in 1901 from this terrible scourge, or 6.5 deaths in every 10,000 of the Irish people.

The main facts ascertained by the Registrar are these: In many cases cancer recurs in the same family, following it down from generation to generation. Frequently cancerous families are also afflicted with tuberculosis, lunacy, idiocy, or epilepsy. Cancer has frequently followed wounds and injuries, and sometimes irritation of the lip caused by smoking clay pipes; also, it often accompanies unfavourable conditions of residence, food, etc.

Cancer further appears to be highly contagious and somewhat infectious.

Miss Ada Ellen Bayly (Edna Lyall) left an estate of the value of £25,966 10s. 2d.

The Earl of Cardigan has taken Tockington Manor, the Gloucestershire seat of Mrs. Salmon.

The Bishop of Chester on Sunday unveiled a memorial to the late Duke of Westminster, erected by voluntary contribution in the Church of St. Mary's Without the Walls, Chester.

SIR THOMAS PHILLIPPS'S LIBRARY.

A CHELTENHAM COLLECTION.

On the last Monday in April Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, and Hodge will commence a six days' sale of a further portion of the classical, historical, topographical, genealogical, and other manuscripts and autograph letters of the late Sir Thomas Phillipps, of Middle Hill, Worcestershire, and Thirlestaine House, Cheltenham. Sir Thomas Phillipps himself died in February, 1872, and the disposal of his enormous accumulations has been going on, at irregular intervals, since 1886, the forthcoming sale forming the 12th in the series. The previous 11 sales has occupied 50 days, whilst the 13,498 lots have produced the enormous sum of £36,662 11s. 6d. From what we can learn these periodical sales are likely to continue for many years longer, and the present moment seems to be a suitable opportunity for taking a brief review of the whole down to the present time.

Sir Thomas Phillipps, who was born at Manchester in July, 1792, the only son of a wealthy manufacturer, collected on a truly gigantic scale. "There never was," says the writer of one of his obituary notices, "such a collector since the world began. Even Harley, with all his wealth and enthusiasm, was a mere baby in comparison with this prince of accumulators. Sir Thomas bought library after library, collection after collection. Nothing came amiss, manuscripts having the preference. . . . When the late intelligent and excellent bookseller, Thorpe, issued a thick octavo catalogue of about 1,400 volumes of manuscripts, most people would have been contented with a selection, but Sir Thomas ordered the whole." His other large purchases included the whole of the Battle Abbey charters and the celebrated Meerman library of Greek manuscripts. He purchased largely at the Heber and other sales during the first half of the last century, and he was buying up to the time of his death. He was a client of nearly every English bookseller, and some of his subterfuges to postpone payment for his contribution to a paper on "The Eccentricities of Genius." He was a Governor of the British Museum, and it was confidently hoped that that institution would benefit largely under his will. But he had apparently no wish to shine as a benefactor to his country; his will, indeed, included a most singular clause to the effect that neither his eldest daughter nor her husband, Mr. J. O. Halliwell, afterwards Halliwell-Phillipps, the eminent Shakespearean scholar, nor any Roman Catholic, should enter his house, and the whole of his great library, which literally filled Thirlestaine House, Cheltenham, was bequeathed to his youngest daughter, Mrs. Fenwick, for life, with remainders to her children. A writer in the "Quarterly Review" of May, 1843, questioned if "all Europe could produce another individual gentleman who, in his ardour for collecting books and manuscripts, has disbursed, like Sir Thomas Phillipps, £100,000." If this sum is at all near the mark—and the writer would scarcely have named such an enormous figure without some sort of inspiration from Sir Thomas Phillipps—the actual cost of his accumulations cannot have been much short of £150,000, as he was buying on all hands for nearly 30 years after that date. Price, indeed, never seems to have been a consideration with him, and he does not appear to have insisted on 10 per cent. debate for "cash down," which was one of the rules on which the late Mr. Gladstone insisted when ordering books. Prices half a century or more ago were, it is true, very different from what they are to-day. Sir Thomas Phillipps very fully availed himself of his unique opportunities, and it will probably be found, when the whole collection has been dispersed, that his zeal as a collector will have been amply vindicated.—"The Times."

A national festival of British music is to be held in London next November, with the object of presenting the works of our own composers, past and present.

On his way to attend the Historical Congress in Rome as the representative of King's College, Cambridge, Mr. Oscar Browning was robbed of a pocket-book containing several Bank of England notes.

"Selina Jenkins Letters."

SELINA JENKINS GOES TO CLEEVE HILL BY TRAM.

As you must know, Mr. Editor, last week I did begin to feel very all-overish, with cold creams and tremolos all down my back, besides losing me taste for vittles, wich with me is a certain sure sign of me system being out of horder, as the sayin' goes; and there's many a pore sole a-lying in the Seminary at this present moment as mite 'ave been just out doin a bit of shopping or earnin' their daily bread in a honest way if they 'adn't neglected their systems in the spring, as is a very awk ard time of the year, turnin' young folks s minds to thoughts of luv, and so forth, the whiles it upsets the livers of those as 'ave for some years gave up being so foolish.

Mary Ann Tomkins lent me a sort of a family medical dictionary thing to investigate, and I will say by the time I'd read through the first volume I was convinced that I 'ad hevery symptom of paralysis, and liver disease, and hinfluenza, not to speak of being fairly on the way to hydrophobia, according to the reading. altho' I couldn't never remember 'aving been bit by a dog, not since the time when I were scratched in the face through my next door neybor's cat a-fallin' down on to me head off the back-kitchen spout as I were 'anging out the clothes 8 years ago come next Friday week, as were entirely caused by boys throwin' things and frightening the pore animal until she took my face for the ground and jumped down accordingly, as was very hupsetting to the nerves, and mite 'ave been very serious, thro' me 'aving a clothes-peg in me mouth, and very nigh swallering it in me 'aste!

So I begins to feel a bit desperate, after perusing this 'ere medical dictionary, and wends me way to the doctor. Not that I believes in doctors as a rule. Give me a drop of 'erb tea any day, and the doctors will 'ave a 'ole 'oliday every day of their lives for me, as only hexperiments with people's hinsides, wich I well remembers of a doctor in my young days as kept a dispensary place of his own, and were asked wot the stuff mite be in a great big bottle labelled "L. O. K. mixture"; and, you believe me, it turned out that all the odd drops of physic—tinkers and hextracts and things—as were left over or lying about in the dispensary was throwed into this 'ere bottle and jest stirred up with a nice drop of clean water, and were labelled "L. O. K. (Lord only knows) mixture," from wich all the bottles of patients who had diseases as the doctor couldn't understand was filled!

Doctors is a good deal like real men, when you comes to know 'em well! Sometimes they'm cross, sometimes they'm sweet-tempered, and now and again they'd give a nice bit to be able to go to another doctor and 'ave their pulse feeled and put out their tongue, etcettery, feeling that it's all very well to subscribe for ailments in other people's bodies, but as for ailments in their own bodies, why, that's up another tree, as the sayin' is, and don't answer a bit, becos they knows too much about the drugs they orders, and wot rubbish there is, besides not caring to do any hexperiments on theirselves, as is more valleyble than many patients, and per'aps couldn't be replaced.

'Owever, I puts all this to one side, and goes to see my doctor, as thumped me in the back and listened to me 'eart and lungs beating, and looked down me throat, and examined me teeth, not to speak of enuff questions to start a ambulance association; and all that come of it was that I were to 'ave complete rest from gossip and small talk (as is a terr'ble 'ardship for me) and a week by the seaside, with a bottle of physic to be took three times after bein' upshook, and a pill night and morning also, and, besides, a sort of a tabloid thing on retiring to my virtuous couch, as the sayin' is.

So I thanks the doctor and clears out pretty quick, for fear he'd order me a few more hodds and ends, as 'ardly gives a decent body time to breathe for the things you've got to do and drugs you've got to take, and I jest walks 'ome slowly, a-thinkin' over the conversation, wich, by the time I'd reached the door of me mansion, I'd quite decided not to take them drugs, as was all 'rote down in Hebrew or summat on a bit of a superscription he did give me, and mite be all manner of pisenous substances, like that there 'orrible man in London, as turned out to be nothink but a Jewish Pole after all, and pisened I don't know 'ow many wives with tinmoney; and the doctors thought it were their physic as killed the pore creatures every time.

So I puts the superscription by, seein' as 'ow it mite come in useful for Amos Wilkins's sciatic or Mary Ann Tomkins's tick; but no unknown 'orrible drugs for me, thenk you! And, as for the seaside, well, I don't think a lot of that. Cleeve 'Ill will suit my system very well, so I thinks; and if there ain't no sea up there, still there's plenty of little shells lying about by the quarries, and you can look across and see where the sea used to be in them days before Adam and Eve was ever thought of, and when elephants and taygers used to roam about Nutter's Wood regardless of expense and annoyance to the clergy, gentry, and inhabitants of the district; besides wich, I considers charity begins at 'ome, and it's a site more reasonable to spend money amongst one's own kith and kin than to trapse off to oncomfortable lodgings by the sad sea waves jest becos a medical man considers it's "all fay" to do so, as the French remarks.

So I packs hup me portmannry, not forgetting to put in a few extry strong peppermints, as 'adn't never been 'eard of on Cleeve 'Ill last time I were there, and is very comforting for the spasms; wich Amos Wilkins and Mary Ann Tomkins very kindly came down to the tram to see me hoff, Amos driving the portmannry in 'is barrow, as he'd given a wash down for the occasion. The parting was a very affectin' one. Tears was shed most profuse on every 'and, and as the train steamed out of the station—wich is to say the tram moved hoff—Mary Ann were fairly overcome with grief, and 'ad to 'ide her feelin's on Amos's shoulder, forming a very affectin' group, jest like a picter in the "Graphic. We 'adn't gone very far, 'owever, when a stoutish party about a 100 yards back 'ailed the conductor chap by shaking her umberella very vigorous, and we 'ad to stop for 'er a tidy while, as come up the steps a-puffing and a-blowin' like a fretful porcupine, sayin' as the conductor ought to be ashamed of 'isself not to 'ave run the car back to where she were, and 'ow she was goin' to write to Mr. Nevins and the Postmaster-General, and the Mayor, and Mr. Bence, and Mr. Moses Davis, and a lot of other notables on the subjeck. 'Owsomdever, that there tram conductor 'ad most likely been similarly worried before, for he only turned his mouth a little down one side and said nothink but 2 words—"'Old tight"—and pulled his bell. Hoff went the car with a jerk, and this 'ere quarrelsome lady jest made two bounds like a ping-pong ball, one of wich was on to my lap and the other on the floor, in corse of wich there was a perfect shower of ha'pence from her reticule purse all over the car.

If I 'adn't 'ad the breath pretty well knocked out of me in 'er transit, as they do say, I should 'ave 'ad a good 'earty laff at 'er downfall, as served 'er right, after expecting so much, and being so huppish over it, too. 'Owbeit, we 'elped her up, and I give 'er a sniff of my Epsom salts, after wich all went quietly for a bit.

There was a young gent in the car, 'owever, who wanted to look clever, as remarked that his pa was in the electercity line of business and knew 'ow to make electric bells and magnetic currents and all that kind of thing don't you know, as said they didn't run these cars correct, wich would be a great deal better if there was a short cirket, besides wich he wanted to show the motor man 'ow to work the 'andles different, so as to get up top speed.

And I can tell you I were very glad when the motor man jest turned round to 'im and said: "Look 'ere, my boy, you've paid yer money to ride in this 'ere car, and not to give lessons in electercity. When we wants yer advice we'll ask for it; but up till then we'll beg to decline yer kind offer with thanks," as shrivelled the young fellow hup, very nigh.

The car were very jumpy, that I will say, out between Prestbury and Southam, and a party as were sitting near me complained of feeling sea-sick, and said she 'adn't never felt so bad since she crossed the Bay of Biscuits in a mail storm some years before; and, wot with the rocking of the car and the howling of the motors, it were very lively work, egspesshully for sich as me, and don't often patternise the trams, being too expensive for 'umble folk.

[To be continued.]

COTSWOLD HOUNDS AT LILLEYBROOK.

In the cherry-growing districts of Bucks the trees are a mass of bloom and the prospects of a record crop are particularly rosy.

In memory of the late Mr. W. Johnston, M.P., a tablet is being placed in Down Cathedral by "The Royal Black Preceptory of Great Britain, Ireland, and Canada."

The King has appointed Major-General Barrington Douglas Campbell to be Lieut.-Governor of the Island of Guernsey, in room of Major-General Michael Henry Saward, whose period of service has expired.

At a meeting of the West London Mission Committee on Thursday, and at a general committee of the whole London Mission on Friday, the Rev. Charles Ensor Walters was unanimously recommended to the approaching Wesleyan Conference as the successor to the late Rev. Hugh Price Hughes.

THE PRIZE PICTURE.

SNAPSHOTS AT SHARPNESS.

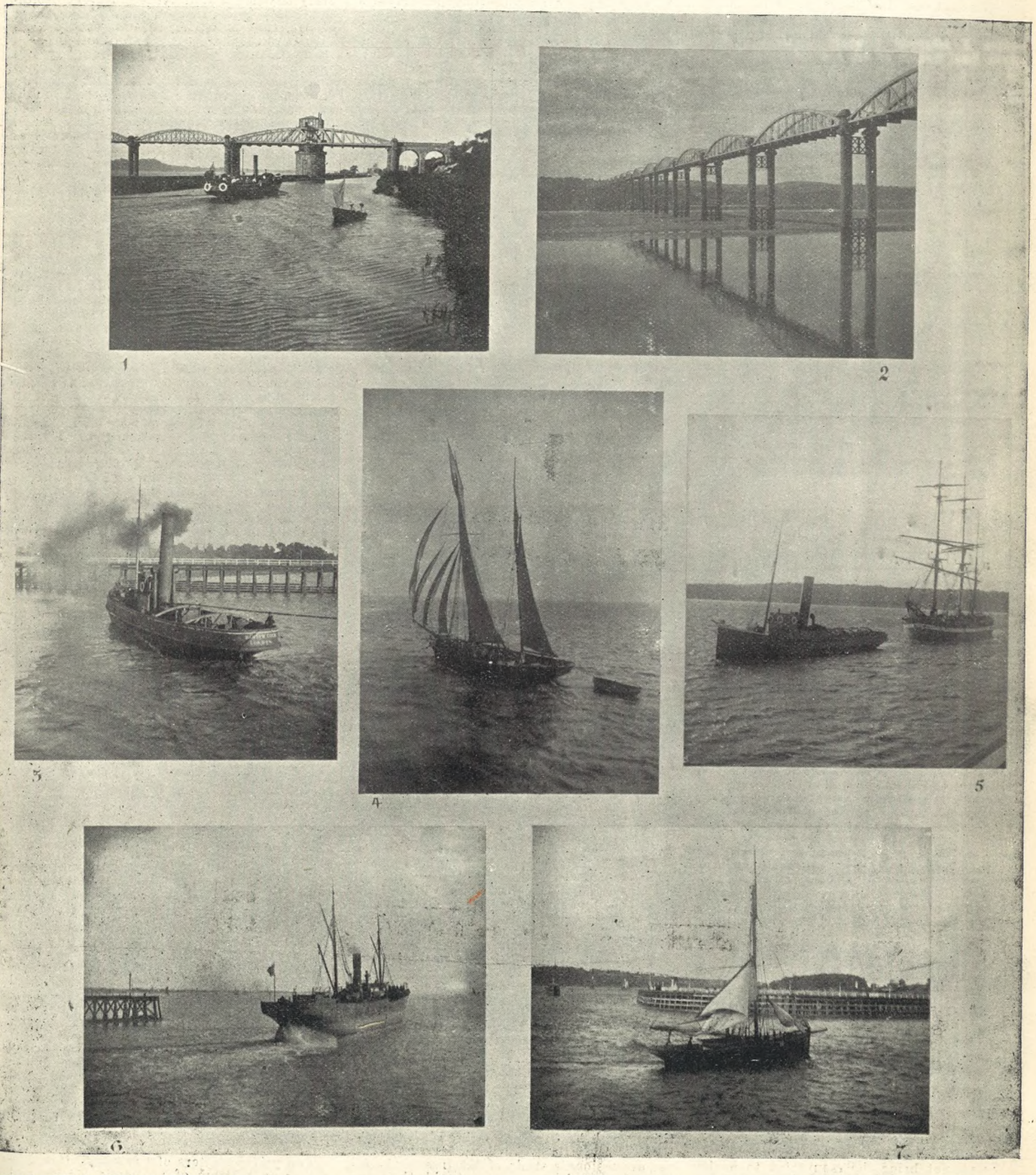

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Photo by W. A. Walton, Gloucester.

The Strenuousness of Life,

By HELEN MATHERS
(Author of "Comin' thro' the Rye," etc.).

Only those who have drunk deep of the strenuousness of life, are able to appreciate and enjoy the sweets of it; the idle rich, the procrastinators, the self-indulgers may escape some of the bitters inevitable to existence, but at most they get a tepid, savourless draught, and live and die, useless, unsatisfied, and unfulfilled.

Not for them the fierce thrill, the joy of battle, the swelling spirit of the strong man, rejoicing to run a race, and wresting his victory from the very jaws of defeat itself; not for them to strive unceasingly, to put their backs into everything they handle, finding nothing common or unclean, bringing to all their undertakings, great and small, those courageous and heartfelt qualities that annihilate failure, simply because they have never been able to bring themselves to contemplate it.

Many there be who do not fight for favour, or riches, or place or power, but for duty's sake. It is not for reward, but because they *must* do it, because they recognise the obligations of life, and their self-respect will not allow them to fall short of their responsibilities, that they fight to the end, refusing to be incorporated with the pitiful "waste product" by which we designate the large percentage of human beings, whose mental inactivity (even more than physical) will not suffer them to lift a hand to help themselves in the struggle for existence.

THE TOILER SHALL BE PAID.

It is to the great army of silent, patient doers whose deeds go unrecognised (as half the deserving effort in the world does), who live only in the hearts of those for whom they have toiled, and suffered, and denied themselves, that the brave words of Whittier apply:

"Go! do thy work, it shall succeed
In thine, or in another's day,
And if denied the victor's crown
Thou shall not lack the toiler's pay."

Nor shall he lack the toiler's sweet intervals of rest, when his tired limbs and brain relax, and he enjoys the simple pleasures of life, takes delight in the love and goodness of those he loves; he has no time for idle, uncharitable thoughts, and attains easily to the true dignity and simplicity of conduct essential to the natural man.

For strenuousness is not incompatible with the joy of life—far from it: it only gives a deeper zest to hours of ease and comfort, quickens a man's sensitiveness to the beauties of Nature. He brings his unsated eye, his clear perceptions to the feast; it is he, and such as he, not the gluttons, who inherit the fulness of the earth.

Man does not fight for bread alone, but also for his ideals, for the godhead that is in him, because he knows that what he does finely is a blow between the eyes to his enemies, a source of joy to his friends; because he knows that his heart and life are kept pure by the mighty breath of effort that sweeps through and winnows them; because idleness and lack of concentration are at the bottom of half the vice, and crime, and misery in the world.

President Roosevelt's gospel, like that of Longfellow, Emerson, and Whittier (no man lives the strenuous life more than the American), is a manly and courageous one, a very trumpet-call to the workers, a dash of cold water in the face of the sluggards and the mental moribunds that cumber the earth.

"I wish to preach" (he says) "not the doctrine of ignoble ease, but the doctrine of the strenuous life, the life of toil and effort, of labour and strife, which comes not to the man who deserves more easy peace, but to the man who does not shrink from hardships, or from bitter toil; and who out of these wins the splendid, ultimate triumphs."

THE POWER OF DRUDGERY.

We cannot bring the mountains to us by gazing, but we can set ourselves one step nearer them by each day's work, and it is in our capacity for drudgery, in our power of dogged, consecutive effort that we find our way out through the blind path that leads to fulfilment. We do not even try to look ahead—but one day, perhaps the very one of our deepest darkness and despair, we find the work is done, that we have tunnelled through—a burst of sunlight bathes us in its splendour, and the victory is ours.

Character has been described as a perfectly-formed will, and perhaps the man born without fighting qualities, infinitely preferring a life of peace, of subjective pleasures, who is yet by the stress of circumstances forced into the arena, is more truly brave than he who in conflict finds himself in his native element. He is not a coward, but all his instincts (perhaps inherited) are against sustained application; in a word, he lacks grit, or let us call it staying power, the sort of power that makes a man, however often he turns with loathing from his task, go back to and complete it, while three parts of his body and soul strive their hardest to prevent him.

Many a man is kicked into the strenuous life, kicked hard; the moment he sits down he is kicked up again, and very often arrives from the sheer force of having been *made* to do what he does not like. Now and again it happens that it is the one thing he does well, though he did not know it till circumstances taught him.

There is the strenuous life of bodily toil—to work hard, to live hard, to sleep hard; that is the easiest life, and there is in it much happiness and content. There is the strenuous intellectual life that taxes more than the body, that exhausts brain and health alike, till at last that same body rebels, though the strenuous spirit works on, sometimes to end in madness, nearly always in physical disaster. It may be questioned if any man has the right to thus sin against himself as a human being; usually it is the claims of others that compel him, not his own.

There is the life of mental and heart strenuousness, when some man or woman may suddenly be confronted with a problem that his Maker Himself could hardly solve to the happiness of all the persons concerned. And this is worse than either of the others, for the whole domestic life circles about it. Many a man and woman welcomes death gladly, because it means cessation of struggle, of the warring in him against love and forgiveness, of the ceaseless striving by which he has kept his robes pure to the end—but at what a cost, at what a violation of Nature's laws!

THE END OF THE STRENUOUS LIFE.

And after all, is not that the finest ending to the strenuous spiritual life? Not to say, "I have won this prize, I have done that thing," but "I have fought, I have overcome. I have used up every odd and end given me on others, I have not wasted time. . . . I have filched nothing from another's store of happiness. . . . I have tried to throw my mite into the scale of good, not evil. . . . I have not been happy—but now I am glad."

There is the strenuous life of bodily suffering, of sheer endurance, when we say at night, "O! God, that it were morning!" and at morning, "O! God, that it were night!" When by sheer pluck the agonised soul and body fights suicide, longs for the death that will not come, and, I say, that is the worst of all. Heartache and mental suffering may be bad, but so long as the body is whole, that body will enjoy as well as suffer, it will fight, it will have its say, but the physically helpless and suffering lie beneath the heel of those who walk erect—and they have no remedy.

Perhaps the most exciting, the most wearing life of all, is the strenuous one of a middle aged society woman, whose whole life is divided between the ritual of the body, and the enjoyments and social duties she tries to crowd into eighteen out of the twenty-four hours of the day and night.

There is the strenuous life of the great financier, who absorbs himself in the amassing of wealth that is no longer of the slightest use to him, that will not buy one thing worth having, but often ends by crushing him beneath its burden; for who, after the dispassionate study of the lives and endings of very rich men, can avoid the conclusion that it is not healthy to be a millionaire?

Far better to take life as a picnic, where sometimes the plates and spoons are missing, sometimes even the pepper and salt, but where at least an appetite is satisfied, and we do not become the victims of a satiety worse than hunger.

PRESENT PROBLEMS.

But now, not of the strenuous liver, but of the strenuousness of the present day life itself, let us speak, of the competition, growing every day fiercer and keener in every profession, every trade, in even the humblest walk of life, that is setting men at each other's throats in the mere struggle for existence.

The country goes untilled, the city life absorbs its millions, the fever of life, that once inoculated, is never cured, runs high in crowds, there is not work enough to go round, and the people who own big incomes and those who make them, could be compressed into a few pages; the rest spend their lives in a ceaseless struggle with their landlords, and bakers, and butchers, and shoemakers. A man must be either very clever or very unscrupulous to hold his own nowadays; even in the arts only the fittest survive, and

"He who would in business rise
Must either bust or advertise,"

is true of other departments than trade.

"Hit hard, and hit quickly," is the watchword of the day, and the man who is caught by side winds, who hesitates, is lost, while he who dashes blindfold through all obstacles, wins. His acts must be quicker than thought if he means to make his mark; the world will submit to everything save being bored, or kept waiting, and the unscrupulous man who gives it precisely what it wants, boiled down to the smallest quantity, walks over the body of the honest man who has not yet caught up with the spirit of the times.

And any failure in the powers of the breadwinner means more strenuous of life to the weary wife at home, whose work is never done, who counts her few pounds or shillings over (as the case may be) in her sleep; and, to the honour of our English womanhood be it said, that it strives to meet the difficulty by a severe simplicity of living, luxuries are dispensed with, comforts cut down, and fewer servants employed than formerly.

Many are the brave economies practised by English men and women to-day, that they may discharge their proper responsibilities, and hard as are the conditions of life in thousands of households, harder still the problem of the poor, we are only passing through a phase that will right itself. There are, in fact, too many people in our cities, too many aliens, and if a disaster on the lines of Mont Pelee, that would spare the worker element, while eliminating the "waste product," could be arranged, it would be beneficial for all concerned, and relieve the tension, for people of all classes are living nowadays less the strenuous life that Roosevelt advocates, than the "worried" one that has in it few of the high, cool qualities essential to the carrying out of his ideal.

HELEN MATHERS.

Next week:—"The Strange Story of Anastasia Robinson," by S. Baring-Gould.

ADMIRERS OF DICKENS.

A meeting of the admirers of Dickens was held at the Church Institute, Leeds, on Saturday evening, Mr. F. G. Jackson in the chair, when a branch of the Dickens's Fellowship in London was constituted. It was stated that there were already about fifty members, that at Liverpool there was a branch with the Lord Mayor of the city as president, and that at Manchester and other provincial centres the movement was spreading. It was also stated that the charitable aspect of the organisation would not be overlooked, and that a ladies' sewing guild would be associated with the branch. Officers were appointed and arrangements made for further gatherings.

Two private letters of the late Prince Bismarck on matters of no particular interest fetched £7 10s. each at a sale of autographs in Berlin.

NATURE NOTES AND QUERIES.

BIRD MIMICS.

No British bird is a greater adept at bird-mimicry than the common starling. There are few familiar call-notes used by the small birds of field and garden that the starling cannot imitate, and it is no uncommon thing for one to be heard reproducing with considerable success the quacking of a duck, the hissing of a goose, or the clucking of a hen. The drawled whistle the starling so often gives is in all probability a natural note or succession of notes, for the nuthatch, whose whistle the starling is sometimes supposed to imitate, is anything but a common bird in many districts where starlings are abundant. Occasionally, however, a starling will succeed in acquiring quite a new note. As an instance of this, the case may be quoted of one which was heard on several occasions to give a perfect reproduction of the husky whistle of a Chilian pintail duck, which had been introduced into a neighbouring pond. Another accomplished mimic is the sedge-warbler, into whose almost incessant song the cries of the wagtail, linnet, swallow, and sparrow are often introduced. Of the goldfinch's imitative propensities everyone who has kept one captive in a cage is aware. This bird has rightly been described as a "mountebank and imitator," and the only way to prevent its becoming a plagiarist is to keep it from earliest chickhood where it cannot hear the singing of other birds. It is its readiness for mimicry that has made it so useful to bird-catchers as a decoy bird.

CARNIVOROUS SQUIRRELS.

That squirrels are responsible for a good deal of damage in plantations of young birches, larches, and firs cannot be denied; but that these frisky rodents are habitually addicted to carnivorous habits seems hardly credible. Yet it is on record that squirrels have been known to kill and partially eat starlings, thrushes, and sparrows, and it now appears that they have been proved guilty of eating the eggs and young of semi-domesticated doves. Instances of such conduct on the part of the playful little creatures which provide us with our "camel's-hair" brushes are, however, very rare, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Lydekker is right when he asserts that with squirrels the carnivorous habit "is only a depraved taste on the part of certain individuals, as when a kestrel visits the pheasant-coops."

MARINE RESEARCH.

The experiments which are being conducted by the Marine Biological Association, in connection with the international fishery investigations, should result in considerable light being thrown upon the migratory movements of flat fishes. Already four of the plaice which were liberated from the research steamer Huxley have been re-captured, and it appears that subsequent to their liberation these fish travelled 53 miles in 74 days, 90 miles in 84 days, 63 miles in 60 days, and 170 miles in 45 days respectively, and all in a westerly or south-westerly direction. These distances are remarkable, for they considerably exceed all previous records of flat-fish migration, but experiments will have to be made all through the year, and perhaps for several years, before the full significance of such movements can be properly understood.

THE GREAT BLACK WOODPECKER.

Time after time this Scandinavian bird has been recorded to have been seen in various parts of Britain, and on one occasion an example was obtained in this country and found to have its crop full of insects which were pronounced by an Oxford entomologist to be Swedish; but in spite of this our leading ornithologists refuse to admit that the species is entitled to inclusion in the lists of British birds. This is scarcely surprising. Even if it were generally believed that this woodpecker is in the habit of occasionally visiting us, the shooting of one here could not be considered conclusive evidence of the fact, for a few years ago the late Lord Lilford liberated several great black woodpeckers in England, and it is quite possible that some of these may survive in the country. Still it is by no means certain that those ornithologists are right who assert that this species is not migratorial, and several naturalists are inclined to believe that examples which have been seen in the Eastern counties were genuine immigrants. Of course, as none of these specimens were "obtained," we cannot be sure that the persons who believe they have seen the bird there are not mistaken; but considering its size, hue, and conspicuous red crown this is hardly likely, especially as some of the recorders are said to be careful and observant naturalists.

THE DEATH-WATCH.

The beetle which goes by the above name is a little creature about a sixth of an inch in length. It is a borer, and inhabits old wood, such as wainscots, beams, and furniture. The "ticking" noise—of hearing which some people have a superstitious dread—is made by the beetle bringing the horny hood in which its head is sunk in contact with the surrounding woodwork. By this means it communicates with any other "death-watches" which may be boring in its immediate neighbourhood. The holes and tunnels made by the caterpillar of this beetle in chairs and tables are familiar to everyone; they are often copied by the manufacturer of "sham antiques."

THE MOLE'S ENEMIES.

I have just received from the secretary of the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society a copy of the society's latest publication. This is a paper by Mr. L. E. Adams entitled "A Contribution to Our Knowledge of the Mole." It contains some very valuable information as well as some interesting diagrams of the interior of mole heaps. Moles are abundant almost everywhere, notwithstanding the incessant warfare waged against them by mole-catchers, and from Mr. Adam's observations it would appear that this must be largely due to the fact that the mole has, in this country, few natural enemies. Snakes, herons, and foxes occasionally prey upon it, also stoats, owls, and hooded crows; but probably more moles are killed by weasels than by any other enemy except man, for the small size of the weasel enables it to enter their subterranean runs. That the hedgehog preys upon them Mr. Adams does not credit; he believes the mole's tough coat to be proof against the hedgehog's incisors.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Readers are invited to send to the Editor of this column any inquiries they may wish to make about nature subjects, and also to reply to any questions inserted under this heading. Records of the occurrence ar rare birds, etc., of new localities for rare plants, and other interesting nature notes will always be gladly received and considered. All communications should be addressed to the Editor of "Nature Notes and Queries," 8 Ipswich-road, Lowestoft.

EDIBLE FROGS IN ENGLAND (A. L. S.)—Edible frogs were first discovered in England by Mr. F. Bond, who found a large colony of them existing in Foulmire Fen, in Cambridgeshire, in 1843. They were not the typical edible frog of the Continental *grenouillers*, but a distinct Italian form. This, however, was not known until about half a century later, when specimens were examined by Mr. G. A. Boulenger, of the Natural History Museum, South Kensington. The type species also exists in England, for large numbers were introduced into Norfolk in the years 1837, 1841, and 1842 by the late Mr. G. Berney, of Morton Hall. The Italian variety has disappeared from Foulmire, but it has been found in at least two other localities in the eastern counties. Mr. Boulenger is inclined to accept the suggestion that it was introduced into England by the monks.

STOATS AND WEASELS (J. G.).—The stoat and weasel were introduced into New Zealand a few years ago for the purpose of keeping down the rabbits, which at that time were so abundant as to be a pest. I believe it is quite true that in some parts of that country the stoats and weasels themselves are now a pest, and that a result of their acclimatisation has been that they have increased in size and more formidable. Ferrets turned loose have also become larger and fiercer. In reply to your second question, the marten is not uncommon in Cumberland, and occurs occasionally in adjoining counties. It was not introduced into England; it has probably existed here ever since there was a land connection between Great Britain and the Continent.

RESEARCH (T. B.).—By becoming an associate of the North London Natural History Society you may obtain information on any branch of natural history from the Research Secretary, Mr. L. B. Prout, who is assisted by a committee of specialists, and has access to the scientific libraries. His address is 24 Richmond-road, London, N.E. The annual subscription is 2s. 6d.

MOTORS IN POLITICS.

Rapid as has been the rise of the automobile movement, those engaged in the trade believe that a great boom has set in for cars both for recreation and commercial use. This opinion was very generally expressed at the annual banquet of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders in London. It was also declared that the Gordon-Bennett race would prove to be the greatest educational factor in the history of the movement. A reference to Mr. Wyndham's announcement, made during the week, that Mr. Pirrie and Lord Iveagh, two distinguished captains of industry, were contemplating the development of Ireland largely on lines of road traction by means of the motor-car was loudly applauded. Mr. Scott Montagu, M.P., thought the movement would assist rural England better than any system of import duties by giving access to markets and competing with railroads. It was most desirable that all the manufacturers and traders should join together in one single commercial association. The King had done much to help automobilism; but there was no chance of royal patronage for any particular motor-car show until the trade was united in its views. Motor-cars had recently been to the fore in the political world. He wondered when elections had been pending whether, if Mr. Balfour had patrolled on his excellent car through disaffected districts, he would have converted a good many voters who had been determined against his cause. From a Parliamentary point of view the motor was a grand ally. He could not concieve anything more suitable to bring voters to the polling-booth than the motor-car, and he predicted that in future the candidate who had the largest number of automobiles at his disposal would be successful over the man who offered to take his supporters to the poll by an antique method. He was confident that a Prime Minister who owned a Gordon-Bennett winner would be more popular than a Prime Minister who won the Derby (laughter).

Mr. S. F. Edge, the winner of last year's Gordon-Bennett Cup race, in responding to the toast of the industry, remarked upon the wonderful strides it had made, and, as showing the favour in which the machines were held, quoted figures obtained at Somerset House to show that over 400,000 licenses had been taken out for two and three seated cars running at a speed up to twenty miles an hour. The development of the motor-car would help the farmer, because in the next two years there would probably be an enormous increase in heavy vehicles, and they would have to consider the question of raising the fuel at home, instead of using American and Russian petrol. Alcohol could be produced from beetroot and potatoes, and a handsome return could be given to the farmers if a commercial alcohol for driving internal combustion engines was permitted by the Government.

Sir J. Thorneycroft presided, and a letter was read from Mr. Balfour expressing regret at being unable to be present. Mr. Scott Montagu delivered a message from the Prime Minister, in which he stated that he would do all in his power to help the motor-car movement in general.

PETROL AND PICTURES.

[By "Ariel."]

MILITARY MOTOR-CARS.

Military cars have recently occupied the attention of the war authorities, as evidenced by the formation of a Volunteer Motor Corps. The cars belonging to the members of this corps will only be used for despatch work, etc.; but a war-car has been designed and made by Messrs. Sims for the War Office which will actually be used in battle. This car is believed by military experts to be a valuable and practical machine. In length it measures 28 feet, and it is 8 feet wide and 10 feet high. It looks like the hull of a boat, and is covered with steel armour ¼in. thick. The sides are unscalable. At either end of the car is a ram. Its armament consists of two automatic quick-firing Maxims and a pom-pom, with turret mountings. The ammunition is carried in either end of the car. To avoid the effect of vibration, the armour is fastened to the frame with springs. The engine fitted is a Daimler four-cylinder 16-h.p. The top speed of the car is about eleven miles an hour. Of course the car will only be used for defensive purposes, and it is said that there are very few roads in England over which the machine could not travel.

RUNNING THE MOTOR ON THE STAND.

Do not run the motor for more than a minute or so at a time on the stand. It is important with an air-cooled engine that a current of air plays on it, which it does when the machine is running on the road. Running the motor stationary for too long may result in a damaged cylinder or piston.

THE FOULING OR CHARRING OF THE SPARKING-PLUG POINTS.

This as a rule may be attributed to the too liberal use of the lubricating oil, which gets past the piston and into the combustion chamber. The ignition of the charge burns it up, with the result that carbon deposits upon the points, and may actually bridge them across and short-circuit the spark.

ALCOHOL OR PETROL.

Alcohol is preferred to petrol by the Continental military authorities for military cars and motor-cycles, because in case of war the petrol supply could be cut off, most of it coming from America and by steamer from Russia, whereas alcohol is a home product of the beet and the potato—always at hand.

HOW TO PREVENT THE BELT-HOOK PULLING THROUGH THE LEATHER.

The chief trouble amongst motor-cyclists generally is the belt. If this be too loose, then it slips over the pulleys, thus not transmitting the power of the engine. On the other hand, if too tight the belt-hook is constantly pulling through. A great deal less trouble would be experienced from this cause if the hole in the belt was made with more care. Some riders use a knife, pair of scissors—in fact, anything that will bore a hole. This is a mistake: a proper belt punch (which is a very small and inexpensive tool) should be used. This cuts a clean small round hole, and if made well away from the end of the belt it will not weaken the leather. A penknife or scissors are very liable to tear the leather.

A CURIOUS FACT.

The grinding power of leather on metal is astonishing. My machine is fitted with a brass motor pulley. The same flat belt has been running continuously for several months, and yet shows no appreciable signs of wear, whilst the metal pulley has worn away to a considerable extent. Of course this is easily accounted for. The belt is not protected from dust and mud in any way, and so gets gritty and hard. This grit acts as emery to the metal pulley. To get the belt into a pliable condition, first cleanse with petrol, and then rub castor or collan oil well into the leather.

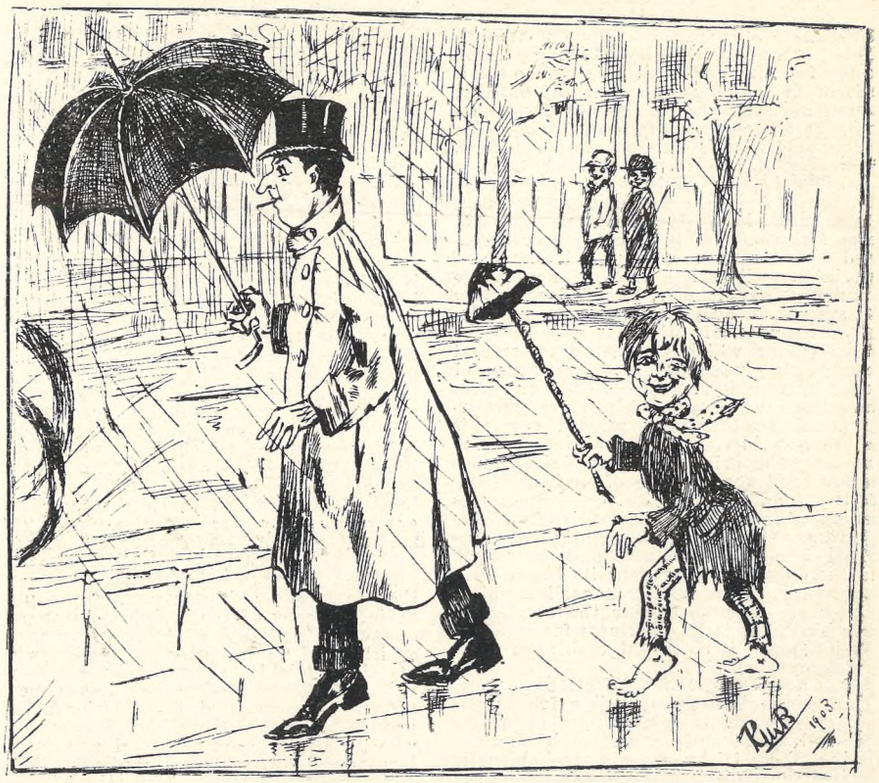
TO CLEAN STAINED BOTTLES.

Old developer bottles or others which have stains or streaks inside which refuse to come off should be treated with a saturated solution of potassium bichromate and sulphuric acid. This is very corrosive, and should be handled with care. Few substances will stick on glass in the presence of this powerful oxidizer. For removing films from glass plates this mixture is without equal.

A GOOD METHOD OF PRINT WASHING.

The following good method of quickly and surely freeing prints from hypo comes from America:—Old corks from wine bottles are collected, and with a razor slits are cut therein. Into these slits the corners of the prints can by slight pressure be inserted. The corks with the prints attached are then placed in a bowl of water. As the prints cannot possibly stick together, the hypo is continually running off, and in a very short time the prints are free from it.

THE PRIZE DRAWING.



SCENE IN PROMENADE DURING THE WET WEATHER.

Drawn by Miss Rosie M. Burroughs, Cheltenham.

COUNTY COURT FEES.

An attempt was made, in the course of the discussion of Sir Albert Rollit's County Court Jurisdiction Extension Bill before the Standing Committee on Law, to secure an alteration in the scale of County Court fees. The attempt was not, perhaps, a very wise one, since the main chance of the Bill being passed lies in the simplicity of its proposal to extend the jurisdiction of County Courts to £100, and any addition to its provisions which tends to further disturb the County Court machinery is calculated to endanger its passage through the House. Sir A. Goodson moved the insertion of a clause in the Bill providing that "no fee shall exceed, for entering a plaint, £1, and for hearing the same, in addition £1. The amendment, though ultimately withdrawn, was not wholly unsuccessful, for the Attorney-General, impressed by the prevailing opinion of the Committee that County Court fees are too high, undertook to communicate with the Treasury on the subject. Whenever an alteration in the scale of County Court fees is contemplated, the recommendation of a Committee appointed three or four years ago by the Incorporated Law Society will, it may be hoped, be carefully considered. They proposed that if the debt was under £20 the plaint should cost 6d. in the pound and the hearing fee be 1s. in the pound; if £20 but less than £50, the plaint should cost 10s. and the hearing fee be £1; or if £50 upwards the plaint should cost 10s. and the hearing fee be £2. This seems a much better proposal than that submitted to the Standing Committee on Law.—"Law Journal.

LOCAL WILLS.—Mr. George Noble Taylor, of 3 Claredon-place, Hyde-park-gardens, a member of the Viceroy's Council, who died on March 4, aged 82 years, appointed as executrix and executor of his will his wife and his son, Mr. George Herbert Taylor, of Eldon-road, who have valued his estate at £30,235 2s. 7d. gross, including personalty of the net value of £30,093 3s. 6d. The testator bequeathed to his wife an immediate legacy of £500 and the income of his residuary estate for life, to his daughter-in-law Mrs. Emily Taylor a legacy of £100, and on Mrs. Taylor's death a further sum of £4,500 in trust for her children, and subject to Mrs. Taylor's interest the testator settled £5,000 on each of his daughters, May Arbuthnot, wife of Col. the Hon. Charles Dutton, of Twigworth Lodge, near Gloucester, and Miss Mabel Taylor, and he left the ultimate residue of his estate to his sons George Herbert Taylor and Guy Noble Taylor.—Mrs. Ellen Milne, of Midlands, Lillington, Leamington Spa, who died on February 19, aged 84 years, widow of the Rev. Nathaniel Milne, left a will dated August 15, 1894. Probate has been granted to her sons, Mr. Nathaniel Percy Milne, of Ashchurch House, Tewkesbury, and Mr. Henry Ernest Milne, of Warrenhurst, Weybridge, who have valued her estate at £35,900 13s. gross, including personalty of the net value of £35,610 10s. 2d. The testatrix left all of her property to her said two sons and her daughters, Kate Bowker Milne and Eliza Ellen Amy, wife of the Rev. Clarence Smith.

Since Mr. Carnegie's gift of £50,000 to Glasgow University for special purposes, the council complains that local contributions needed for other objects have practically ceased.

Nearly £30,000 was realised at Christie's by the sale of the collection of pictures belonging to Mr. Henry James Turner, who is giving up his London residence.

Printed and published as a Gratis Supplement by the Cheltenham Newspaper Co.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 120. SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1903.

THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE, CHELTENHAM.

This afternoon and evening, the musical play—

"THE BELLE OF CAIRO."

Next week: The farcical comedy—

"OUR FLAT."

PRIZE PHOTOGRAPHY.

The Proprietors of the "CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC" offer a Weekly Prize of Half-a-Guinea for the Best Photograph the work of an Amateur.

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

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

The competition is open to the county.

The winner of the 118th competition is Mr. W. Hewitt, of 16 Brighton-road, Cheltenham, with his football 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 29th competition is Mr. Wilson Fenning, of 2 Ewlyn-villas, Leckhampton-road, Cheltenham, with his Town Band cartoon.

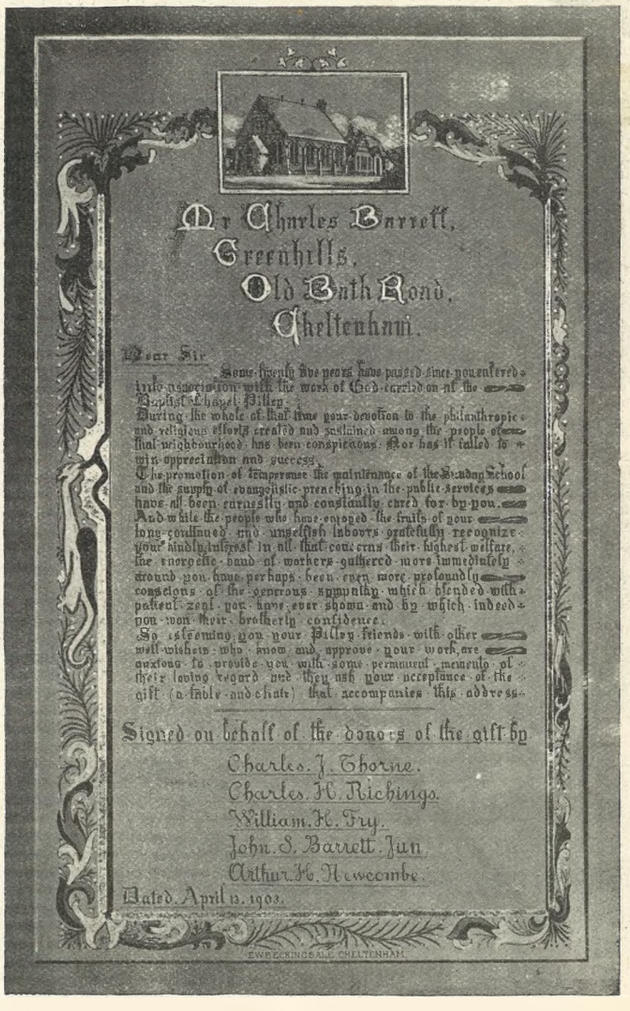
PRIZE SERMON SUMMARY.

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 eleventh competition is Miss Humpidge, of Swindon, near Cheltenham, for her report of the sermon by the Rector of that parish.

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.



Address Presented to Mr. Charles Barrett,

OF PILLEY, CHELTENHAM,

with a table, chair and album, on Easter Monday, in recognition of his twenty-five years' service in connection with Pilley Baptist Chapel. The address was the work of Mr. E. W. Beckingsale, of Cheltenham.

As the result of a fall on the way home from a Christmas party, Isaac Rogers, a Poplar cooper, lay unconscious for three months and ten days before he died.

For killing two sheep and injuring seven others by running into a flock on his motor-car, a Forfar dentist has had to pay £4 damages.

THROUGH ENGLAND IN RAGS.

AMATEUR VAGRANT'S EXPERIENCES OF ROAD LIFE.

SECRETS OF "SPIKE-RANGING."

CASUALS IN CLOVER—AND OTHERWISE.

It may be laid down as a rule which admits of few exceptions that the surest way to insult the born tramp is to suggest that he "works" charities—a thing that he scorns to do—and lodges regularly at casual wards. I merely asked one man a question about the Uckfield "spike" (as the casual ward is called), and he drew himself up and inflated his chest till the strained relations which existed between the hooks and eyes that fastened his waistcoat thrilled me with suspense.

"I don't go to them places," he said stiffly; "I 'mouches' it."

The fact is, that the roadsters who habitually frequent casual wards—in the language of the road, "spike-rangers"—are a distinct class of tramps. They are tramps of popular imagination, though the one inevitable epithet applied to them—"dirty"—is ludicrously wide of the mark, for "spike-rangers," as a judge once observed, are among the best-bathed members of the community.

There is no mistaking these wayfarers: their travelling equipment and amazing fertility of resource betray them. The hall-mark of the "spike-ranger" is a "drum" or can in which he makes tea with water boiled at a blacksmith's forge or by a fire of gathered twigs and branches. Some roadsters, however, carry an old mustard tin, because it can be more easily hidden from the eyes of the police than a round can, and because it is believed that merely being in possession of a "drum" means, as a man remarked to me, "fourteen days in some counties."

The expedients of "spike-rangers" in "dress and the toilet" are infinite. Some can shave, for instance, anywhere and with anything. I met one in Mansfield Market place whose face looked as if a mowing machine had passed over it in a hurry. When I told him so, he said he had that afternoon shaved himself by the road-side without soap, and then produced his outfit for that operation. It consisted of a broken table-knife, a thin piece of slate for a whetstone, and a bit of leather about 1½ inch square that served as a strop. I dropped across other "spike-rangers" whose razor was a stay-steel sharpened.

The men, as a class, have also methods of their own in getting through the task, and very many carry a large nail, with which they deftly loosen the oakum before operating on it with their fingers.

Generally, casuals are but indifferent beggars. I met hundreds who had not the courage of a mouse or the brains of a rabbit. Money most of them get in some way, however, while occasionally the most unfortunate of "spike-rangers" drop on a bit of good luck.

Not long ago, three old roadsters had just left the relieving office at a place in Durham, when they were stopped by a gentleman, who asked where they were going. They replied that they were making their way to the workhouse about six o'clock in the evening for the florin. Very frequently, I believe, this good Samaritan takes a stroll near the local workhouse about six o'clock in the evening for the purpose of relieving tramps.

On another occasion four or five "spike-rangers" were waiting outside a tramp ward in Monmouthshire. While they were shivering in the cold a gentleman came up and, without saying a word, gave each of the men half-a-crown. After thanking him, they began to move away.

"Where are you going? Where are you going?" asked their benefactor.

"To the lodging-house, sir, replied one of the tramps. "We can't go into the casual ward now."

"Yes, you must!" said the gentleman hastily. "Don't go to lodging-houses. Fearful places! fear places! Go in the workhouse, and if anything is said to you say that Mr. —— sent you. I am a guardian; so you need not be afraid."

"Spike-rangers" also have occasional "finds" in addition to windfalls of this nature, which are not as rare as might be supposed. Between Coventry and Birmingham I met a man who had a George IV. crown piece he had picked up a fortnight previously. For fourteen successive nights he had secreted it in one of his boots. So, at least, he told me. I can only be reasonably confident that it went into the "spike" in the City of the Three Tall Spires, and of that I am sure because I met him shortly after he had come out, and he then showed me the coin, which he purposed selling in Birmingham.

On one occasion, he said, he forgot the crown piece and left it in his pocket. When he was in his cell, he remembered that he had forgotten to "plant" it; so he knocked at the door and said to the porter—

"I've left a bit o'cheese in my pocket. Can I go and fetch it?"

Permission being given, he went to his clothes and secured his nest egg.

This practice is doubtless very common, I mayself saw several men hide money in their boots before they went into the workhouse, and I know that others secreted coins in soap, which is so often used for this purpose, that in one casual ward it is the rule to cut into shreds every piece handed in by a tramp. When, too, I told a "spike-ranger" that I was going through Wiltshire, he gave me the "tip" that at Devizes casuals are searched at the police-station before going to the workhouse, and that, therefore, it is practically impossible to smuggle anything in there. An old lady, however, regularly takes charge of tramps' property without fee or reward, and, when they come for it in the morning, supplies them with hot water for tea.

Of course this is a serious offence against the Poor Laws. If you possess fourpence, you are not eligible for admission to a tramp ward, because you have sufficient to pay for a bed. At some workhouses, indeed, threepence disqualifies you, and at others, if you have only twopence, you are given a penny and sent about your business. Generally, however, fourpence is the limit, and always to smuggle in that or a larger sum is decidedly risky. Moreover, indoor paupers make a point of going through the clothes of casuals with the utmost care, and of confiscating whatever they may find.

But if "spike-rangers" do lodge in casual wards regularly, they are too wide awake to visit them haphazard. Some they sedulously avoid; others they favour with their presence as frequently as possibly. Two or three years ago, a certain "spike" not far from Leicester was a great favourite, because the master and porter—both old sailors—would give a tramp his lodging money for an old pipe or knife. I believe that those officials have a wonderful collection of such articles, and that they still befriend many a tramping tradesman who comes to their gates.

A brass finisher told me that recently he went to this particular workhouse in company with two regular "spike-rangers." The porter rated the roadsters soundly, but spoke kindly to the artisan, and calling down his chief, drew the bluff old sea dog's attention to him.

"Has the young man got any money?" asked the master.

"He's got a penny, sir," replied the porter.

"Well," said the chief, "I'll give him twopence, and you give him a penny, and then he'll have the price of his lodgings. And before he goes away give him a lump of bread. I daresay he's hungry."

The tramping tradesman was so delighted with this treatment that when he was passing through the town again he made another call a the workhouse. But—in his own words—"It didn't come off. The porter," he added, "didn't say nothing; but he didn't call down the master, and he told me if I came in I should have to stop till eleven the next morning. I told him I'd a most particular engagement for ten prompt, and came away."

Wih stories which "spike-rangers" tell of this singular anomaly, a kind-hearted Poor Law official, I could fiill columns. One is that not long ago he walked into the stone-yard, where a number of tramps were performing their task.

"What do you think?" he roared in his quarter-deck voice. "This morning, about two o'clock, I heard a knock—knock—knock at the door. I got up, threw open the window, and put my head out. Then some dirty, lazy rascal shouted—

"'I don't want to come in, but I was passing, and I thought I'd give you a call. Good morning.'

"Did you ever come across such confounded impudence in your life?" asked the master.

Casual wards at which tickets for beds at lodging-houses are given are always thought highly of by "spike-rangers," though, for my own part, I do not see that they have much to be thankful for in one city I know of. There, when the tramp ward is full, men are given only a ticket for a bed. I was informed that some, at least, of these late-comers are made to sit up all night, and that all are, by order of the Guardians, turned out at 8 a.m. without any breakfast.

A number of the so-called "ticket men," I gathered from the same source, resented this treatment a short time ago by not only breaking all the crockery they could lay their hands on, but also eating a quantity of food belonging to ordinary lodgers.

At Loughborough and other places, on the contrary, it is worth while to keep back until the casual ward is full. When I was in that town thirteen spike-rangers came into the model lodging-house with tickets from the workhouse and 1lb. of bread each. These men consequently obtained supper and breakfast, as well as bed, for nothing.

During my little travels I associated for a brief spell with many remarkable specimens of the "spike-ranger. Near Poynton, in Cheshire, I dropped across a man down on his hands and knees searching among the grass for a needle he had lost. He was in a towering rage. On leaving Stockport that morning he had begged a bit of cloth with which to make a pocket, then a needle, and last of all some cotton. He had spent four hours at the job, lost two needles, and it was still unfinished by about a dozen stitches.

What amused me however, was that he was pining and yearning for the winter—nay, for snow, and plenty of it. The generality of his congeners then retire to the workhouse or, deliberately infringing the law in some respect, to prison. But not so he.

"What's the good of this weather?" he growled. "Give me the winter. I can allus live then. If you go to a house now, 'Why don't you go and work?' they says to you. But winter—why, it touches 'em to see you a-shiverin'; and I can do the shakes beautiful. An' when the snow's on the ground you've got a champion excuse for 'calling'—'Clean it away for you, mum?'—and you can see when anybody's been calling' before you; now there might be a procession all day and you wouldn't know. Oh, give me the winter!"

Half an hour later I was chatting with a spike-ranger who was once a prosperous builder, and whose daughter—by him at least neglected—is the wife a gentleman well known in philanthorpic circles. She had helped him again and again, and he was going to "try her" once more.

Such is life on the road. Comedy, then tragedy, then comedy again.

The title of the next subject in this series will be "Tramps who are Trade Unionists."

THE ROCK.

Gibraltar, which for the first time is visited by a Sovereign of England, has the proud honour of being the strongest fortress in the world. Our capture of it nearly 200 years ago was due as much to Spanish slackness as British keenness. The little garrison of 150 men easily defied the attack of the fleet and 5,000 men under Sir Cloudesley Shovel and Sir George Rooke in August, 1704. On a saint's day the entire garrison went to church like good Catholics. But they forgot to watch as well as pray, and a party of English sailors climbed up the rock unseen, so that the Spaniards came out of church to find the fortress lost. The ease with which Gibraltar withstood its three sieges in 1720, 1727, and from 1779 to 1782, showed that it could never have been taken except by surprise.

Steeplechases at Prestbury Park.

CHARLTON PARK HURDLE RACE.

Ringing the Changes leading, followed by Karnak; Oldham and Chilmuchee, rising to jump; Marauder and Yusen in the rear.

SWINDON SELLING HANDICAP STEEPLECHASE.

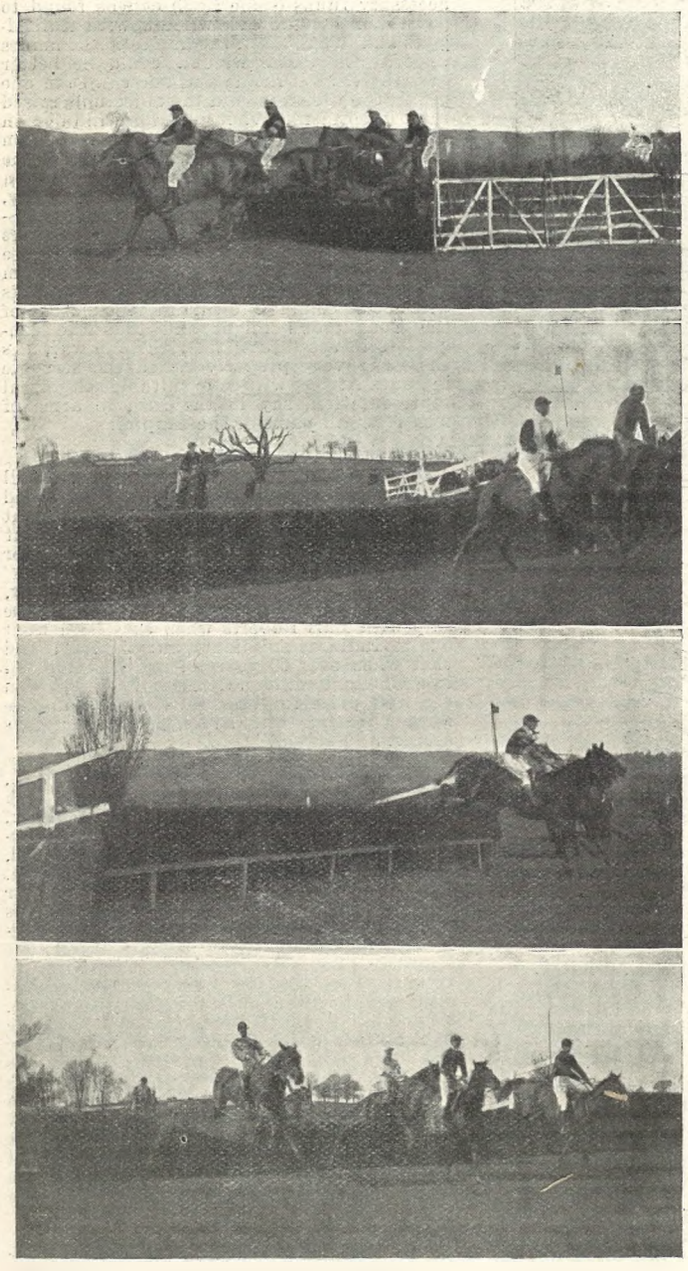
Frieze and Sharp Practice leading, followed by Gardaloo and Campana.

UNITED HUNT STEEPLECHASE.

Miss Puff and Wickdown (beyond) taking second fence just before grand stand.

TRADESMEN'S AND LICENSED VICTUALLERS' HANDICAP.

Wepener and Lapereau in front; Wagon Hill on left.



Photos by C. B. Joyner, Cheltenham.

The Prize Pictures.

Cheltenham Association Football League.

TEAMS IN THE MATCH

St. Paul's United v. Rest of League,

SATURDAY, 11TH APRIL, 1903.

WINNERS.

REST OF LEAGUE.

Photos by W. Hewitt, Cheltenham.

No less than £21 10s. has been paid at a sale in Glasgow for a glass tumbler once belonging to Burns.

Sir Michael Hicks Beach, M.P., proposes to travel home through Sicily and Italy in easy stages, and does not expect to arrive in England for several weeks.

Mr. Thomas Coates, said to be the oldest churchwarden in England, took part in the Easter procession in the late Lord Beaconsfield's Church at Hughenden on Sunday morning. The venerable official has been churchwarden there for about half a century, and is ninety years of age.

The Right Hon. W. E. H. Lecky has made a gift of a plaster bust of Grattan, modelled in 1812 by Turnerelli, to the trustees of the National Portrait Gallery, who have accepted it. At one time the bust was the property of Grattan's daughter.

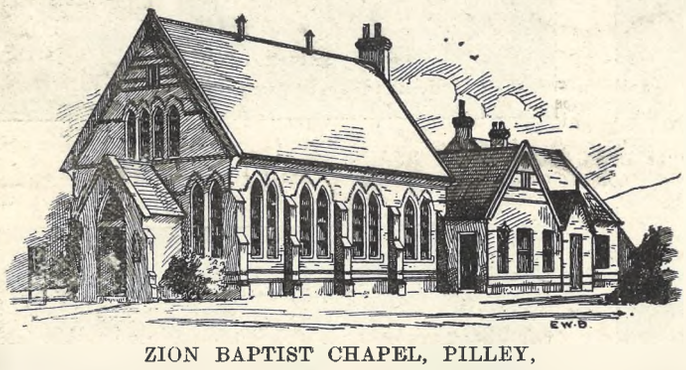
Mr. William Redmond, M.P., who was 42 on Easter Monday, has spent twenty years of his life in Parliament. He has represented constituencies in three of the four Irish provinces. Mr. Redmond was in prison for his political opinions before he was in Parliament, and he has been there twice since.

One of the weather experts at the Meteorological Office says snow has fallen in every month of the year except August.

A Chester fisherman has caught 13 salmon, weighing 136lb., at one haul; while a second man captured five fine fish. Dee salmon are selling retail at Chester from 2s. 8d. to 3s. per lb., according to cut.

Saying farewell at South-street Baptist Chapel at Greenwich on Monday night, the Rev. Charles Spurgeon said that throughout the twenty-four years of his pastorate he had never preached the same sermon twice or even "rehashed" one.

SCENE IN STANHOPE STREET, CHELTENHAM.
Mr. W. Mortlock (Police-court Missioner) visiting some of his "parishioners."



ZION BAPTIST CHAPEL, PILLEY,
where the presentation to Mr. Barrett took place. See illustration page 1.
Drawn by E. W. Beckingsale, Cheltenham.

THE CAUSE OF THE BOER WAR.
MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S OPINION.

A Birmingham correspondent who wrote to Mr. Chamberlain as to the cause of the South African War has received the following reply through the right hon. gentleman's private secretary: "It is true that the war was caused primarily by the ultimatum and the invasion of British territories. Looking back further, it was due to the desire of the Boer leaders to maintain a position of superiority throughout South Africa, as explained in Mr. Chamberlain's speech at Southampton, but it is also true to say that the war would never have taken place had there been a better understanding. If, for instance, Mr. Kruger had understood the powers of this country, if he had understood that the stories of Continental assistance were untrue, and if he had understood that the Cape Colonists would not rise in general rebellion, it is certain that there would have been no war. This explanation will enable you to see that the war may be described as due either to its immediate cause or to the misunderstandings which were behind that cause."

Mother-of-pearl shell, much used for ladies' buttons, has gone up in price over one hundred pounds a ton since January.

POLYGAMY IN SOUTH AFRICA.

While native polygamy in South Africa is a subject of the day, it may be interesting to recall that the late Archbishop of Canterbury thought a good deal could be said in favour of allowing polygamists, on their conversion to Christianity, to retain the wives with whom they had entered into solemn engagements in their unregenerate days. General Gorden held the opinion out and out; and before going to Africa on one occasion he called on Bishop Temple in Exeter to put the straight question to him: "Can these natives be told that, on becoming Christian, they may retain three wives apiece?" When the Bishop replied that he did not think it could be allowed, Gordon said, "What a pity! I might convert all Africa if you would allow that!" So true, in Africa, at all events, is the dictum of a staid American, Mr. Howells, that every man is a polygamist at heart.—"Daily Chronicle."

Spiritualists have been celebrating at Manchester the fifty-fifth anniversary of modern spiritualism.

Losing control of his cycle on Gun Hill, Dedham, Essex, a young Easter holiday-maker belonging to London was flung through a cottage window. He was unconscious for twelve hours

Gloucestershire Gossip.

"To be or not to be—that's the question" whether the memorial to the Gloucestershire soldiers who fought and fell for their country in the Boer War in the form of a stained-glass window shall be placed in the Cloisters or the Chapter House of the Cathedral. Opinions were so equally balanced at the recent county and city meeting at the Shire-hall—votes 29 each way—that it was decided to leave the matter to a committee to confer and report to a future meeting. I decidedly favour the Chapter House site if the necessary funds (some £550) can be found to pay for filling the east window with stained-glass and to emblazon the names of the heroes underneath. The window could be better seen there, both inside and outside, than one put in the Cloisters, and the objections raised that irrepressible visitors might indulge in the silly practice of carving their names on the walls of the room in which William the Conqueror gave the order for the compilation of the Domesday Book would equally apply, and with much greater force, to the sequestered Cloisters. After all, vigilant vergers could prevent any such mutilation. I see that Dean Spence is keen on the "magnum opus" scene, but I hope the window subjects will not be confined to this famous episode of the Conqueror's reign, and that the conquerors in the "just and righteous war," as the Dean very properly called the struggle in South Africa, will have suitable allegorical representation, say in the rush to arms of men from all parts of the Empire.

By the lamented death of Col. Kettlewell another of the many military men domiciled in this town has gone over to the great majority. I am in a position to supplement the appreciative notice of the gallant officer that has already appeared in the "Chronicle" and "Echo" by two interesting facts, namely, that he was a fellow pasenger on the same ship with Earl Roberts when they both went out to India as sub-lieutenants in 1852; and that when over 60 years of age he competed in a Cheltenham choral competition and won the first prize for bass solo, singing in fine form "Honour and Arms," from Handel's oratorio "Samson."

The appointment of Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C., as Field-Marshal reminds me that, although he himself was born at Braintree, in Essex, his father had a clear Gloucestershire connection. He was the Rev. Sir John Page Wood, whose father, Sir Matthew, the first baronet, was a famous Lord Mayor and M.P. for London, who befriended Queen Caroline. His fortune was, after much litigation, augmented on the death of Jemmy Wood, the eccentric Gloucester banker millionaire, to the extent of £250,000. Among these possessions was the estate of Down Hatherley Court, a fine old ivy-mantled mansion, and from the name of this parish, William Page Wood, who was Lord High Chancellor 1868-72, took his his title. The Rev. Canon Maddy, who has been rector of Hatherley since 1856, is a cousin of Sir Evelyn, a sister of whom, a few years ago, sold off Frog Castle Farm, near Gloucester, which was her property. I cannot remember a Field-Marshal with so close a connection with this county since the time of Lord Raglan, who was a Somerset.

The versatile gentleman at Lansdown rail-side is to be congratulated on having come out of his shell this springtime and raised aloft on one of his blackboards the legend "Up Hill and Down Dale." Passengers being whirled through the town may be puzzled as to its meaning, but the local application is significant and excellent, and will be appreciated by Cheltonians, Charltonians, and Leckhamptonians.

GLEANER.

A fox which was seen to be crossing the railway with a rabbit in its mouth, about two miles from Market Harborough, was caught by an express train and killed.

CHELTENHAM AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE AUTOMOBILE CLUB.

EASTER MEET AT LOWER LODE, TEWKESBURY.

Photo by H. Dyer, Cheltenham.

PETROL AND PICTURES.

THE CHELTENHAM AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE AUTOMOBILE CLUB.

The above club held its first "meet" on April 12th, at the Lower Lode Hotel, near Tewkesbury. The spot is an ideal place for a club meet, being situated on the banks of the Severn, and it is greatly favoured by motorists and cyclists. There was a good attendance of members, many of whom brought friends. The appointed time for the meet was 3.30 p.m., and most of the motorists had arrived at that time, having come by different routes from Cheltenham and the neighbourhood. The accompanying illustration shows the members who attended and their motor vehicles. The motorists included Dr. H. P. Fernald (President of the club), who drove his Oldsmobile car, Mr. A. H. Wyatt (hon. treas.) 4½ h.-p. Benz. car, Mr. F. J. Bennett 2¾ h.-p. Excelsior motor bicycle, Mr. Nash 2¾ Hughes's Morette, Mr. Bullock 2¾ Excelsior cycle, Mr. J. F. Chevallier Boutell 2 h.-p. Peugeot cycle, Mr. Abbott 1½ h.-p. Stretton's, Dr. Halliwell 3 h.-p. Phœbus Aster tricycle, with Whippet trailer, on which rode a friend, Mr. Cooke 2 h.-p. Stretton's, Mr. Morgan 4½ Benz. car, Messrs. Halsted and Garbutt 16 h.-p. Henriod car, Messrs. Newland and Trapnell 4½ De Dion Voiturette, Mr. Hughes 2¾ Morette, Mr. and Mrs. Sanders and friends 4½ De Dion with Milord body, Mr. Stretton 2 h.-p. Stretton's with trailing car, in which rode Mr. Hiron, Mr. Ripley, jun., car, Mr. Ingram 1¾ Stretton's, Capts. Keene and Alletson Baby Peugeot car, Mr. Dyer (hon. sec.) 2¾ Excelsior motor bicycle. The meet included several visitors on automobiles. Outside Tewkesbury the motor-cycle section of the Cyclists' Touring Club (who were on an Easter tour) was encountered. Amongst these I noticed Mr. Rees Jeffreys, the well-known legislative secretary of the Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland. Mr. J. Pennell, the motor journalist, and Mr. H. Sturmey, another well-known journalist. After tea, the party broke up for the return journey, going home by different routes. The weather throughout was all that could be desired. The roads were rather dusty, however, which proved annoying at times. There were no serious mishaps to vehicles or passengers, thus tending to show that cars have now reached the stage of reliability usually attributed to railway locomotives.

On Easter Monday the club held its second "meet" at Foss Bridge Inn, beautifully situated on the banks of the Coln. The outward journey was made via Andoversford and Puesdown, and Foss Bridge was reached shortly before one o'clock. Here an excellent lunch was provided, over which the president genially presided. After a friendly hill-climbing contest, the return journey was commenced, the route chosen being via Cirencester and the Seven Springs, the total distance accomplished being nearly forty miles. The roads were in excellent condition, but the weather was chiefly made up of samples, the winter season predominating.

I hope to give shortly a list of the club meets for the 1903 season. The club is making great progress, and already outrivals some of the older established clubs in membership, etc.

REAR LIGHTS.

The Automobile Club of America is endeavouring to get a law passed compelling vehicles of all kinds to show a red light at the rear, owing to the many accidents from running into carts and carriages going in the same direction. This is as it should be. Everyone is aware that by law motor-propelled vehicles have to carry a red rear light, and this is manifestly unfair, for I contend that there is more danger attached to a slowly-moving cart or wagon without a rear light on a country road than is the case with the faster motor-car.

A NEAT TESTING LAMP.

A neat and useful testing lamp for accumulators that consists of the usual 4-volt lamp, fitted with a length of flexible wire and terminals. The lamp itself is fixed into a holder screwed at both ends and provided with two caps, so that the wire is coiled up and held in position by one cap, while the globe is protected from breakage by the other cap. The whole lamp can be carried in the waistcoat pocket. It is sold at a moderate price, and can be obtained locally.

CLOUD PHOTOGRAPHS.

The present season of all periods of the year is the most suitable for the making of cloud negatives. The cumulous variety are now to be seen at their best, and negatives of them should be made, and kept for use as required. A backed chromatic plate should be used, the exposure with F16 being about 1-20 or 1-30 of a second. A clear view, uninterrupted by trees and houses, should be chosen, and the horizon should occupy a narrow strip of one side of the plate. It is often possible to get good sunset effects about 6.30 or 7 p.m.

MEDICAL MAN'S HARVEST.

At a meeting of Birkenhead Guardians on Tuesday, it was reported that during the year ended March £1,732 had been paid in vaccination fees, one doctor receiving in that year £1,000. It was decided to request the Local Government Board to reduce the fixed scale of fees, which are 5s. when a doctor visits a case, and 2s. 6d. otherwise.

£100 FOR A BISHOP'S CROZIER.

A thirteenth century bishop's crozier, which was found recently in the rectory garden, Alcester, was sent to the British Museum by the rector, who, not wishing to part with the relic, mentioned, in answer to an application, what he considered to be a prohibitive price, namely, £100. To his surprise he has received a banker's draft for that amount. The money will be devoted to carrying out improvements in the chancel.

THE GOVERNMENT AND VACCINATION

Replying to a deputation of Scottish Anti-Vaccinators at Edinburgh on Tuesday with reference to the exclusion of Scotland from the exemption now applicable to England under the conscience clause, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Secretary for Scotland, said he believed absolutely in the efficiency of vaccination. It seemed to him the State was not only entitled but bound to do all it could to secure an efficient and as far as possible a universal performance of vaccination. He could hold out no hope whatever of making the Scottish law similar to the English.

The Strange History of Anastasia Robinson.

By S. BARING-GOULD.
(Author of "Mehalah," etc.).

It has been the fortune of not a few actresses to have been taken from the stage to wear a real and not a fictitious coronet.

Anastasia Robinson is the first whose name is so associated in England. But she hardly attained to the fame that did Lavinia Fenton, snatched from the boards when performing in the first English comic opera, eventually to become Duchess of Bolton. Of her there is a delightful portrait in the National Gallery.

Next to her comes the subject of this notice.

Before we deal with her a few words must be given to the Italian opera in England. In the reign of Charles II. the French style of music was in vogue in England. The merry monarch could not abide the tedious, unmelodious contrapuntal exercises of the old Stuart school of musicians; he would have melody, and he introduced his "four and twenty fiddlers, all of a row," from France, and would endure no music to which he could not beat time, and which had not in it an air he could whistle. But in 1692 an advertisement in the London Gazette announced that an Italian lady, recently arrived in England, would give concerts in York-buildings. This Italian lady was Francesca Margherita de l'Epine, the first Italian singer of any note who had appeared in London. She came in company with a German musician named Greber, for which reason she was nicknamed "Greber's Peg."

She was a dark, ugly woman, but had a magnificent voice, and was accomplished as a singer. She became the fashion, harvested a fortune, and in 1718 married Dr. Pepusch, who arranged the songs for the Beggars' Opera."

The first Italian opera ever performed in England was "Arsinoe," on the 16th Jan., 1705, and that was given in the English words and by English performers, but Signora de l'Epine sang her Italian songs before and after the opera.

The next was "Camilla" performed in 1706. and this also was given in English by the same company. But now other Italian singers arrived and were engaged at Drury Lane, and then the opera of "Camilla" was performed partly in English and partly in Italian. The heroine's role was taken by Mrs. Tofts, and sung in English, whilst the part of the hero was enacted by an Italian, Valentini, in his native tongue. Very soon this anomaly ceased, more Italians arrived, and English singers were only allowed to sing if they could do so in Italian. The rage for this foreign music was so great that, as Addison justly complained, "our English music was quite rooted out."

There lived about this time a painstaking and competent miniature painter, Robinson by name, who belonged to a respectable Leicestershire family. He had studied in Rome, could speak Italian fluently, and he was, moreover, a musical amateur. By his wife he had two daughters, Anastasia and Margaret; and on her death he married again, a young Roman Catholic lady, of the name of Lane, by whom he had a son and a third daughter.

Robinson was sufficiently successful in his profession to be able to give his children a good education; and as he observed that Anastasia had an ear and voice for music, he placed her under the instruction of Dr. Crofts. At the same time he planned that Margaret should carry on his own business, which he desired because his eyesight was failing, and he considered that the daughter could execute the orders that came to him.

But Margaret proved restive. Her ambition was to become a public singer, and she was a headstrong individual, it was found advisable to let her have her way; she was placed under Bononcini and afterwards sent to France, but failed on her first appearance on the boards owing to her nervousness, and for this she did not compensate by her personal appearance; she was of too diminutive size to take any prominent parts in the opera. Happily, at this juncture a Colonel Bowles stepped forward and offered his hand, his heart, and fortune, and Peg Robinson's story ends with her cessation to a right to bear the name of Robinson.

Anastasia, without so good an ear and as brilliant parts as her sister, plodded on, to qualify to become a public singer. She received lessons from Sandoni, and from the "Baroness," a German singer trained in Italy. When sufficiently taught, Anastasia appeared at the concerts at York-buildings, where she not only sang, but accompanied herself on the harpischord. Her success was great; although she was not actually beautiful, still there was a great charm about her face; she had large blue eyes, and great modesty and simplicity, which disarmed hostile criticism.

Her voice at first was a fine soprano, but without great range. It deepened gradually into a contralto. From the airs written for her by Handel and other composers it would appear not only that her compass was small but also that her powers of execution were not great, so that she owed her great success to the charming simplicity in her style of singing and the tenderness which she threw into her manner of delivery.

Her success obtained for her engagements to sing at various places. Her father now took a house in Golden-square, in which he established weekly concerts and assemblies. These speedily became fashionable, and the nobility who patronised music made a point of attending.

Anastasia's unassuming manner and gentle grace and ease, won for her friends among persons of high birth. The Duchess of Portland honoured her with a lasting friendship, and spoke of her as a lady who was "perfectly well-bred and admirably accomplished." Among the patrons of music at the time was Charles Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough and Monmouth, born in 1658, who had been commander-in-chief of the allied forces in Spain in the Wars of Succession, and is described by Macky as a "well-shaped, thin man, with a very brisk look." If we may judge by his portrait by Dahl he was a handsome man.

This nobleman was passionately attached to music, and he had warmly patronised the Italian opera, and especially the exemplary singer, Margherita Durastanti, whom Handel had engaged for the London stage. She was a woman who maintained so high a standard in her private life that she was honoured by all, and when she became a mother in 1721, the king himself consented to be godfather, and the princess and Lady Bruce to be godmothers to her babe.

Anastasia Robinson was engaged for the Opera House in 1714, as a coadjutor to Margherita Durastanti, with a salary of £1,000 and such emoluments as might arise from benefits and presents, which were estimated as bringing in to her about as much more.

Her first appearance at the Italian opera was in "Creso," the music of which was a pasticcio, or compilation from the works of various composers. She next appeared, in the same season in "Arminio," an opera by an anonymous composer.

Mrs. Delany, a contemporary, says—"Among a number of persons of distinction who frequented Mr. Robinson's house, and seemed to distinguish his daughter in a particular manner, were the Earl of Peterborough and General H——. The latter had shown a long attachment to her, and his attentions were so remarkable that they seemed more than the effects of common politeness; and as he was a very agreeable man, and in good circumstances, he was favourably received, not doubting but that his intentions were honourable. A declaration of a very contrary nature was treated with the contempt it deserved, though Mrs. A. Robinson was very prepossessed in his favour."

Meanwhile, a rival to Margherita Durastanti had arrived in England. This was Francesca Cuzzoni, a native of Parma, who possessed more beauty than Durastanti.

Popular favour turned towards Cuzzoni and the worthy but plain Durastanti deemed it advisable to beat a retreat. She took a formal farewell of the English nation, by singing on the stage the following song, written for her by Pope, at the desire of Lord Peterborough:—

"Generous, gay, and gallant nation,
Bold in arms and bright in arts;
Land secure from all invasion,
All but Cupid's gentle darts!
From your charms, O who would run?
Who would leave you for the sun?
Happy soil, adieu, adieu!
Let old charmers yield to new,
In arms, in arts, be still more shining;
All your joys be still increasing,
All your tastes be still refining,
All your joys for ever ceasing;
But let old charmers yield to new;
Happy soil, adieu, adieu!"

The brother of Dr. Arbuthnot had married the half sister of Anastasia. A parody on the above appeared from Arbuthnot's pen, sneering at the public predilection for foreign in place of native talent.

"Puppies, whom I now am leaving,
Merry sometimes, always mad,
Who lavish most when debts are craving,
On fool, on farce, and masquerade!
Who would not from such bubbles run,
And leave such blessings for the sun?
Happy soil, and simple crew!
Let old sharpers yield to new,
All your tastes be still refining;
All your nonsense still more shining,
Blessed in some Berenstadt or Bouski,†
He more awkward, he more husky;
And never want, when these are lost us,
Another Heidegger and Faustus.
Happy soil, and simple crew,
Let old sharpers yield to new!
Bubbles all, adieu! adieu!!"

A year after the departure of Durastanti, Anastasia also withdrew from the stage, in consequence of a private marriage with the Earl of Peterborough. This was in 1724, when he was aged sixty-six, as Swift describes him:—

"A skeleton in outward figure,
His meagre corpse, though full of vigour,
Would halt behind him, were it bigger."

And Pope, in a letter to Swift, says of him—"No body could be more wasted, no soul can be more alive."

The Earl had been married to Carry, daughter of Sir Alexander Fraser, but she had died in 1709.

In 1723 Anastasia Robinson appeared in the opera of "Griselda, or the Patient Grisel," and it was in this part that—so it was believed—she completed her conquest over the stout heart of the Earl of Peterborough. There was, indeed, as was proved by the sequel, a certain similarity in the situations of that character and the subsequent life of Anastasia. Griselda, a country girl of mean birth, captivates the heart of a great noble, who marries her, and then degrades her in the public estimation, to restore her to his favour and her rightful position in the end.

Sir John Hawkins, in his "History of Music," says that Anastasia presided over Peterborough House and the Earl's table, though she never lived under the same roof with him. He was visited at this house by all the wits and "literati" of his time, including Pope, Swift, Locke, and many others. It was more than surmised that the sweet lady at his table was his wife, but owing to the violent temper and caprice of the Earl, none ventured to speak of her or address her as such, in his presence. In her own modest house she held musical parties, at which Bononcini, Martini, Tosi, Dr. Greene, and the most eminent musicians of that time attended, and these concerts were frequented by the best society, for so convinced was the world that she was really the Earl's wife, that they made no scruple in calling on her and cultivating her society.

In one of his capricious moods in 1735, when he and she were at Bath in the pump-room, in a distinct and loud voice he ordered his servant to announce, "Lady Peterborough's carriage waits." Every lady of rank immediately rose and congratulated the declared Countess, who stood trembling, changing colour, and in a flutter of joy.

Mrs. Delany continues in her account:—"His haughty spirit was still reluctant to

THE PRIZE DRAWING.

Extract from report of Town Council meeting ("Gloucestershire Echo," April 6):—"It has been decided to grant no further subsidy to the Town Band."

P.C. Cheltonia: "Now, then, move on there! We've had enough of you." (With apologies to the Band).

making the declaration that would have done justice to so worthy a character as the person to whom he was now united; and indeed his uncontrollable temper and high opinion of his own actions made him a very awful husband, ill suited to Lady Peterborough's good sense, amiable temper, and delicate sentiments. She was a Roman Catholic, but never gave offence to those of a contrary opinion, though very strict in what she thought her duty! Her excellent principles and fortitude of mind supported her through many severe trials in her conjugal state." Her brother, a priest, resided with her.

"At last he (the Earl) prevailed on himself to do her justice, instigated, it is supposed, by his bad state of health, which obliged him to seek another climate, and she absolutely refused to go with him unless he declared his marriage. Her attendance on him in his illness nearly cost her her life.

"He appointed a day for all his nearest relatives to meet him at the apartment over the gateway of St. James's Palace, belonging to Mr. Poyntz, who was married to Lord Peterborough's niece, and at that time preceptor to Prince William, afterwards Duke of Cumberland. He also appointed Lady Peterborough to be there at the same time. When they were all assembled, he began a most eloquent oration, enumerating all the virtues and perfections of Mrs. A. Robinson, and the rectitude of her conduct during his long acquaintance with her, for which he acknowledged his great obligation and sincere attachment, declaring he was determined to do her that justice which he ought to have done long ago, of presenting her to all his family as his wife.

"He spoke this harangue with so much energy, and in parts so pathetically, that Lady Peterborough, not being apprised of his intentions, fainted away in the midst of the company.

"After Lord Peterborough's death she lived a very retired life, chiefly at Mount Bevis, and was seldom prevailed on to leave that habitation but by the Duchess of Portland, who was always happy to have her company at Bulstrode, when she could obtain it, and often visited her at her own house."

Mount Bevis is near Southampton. Lord Peterborough alludes to it in some of his letters as "the wild romantic cottage where I pass my time," "my Blenheim." Many fine trees, no doubt of his planting, remained till lately in the grounds, but most of them have been cut down, as contractors and builders have invaded the estate, and have converted it into a vulgar collection of small houses, called Bevis Town.

Mrs. Delany adds, in conclusion:—"Among Lord Peterborough's papers she found his memoirs, written by himself, in which he declared he had been guilty of such actions as would have reflected very much upon his character, for which reason she burnt them. This, however, contributed to complete the excellency of her principle, though it did not fail to give offence to the various inquirers after anecdotes of so remarkable a character as that of the Earl of Peterborough."

Lord Peterborough's declaration of his marriage took place in 1735, and he died at Lisbon the same year. Lady Peterborough died in 1750.

Anastasia Robinson's voice is said to have been a contralto of small compass, and it does not seem that her powers of execution were great. Her success was due to that in her style of singing which was the quality of her mind, purity and simplicity.

S. BARING-GOULD.

†Favourite singers of the day.

Next week: "Cycling on the Riviera," by Constance Everett-Green.

The committee of the Crewe Co-operative Society report that last quarter's sales amounted to £86,000, being an increase of £5,000 over the corresponding period, and that the profit on sales was £18,000.

Easter is always a brisk season for weddings, both in fashionable circles and in humbler walks of life. For this week nearly forty society weddings have been arranged, of which a large proportion are those of military officers.

"Selina Jenkins Letters."

SELINA JENKINS ON CLEEVE HILL.

Let me see, where were I last week when I left hoff? Oh! bless me! yes! of course! jest at the foot of Cleeve 'Ill, delivered safe and sound 'ceps a bit upshook, maybe, into the 'ill car, wich I walks in, so big as the Lord 'Igh Admiralty, and takes me seat, waiting for the happaratus to start. Besides me, there was a elderly gent as must 'ave been a powerful 'eavy weight to carry, and a young woman with a baby. So we sits and we sits and we looks at one another, and the driver come in and made hisself at 'ome with us, being as chatty and affable a young fellow as you could find in a day's tram-ride; 'owsomdever, there wasn't nothink said about going hup the 'ill, and seeing as 'ow I'd took me departments, and they'd be looking out for me, I considered as 'twas about time to make a start; so I hups and I says, "Begging yer parding, young man, mite I be so bold as to ask you a civil question?" "Certingly, madam, says 'e. "Well, then, are you going to stop 'ere all night, becos' if I'd thought I were going to sleep out in a tram I think I should 'ave brought a hextry blanket with me, being very biting winds out here after dark, and me being lible to the asthmatics!" "Ho, my dear madam, that's it, is it? We shan't be going hup for another 20 minutes," says he; "we only goes hup when we 'as enuff to pay for the currents as is used!" and, you mark my words, I hoffered that there young chap a hextry-strong peppermint, and pled with 'im by all that 'e 'eld sacred, not to speak of hoffering to pay 'im 3 or 4 hextry tuppences so as to make it hup, but 'e wouldn't budge that there machine, not for nothink, 'aving received strict orders from Government or somewhere not to go hup unless there was a certain number. 'E wasn't actual sure as to what the number ought to be, and when the stout party fetched out several foot long of time-tables and pointed out that it said there the trams went hup the 'ill every 20 minutes, 'e jest remarked that folks shouldn't put no faith in time-tables, as was only made to amuse people as 'ad too much time on their 'ands, besides wich 'e remarked that if we didn't like to wait it was a very pleasant walk to the top, not being above a mile and a 'alf, and would save 2d. anyway.

I calls it a houtdacious crying shame, however, that the tram time-table should be so deceivin', as 'aven't got no right to put it down in black and white that they runs hup every 20 minutes, when of course they doesn't, as a body finds hout to 'er cost when they gets took in as I were. The stout party said as 'e'd made a spesshul hengagement to meet a friend to the Rising Sun, and vowed 'e'd 'ave the law on the company for issuing ficticious time-tables; and the language 'e used were very strong, I can tell you, as very near put the electric lights out.

Still, I will say, when we'd waited 20 minutes, and the next tram arrived, with enuff to pay for the currents, we did go hup quick, as reg'lar made me breathe a sigh of thankfulness when we gets to the top and terror firmer once more, as the Portugeese do say; and I took the hint as Mary Ann Tomkins give me and sat near the door so as to jump hout in case of haccidence; besides keepin' me portmanny on me knees all the time so as to make the load a bit lighter for the currents to pull hup, esspeshully 'aving that there stout party on board, as made me that nervous for fear 'is weight should be 2 much for the machinery.

Still, as I were a-saying, we got hup to the top without no mishap, and was deposited at the terminus of the line, as consists of a stone wall and several pieces of orange-peel and a broken gingerbeer bottle, most likely left by the Angcient Britains wich used to rome the 'ill-top. 'Aving arrived on the top, I will now perseed to divide these few remarks into 'eadings, as is a very good idea, and keeps a body to the point.

CLEEVE 'ILL.

Cleeve 'Ill is a town consisting of several bungalows, 1 hotel, 1 stables, 243 stone walls, 1 goff links, 1 post-office, 1 hill, and a large number of other useful institutions, such as a tin church, a sanatory, and a tram-line.

The population is about 126½, but is of a fluctooating disposition, esspeshully about Bank 'Olliday, when it 'ave rose to so much as 6,042, including 3 cocoa-nut shies and the gentlemen and ladies attached to the same.

The chief attractions of Cleeve 'Ill consists of the 'ill and the air. The air on Cleeve 'Ill is to be found everywhere, from which 'ave originated the proverb "As free as the air," altho' there 'ave been rumours of a synekit to be formed to bottle the Cleeve 'Ill air and send it to all parts of the world carriage paid at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. per bottle, the 4s. 6d. size being double the size of the 2s. 9d. There is a considerable difference of hapynyon about the air amongst different folks; some finds it to be of extry fine quality in the bar of the Rising Sun Hotel; others I know considers it best of a moonlite night on the iron seats over the 'ill, taken in pairs. (N.B.—No use if alone.)

The Cleeve 'Ill air is chiefly noted for its strength; of a good blowy day you can lean up against it like as if it was a wall, and it 'ave been known to knock people over of a boisterous day; I knows as the Cleeve 'Ill air caught me jest by the corner of Nutters' Wood wall one day, and very near blew me inside hout, wich to this day I 'aven't never discovered wot became of my humberella, as was only one I borrowed, so it didn't matter so much, but sored hup in the 'eavens like any bird, and were lost to site before I could collect me censuses sufficient to call for 'elp or the perlice. I consider Cleeve 'Ill air is a fine thing, but wants to be took in moderate doses, not more than three times a day, for parties like me as is getting on in years.

The 'ill on which the town of Cleeve 'Ill is bilt is composed of partly stones and partly grass, with 'ere and there a tram ticket, and a series of dead or dying trees planted in 'onner of the Coronation, with a request not to walk on them.

The drawback of the 'ill is its bumpiness; if you wants to get to the top you 'ave to toil hup places like the roof of a 'ouse, and if you wants to come down you must either fall down or roll down precipices enuff to make yer 'air stand of an end with frite. I considers the 'ill wants rolling a bit, as would be a great improvement, and would be more restful to the heye than all the bumps and koppes (as they Bores calls 'em), as disfigures the landscape at present.

I 'aven't been able to discover the age of the 'ill; everybody's agreed, 'owever, that it's been there for some time, and that long before the Rising Sun began to rise the 'ill was standing in position.

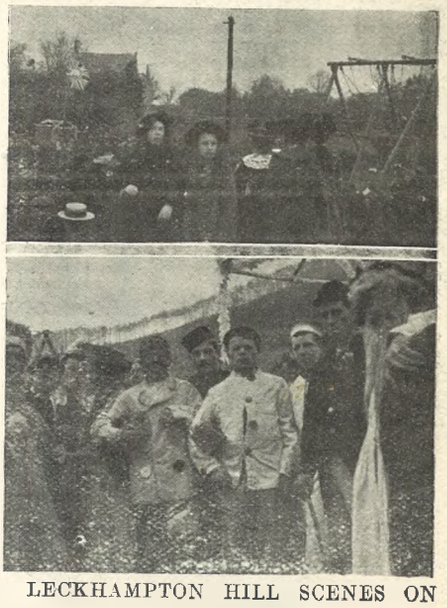
On the very top, in a very hinconvenient place for tourists and visitors to get at it, is a British Camp, which consists of several lumps of earth with a red goff-flag on top. They do say that the Angcient Britains bilt it there as being 'andy to the Rising Sun, so that the young Britains could run down for the jug of dinner-ale without going too far away from the spot.

The 'ill is very useful for visitors to fall about on, and for goff gentlemen to walk around looking for goff balls on; its chief commershull value is for its stone, as is rather soft for bilding purposes, but very 'ard to sit down upon, coming down some of the precipices, as I knows to me cost.

The stone is quarried out of the side of the 'ill, in a quiet, genteel, any-time-will-do style, by several individooals wich 'aven't never been noticed to 'urry theirselves for anythink or anybody. All the odd bits of stone is used for bilding walls with, as 'ave to be bilt hup, and then propped hup with sticks, and then fastened round with wire, as don't seem to me to be worth the candle, seeing as 'ow if you only leans yer elbow on them down they goes like a 1,000 of bricks; 'owever, it's the way they 'as on Cleeve 'ill to bild walls as falls down at a glance, as the saying is, and as it 'ave been the fashion ever since the Angcient Britains I don't suppose they'll ever see the herror of their ways.

The chief import of Cleeve 'Ill is goff balls and goffers (I used to call it golf, but that ain't no class, as the saying is; nobody respectable do call it golf, it's goff!), wich next week I will give my hegsperiences on the goffing field, and ow I took "tee" with a real goff mashie.

(To be continued.)



LECKHAMPTON HILL SCENES ON GOOD FRIDAY.

THE WORD EASTER.

The word Easter is supposed to be derived from a goddess, Eostre (to shine), whose festival, being the goddess of spring, was held in April. Easter, says "The Sovereign," was the feast of the triumphant Thor. The old Saxons celebrated the joyous season by lighting enormous bonfires. Sometimes a large doll representing the winter was solemnly burnt. In Christian days the puppet portrayed Judas. Sometimes Judas was drowned instead of burnt. In some parts of Germany young girls carried a coffin with a cloth, under which lay a straw figure typifying the traitor. When they reached the water the doll was submerged, and the girls ran away as fast as their legs could carry them.

SENSIBLE ADVICE.

Dr. A. B. Jameson, says the "Herald of the Golden Age," speaks with considerable emphasis on the subject of water drinking, and declares that a considerable amount of pure water is absolutely needful every day to ensure the elimination of foreign substances and to revive worn-out tissues of the system, as well as to maintain that proper degree of tension which is essential to the proper circulation of the lymphatic fluids. He affirms that the stomach and intestines require to be frequently washed out with plenty of water, and that if human beings will only follow his advice they will avoid many ills that flesh is heir to. He recommends the drinking of water about an hour before meal time, and considers that it has great strengthening qualities.

WHERE LABOUR IS WELL PAID.

For some months past the building and allied trades in Cape Colony have been practically stagnating, owing to the carpenters' strike. This has just been satisfactorily ended. The former wage—13s. per day—has been raised to 14s., and the labour week fixed at forty-eight hours. The standard rates of pay for carpenters in South African towns at present are as follows:—Capetown 14s., Kimberley 16s., Johannesburg 22s. 6d., East London 14s 8d., Port Elizabeth 14s. 8d., and Durban 16s. It should be recollected, of course, that the purchasing power of money is much less than in Great Britain.

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THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLO'SHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 121 SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1903

PRIZE PHOTOGRAPHY.

The Proprietors of the "CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC" offer a Weekly Prize of Half-a-Guinea for the Best Photograph the work of an Amateur.

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

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

The prize this week (119th competition) is divided between Mr. Geo. J. Smart, Wotton, Gloucester, for his photo of a thrushes' nest, and Mr. C. B. Joyner, Lake View, Pittville Park, Cheltenham, for photographs of Cheltenham Athletic Sports.

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.

The prize for the 30th competition is again awarded to Mr. Wilson Fenning, of 2 Ewlyn-villas, Leckhampton-road, Cheltenham, for his "Police" cartoon.

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 twelfth competition is Miss M. E. Wilkins, of 4 Paragon-parade, Cheltenham, for her report of the sermon by the Rev. R. Gordon Fairbairn at Salem Baptist Church.

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.

MISS EDITH LAVINGTON,

who gave her first provincial concert at the Victoria Rooms, Cheltenham, on the 16th inst., was born near Cheltenham. She is a pupil of Miss Hilda Wilson, with whom she has been studying for the last two or three years, and a soprano vocalist who should have a bright future before her.

The Mid-Monthly Magazines.

"Vectis," one of the new mid-monthly threepennies, is full of bright notes on matters of literary, social, and dramatic interest. The reviews of books are notably concise, a few lines and a striking quotation giving the points of each book dealt with.

"The Christian Realm" gives first place to a well-written article on "President Roosevelt as a Religious Force." "The Chats on Life and Literature" and the manly advice to young men are amongst the best features; while the contents also include a character study of Kruger and articles of special religious significance, notably "The Universality of Jesus." Fiction is represented by five complete stories and a serial.

No. 15 of Cassell's "Social England" has a charming coloured frontispiece, after a contemporary picture, displaying "Head-dresses in the Fifteenth Century." The section dealt with is "The Close of the Middle Ages"; but the sub-sections are varied, that on "Architecture and Art" being extremely charming and those on "Travel and Exploration," "Magic and Alchemy," quaint and interesting. "Industry and Commerce," "Town and Rural Life," and ("Public Health" are also dealt with.

Parts 24 and 25 of "The Encyclopædia Dictionary" have a coloured frontispiece giving examples of "Crystals" and "Diamonds," and close volume II. and begin volume III. of this standard work. Part 14 of Cassel's "History of the Boer War" carries the record on to Koorn Spruit, the Death of Joubert, Reddersburg, the subjugation of the south-west of the Free State, and the siege of Wepener, all the exciting incidents in connection with which are brought home by means of good illustrations and spirited letterpress.

In "The Pall Mall Magazine" Mr. R. C. Lehmann has a readable and humorous article on "Men in the Making," in the course of which he very vigorously attacks "the public school fetish," dwelling on its liability to produce snobbery and ignorance, and pleading for the freer mingling of the classes in education on the French principle. William Sharp continues his delightful articles on "Literary Geography," and W. E. Henley is represented by a thoughtful article on Wordsworth. An interesting account of "A Day's Work at 'the London'" is given by P. H. Oakley Williams, with glimpses of the suffering poor and work on their behalf. Pleasant essays on a variety of social subjects are contributed by eminent writers, including John Oliver Hobbes on "What are the Elements of Social Success for a girl?"; artistic photography and thrilling descriptions are combined in the article by George D. Abraham on "A New Alpine Playground"; Harold Begbie has collected the views of a number of the leading artists on "How to Paint a Picture"; "A Symposium of Sport" is a good feature; and fiction, poetry, and last, though by no means least, illustrations make up an attractive number. The frontispiece is a photogravure after "The Artist's Son," by William Dyce, R.A.

The Religious Tract Society' parcel is generally not lacking in good things, and this month it is well up to the average. In "The Leisure Hour," the Rev. J. M. Bacon brightly describes his balloon trip from Manxland; and he has secured some interesting photographic mementoes of his adventure. Mr. E. E. Crow gives an account, well illustrated, of a trip to "The Ruins of Troy." "Some Bunyan Entries in the Registers of Stationers' Hall" will appeal to readers interested in the bye-paths of literature; and "The True Story of Seth Bede and Dinah Morris" is proving a good serial feature. "Personal Forces in Religious Journalism" keep us in touch with men who successfully combine a high ethical code with commercial enterprise. A special feature is the illustrated Nature Notes, while those on contemporary science are instructive and practical. There are also fiction and pictures, the latter including a full-page frontispiece "On the River Colne." "The Sunday at Home" has a coloured frontispiece, and readable stories and articles of a religious flavour, amongst the latter being a brief summary of the life-work of Sir George Gabriel Stokes, "A Day with a Sky-Pilot," and "The Hot Baths at Tiberias." We have also received "The Girl's Own Paper," "The Boy's Own Paper," and "Friendly Greetings."

THROUGH ENGLAND IN RAGS.

AMATEUR VAGRANT'S EXPERIENCES OF ROAD LIFE.

TRAMPS WHO ARE TRADE-UNIONISTS.

TRIALS AND TRICKS OF TRAVELLING ARTISANS.

About fifty per cent. of the people you meet on the road are, nominally or otherwise, tradesmen seeking work. I suppose I came across thousands of these tramps: hundreds I find mentioned in the notes I made from time to time during my journey. But as he who must be obeyed has decreed that when I reach the bottom of the third column on this page I must stop, I am not going to attempt to deal with travelling tradesmen generally, or even to summarise what I saw of them and heard from their own lips. I shall merely make a few selections from my memoranda, leaving the reader to deduce therefrom any conclusion he pleases.

At Barnsley, then, I was stopped by a carpenter who had come from London. He inquired the way to the Salvation Army barracks, adding—

"I always attend their meeting in every place I get to, and I've never got less than 3d. from the sisters.

On the following day, at Sheffield, there slept—or, rather, lay—next me a Glasgow clerk, who had been "out of collar" six months. He had supported himself on the road by working in the fields and playing a tin whistle. He was an elderly man, and he brought tears to my eyes as he told me of his sufferings, his hopes, and his fears.

In the lodging-house where I stopped while in Leicester, was a trade-union mechanic. He remembered the time, he said, when he could work when he liked and play when he liked. Why, he had said to many a foreman—"I'll stand a quart if you'll 'sack' me at dinner-time."

A man can obtain travelling relief from his society only when he has been discharged.

From Northampton to Bedford I was accompanied by a fitter who would live where even an old roadster would starve. He thought he had a claim on everybody connected with his trade, from iron smelters to cycle agents, both inclusive, and he "called"—that is, sought assistance from—them all. Food he would accept from anybody. He knew all the monasteries and "marks" (charitable ladies and gentlemen) between London and Manchester. When I told him that I thought of going to Darlington, he produced his pocket-book, and gave me the names and addresses of a few "good" people who would assist a deserving travelling tradesman like myself. Here is a transcript of a single page—with the initial and addresses, of course, altered:—

"DARLINGTON.

"Mr. A——, B—— Street.

"Mr. C. ——, plumber, D—— Street.

"Mr. E——, joiner, F—— Street. Right for a 'tanner.' R [oman] C [atholic.]

"Mr. G——, engineer. Saturday.

"Father ——, —— ——. Don't take 'No' from the housekeeper."

(The remarks are self-explanatory with the exception of "Saturday," which means that the gentleman indicated must be called on then).

He also told me that as a rule he carried a few tools, and that he had earned many sixpences by tightening spokes, etc., for cyclists.

A week later, when I was entering Uckfield, I met a jobbing compositor. Apropos of the circumstance that a circus had left the town that morning, he informed me I might be able to "get on" as tent man. He had had two such situations, one at 21s., the other at 22s. a week. It seems that you "sub," or receive on account, 2s. at 10 o'clock every morning, and draw the balance of your pay once a fortnight, and that you can leave or be dismissed at any time.

The duties of the position are comparatively easy. You sleep with the horses or elephants. At five you are up and off, going ahead in the baggage wagons, which are drawn by fast horses. After the tent is up, you draw 2s., and get your breakfast. You are free then till noon, when you take part in the procession; and all you have to do during the remainder of the day is, generally speaking, to pull down the tent after the performance.

One can understand, therefore, that the printer had plenty of time to do what he said he did while he was with circuses—"call" his trade in every town. Nor do I disbelieve his statement that he did very well.

Ten minutes after I had parted from the "comp." I ran against a colour-mixer for lithographic printers, who had left Brighton that morning. He was a very intelligent fellow. Mentioning that he had just parted with his spectacles, he said that when he wanted a drink he sold everything he had, and told me how a woman had wrecked his life. He suffered from bronchitis and asthma—a blessing in one sense, since he was able to get into any infirmary. He had been in the one at Highgate, of which he spoke in warm terms, and in several convalescent homes, and he was making his way to London with the hope that he would be admitted into a certain hospital.

"I was educated for a doctor," he went on, "but I failed to pass my exams. I know a little about phrenology; I pretend to know a lot. I walk into a public-house, select a likely subject, and operate on him. That brings more, and if you can get four, say, at sixpence a time, that's a great help to a man on the road."

Coming back from Brighton, I had a chat with a stationer's traveller—or, rather, ex-traveller—at Maidstone. He had "called" everybody connected with his business in that town. At one place, when he asked to see the proprietor (mentioning him by name), he was requested to state his business. He said it was private; but as that hackneyed dodge would not work, he gave the clerk a card bearing his own name as well as that of the firm he had represented, and thereupon he was taken into the private office.

"I don't give onything now," said the gentleman, after he had listened very patiently to the "tale." "I have done, but I have made it a rule not to do so any more."

The traveller asked for some paper to write a few letters. Told to take what he wanted, he pocketed a quire of paper and a packet of envelopes. Then he chaffed the stationer about having broken his rule, till at last that gentleman laughed heartily, whereupon the artful "commercial" begged for a few stamps, and eventually came away with a shilling in his pocket.

Next day I walked from the town with an iron-turner. He showed me a knife, the only one he had left out of thirteen given him by the Sheffield cutlers, when he was in that city, to "help him on the road." He had, of course, sold the others.

I take a big jump now to Lichfield, where I had a long talk with a fitter who belonged to a trade uniin, but had run out of, or was not entitled to, travelling benefit. He said that on Friday night (it was Sunday when I saw him) he plucked up sufficient courage to "work" the Wolverhampton public-houses. He could sing a little, and only a little, but the will was taken for the deed, and the coppers he was given in bar-parlours amounted in the aggregate to 1s. 2d. He was highly delighted with this result. If, he argued, I can do so well on Friday, I can surely get a few shillings to-morrow night. Accordingly he had what he described as a "good feed," on which, and in paying for his bed, he spent every farthing he possessed. But alas! when he went next evening the publicans told him they did not allow singing in their houses on Saturday night. He had consequently to take to the road and sleep under a hedge.

During my next "stage" or day's journey—from Lichfield to Burton-on-Trent—I dropped across a fellow who boasted that for "calling" purposes he had three trades: he was a printer, a tailor, and an upholsterer.

I also met a man who declared his trade to be the "best in the world for the road." He was a watch and clock cleaner and repairer, and he was accustomed to call at houses for work. Though he had been on the tramp since Easter, had always been able to afford 1s. for his bed, and had earned 10s. on one day in the previous week, he was afraid he should be obliged, through his own fault, to go in the Lichfield casual ward that night.

On the following morning I walked seven miles in the direction of Derby with a barber who had left London a fortnight previously. His destination was Glasgow, where he hoped to "get two days a week"—Friday and Saturday—in a shop and to work on his own account on Sunday in the big "model." His employer would pay him 15s., and as in St. Mungo's City the lodging-house charges for hair-cutting and shaving are double those usually made by tramping barbers, being 2d. and 1d. respectively, he hoped to earn on the Sabbath at least as much as his wages.

He could always do pretty well, he said, on the road. He generally worked in lodging-houses, and when he got among colliers he shaved in public-houses. He "called" every barber's shop he came to, putting his right hand on the back of a chair, so that "this" (a lump on the third finger, just above the second joint, caused by using the scissors) could be seen. It was customary to ask a master-barber to have his hair trimmed, and generally he consented, just to give a man a lift. In many towns, however, he could get a few hours' work on Saturday.

"But the best thing ever I did was this: I was in Wrexham, and I took train to Llandudno. It was in July, the beginning of the season, when the barbers take men on. I was took on at the first shop I went to. 'Well,' I said, 'I can't start now. I've got no tools and no apron; I shall have to send to Wrexham for them. Will you 'sub' me half-a-crown, and I'll turn up to-morrow morning?' I got it. Well, I did every blessed barber in the town in the same way—eleven of them—and I took my hook with 27s. 6d."

My tricky companion afterwards told me that he had had several shops of his own. One, at Newhaven, containing nothing but a looking-glass, a wash-bowl, a chair, and a few forms, he sold for £10, and next day lost the money in backing horses.

The last travelling tradesman I shall mention I came up with near Ashbourne, where we lodged together. He was a brass-finisher, but for some months he had lived by singing in public-houses. Among his many adventures on the road was a discreditable experience which is sadly too common.

Some months earlier, when he was entering Reading, he met two tramps who told him the painters of that town were on strike, and prompted him as to how he could obtain a night's lodging at this. Shortly afterwards he was stopped by a picket.

"'Skippo'?" (painter) said one of the men, looking at the bass which the brass-finisher carried.

"Yes," he replied.

Then they told him of the strike, and offered to pay his railway fare to London if he would leave the town. He agreed to this proposition, and was consequently provided with tea, bed, and breakfast; but in the morning he said he wanted to go to Maidenhead, and that he would leave Reading immediately if they would allow him his fare there (1s. 2d.), though he intended to walk, not ride, the distance. The picketers gave him the money for which he asked, and, accompanying him to the outskirts of the town, left him with best wishes for his welfare.

The title of the next subject in this series will be—"Dangers and Delights of Begging."

By passenger train alone 2,600 new bicycles have been despatched from Coventry this Easter, while several thousand went by goods trains.

Miss Edith L. Ramsey, eldest daughter of the Rev. Allan Ramsey, Southern House, Cheltenham, has been appointed by the Secretary of State for India a nursing sister in the Indian Nursing Service.

An Ideal Cycling Holiday on the Riviera.

By CONSTANCE EVERETT-GREEN
(Author of Cycling for Ladies," etc.).

The scenery of the Riviera enjoys a world-wide reputation, and the well-known stretch of beautiful coast road lying between Genoa on the east and Cannes on the west exactly fulfils the requirements of the cycling tourist who has a love for the sea and for coast scenery, and who does not fear frequent hills. The various towns which lie along this route are also well worth seeing, and repay a few hours' stroll round their ancient back streets and their modern gardens and promenade.

The distance of road may be roughly stated at 150 miles; thus the cyclist who rides quietly and spends half-days in sight-seeing en route, can still easily accomplish the whole journey in a week. Those who can spare a fortnight or ten days will do well to ride there and back, and thus have the view both ways.

The Riviera is not a cheap district for the tourist unless he avoids sleeping at large places. The winter residents who yearly spend months here, in the search for health or pleasure, have caused innumerable hotels to spring up which afford excellent accommodation at fashionable prices. Thus the cyclist who stops at good hotels in frequented holiday resorts must expect to pay from 12s. a day and upwards.

The district called Riviera di Ponente stretches westward from Genoa, which divides it from the less well-known Riviera di Levante. It is this western and larger half, however, which is generally spoken of colloquially as "*the* Riviera," and part of it is in Italy and part in France.

The first few miles out from Genoa through the suburbs with their tram lines and traffic are best done by train, and the cyclist should begin to ride at Pegli, Pra, or Voltri. It is a satisfaction to many to know that the road and the railway follow very much the same route right along the Riviera, so that luggage can be forwarded readily. and the cyclist can take train himself in case of a breakdown.

BEAUTIFUL LANDSCAPES.

The scenery and the character of the vegetation are typically Italian at first, and so continue even after the frontiers of France have been left some little way behind.

The beautiful groves of orange and lemon trees, with their shining, dark green leaves and brilliantly-coloured fruit, strike the English eye perhaps more than any other feature, and next, the gnarled olive trees covering hill after hillside with their grey-green, half-mysterious foliage. The cypresses, too, whose peaked tops so often stand out against the sky or the summit of some rising ground, perhaps surrounding a village church or a wayside shrine, are typical of Italy, and a favourite subject with artists. The same may be said of those strange, half-fortified villages, perched upon hill tops at an almost inaccessible height, which are constantly sighted in the distance whilst we travel along the Riviera either by road or rail.

The style of country is similar all along the route, with just that variety which makes it always interesting and never monotonous. On the left, and a little way below the road, sometimes nearer and sometimes further, lies the Mediterranean, generally very blue, and sparkling in the sun. Sometimes there will be great waves breaking on the rocks, but oftener a placid ripple on a sandy shore. Whatever may be the character of the view inland, there is always this beautiful sea at one's feet, and a view of bays and inlets in front and behind as we round each point, and alternately face shoreward and seaward. Every now and then a stream or a river comes down to the sea, and then the mountains on your right part and retire, and leave a wide valley stretching far up inland, with perhaps snow-capped peaks closing the vista in the far away blue distance. But this river which you expect to be a noble body of water sweeping majestically through the valley is often, even as early as February, so tiny a trickle of water that you could almost jump over it. Its bed is, however, very wide, perhaps fifty yards from bank to bank, and covered with grey stones. No doubt the whole width of the bed of the stream is wanted when the winter snows melt and the river rushes along a swollen torrent, but in its dried-up condition this width looks rather unnecessary and rather desolate. From time to time there will be stretches of flat country where the road runs along a level and sandy shore, but more usually it is cut in the face of the cliff some little way up, winding in and out and up and down, following the natural features of the coast.

Villages are passed from time to time, generally consisting of but one street of tall houses, built very near together and often joined by arches at the top, to resist the force of earthquake shocks. The road between is usually paved with blocks of stone set diamond-wise, and there is no distinction between road and footway. Profound shadow lies in these streets, and you must ride carefully, as an inhabitant may at any moment step out from the open archways or shops which line both sides of the way. The already narrow street is often encumbered by wares set out for sale, whilst the vendors, customers, and inhabitants loiter or sit outside in preference to remaining in the dark interiors of the ground-floor rooms. The sea shore lying behind is generally strewn with odds and ends of fishing tackle, drift wood, and all the miscellaneous impedimenta which so readily collect on the margin of the sea, especially in a fishing village, so that the shore for a little distance is less savoury than the street. As a rule there are no inns at these small places such as a foreign tourist could patronise, so anyone wishing to avoid the larger towns must study his guide-book carefully and make sure of an inn before he leaves civilisation behind at the last town.

So much for the character of the Riviera coast and its villages. Now we proceed to discuss the well-known holiday resorts.

SOME WELL-KNOWN RESORTS.

Savona is the first large place reached by the tourist riding westward from Genoa, but it is a manufacturing town of no particular interest apart from its busy harbour and streets. Finalmarina, Albenga, Alassia, Porto Maurizio—small places each with an individual interest of one kind or another—bring us at last to San Remo, the first really well-known winter resort, where promenade, public gardens, fashionable shops, immense hotels are all to be found in plenty. The date-palm flourishes here luxuriantly in the plantations along the sea front, but the promenade is sadly spoilt to the English taste by the aggressive presence of the trains which run between it and the sea, emitting smoke, steam, and smell to an intolerable extent. I can remember no place in England (with the doubtful exception of Dawlish) where the train runs in full view of the sea front and promenade, but on the Riviera it is not unusual. San Remo is sheltered behind by a range of mountains which protects it from cold winds, and on the hill immediately behind the modern part, stands the very interesting and curious old town, with its steep, dark streets all leading up to the Church of the Madonna della Costa. From the platform outside the church a fine view of San Remo and its mole and the neighbouring coast can be obtained.

Bordighera, with its long, sunny, main street, its terraced roads above, and its date-palms, lies but six miles further on, and cannot compare in point of size with San Remo, but it has an undefinable charm of its own that appeals to many winter residents, especially those who do not care to live in a town. The drawback to Bordighera is that the sea front is made nothing of, and is merely a desolate shore, commanded by the backs of small houses.

A long stretch of level road leads from Bordighera to Ventimiglia, the last town in Italy, and then some hours of hilly riding take the cyclist to the frontier where we enter France. Those who wish to know how to pass their cycles duty free over the frontiers and back should consult the secretary of the Cyclists' Touring Club, who will forward a printed paper of information issued for the benefit of tourists going abroad.

Having passed the two custom houses, the cyclist soon runs down into Mentone, one of the pleasantest spots on the Riviera, and with its double aspect of east and west bay it has more variety of climate than is usual. Here no train or railway lines are to be seen, and the view of the harbour and promenade is uninterrupted. The flower market is a great feature of Mentone, and much business is done in exporting flowers to England, although the postal authorities have denied to this traffic some of the advantages it formerly enjoyed.

MONTE CARLO AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

Cap Martin, just outside Mentone, with its fir trees and beautiful garden, forms a striking feature to the west, and then only a few miles further is the celebrated Monte Carlo, where the cyclist may pause and win the costs of his Riviera tour, or, more likely, lose all the funds which are to take him back to England. But he must be careful in what guise he presents himself at the Casino, for in cycling dress he will be refused admittance—a thoughtful measure on the part of the authorities calculated to save the unwary tourist from pecuniary embarrassment. Monaco adjoins Monte Carlo, and then comes the long and beautiful stretch of road right away to Nice, which is known as "La petite Corniche." From Mentone to Nice the road, cut on the face of the rock, runs in and out and up and down, following the ever-varying outline of the cliffs, with the beautiful blue Mediterranean washing their base only twenty or thirty feet below the level of the road. The "Grande Corniche," which the cyclist should take in returning from Nice to Mentone, climbs up and up the mountains for hours, and reveals a magnificent view of a different character, with the sea lying down below on the right, a few miles off and in between a wide panorama of hills.

This beautiful stretch of coast lying between Mentone and Nice is more celebrated and, perhaps, more beautiful than any other part of the Riviera. The distance is between 15 and 20 miles, and it is a favourite carriage excursion with residents to drive from the one town to the other and back, taking the lower road one way and the higher the other way. It can be done in a day easily.

Nice is the largest town we have come to yet, and very French and *chic*. The promenade is nearly two miles long, and each morning it is thronged with smart people lounging up and down, listening to the band or sipping refreshments at the numerous cafes. The wide roadway is crowded with cyclists, equestrians, carriages, and "automobiles" of every description and make—all enjoying the delights of seeing and being seen. The plainly attired tourist feels out of place in this gay throng, which after a brief quarter of an hour or so he leaves behind, and proceeding along a dusty stretch of road with no sea in sight, but occasional glimpses of snow mountains here and there, he passes Antibes with its nursery gardens and arrives at Cannes, the end of his journey, where he finds another bright town with excellent shops, a long sea frontage and good harbour. Cannes is smaller than Nice and larger than San Remo, and with quite a different individuality from either.

On the Riviera during a cycling tour, and when stopping at the larger places, it is possible to make our way without knowing either French or Italian, but of course it is a great advantage to be able to speak the language of the country, and talk to the peasantry and to the innkeepers of small stopping places. The tourist who comes out direct from England to the Riviera should avail himself of the excellent train service to the South of France. Those returning homeward from Italy should start from Genoa.

To visit the Riviera for the purpose of a cycling tour is, of course, to go very far afield, and might not, by many, be considered worth while. But any cyclist in the south of France or the north-west of Italy should not fail to ride along this wonderful piece of coast, even if he has to hire a bicycle for the purpose. Once seen, it can never be forgotten.

CONSTANCE EVERETT-GREEN.

Next week:—"Curious Traits in Men of Genius," by Professor Lombroso.

EARLY BIRDS!

The above photograph was secured in its natural position in a garden at Wotton, Gloucester, on March 31, this year. The birds vacated their nest a few days later. There is no need to say the nest is a thrushes'.

CHELTENHAM TOWN BAND.

Photo by Miss Dora Bellamy, Cheltenham.

Tour of Our Churches.

ST. MICHAEL'S, WITHINGTON.

Withington used to be noted as about the richest living in the county, but it would appear that the agricultural depression has affected its 1,080 acres of glebe land very keenly indeed, and the income has immensely decreased. The village is very pleasantly situated, and it ought to be a nice run for Cheltenham cyclists, but just now the two-and-a-half miles, after leaving the Gloucester road, is in a very rough state, sadly marring a cyclist's enjoyment.

I was one of a rather sparse congregation at St. Michael's on Sunday morning last. The minister had a good voice, and read the exhortations and prayers well, though at rather a rapid rate—in certain places the congregation could hardly keep up with him. It being the 19th day of the month, the Venite came as the first Psalm of the day, and was chanted, the other Psalms being read. The Te Deum and Benedicite were well chanted. There is a good organ, deserving of a better choir than was there on Sunday. The clergyman well recited the rather sad first lesson —sad, that is, as coming at Easter time. It told of the rising of the rebellious Levites, and "Ye take too much upon you, ye sons of Levi," was well brought out. In the ante-communion service a pretty kyrie was used, and favourite hymns from the A. and M. collection were sung. The time was kept up better than it is by many village choirs.

Ascending the pulpit the rector took for his text, Revelation I., part of 18th verse. He said the beautiful words of his text formed part of that wonderful message Christ gave to St. John, who, when he received it, fell down at Jesu's feet as one dead, and Christ said, "Fear not." The preacher knew no text so helpful and full of encouragement as this, "I am He that liveth and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore." Think of the disciples just after Christ was laid in the tomb. They were filled with despair and utterly cast down by the death of Christ, and those who loved Him best thought only of embalming His sacred body. Even when the grave was found to be empty they could not believe it was in accordance with Christ's own prophecy. The angel asked "Why seek ye the living among the dead?" Look at events after the resurrection! Nothing in all history worked such a change as the resurrection of Christ. A short pause of suspense, of brief sorrow, and suddenly all the course of events was changed, and that to which they had looked forward to timidly, they looked back upon with confidence—the resurrection filled all their minds and gave them extraordinary courage. And so it was from the fact that Christ was alive that all Christian people had derived their strength. It was by looking back on the resurrection that people had learnt to hope. The resurrection helped Christians to believe all other miracles. "If Christ is not risen then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain." "Christ is risen." Everyone should appropriate the message of St. John, "I am He that liveth." It was the earnest of the Christian's own resurrection. Might God give them all thankful and believing hearts to rejoice in the fact that Jesus rose from the dead and was alive for evermore.

St. Michael's is a handsome stone-built church, in the Norman style, with a splendid central tower. It has a chancel, clerestoried nave, and transept and porch on the south side. Originally it would appear to have consisted simply of nave and chancel, built about 1160. Early in the 13th century the chancel was extended, and the central tower partly rebuilt, the upper part of the latter being completed in the 14th century, and the south transept added, including its beautiful decorated window. Early in the 13th century the unusual feature of a round arch chevron moulding was used in the construction of a pointed arch in the north wall of the chancel. The clerestory and large west window date from the 15th century. There is a rare feature to be seen in the north side of the chancel—a recess made to hold a small lead cistern, which is not in its original position, and was probably altered when moved. The carved stone boss, with a central hole, through which the drain-pipe passed, still exists. In Monastic churches these little cistern recesses were not uncommon, but are very rare in parish churches. These washing places were evidently for the purpose of cleansing the sacred vessels.

The east window is a handsome one, and was placed there by a late rector in memory of his wife and two daughters. There is a rather pretentious mural monument in memory of Bridgett, daughter of Thomas Riche, of North Cerney, and wife of John Howe, of Little Compton, and their children. Under the tower is a funnily constructed stone to the memory of Thomas Musto, who died 1684. The pulpit is a handsome stone erection, and the font is pretty, but a little too delicate to match the pulpit.

CHURCHMAN.

On Court Lodge Farm, Ewhurst, Sussex, a duckling has been hatched which had four legs and feet and two bills. It did not live.

Petrol and Pictures.

IMPROVING NEGATIVES.

An excellent and most convenient way of improving the printing qualities of some negatives is to fasten by the corners a piece of ground surfaced celluloid—such as the plate makers sell for contact printing—on the back of the negative, then hold between you and the light, and strengthen the highlights to suit with ordinary pencil. Isinglass dissolved in acetic acid makes a cement that will hold the celluloid to the glass. Make about as thick as mucilage, and you will find it a useful article to have around, as it will stick to anything it touches.

RE-TOUCHING A NEGATIVE ON THE GLASS SIDE.

If the glass side of a negative be smeared with paste, effective re-touching can be done thereon by means of a stump and black lead. This is specially serviceable with the larger sizes of plates. In case of need a thin piece of copying paper (such as is used for copying letters) can be pasted on the glass side.

VARNISH FOR FILMS.

White hard varnish, 10ozs.; liquid ammonia .880, sufficient to just dissolve the precipitate first formed; water, 5ozs. The film is varnished in the ordinary way, but without being warmed.

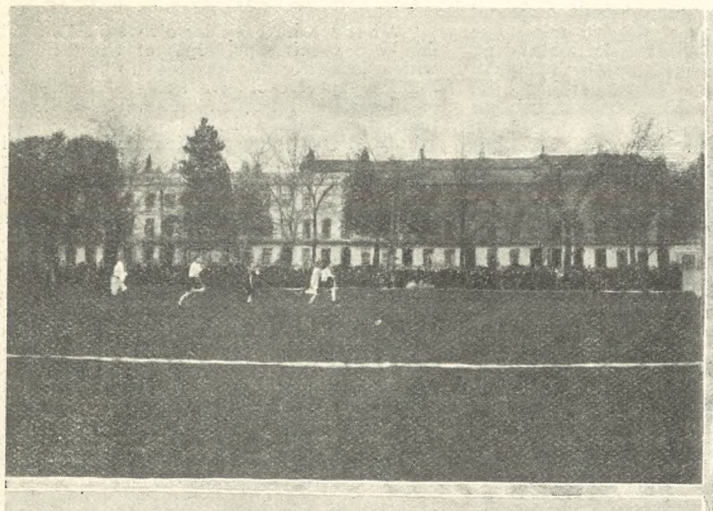
HOW TO PREVENT SHORT CIRCUITING OF THE ACCUMULATOR.

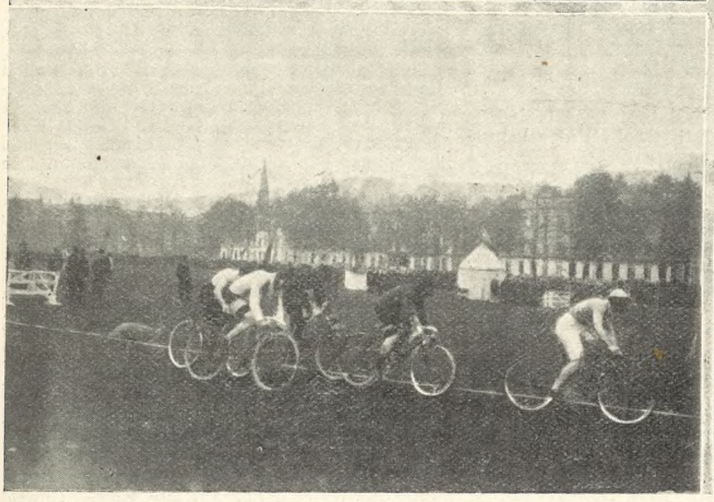
It is a great fault with the accumulator as used to supply the current for sparking on a motor-cycle, that it is so easily short circuited. This failing can be easily and cheaply prevented by fixing an inch or two of fuse-wire between one of the battery terminals and the wire in connection with it. The fusing of the wire and consequent break in the circuit demonstrate at once what has occurred. This wire can be obtained very cheaply at any electric supply shop. Ask for wire that will fuse at from three to four amperes. Carry also a length in the tool-bag.

REPAIRING A BURST TYRE.

The Motor Cycle gives the following useful hints on the subject of repairing tyres. The worst form of injury to the motor tyre is without doubt the burst. To the unitiated this may appear to be an irretrievable disaster, as it is useless setting about the repair in the ordinary way by patching the outer cover and repairing the air tube. These two things, of course, have to be done; but owing to the weight the outer cover will not stand the air pressure at the weak spot, and a second burst is inevitable. There is only one way to make a good wayside repair to a burst tyre: that is, after repairing the outer cover by means of

Cheltenham Athletic Sports, Easter Monday.





1. Scholars' 120 Yards Race.
2. The Mile Flat Race.
3. Half-mile Bicycle Handicap (Open), which ended in a dead heat.
4. Minton and Bosworth running off the Dead Heat

Photos by C. B. Joyner, Cheltenham.

a supporting layer of canvas in the usual way, repair the air tube, and then inflate the air tube to the normal size it would be inside the cover, take a length of prepared canvas, of which every motor-cyclist should carry a roll, and wrap this carefully, solutioned side downwards, three or four-fold, round the injured portion of the tube. This method of repair will be found effectively to prevent a repetition of the burst, and the tyre will carry the motor cyclist hundreds of miles, if necessary.

ADVICE TO MOTORISTS.

Every motorist should, if at all practicable, join a club. However well read he may be in motor knowledge, the motorist should not rely solely on knowledge obtained from motor manuals or journals. Much more can be learned in a few minutes' conversation with fellow motorists, re carburetters, sparking plugs, and other mysteries of the motor, than can be learned from weeks of study. Not only does joining a club benefit the member individually, it also furthers the pastime of motoring generally, and I contend that every motorist worthy of the name should do all in his power to further the automobile movement in England. He can best do this by either joining or supporting the Automobile Club in his county.

MOTOR CYCLE RACING.

As motor-cycle races are shortly to be run in Cheltenham, it may be news to some interested in the sport that permits have to be obtained by the promoters of the races and also the riders in the same from the Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland. Motor-cycle racing men must register with the club, a fee of 5s. being charged; and any racing man competing without registration will be disqualified, and any sports promoter omitting a competitor's number from the programme will be refused future permits, while competition against unregistered men will disqualify. Forms, etc., can be obtained from the Secretary of the Automobile Club.

GORDON-BENNETT RACE.

To-day (Saturday) the eliminating race will take place between British cars for the honour of representing England in the famous Gordon-Bennett race to be run in Ireland. Cars entering include the well-known Napier and Star cars.

CLUB DOINGS.

The Cheltenham and Gloucestershire Automobile Club held its third "meet" at Evesham on April 19th. The next meet will take place on Wednesday, April 29th, at Pershore, at 4 o'clock p.m. The journey home will be made via Tewkesbury, allowing any members not being able to attend in the afternoon to meet there at 7.30 p.m. I should like to repeat here that the Club will be pleased to welcome visitors to its "meets" provided they come on motor-propelled vehicles.

The Rev. G. Bayfield Roberts lectured to the E.C.U. at Bristol on the Church Discipline Bills, and strongly objected to them as an attempt by the State to legislate in spiritual matters.

OUR COSTLY TELEGRAPHS.

Sir J. Henniker Heaton writes to the "Times" urging that Mr. Yerkes, or the chairman of the National Telephone Company, or some other competent person, should be appointed to reorganise the Telegraph Department of the Post-office. The Postmaster-General, he says, has been advised to refuse a committee to inquire into the annual loss of nearly a million sterling on our telegraphs, because "the reasons for the loss are well known; so well that some years ago two shrewd business magnates, the late Sir John Pender and Sir Julian Goldsmid, offered to take over and improve the service and pay a handsome royalty to the Government. Sir J. H. Heaton also gives some figures from the Postmaster-General's report for last year:—Annual expenditure, in shillings, on Telegraph Department, 90,000,000; number of telegrams despatched, 90,000,000; average cost of each message, 1s.; average amount received for each inland telegram, 7½d.; average loss on each inland telegram, 4½d.; total telegraph revenue, in shillings, 70,000,000. In the revenue, he says, is included £150,000 royalties from the National Telephone Company, and the profits on the telephone to Paris, although these are not mentioned.

"The Royal Magazine" is nothing if not varied in its contents, and amongst its best general articles are "The Humours of Burglary," "Table Cricket" (showing "W.G." batting), "From the Stalls," and a serial story "The Wonderful Wooing of Wo." The illustrations are very good, especially the reproductions of artistic photographs.

"Selina Jenkins Letters."

SELINA JENKINS ON "GOLF."

As I promised you last week, I 'ereby gives you my egsperiunces on the "goffing" field, viz., that is to say, on Cleeve 'Ill Goff Lynx.

My interoduction to the amoosement by that name come about jest like this: As you must know, I've been spending a few days and a lot of money on Cleeve 'Ill, taking the fresh air, as is considered to be so good so Badden-Badden, or Carlsbad, or anythink else that's bad enuff to cause people to call it Curse-all; wich I will say they knows 'ow to charge a body on the 'ill, everythink being extrys at the departments where I be staying, and I shouldn't be sprprised if they didn't soon put dowr a extry fee in the bill soon for the buds bursting—so much a burst, or for the birds warbling—so much a warb; as costs so much as going on the Continong, so I should think, altho' I never 'aven't been there, not meself, but the curate wich 'as a cup of tea with me every other Tuesday afternoon tells me they be a downrite bad lot, as egsplines why so many cities and towns is called "bad," as I were a-sayin'. 'Owsomdever, I were hup over the 'ill top one morning with Alec and John 'Enry, being my two young nephews, and nice young bundles they are, two, that I will say, so full of mischief as a hegg's full of meat; so we comes across a sort of a little square piece of green grass, as smooth as smooth, with nothink on it but a sort of a little 'ole in the middle and a notice saying "NO PLAYING ALLOWED OFF THIS GREEN," as we considered to be very obligin', that it were, since nobody but a born hidiot would want to play anywhere else with such a lovely little bit of green swored all ready to 'and. So me and the boys 'ad a rare good game at tag, as were a'most like old times, and I thought I should 'ave died a-laffin'; afterwards, when I 'adn't got no more breath for tag, Alec and John 'Enry got a lot of little stones and filled up the hole and played Boers and British with a white flag as somebody 'ad left stood in it, when all of a suddint hup come two warriors in red coats, with a sort of cigar-case thing full of great sticks and clubs borne after them by a small boy, and really the look on their faces was onpossible to describe with a fountain-pen when they spied hus; one of 'em just went as red as 'is millingtary coat, and spluttered out sich a volley of strong langwidge as very near swept me off me feet, and he seemed that angry, all about nothink, you can't think! So I hups and I says, "Begging yer parding, Kurnel, would you oblige by repeating them few remarks without the adverbs, as isn't fit for a lady's company, not to speak of these 2 yung and innocent youths as I 'ave with me, their names being Alec James and John 'Enery Gaskings respectably!"

So 'e turns round on me like a runaway motor-car, and countermands me rite and left for 'aving trod all over one of their spesshul 18 carrot quality goff greens, as 'e did call this 'ere bit of grass, not to mention 'aving filled up the 'ole with stones and ripped the flag hoff the stick. So I points hout that there notice wich said, "No playing allowed off this green," wich it turned out that it meant none of the millingtary red-coaters was submitted to knock goff balls off there until the grass 'ad grown a bit, 'aving to be saved up for 'Is Most Gracious 'Ighness Mr. Balfour, who was expected down the next day. "Lor'! you don't say?" says I; "and who'd 'ave thought it? It seems as if I've been and hupset all the government of the Hempire by my misunderstanding the board, or wot's rote on it. I'm sure I'm very sorry, wich Alec and John 'Enery shall pick all them stones out of the 'ole, and I've got a bit of linen rag as I'll make it my business to tack on to that there flag-stick again; but perhaps you would be so good as to tell me 'ow goff's did, and then I shan't make no mistakes no more."

So me and the 2 gents we got fair and affable, and they told me a lot about goff; wich I will place under a 'eading, seeing as 'ow it fills hup and looks nicer and more 'igh-class.

GOFF.

Goff consists of 'itting a ball with a stick, and saying things. It can only be played in knickerbockers, a red coat, gaiters, and a cap drawn over the eyes, by the male sects. There was once a man who tried to play in trousers, so they say, but gave it hup and died of a happileptic fit at the 3rd hole. The way to start off a goff contest is to stand on the first green and wait for the party in front to clear out, also the general public, before you lets drive; this is necessary becos if the goff ball 'appens to meet one of the British public the ball isn't 'urt a bit, but the British public is: funerals and compensation are hexpensive items on first-class goff lynx, so I'm told!

There's some as calls goff a game! I don't! Never 'ave I see'd such a serious-lookin' lot of gents as those engaged in this interesting occupation; and being a life-and-death amoosement (for them as gets in the way), it's no wonder they don't smile, perhaps.

So far as I can see, the actual thing that's got to be done by the hoperator is as follows: A little white ball is placed on the ground, and an attempt is made to give it such a bang with a kind of brass 'andled walking-stick as to send it "over the 'ills and far away," as the sayin' is, into a 'ole in another bit of a green wich is out of site. The one who gets 'is ball into the 'ole first wins that portion of hoperations; 'owever, I will say I should consider it would be a site more easy to carry the ball hup and put it into the 'ole than to try and smack it there with a brass-bound walking-stick.

When you 'its the ball 'ard it is called a drive; when you don't 'it the ball at all, but tears up a lot of turf it's called a ——. I knows it's called a drive, becos one of the gents as I were interviewing on the subjec' said 'e once drove over 200 yards, and me, not knowing, like a silly as I were, said, "Well, I don't know but wot I could beat that, sir, 'aving drove to Birdlip in a brake with a Mothers' Meeting party more'n once, as is considered to be over 10 miles there and back," as made that there gent rore with laffing like anythink.

The little boys wich carries the clubs, etcettery, is to be 'ad at so much a 'our, and is called "caddies" because they 'old the "tee" clubs! They're generally considered to be very sharp boys for their size, and manages to lose a good many goff balls every day (and to find them again afterwards in order to make a bit of money by the proceeds of the sales thereof).

I 'eard of one boy, who was discovered with a ball in 'is pocket, and were taxed with 'aving lost (and found) it, as said 'e didn't know 'ow it come there, as it must 'ave been drove there by s me gentleman without 'is 'aving noticed it, 'e being so absorbed in the game! Nice sharp boys, they be! They won't 'urt, you see!

Goff is a sort of thing like the drink: when once it gets a 'old of you, you can't leave it off; even Sundays, when they ought to be to church, there's a lot of them up on the 'ill, a-goffin' away like old boots. As for goff talk; well, I used to think Mary Ann Tomkins could chatter so much in a short time about nothink at all as anyone I ever come acrost, but talk about Mary Ann Tomkins, they goff gentlemen at my departments was a fair terror; everythink was "drives," and "mashies," and "Silvertown," and "bunkers," as were a reg'lar nitemare to me, and every place they'd ever been to was sized up in 2 divisions: places with a goff lynx and places without; whiles all the people in the world was just of no consekence, 'ceps they as played goff.

We 'ad goff anecdotes, and goff reminissus, and kalkelations 'ow far a ball would go if drove in a certain way, until I were fair sick; and if I mite be so bold as to say somethink about it, I should remark as "clubs" was trumps there. 'Owever, I'm very thankful as I've been delivered from the 'orrible 'abit of goff playin'; wich there ought to be a association formed to contract the great and growin' evil of goff, as invades our 'ills, 'its us in the back with Silvertown balls, and then talks us very nigh out of our censuses with a lot of gibberish as no sane body can make top nor tail of.

SELINA JENKINS.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

"What we have said we've said" is evidently a guiding principle of the "Echo," which is quite able to live up to it. Its readers expect exclusive items of local news of all sorts and get them regularly. I do not remember reading in its columns a more speedy and complete vindication of "intelligent anticipation of events" than the Suffragan Bishop of Thetford episode. On April 15th it was first in the local field of journalism with the announcement that the Ven. Archdeacon Bowers had been appointed to the suffraganship and the rectory of North Creake, in succession to the Right Rev. Dr. Arthur T. Lloyd. Next day came the dementi, but the blessed word "unauthorised" that was used (well understood by experienced pressmen) did not dispose of the rumour in the "Echo's lynx eyes. And on the following day came the official announcement confirming its statement.

For one reason I am very sorry the news proved true, because it will necessitate the removal of Archdeacon Bowers from this diocese, in which he has labourer so energetically and well for nearly 21 years. Still, I am glad that his work and great merits have been so practically recognised, and that he is going on the road to what I believe is his greater advancement. I have watched his career for some years now and I shall not cease to take an interest in his future, as I have no doubt many of his friends in this county will also do. I regard him as a good specimen of muscular Christianity and as made of the right stuff for a bishop. It is strange that he will only have delivered one Charge as Archdeacon (and that last year), for the citation this year is merely addressed to the churchwardens and sidesmen, requesting them to attend on certain days at various centres in order to be admitted to office by the Archdeacon, acting as the Bishop's commissary. His lordship will himself deliver the Charge to the clergy next October. Referring to the Charge of last year, I remember I stated that I verily believed that the Archdeacon would faithfully strive to carry out his declared wish "to support in every way all the different interests which will make our Mother Church a praise in the earth." And certainly, as rector, archdeacon, suffragan (assistant) bishop in the diocese of Norwich the right rev. gentleman will have greater scope for his energies and work.

As soon as Lent was over and Easter Day had passed persons matrimonially fixed made haste to fulfil their engagements, and the paucity of announcements of marriages in the newspapers during the close season therefore gave place to quite an array of these interesting items. There is much truth in this statement by a London registrar on Saturday:—"It has been a common saying among us, that the war took away so many of the marrying men. It caused weddings to be postponed, and brought about something like a slump in the marriage market. This Easter—Easter being perhaps the favourite time in all the year for marriages—comes along with a boom to make up for lost time." The columns of the "Echo" and "Chronicle" have certainly recorded in detail a fair number of the more fashionable events. Cheltenham has during the past fortnight furnished at least three weddings in which the bridegrooms were military men on active service. And the marriage, too, in London last Tuesday of Mr. Darell, the son and heir of Sir Lionel Darell, the popular baronet of Fretherne Court, is further gratifying evidence that now the piping times of peace have come sons of Mars are availing themselves of marrying on the strength of their regiments. And one wedding out of the ordinary run was that, at St. George's, Hanover-square, of a lady in business in London (the daughter of a Gloucester citizen) to a gentleman who passes as "Sir" although the Heralds' College have not admitted his title.

GLEANER.

CHRISTIAN SOCIALISM.

TALK FOR A QUIET HOUR.

BY SILAS K. HOCKING.

Glancing down the pages of a religious newspaper the other day, I fell across two sentences which at once arrested my attention. The first was by Mr. Mark Guy Pearse, the well-known Wesleyan minister and author; and the other by Mr. R. J. Campbell, the successor of Dr. Parker at the City Temple. The sentence I quote from Mr. Pearse was in a speech he delivered at City-road Chapel, London, on "Christian Socialism," and after remarking that, "if every seat in London churches and chapels were occupied, a population equal to that of Leeds, Birmingham, Bradford, Bristol, Manchester, and Liverpool would be unprovided for, he went on to say that "he much feared that the coming brotherhood of men would be outside the Churches." The sentence I quote from Mr. Campbell occurs in a reply to a correspondent. He expressed himself as being of the opinion that a great spiritual awakening was not far off, though it might come in a different way from what many people thought. "It can hardly be expected from revivalistic methods," he says, "and its beginnings may not be with any of our organised religions."

These two sentences from representative men belonging to different religious denominations are not without their significance. Mr. Pearse is no longer a young man, and so may not be as buoyantly optimistic as he was in his younger days. But Mr. Campbell is still almost in the heyday of his youth, and if a man does not feel buoyant and optimistic and enthusiastic in his young days it is scarcely likely he will feel particularly so as he grows old. Both men, however, appear more or less to have lost faith in what we term, for want of a more convenient phrase, organised Christianity. As a matter of fact, there is a growing feeling in the country, and, indeed, throughout the Christian world, that Christianity, as expressed in the organised forms which obtain to-day, falls very far short of the ideal enunciated by Christ and His apostles. Christianity means the brotherhood of man. That is not the whole of Christianity, of course, but it is a very considerable fragment of it. It was the first note in the song of the angels that heralded the birth of Christ. It has remained all down the centuries, in theory at least, the dominant note of Christian teaching. Eliminate the idea of the brotherhood of man, and Christianity falls to pieces, or it becomes something totally different from that which Christ represented it to be.

It is very evident, however, from the whole tenor of Mr. Mark Guy Pearse's remarks, that he fears the Churches are not working towards that ideal. Indeed, Churchism or Ecclesiasticism, as we see it to-day, works in the direction of parochialism and cliqueism. It makes for caste and coteries and orders. Instead of tending toward solidarity it divides. It sets sect against sect, order against order, and each sect fights for its own hand and strives for its own advantage. Nothing is more evident in the present educational conflict than this. Any attempt to provide a thoroughly national system of education is at once frustrated, and by what? By the Church. So that Christianity, instead of being a unifying force, as it was intended to be, represented as it is by the various religious organisations, becomes a disintegrating force, instead of making for brotherhood it makes for strife. Instead of uniting men in a common aim, a common purpose, a common ambition—the welfare of men and the glory of God—it is made to produce a precisely opposite effect.

Hence the idea of the brotherhood of man appears to be as far off to-day as ever it was from its realisation. In this country the Free Churches and the Episcopalians are more sharply divided to-day than they were half a century ago. The strife between capital and labour becomes more and more embittered. A Christian of the type of Lord Penrhyn is determined to force his less fortunate brethren into submission. The gulf between the rich and the poor, instead of being closed, is being widened. The West End grows more luxurious and profligate, the East End more destitute and despairing. We repeat the prayer, "Our Father, Who art in heaven," every day of our lives, but it is to be feared that very few believe either in the Fatherhood of God or in the brotherhood of man. The rich grind down the faces of the poor, the strong exploit the weak, the wise turn to their own advantage the ignorance of the simple, the white man regards the black man not as a brother but as an alien—a creature to be worked for a very small wage so that he may grow rich out of his labour. When we come to think of the matter carefully and seriously, it is a terrible reflection on organised Christianity that after nineteen hundred years we seem no nearer the realisation of the ideal of Christ than at the start.

Mr. Mark Guy Pearse believes that the brotherhood of man will come, but that it will come from outside the Churches; that the Christian ideal is being developed, but not by those who are set apart to develop it, not by the organisations whose very existence is intended to contribute to that end, the *raison d'être* for whose existence disappears unless that end is laboured for. Well, if, as Mr. Pearse thinks, the coming of the brotherhood of men will be from outside the churches, it will only be in harmony with the past history of the Church. Slavery, for instance, was not abolished by what may be called organised Christianity. Ecclesiasticism defended slavery almost to the last. The anti-slavery movement did not grow up inside the Church, but outside the Church. The Church defended the slave-owners as it defends the capitalist and the brewer and the sweater to-day. So again with the great temperance organisations. If religion stands for anything it stands for temperance, but the Church as a Church is not a temperance organisation. Churches are being built and endowed by money wrung from the blood and tears of wrecked and ruined humanity. So, again, with the efforts to put an end to war. The various Peace Societies have grown up, not inside the Church but outside. In time of strife the Church may always be depended upon to beat the war-drum as loudly as any. So it follows that myriads of people, whilst they hold fast their faith in Christ and in Christianity, have lost faith in the Churches, and do not believe that organised Christianity will ever accomplish much that will be of real benefit to the human race.

Mr. Campbell is not so practical a man as Mr. Mark Guy Pearse. He looks at the spiritual side of religion rather than its ethical. He is by training and by temperament a mystic. I do not say that he is less practical on that account. Mr. Campbell believes, no doubt, that if we had a great spiritual revival an ethical revival would follow, or would be part and parcel of the same movement. Mr. Campbell is not so much concerned for the moment about Christian Socialism as he is about the spiritual development of the soul—in other words, he is more concerned about the spiritual side of religion than about the social side. That such a great spiritual awakening is coming he has no doubt. His only doubt is that it may not come, like the brotherhood of men, from inside the Church, but from the outside.

This is certainly a very significant admission to make. If the beginning of this movement may be "outside our organised religions," then the claim of the Church to be the only Divinely-appointed method of communication between the soul of the individual and its Creator falls to the ground. For myself, I have always believed that this talk about a Divinely-appointed priesthood, a Divinely-appointed Church, a Divinely-organised community, a Divinely-arranged channel or telegraph wire by which the heavenly influences could alone be sent to earth, is mischievous to the last degree, and is entirely opposed to the whole tenor and teaching of Jesus and His disciples.

Wireless telegraphy may, after all, have new applications. It has been the boast of the Church that it possessed the only cable by which the Divine messages could come, the Divine influences descend. It has made much of its prescriptive right over the use of this cable. It may turn out after all that the cable is not at all necessary, that the influences may descend through the heavenly spaces independently of this orthodox method of communication. For my own part, I care not where this spiritual revival begins, so long as it does begin. I care not how the brotherhood of men is brought about—whether by the organised power of religion or by influences and agencies working outside the Churches—so long as it is realised. The Churches have done a great work in the past; they will do a yet greater work when they understand that the world does not exist for them, but they for the world.

DINNER IN AN EGGSHELL.

The equestrian dinner recently held by Mr. C. K. G. Billings now has its pendant in a luncheon given to thirty-five of her feminine friends by Mrs. Arthur B. Proal, writes a correspondent from New York. The guests sat within an egg, which towered to the ceiling of Sherry's ballroom, and reached nearly to the outer walls. Outside of the shell was a farm, where live chickens, ducks, and geese clucked, quacked, and hissed, where rabbits hopped, and the original agneau de printemps bleated as though he were in pastures green. Pigs and lambs and guinea-pigs roamed at will about the bucolic foreground. Around the walls of the ballroom were scenes representing fields and pastures, where brooks, bridged by rustic spans, flowed through a land of sunshine. Farmhouses and barns were in the distance, and far away were windmills and sheds and hayricks. In the centre of this landscape was the egg, which was in itself a vindication of the reputation of the cheerful Sindbad who told of the great roc. Architecturally, this egg was unique. Even in the confines of the ballroom it looked remarkably like the real article. The colour of the shell was creamy white, and the form of the ovoid was geometrically perfect. The shell was fashioned on a skeleton of light timber bent to the shape required, and the supports were decorated with green leaves. The table was a perfect oval. It was hollowed in the centre, and within the hollow part were floral decorations which represented the white and yellow of the egg. Daffodils and jonquils formed the yolk, and the outer fringe of white was made up of lilies and candytuft, and flowers such as one might see on country hedges. Mrs. Proal sat at the point of the table, and her guests all round it. A band of negro musicians, seated on plank benches outside the dining-room of the shell, sang plantation melodies. Another surprise came with the first course, for the waiters were clad as farm-hands, in coloured shirts and overalls, and on their heads some of them had wisps of straw. Handsome souvenirs were distributed.

TARRING AND OILING OF ROADS.

During the recent automibile fetes in the South of France there was a special meeting of the Automobile Club of Nice to discuss the merits of the tarring and oiling of the roads. Several members of the club inspected the roads which in September last year had been covered in one place with petroleum and in another wit' 'ar. All signs of the petroleum have disappeared, but the tarred section is still in excellent condition, and, with the authorisation of the Prince of Monaco, it has been decided that this summer all the streets and roads of the principality are to be tarred. Dust and mud will then be a thing of the past in this locality. Baron de Zuylen, president of the Automibile Club de France, has decided, after seeing the good results obtained, on having several roads in the vicinity of Paris covered in the same way. The cost of this system is comparatively small, being about eight centimes, or less than a penny, per square metre, and if it could be adopted all along the Riviera this would be a great boon.

POLICE!

Nine more constables are to be added to the Cheltenham Police Force to supply the want felt on Battledown and other parts of the town.

The Mayor stated at the last Council Meeting that he rarely met a policeman on Battledown.

Drawn by Wilson Fenning, Cheltenham.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOL FETISH.

This subject is dealt with by Mr. R. C. Lehmann in a most interesting contribution to the May number of the "Pall Mall Magazine":—I am not prepared to deny—indeed, I am prepared to admit with a hearty sincerity—that our English school system may produce in the end an admirable type of man. At the same time I believe that this man is barely half instructed, that his mental equipment is defective, and that if he is in after life brought up against a boy trained on the American plan he will be forced to acknowledge his inferiority. I admire the manliness and honour, the great lessons of character, that our boys acquire, but I venture to think that they could have these and yet be able to face the struggle of life with a better and more complete preparation. I know that character is a great thing, and that conduct, as Matthew Arnold said, is three parts of life, but I am convinced that, if we paid more heed to instruction and knowledge, and less to petty convention and the premature acquirement of tone, we should still produce a type of youth that we could safely match against the whole world. If we go on in our present system we shall be distanced, because our youngsters, the men of the coming generation, are ignorant, while the youngsters of other nations are instructed.

EARLS WITHOUT KNOWING IT.

Many of us, says the "Daily Chronicle," would be startled to be told to-morrow that we were earls, all unconscious of our greatness, but that was the experience of one of the ancestors of the aged Earl of Devon, who is lying seriously ill at Powderham Castle. For hundreds of years the heads of his house were earls without knowing it. So innocent of their claim to one of the noblest coronets were the Courtneys that they accepted baronetcies and viscountcies, and were proud of them It was not until after the earldom had been forgotten and lost in nearly three centuries of oblivion that a lawyer, happening to come across the patent among some old records, found that there were missing the two words "de corpore" usually inserted in patents. Some careless clerk, perhaps in Queen Mary's reign, had forgotten the words, little guessing to what this chance might lead when he had been hundreds of years in his grave. The absence of the words meant that the earldom could be inherited by collateral heirs, and the discovery came in the nick of time. The last of the viscounts was to die childless, but he was able to pass on the earldom to his cousin.

As compensation for the loss of an eye during his work a Denaby miner has been awarded 1d. a week.

BOER WOMEN'S TRIBUTE TO THE BRITISH SOLDIER.

A friend who has just been to a meeting of soldiers in a Soldiers' Institute tells a London correspondent that on entering he was struck by the appearance of a non-English looking group of women and children. They were Boers, and the women had brought their children to England for an English education. One of them prided herself that her husband had been Cronje's baker, and naively owned that he had earned more money as a prisoner among the English since the surrender of Paardeberg than before, and on his release he had the wherewithal for this education trip. The explanation of their appearance in the midst of a hall full of soldiers is a tribute to the life of "Tommy Atkins" as they had seen him on the veldt and in the concentration camps. They knew little of English hotels, but had heard of English Soldiers' Homes, and on landing they had made their way to the nearest, where they were perfectly comfortable, and when the meeting was closed with the National Anthem none sang more heartily "God Save Our Gracious King" than our whilom women foes of South Africa.

Little Driffield (Yorks) parish council spent only 9s. 6d. last year, and 5s. of that was for the audit stamp.

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