

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 122

SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1903.

POETRY.

MEMORIES.

THE sweet Spring flowers! I can see them yet,
The primrose pale, the violet,
And the golden, nodding daffodil—
Through a mist of years I can see them still!
And I was the blithest and happiest maid,
As over the meadow-lands I stray'd;
My hands were laden with blossoms bright,
My heart as a singing-bird's was light,
And never a sorrow marred my way,
For the world is fair when the time is May!

In the Summer of life the roses sweet
Scattered their petals beneath my feet!
I plucked the blossoms in clusters fair
To grace my bosom and deck my hair,
And I heeded not, as I gathered them,
The thorns that grew upon every stem;
For their sting to me was a trouble small—
One beautiful rose was worth it all.
I took them together, the joy and the pain,
And found that the sunshine outweighed the rain!

Anon, as the time passed on, I saw
The ruddy tint on the hip and haw;
The dahlias bloomed in the garden-beds,
The sunflowers lifted their heavy heads,
And the foliage deepened to golden brown
Till the yellow leaves came fluttering down.
And then, with the Autumn's wondrous store,
A peace I had never known before,
A mellow love, a joy divine,
Crept into this happy life of mine!

Then the Winter came, and the snow fell fast,
And my sunny hair turned white at last;
But what does it matter if locks grow gray
So long as one's heart still lives in May?
And now, as I sit and dream like this,
I feel on my cheek Spring's warm, young kiss:
And two little hands, so lovingly,
Have gathered the year's first flowers for me.
How sweet is the merry voice I hear—
"I've brought you some snowdrops, Granny,
dear!"

CONSTANCE M. LOWE, in the May "Leisure Hour."

A characteristic story of the late Dr. Westcott, Bishop of Durham, is told in the recently-published *Life*, written by his son, who speaks of his father's extraordinary powers of realising the Communion of Saints. "It was his delight," he says, referring to his Peterborough days, "to be alone at night in the great cathedral, for there he could meditate and pray in full sympathy with all that was good and great in the past. I have been with him there on a moonlight evening when the vast building was haunted with strange lights and shades, and the ticking of the great clock sounded like some giant's footsteps in the deep silence. Once, a daughter, in later years, met him returning from one of his customary meditations in the solitary darkness of the chapel at Auckland Castle, and said of him, 'I expect you do not feel alone?' 'Oh, no, he said, 'It is full.'"

A new dance has been invented in America, known as the automobile dance. No particulars are given as to the step, but it certainly leads one to suspect that it is probably some sort of "breakdown."

PRIZE PHOTOGRAPHY.

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

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

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

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

The winner of the 120th competition is Mr. Fred Welch, of 15 Clarence-street, Cheltenham, with his football photos.

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 winner of the 31st competition is Mr. J. A. Probert, of 8 Brighton-road, with his drawing of Sudeley Castle.

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 thirteenth competition is Miss P. A. Barclay, of The Limes, Painswick-road, Cheltenham, for her report of a sermon on the Resurrection by a Cheltenham vicar, who desires his name not to appear.

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.

It is stated that Mr. John Grant, who was many years with the Right Hon. Sir Michael Hicks Beach, at the Manor House, Cohn St. Aldwyns, has come into a considerable fortune through the death of an uncle in Australia, a large sheep farmer, who left Scotland in the early forties.

THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE, CHELTENHAM

To-day at 2 30 and 7 45.

Mr. R. Carton's Masterpiece,
"LIBERTY HALL."

Next Week: Special Attraction, Miss Julia Neilson, etc., in

"SWEET NELL OF OLD DRURY."

Exhibition of Etchings, Drawings and Publications by Edward J. Burrow, and Ladies' College Pupils, etc., at the Fine Art Society's Rooms, 386, High Street, May 20, 21, 22.

To be opened by the Mayor of Cheltenham, at 3 p.m., on Wednesday, May 20.

THE O'CONNOR DON.

The O'Connor Don, who played a leading part at the Landowners' Convention in Dublin in connection with the Land Bill, represented that very small remnant of the descendants of the old Irish chieftains who have maintained a footing in Ireland. Of the O'Connor Don's descent from kings there can be no doubt at all. He is the direct descendant of the Kings of Connaught, and the O'Connors were the most powerful family in Ireland in the reign of Henry II. "Don" in the title means "Noble" or "Chief." The present holder of the title sat in Parliament as a Liberal from 1860 to 1880. He is an Irish Privy Councillor and a power in his own land. Besides the O'Connor Don there are very few Irishmen now entitled to use the prefix "The" as the sign of chieftainship. The small number was reduced by one when the O'Gorman Mahon died—the last of his race. The O'Clery, who sat in Parliament for Wexford, the O'Grady, the O'Donovan, the O'Donoghue of the Glens, the MacGillcuddy of the Reeks, the O'Kelly, the MacDermott—a famous Irish lawyer—would appear to exhaust the list.

What are believed to be the remains of an ancient British church prior to the time of Augustine have been unearthed at Caerwent, Monmouth.

The King has appointed a commission, of which the Prince of Wales will be president, in connection with the approaching exhibition at St. Louis.

Through England in Rags.

AN AMATEUR VAGRANT'S
EXPERIENCES OF ROAD LIFE.

DANGERS AND DELIGHTS OF BEGGING

WEAKNESSES WHICH ARE TRADED
UPON.

Begging has its little-known fascinations no less than its more or less obvious humiliations and dangers. One of its charms is the charm of the unexpected, or, as a roadster would say, that "you never know your luck." Dramatic surprises, unlooked-for windfalls, delightful glimpses of human nature are common; indeed, an old vagrant has become so accustomed to being the plaything of chance that he is not easily moved by its vagaries. On several occasions, however, I saw men considerably staggered by a "sweet contingency."

At Halifax, for instance, I met a man who was munching at something in a paper. He had, he said, just been nearly knocked down." He was turning away in disgust from some houses at which he had begged fruitlessly, when a gentleman—"a real toff," was his description: "a silk hat, frock coat, gloves, gaiters"—came up to him, jerked a parcel out of his coat tail pocket, and, without saying a word, put it into his hand. The tramp tore open the paper and disclosed to view—a pig's foot.

Of an equally extraordinary nature was a gift once received by a fellow with whom I tramped out of Brighton. He had a very keen sense of humour, and he related one experience of his in particular in an inimitable way. While walking down Oxford-street, in London, a short time previously he had pulled up an elaborately-dressed individual with:

"Could you spare half a pipe o' 'bacca, sir?"

Imagine his feelings when the stylish-looking man confessed that he himself was smoking what he called "Regent Park twist"—that is, cigar ends—and presently explained that his position compelled him to spend so much on dress that he could not afford to buy tobacco!

The gift I have mentioned, however, was a bundle which a woman placed in his arms while he was in London. On opening it he found that it contained some hundreds of cigar ends. This good Samaritan, he was told at the "doss-house" where he lived, is a cleaner at one of the West End theatres, and she is in the habit of gathering such refuse and of giving it away to anybody whom she may meet.

Another man told me of a delightful experience at Leamington. A clergyman stopped him while he was selling laces in that town, and, after asking him a few questions, sent him to the superintendent of police, who in turn directed him to go to a confectioner's in a certain street. There an excellent supper was placed before him, after which he enjoyed the luxury of a night's rest in a bedroom such as he had never dreamed of. In the morning, after he had been given a substantial breakfast, he was sent away. For some time all this was a mystery to him; but at length he discovered that he had enjoyed the benefits of a private charity—a system of relief which is in operation during severe winters only, and which is kept so quiet that very few tramps know of it.

I myself might have had a little windfall if—It was at Northampton. Three of us, dirty, dusty, and weary, were resting on a public seat. An old woman passing by stopped dead in front of us.

"Heaven bless you, my boys!" said she with faltering pathos. "If I'd got any money—I was a lady once—I'd give you a few shillings. Good-bye."

She turned away, and I followed her with my eyes till she was swallowed up in the crowd.

Playing on the weaknesses of human nature constitutes another of the delights of begging. Sheer, unadulterated impudence will, beyond all doubt, sometimes succeed when

other tactics would fail. A remarkable instance in point—and it is a fact, incredible as it may seem—occurred at Earnsley.

A man went into a pork-butcher's shop to beg, while his companion stood just outside the doorway. The tradesman wrapped him up a comestible known as a "duck" or fag-got, leaving one other stuck alone in the corner of the tin.

"Is it worth while letting that stop there?" the "moucher" (beggar) asked. "I know you'll think I've got a face, but you might as well give us that one, too."

The butcher hesitated, but eventually he put both the "ducks" in paper. Ten minutes afterwards the man who had stood outside walked into the shop.

"My mate," he observed gravely, "says he can't eat 'ducks' without bread, and he wants to know if you'll give him a roll. I wouldn't ask for myself."

For a few moments the butcher was speechless. "Well, that beats everything!" he at length gasped. "Go on," he added, throwing a roll across the counter; "you deserve one for your cheek."

But, as a rule, beggars must adopt more artistic methods, and vary them according to circumstances. The "tale" that will draw coppers in one quarter has no effect whatever in another. People are as faddish in admiring as in anything else. There is a Doncaster lady who will give any man sixpence, but no woman, young or old, a single farthing; and in the New Forest lives a landlady who, for some unknown reason, relieves only such men as say they have been in the Army.

An expert cadger told me that he was "put on to" this woman by a neighbouring tradesman, who advised him to say he was an ex-soldier. He acted on this advice, and the hostess gave him 2s. Thinking she was mad, he tried to get a pint of beer also, but for this she made him pay. Twelve months later he was in the same district again. Being afraid that the landlady would "granny" or recognise him if he attempted to beg a second time, he told a companion about her, and enjoined him to pass himself off as an old soldier. Strange to relate, this man also received 2s.

Between Lichfield and Burton, too, I came across a travelling tradesman who had just been not a little surprised in a public-house. He walked into this place and asked the landlord whether he would give him a "mouthful of beer."

"No, I won't," was the reply; "but here's a penny towards your lodging-money."

There are also a number of people, whose hearts can only be really touched by some connection, real or imaginary, between a beggar and one whose memory they cherish. For example, a youth of about 19—who himself related the incident to me with much satisfaction—was begging from a Sheffield lady. He told the "tale" with an artistic pathos that would have made a dog weep; but he produced little or no impression on her till, as a crowning effort, he said he was consumptive, when she covered her face, burst into tears, and sobbed:

"My poor boy died of consumption."
"I pulled out my handkerchief, too," the tramp told me. "I couldn't keep my face. If she'd seen me a-laughin' it would have spoiled the thing out and out."

The rest may be imagined. Since that day the number of consumptive tramps who have called on this lady passes all computation.

Now, if an habitual almsgiver has any fad or weak spot, or if he or she will only assist such persons as belong to a particular county or profession, or particular trade or religion, the peculiarity soon becomes generally known among the cadging fraternity. Beggars can also tell you the habits of any such lady or gentleman—the best time to call, and so forth. Hence every cadger knows exactly how to go to work. He calls at the right hour, adopts the right tone, and retires triumphant; and generally his delight is proportionate to the sacredness of the weakness he has played upon.

The humiliations and dangers of begging are few, but not trifling. I met many men whose sense of shame would not allow them to "mouch" in their native town, and several who had been pained by dropping across old

acquaintances. A mechanic, begging at the door of a cottage, was pleading his cause with much earnestness, when a head popped out of the kitchen and a familiar voice said approvingly:

"You tell the 'tale' very well, Jack."

The speaker, who then came forward, had been a shopmate of the travelling tradesman.

As to the dangers of begging, the most serious, next to that of being arrested, arises from dogs, which regard tramps as their special enemies. Ordinarily, they appear to think I am a passably decent sort of fellow; but when I was a wayfarer they would not give me a friendly look even—another proof of the importance of clothes. Dress makes the man; the want of it (and of a shave) the vagrant.

In the yards of innumerable houses on the great trunk roads appears the warning, "Mind the dog," as the legend, "Beware of man-traps and spring guns," stares you in the face on the edge of coppices. Sometimes, indeed, you are cautioned against the animate and inanimate terrors in one breath, while now and again you are awed by this sort of thing: "At night beware of dogs and alarm guns."

A number of these admonitions are mere bogeys to frighten tramps away from a house or wood; but in the majority of cases these cautions have a real and sinister significance. I am sure that in this a vagrant whom I met outside East Grinstead, and who bemoaned with fluency the loss of a portion of his clothing, would agree with me.

If an ordinary tramp is bitten by a dog—and perhaps hardly a day passes without such a thing happening—he has no redress. Whatever damage or injury the animal may cause, the victim cannot obtain any satisfaction, because he is unable to maintain in a court of law that he had any business on the premises where such damage or injury was inflicted. A hawkler is in a different position. His license gives him the right to call at houses, and consequently he can on occasion bring an action against the owner of a dog.

This is one of the reasons why astute beggars take out a license to hawk. The fact is that, armed with that document and provided with a "stock"—if only a dozen pairs of laces, a few packets of needles, or a handful of pencils—they can, and do, practically set the police at defiance. If a constable catches an old hand calling at houses—he can rarely catch him actually in the act of begging at them—what happens? The vagrant produces his license, at the sight of which the officer generally allows him to go his way.

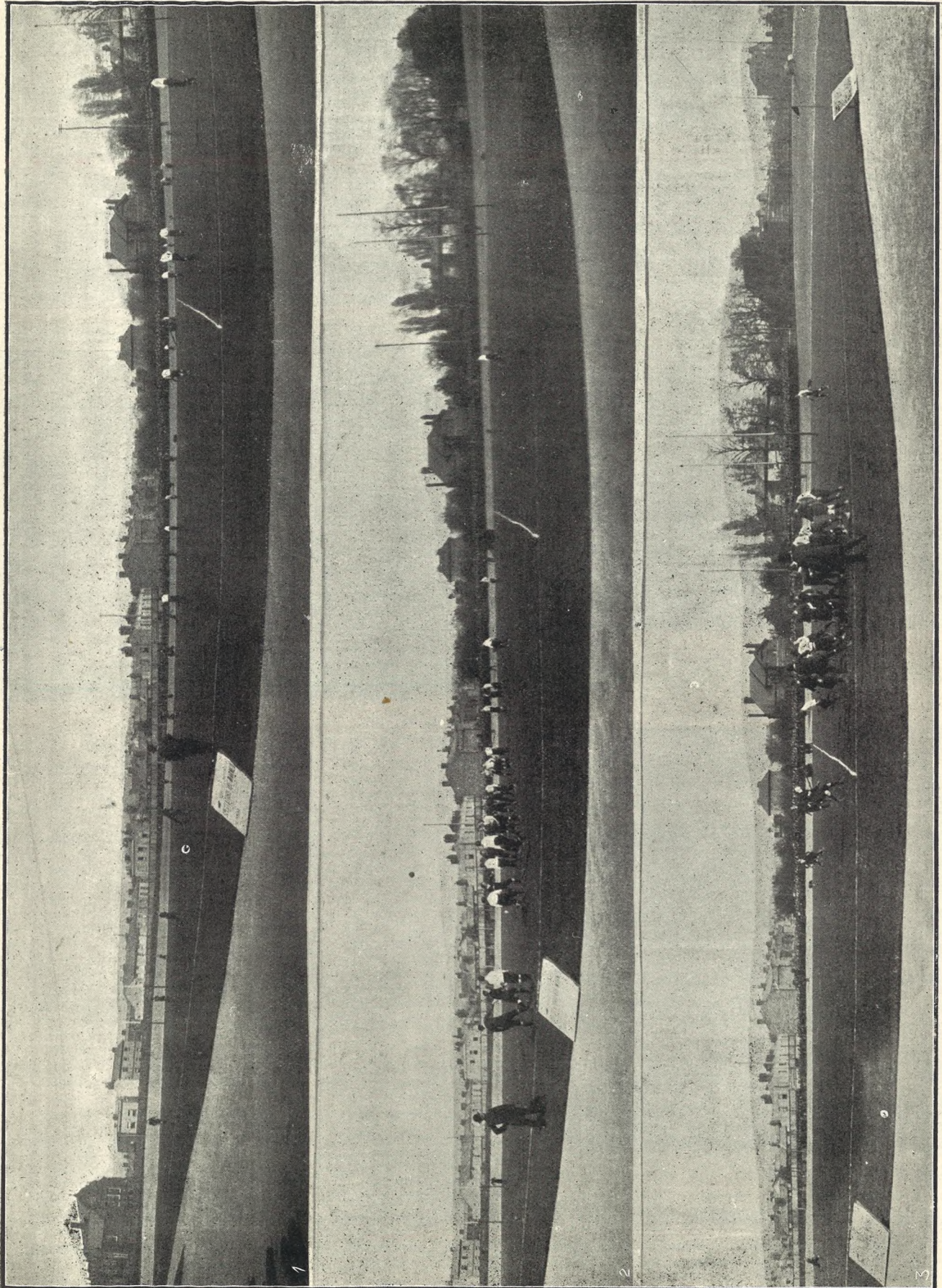
A young and zealous policeman will, however, sometimes insist on seeing the contents of the man's basket. Very well, the hawkler has no objection, only he must be taken to a private place: the law can't make him have his stock turned over in the public streets, and he's going to stick up for his rights as a British subject, if he is only a poor old hawkler. He aims, in fact, at putting the constable to as much trouble as possible, and in the end laughs in his face.

A "stiff" (license) is, therefore, a safeguard against the principal risks of cadging. Without a license these are more than counterbalanced by the delights of one of the most ancient of callings. With one, begging is easy, free from any danger worth mentioning; and, as far as I saw, a fairly satisfactory means of livelihood.

The title of the next subject in this series will be "How Tramps are Made."

JAPANESE BEAUTY.

Beauty appears to be purely geographical. The ideal of Japanese loveliness, as described in an article in the "Neue Freie Presse," is a long, narrow face, with high receding forehead. The hair must be plentiful and silky, jet black, and perfectly smooth and straight. If a Japanese lady has the misfortune to possess curly hair she devotes as much time and trouble to make it smooth as European ladies, with curling tongs and pins, to make theirs curly. Razors and eyebrow pencils are freely used to attain eyebrows receding from the eyes and in the finest lines.



Photos by Fred Welch, 15 Clarence-street, Cheltenham.

FOOTBALL ON CHELTENHAM ATHLETIC GROUND.—Cheltenham v. Stroud, April 18, 1903.

1. The Kick-off.

2. A Line-out at Mid-field.

3. A Good Kick Relieves Pressure on the Stroud Goal.

JUVENILE THEATRICALS AT STOW.



Photo by E. Tooze.

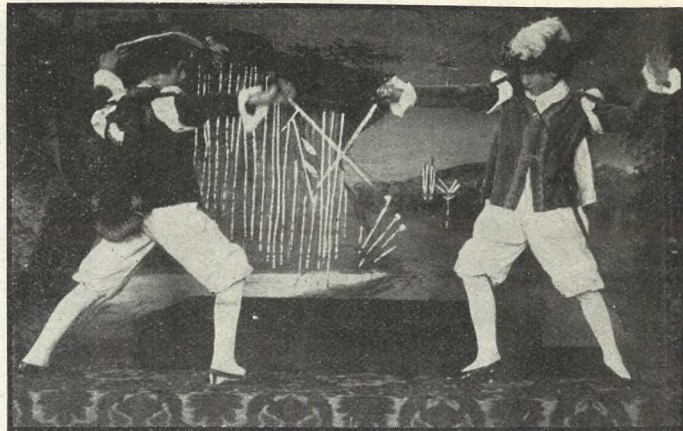


Photo by E. Tooze.



Photo by C. Nichols.



Photo by C. Nichols.

St. Edward's Company (Stow-on-the-Wold) Church Lads' Brigade gave Thackeray's fairy play, "Prince Bulbo, or the Rose & the Ring," at the Town Hall, Stow-on-the-Wold, on Easter Monday and Tuesday. It was a decided success, and many were surprised at the histrionic talent displayed by the boys, who seemed perfectly at home in their parts and appeared to need no prompter. The natural ease and graceful movements shown in some of the leading parts reflected much credit on those concerned, and the various groupings, especially the one where the Court were all assembled to welcome Prince Bulbo's arrival, and their exit at the close of that scene, the rapid and exciting succession of incidents in the warming-pan scene, the issue of the battle on the defeat of the king and the loud acclamations for the conqueror, and the final scene with its sensational finish, all combined to form a series of dramatic and effective tableaux. The Forest scene, with the elves and the wood spirits dancing round the sleeping Princess, and the limelight effects made another very pretty picture. The difficult parts of Prince Giglio, Countess Gruffanuff, King Valerso, Prince Bulbo, and the Princesses Angelica and Rosalba were all well sustained. An excellent Orchestra had been got together by Mr. Ridge Buffery, and their efforts were greatly appreciated. The costumes were quite a feature, and helped considerably to add to the effectiveness of the Entertainment. An amusing Irish farce concluded the bill of fare each night, and the performers in it, needless to say, fairly brought down the house.

The following were the characters in "Prince Bulbo" :—

King Valerose, King of Paflagonia, Guy Brook; Queen Ivana, Queen of Paflagonia, E. Groves; Prince Giglio, Nephew of Valerso, R. E. Hunt; Prince Bulbo, Prince of Crim Tartary, M. C. Clifford; Princess Angelica, Daughter of Valerose, W. Beacham; Princess Rosalba, Rightful Princess of Crim Tartary (known as Betsinda, Maid of

Honour to Princess Angelica), E. Andrews; Baron Glomboso, Lord High Chamberlain, T. Webb; Count Hedzoff, Captain of the King's Body Guard, C. T. Yearp; Count Hansoff, Aide-de-camp to Prince Bulbo, C. Wilson; Countess Gruffanuff, Wife of Jenkins Gruffanuff, W. Harris; Jenkins Gruffanuff, Ex-Court Footman, S. Mosson; Fairy Blackstick, A. Bolt; Courtiers, B. Bolt, F. Webb; Pages, E. Hall, H. Bolt; King's Body Guard, F. Williams, L. R. Clifford, C. Smith, T. C. Smith, E. Clifford, A. Hookham; Elves, G. Hall, A. Thorne, F. Wilson; Spirits of the Air, P. Bolt, M. Clifford, A. Green.

The following took the parts in "Blundering Barney," :—

Barney Blake, W. H. Hunt; Bidy Blake, M. C. Clifford; Mr. Bullfrog, L. T. Campin.

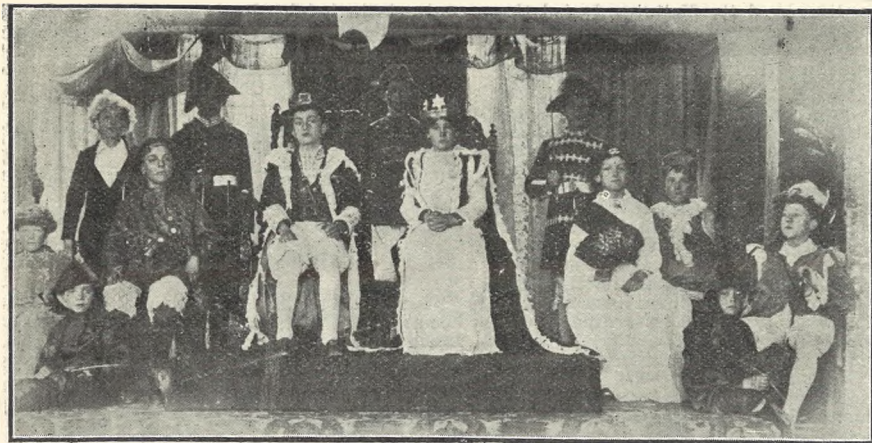


Photo by E. Tooze.



Photo by E. Tooze.



Photo by C. Nichols.

Juvenile Theatricals at Stow.

Continued from Page 4.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

Ring down the curtain on the hunting season 1902-3, for it is now finally finished. It has been of a fair average character, with but brief interference my frost—ten days in December and ten days in January; though a very wet March, which made the ground particularly soft, terminated operations in the vale earlier than usual. We have to deplore one fatal accident, making so far as records are available, only 14 in 27 years. That fatality was the case of Lieut. F. B. Dugdale, V.C., on November 13th, when out with the North Cotswold. There have been nearly a dozen casualties, notably those in December to the "two Charlies," whereby the Cotswold Hounds were without the services of huntsman and first whip at the same time. A gratifying feature of the severance of Mr. Algernon Rushout from the mastership of the Cotswold was the presentation to him by the ladies of the hunt of a silver cup.

Most of the nine packs of foxhounds that cover Gloucestershire have had several runs exceeding two hours in duration. The Croome take the palm with the longest, 3½ hours, on January 26th, when they killed a fox in Elmley Wood, from whence it first started. The Ledbury had a three hours' run on Feb. 16th from the big Highnam woods, and killed their fox at Lassington. This pack established a season's record on March 16th by killing a brace from May Hill and Newent Wood. On one day a plurality of foxes has often been settled, more particularly seven by Lord Fitzhardinge's (chiefly in Redwood); five by the Duke of Beaufort's on December 20th; five by Earl Bathurst's on March 17th,

the first leash being rolled over in Ampney Park in 15 minutes, and two brace on Feb. 17th, one fox of which had taken refuge on the roof of Harnhill Post-office; and the North Cotswold two brace on Feb. 3rd. A notable run by Lord Fitzhardinge's was the one on Jan. 28th of two hours ten minutes, with a kill right under William Tyndale's monument. A special day with the Longford Harriers was February 17th, when they killed three hares round Chosen Hill, each standing up over an hour. This pack, on March 10th, was laid on to a mangy fox Staunton way and had a splendid, but bloodless, run of seven miles in 40 minutes. The Boddington Harriers, which had a satisfactory season, despite the fact that scenting days were not frequent, killed 58 hares in 41 days. The pack had a bit of outside sport one day in February after two deer that had escaped up Kemerton way, and one of the hounds went off "on his own" and killed one of the antlered pair.

The "bags" of most of the packs were in excess of those of the previous season. Thus the Duke of Beaufort's killed 110½ brace of foxes, as against 107; the Croome, 43—40½; North Cotswold, 38½—35½; Earl Bathurst's, 31½—26. Lord Fitzhardinge's were 10 brace short—91, as against 101; the Cotswold accounted for exactly the same number—25 brace; and the Heythrop did well with 51 brace. I calculate that altogether, and assuming that the Ledbury and Mr. Butt Miller's packs kept up their average of kills, nearly 900 foxes were accounted for, or not quite one each for the 917 hounds in the nine packs.

Last year I doubtfully cited the case of Mr. John Peachey, who was elected church-

warden of Chedworth for the fiftieth time, as constituting a local record, but I have since found that he shared this distinction with Mr. J. E. Bennett, of Chaxhill, in so far as the offices of sidesman and churchwarden are concerned. The latter gentleman has just retired after 51 years' continuous service.

Anyone who walks up, with the necessary aid of a stick, Chosen Hill or some other eminence in this county where the golden gorse grows, may be unknowingly using one indigenous to the soil, for I find that the gorse bushes are periodically cut there and the sticks are sold and sent to mills in the Stroud Valley, wherein they are manufactured into capital "walkers." The recent burning of the gorse trimmings on the hills has caused some light to be thrown on the sales of sticks for the purpose mentioned.

GLEANER.

HERBERT SPENCER'S BIRTHDAY.

Mr. Herbert Spencer, apart from whose name English philosophy can never be mentioned, completed on Monday his eighty-third year. He was born at Derby, his father being a schoolmaster and private tutor, and educated by his uncle, the late Rev. Thomas Spencer, at Hinton Charterhouse, near Bath. Mr. Spencer has never sought academic degrees or other titles, and has even had occasion to repudiate them when conferred upon him. He was a civil engineer from 1837 to 1846, and sub-editor of the "Economist" from 1848 to 1853, since when he has been too busy with his writing to undertake other work. "Social Statics," his first considerable work, was published during his sub-editorship. His monumental "Synthetic Philosophy" occupied the years 1860 to 1896.

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CURIOUS TRAITS IN MEN OF GENIUS.

By PROF. CESARE LOMBROSO

(Author of "The Man of Genius," etc.)

If it were wished to shortly sum up the distinguishing traits of the man of genius, it would suffice to say that these are sometimes in excess and sometimes short of the same traits observed in the man of average attainment.

THE GENIUS TALL—AND SHORT.

If, for instance, we begin by noting the height of the man of genius, we are at once struck with the fact, pointed out by Mr. Havlock Ellis, that the great majority of such men are to be found in either of two classes—the tallest and the shortest. On the other hand, among men of average mental attainments, the greater number are of medium height. Thus, in this latter case, 16 per cent. are of low, 16 per cent. of high, and 68 per cent. of medium stature. Turning to men of genius, we find that the percentages are 37 per cent. (low), 41 per cent. (high), and only 22 per cent. (medium).

Examples of short stature combined with genius are Epictetus (who would often say: "Who am I? A little man") among the ancients, and George Eliot and A. C. Swinburne among the moderns. Among great men of tall stature may be mentioned Petrarch, Goethe, and Tennyson.

An equally well defined statement may be made regarding thin and stout men. Kiernan believed he could prove the absence of degeneracy among men of genius by giving a long list of stout notabilities, e.g., Victor Hugo, Renan, Lee, Rossini (who was unable to see his feet), and Balzac (whose waist could hardly be spanned by three people, putting their hands together). He forgot one thing, however—that obesity is itself a sign of degeneracy, and we, in our turn, could furnish no less lengthy a list of very thin geniuses, such, for instance, as Pascal, Kepler, Voltaire (of whom it was said that his body was but a thin veil through which his soul could be seen), and Giotto (an example of emasculation almost).

CURIOUS BRAIN PROBLEMS.

If, now, we pass to the examination of brain capacity and development, we find that the majority of men of genius—Volta, Petrarch, Kant, for instance—possessed a very high brain capacity. Lebon, on examining the skulls of twenty-six Frenchmen of genius, found that they yielded an average capacity of 1,732 cubic centimetres—a little over 200 in excess of the average; this is the more remarkable from the fact that several individuals, chosen from among the twenty-six, had only a medium capacity, e.g., Descartes, Tissot, and Hoffman. Of the brains of twelve famous Germans, studied by Wagner and Buchoff, eight had either a decidedly low or a very high capacity—Dollinger 1,207, and Liebig 1,352, for instance. On the other hand one had long believed that a great development of brain circumference, together with symmetrical beauty of the face, were general characteristics of the man of genius; but here also the exceptions are numerous, an extraordinary emaciation of the skull being frequently noticeable. Examples of this class are Bertillon, Gambetta, and Liebig (who possessed many irregularities of an hereditary nature). We have not dealt with inflammation of the brain membranes, shown in such a case as Dennizetti's; and we may contrast with the facial beauty and harmonious skull form of Helmsottz, Dante, and Schopenhauer, the abnormally large features (hereditary) of such men as Skoda and Nobilis, who possessed almost idiotic looks. It is interesting to note that Clement VI. is said to have acquired genius as a result of a blow which his skull received in his childhood. The Australian novelist Marcus Clarke had a similar experience.

A mark of creative genius, of more general occurrence, misonceism (or the rejection of the discovery or work of others) is often the most terrible obstacle to progress. Napoleon would have nothing to do with steam, and Richelieu threw into a lunatic asylum the

man who discovered it; Voltaire denied the value of fossils to science; Darwin jeered at hypnotism; and Virchow absolutely denied Darwinism and criminal anthropology.

GREAT MEN AND FORGETFULNESS.

But it is of other phenomena, more important still in considering this question, that I specially wish to speak; amnesia—or forgetfulness—hyperaesthesia—or morbid excess of sensibility—and above all of the slowness and of the extreme quickness (as the case may be) of personal sensibility that one notes among men of genius. In the case of the eleven men of genius I have myself studied, eight had a more delicate sensibility than the average, one only gave the maximum, two the minimum, when tested under ordinary circumstances.

Amnesia is very common with the man of genius. Newton one day rammed his niece's finger into his pipe. Tucherl once forgot his own name. The Archbishop of Munster, seeing in the door of his visitors' room a notice which said: "The master of this house is out," remained there, awaiting his own return!

Hyperaesthesia is not less frequent. Musset, Goncourt, Flaubert possessed such a delicate and developed sense of hearing that street noises and the striking of clocks were absolutely unsupportable to them. Baudelaire had a most delicate sense of smell. The painter Francia died from happiness, in the street, on seeing a picture by Raphael.

EARLY DEATHS AMONG POETS.

Mr. W. Thayer, in an article in the "Forum," wishing to show the longevity of Anglo-Saxon men of genius, during the XIXth century, is nevertheless unable to deny the premature death of many poets. Of forty-six cases, showing an average age of 66 years, nine poets died between the ages of 26 and 37—Byron, Shelly, Keats, Leopardi, and Poe among them. Of thirty-nine artists and sculptors, the average age attained being 66, one, Fortuny, died young, aged 36. Of thirty musicians, with an average age of 62 years, Auber was 89 years old when he died, and Verdi 88; whilst four others died young—Bellini, Bizet, Schubert, Mendelssohn.

Certain men of genius have retained their physical activity to a most advanced age; Humboldt, until he was 80 years old, and Verdi and Goethe (who wrote "Faust" when he was 81). Beccaria, on the contrary, ceased all work when 32 years old; many more, as Leonardi da Vinci and Flaubert, left their work incomplete through their slowness of execution.

Precocity is also a mark of genius. Dante wrote a sonnet to Beatrice when he was 9 years old, Mozart gave a concert at 6, Tasso wrote verses at 10, and Pascal at 13. But it is, on the other hand, true that some men have been backward. Alfieri, Wren, Humboldt, Linneus, Flaubert, Domenichino (whom his friends called "the great bullock"), for instance.

HATRED OF MUSIC.

Numerous great thinkers, in particular men of genius in literature, philosophy, history, had a veritable horror of music. Johnson, Victor Hugo, Catherine II., Zola, and Napoleon preferred the simplest music; Fontenelle could not understand four things: the world, music, women, and dancing; according to Gautier, music is the worst of noises. But to all these outspoken enemies of music we could oppose Aristotle, who considered it one of the most powerful of moral educational agencies; and, among recent authors, Daudet, Darwin, Goethe, Carlyle (according to whom music is the language of angels), Moore (who perfected his poems by setting them to music, and said his words were poor in comparison), and Ruskin (who described music as "the nearest at hand, the most delicate, and the most perfect of all bodily pleasures; it is the only one which is equally helpful to all the ages of men . . .")

We are now, then, in a position to conclude, after studying all the particular characteristics of men of genius, from their height and their personal sensibility to their views on music, that these characteristics, whilst following a regular plan, possess nevertheless lines of demarcation in one sense perfectly opposed. In the case of epilepsy this is altogether so, for one notes the most singular

contrasts in height, brain capacity, intellectual and nervous energy, the whole yielding a majority in short stature, undersized cranium, and dullness of intellect.

CESARE LOMBROSO.

Next Week: "King Edward VII. and the Turf," by Edward Spencer.

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BOOK CHAT.

"An Old-Fashioned Garden and Other Poems" is the title of a dainty booklet, issued through James Nisbet and Co. for 1s. 6d., by E. Marshall, whose smooth, placid, and often graceful verse, though there may be nothing strikingly original in the thought, discloses a sincere love of nature in her quieter moods and a tender devotional spirit. The style is often pretty and musical.

Writers who deal with the march of scientific discovery in a popular way, interpreters between the specialists and the public, are numerous in these days when everyone has a liking to acquire at least a sufficient smattering of the subjects necessary to an intelligent interest in the doings of a progressive age; but, curiously enough, should the general reader wish to survey the slow and arduous progress of the human mind in the past in order the better to understand its rapid advance and continuous triumphs in the present, he would have considerable difficulty in finding a book to give him in a concise and readable form the information for which he seeks. We have well-written histories of the growth of various branches of human knowledge, but with the exception of Mr. Draper's fascinating "History of the Conflict of Science," no recognised standard history of science as a whole. It was that fact which helped to ensure the success of Arabella B. Buckley's pleasantly-written "A Short History of Natural Science" when it first appeared; and the new revised edition, issued by Macmillan and Co. for 6s., shows that its utility is still widely recognised. Though written chiefly with a view to the edification of "the young person," its simple untechnical language will make it all the more acceptable to adults who wish to fill up the gaps in their scientific knowledge. The history embraces the whole gulf between Thales and Herschel, Adams and Leverrier, between Pythagoras and Bunsen, and between Hippocrates and Aristotle, and Darwin and Huxley. The science of the Greek, of the Arabs, of the Dark Ages, and of the Revival is dealt with in connected historical form, introducing all the great names, theories, and discoveries in the main branches of knowledge; and ten of the forty-one chapters are devoted to a survey of science in the last century, though, unfortunately, the record is not carried beyond 1878.

Lovers of Thomas Hardy—and their number is steadily increasing—have reason to be grateful to Messrs. Macmillan and Co. for their excellent 3s. 6d. reprints of the "Wessex Novels." The print, binding, and paper are good, and the volumes convenient to handle. "Far from the Madding Crowd" is deservedly one of the most popular of the works of the great novelist of English country life and manners, who has imitators but no equal in his own domain. His descriptions gain rather than lose in charm, because some of the old customs of which he treats, as in this book, the shearing-supper, the long smock-frocks, and the harvest home, are passing away with the old houses. With them, too, are going the local traditions and humours as migratory labourers displace the old class of stationary cottagers. The scents of the country, the hay field, and the sheep pastures (incidents connected with the care of sheep have, curiously enough, an important bearing on the plot in two instances) breathe from the pages; and the story itself and the studies of character are amongst the most interesting and dramatic that Hardy has unfolded. Gabriel Oak ranks with Michael Henchard

as one of the strongest characters that Hardy has given us; but he is more resolute and more successful than the "Mayor of Casterbridge." Even a satiated novel reader cannot follow without a thrill of sympathy his resolution in the repair of his broken fortunes and his patient wooing of Bathsheba, whom he wins after the startling tragedy which sets her free from a double domestic embarrassment. The characters are, however, better than the plot, which, perhaps, somewhat too ingeniously gives us a happy ending.

It was a happy thought which led the publishers (Messrs. Macmillan and Co.) to add Charles W. Oman's well-known biography of "Warwick the Kingmaker" to their Prize Library, a selected series of illustrated books for presentation with a special view, apparently, to the advantage and instruction of young readers. It will, perhaps, be remembered that Professor Oman complains at the outset of the scantiness of the materials for constructing a satisfactory biography of the man who played such a remarkable part in the tragical turbulence of the fifteenth century in this England of ours; but the old annals and records have been turned to such good use by Warwick's biographer that he gives us a clear and racy narrative, quite "full" enough for the general reader, whose false impressions, derived chiefly from "The Last of the Barons" and from Shakespeare, are corrected in the name of accuracy without the sacrifice of interest. The author's dark picture of the England of the fifteenth century, a corrupt Church, an unscrupulous nobility, and a debased people, will not have been forgotten; and it was on such a stage that Warwick played his strenuous part (for he was strenuous enough to come up to the Roosevelt standard) and lived his wondrous crowded life of 44 years. Professor Oman's descriptions of battles are as realistic and thrilling as his judgments of motives and character are moderate and sound. The reasons which induced Warwick to abandon the royal ingrate Edward IV. and make common cause with the depressed Yorkists, setting up Henry VI. again for a brief period; the mischances that led to his downfall just when he seemed to have Edward almost at his mercy; and the advantages of his defeat, though his personal cause was just, to the nation—are all ably set forth, together with the causes of his success as a soldier, a sailor, and a statesman, not a little of his great popularity being attributed to his unflinching courtesy and geniality to the commons. The author does not regard Warwick as the last of the Barons, but rather as one of the first of the statesmen; the forerunner of Wolsey rather than the successor of the Bohuns and Bigods. "Cast into the godless times of the Wars of the Roses, he was doomed to spend in the cause of a faction the abilities that were meant to benefit a whole nation."

A welcome addition to Macmillan's Library of the English Classics (demy 8vo., 3s. 6d. each) is Hazlitt's "Characters of Shakespeare's Plays and Lectures on the English Poets," which comes opportunely enough as a sequel to Augustine Birrell's recently published "Hazlitt" in the same firm's "English Men of Letters" series, it being a convenience to the general reader to have presented to him the cream of Hazlitt's work as a critic in connection with that delightful biography. Though Hazlitt was fiercely attacked by Gifford in "The Quarterly Review" in the slap-dash style, of which Macaulay's amusing but extremely misleading essay on "Croker's Boswell" is, perhaps, the best-known surviving example, yet his critical estimates are, on the whole, in consonance with modern taste as opposed to those obtaining in the artificial age which had just closed. He may, in fact, be regarded as one of the pioneers of modern criticism; there being almost as great a gulf between him and Johnson as there is, say, between Johnson and Professor Saintsbury. Of course he had prejudices of a kind to which the critics of the present day think that they rise superior; but that portion of his work now presented to the public under the able editorship of Mr. A. W. Pollard is very little marred by them. Modern critics

have given us little or nothing better than his essays on Shakespeare's plays; and his analyses of the characters in the great tragedies, his consideration of motives, his estimation of the influences of environment, and his references to the framework and natural setting, though not so profound or so minute as those of his successors, doubtless gave the impulse to modern criticism of Shakespeare with its philosophical or even its psychical interpretations. To take one or two points at random, his explanation of the "mystery" of Iago, his view of Shylock as "a man more sinned against than sinning," and his stress on the dignified side to Malvolio's character show how closely his points of view correspond to those of modern writers, though his effects are much broader. The incidental references to the conceptions of Shakespearean characters by the famous actors of the day add greatly to the interest of the book, which might well be read in conjunction with Lamb on "Some Old Actors." The copious quotations are stimulating and refreshing. Hazlitt certainly knew how to quote. His lectures on other famous poets contain much sound criticism; and the closing one on "Living Poets," though it gave offence when delivered, needs no vindication to-day. It is pleasant to have a book so stimulating to the critical faculty in its dignified new form.

Petrol and Pictures.

FOCUSSING ENLARGEMENT.

A correspondent of "Photography" says the following concerning the above:—Many are the devices for securing a fine and critical focus for the purpose of enlarging from small negatives; but the greatest trouble is met with by those who use a camera instead of an enlarging lantern. With the latter it is comparatively easy to focus the subject, but in the former case it is more difficult. When the easel and the camera have been put roughly into position, place on the board on which the bromide paper is to be put a piece of cardboard or printed paper the exact size of the enlargement. Then, instead of projecting the image in the usual way, proceed to focus the printed sheet on the screen of the camera. Do this until the image of the printed sheet exactly covers the part or whole of the negative to be enlarged. When the image is perfectly sharp on the ground-glass of the camera, all will be ready for placing the bromide paper in position and exposing. There is no need to see the image projected. If the picture is sharp on the ground-glass, the picture will be sharp on the exposing board. Of course, when the focussing is completed, the negative is inserted in the opened dark slide, so that it comes exactly in the same place as the ground-glass.

GREEN TONES ON BROMIDE PAPER.

Bromide prints can be toned to a pleasant green by the use of the following solutions:—(a) Potassium ferricyanide 10 grains, acetic acid 2 ounces, water 3 ounces; (b) uranium nitrate 10 grains, water 10 ounces. Mix equal quantities of (a) and (b) for use, and filter if not quite clear. The print is to be immersed in the mixed solution, in which it will first change to brown and then to a brick red. When the change is complete, rinse in water having a few drops of acetic acid added to it, and transfer to a solution of 60 grains of ferric chloride in 10 ounces of water. The image will first change to green, and finally to a full blue. It must be taken out just before the desired colour is reached and quickly rinsed in water. It is sometimes recommended to fix in hypo and again wash. The tones are not absolutely permanent, and vary considerably with the character of the print in its original state.

THE SPECIFIC GRAVITY OF PETROL.

There have been many complaints just recently about the quality of petrol supplied to automobilists. It may not be generally known that a large firm of petrol suppliers has recently raised the specific gravity of the petrol supplied to .720. The specific gravity of spirit for internal combustion engines should be .680. This question of gravity is of great im-

portance to all motorists, but more especially to motor-cyclists, who, to get the best results from their high-speed engines, require petrol spirit of the finest quality and of the lowest specific gravity. A useful instrument to possess is a densimeter, and no spirit should be used which shows a higher specific gravity than .700.

DRY BATTERIES.

There still appears to be a fair number of dry batteries in use for motor-cycles and small cars. When nearly exhausted, if a weak solution of sulphuric acid is poured into the vent-hole, it will put fresh life into the batteries; but it is not safe to go on a long run with the batteries in this condition.

A TIP.

Misfiring is often caused by the plug points being too far apart. A sheet of notepaper should just go between them.

THE TREMBLER COIL.

The trembler coil should be just the thing for a motor-cyclist who is inclined to be forgetful to have fitted to his machine. If on any occasion he should put his motor-cycle into its shed without removing the interrupter plug, with the platinum points in contact, the coil would audibly remind him of the fact.

PUNCTURES.

An old patch on an inner tube often causes trouble by allowing the air to escape. If this occurs, of course the patch should be removed, and the motorist is sometimes advised to use petrol to remove it. This is not advisable, because petrol has a weakening effect on rubber. The best method is just to warm the patch—a match will do—which can then by means of the fingers be quickly peeled away from the tube.

HOW THE SWITCH HANDLE CAUSED TROUBLE.

A motor-cyclist, when riding in a heavy downpour, had a misfire, which he could not trace for some time. After subsequent deluges, he discovered that the water trickled into the switch handle along the handle-bar, and there collected, causing a short circuit. Others so troubled in stormy weather might have a look inside the switch handle, if their machine is fitted with one.

A MOTOR COMEDY.

The current issue of "Le Vélo" gives the following amusing incident:—Scene: The Bois de Boulogne. Quad proceeding at a speed considerably over the legal limit is "held up" by one of the cycling police, who demands the owner's name and address. The owner, in a burst of disgusted irony, informs policeman that the quad is not his, but that he has stolen it! The policeman, taking him at his word, and in spite of all his offered explanations, thereupon tells motorist he must accompany him to the nearest police station. Here comes the comical part of the story. The wily policeman then produces a long and thick piece of whipcord from his pocket, and, after carefully attaching one end of this to the porcelain of his sparking plug, takes the other end in his hand, and commands the owner of the quad to start his engine directly he (the policeman) mounts his bicycle. In this wise the two proceed to the police station, the intelligent officer knowing that at the slightest sign of his captive's attempt to flee he has only to give a sharp pull to his cord, which will break the sparking plug and stop the ignition at once. "Le Vélo" adds: "This is what comes of initiating the police force into the mysteries of automobilism."

In dismissing the case against an Ipswich tailor who got drunk in a public-house where he lodged, the magistrates held that a man has a right to be drunk in his own lodgings.

Lord Methue declared on Monday that the type of clergyman needed in South Africa was to be found doing his work at the Oxford Mission in the East End of London with his shirt-sleeves tucked up.

The Army Guild has relinquished its idea of holding a service at St. Paul's Cathedral in memory of those who fell in South Africa. The War Office on Friday stopped the Kneller Hall Band from taking part in the service.

THE PRIZE DRAWING.



Drawn by J. A. Probert, 8 Brighton-road, Cheltenham.

Prior to the Norman Conquest, Mr. Probert says, the lands of Sudley (now called Sudeley) belonged to de Maunt, Earl of Hereford. Henry VI. created Ralph Boteler, who was Lord Treasurer of England, Baron of Sudley. He rebuilt the old castle, which was supposed to have existed from the time of Stephen. The castle was twice taken by the Parliamentarians—once in 1642, and again in 1644. They did much damage to the castle and surroundings. It is now in the occupation of Mr. H. Dent Brocklehurst.

WHY MADAME PATTI REMAINS YOUNG

An American newspaper writes concerning Madame Patti's youth in view of the great singer's tour: It is said that this wonderful woman does not show her age by twenty-five years. Not behind the footlights, but out in the honest sunlight, she looks, we are told, like a woman of thirty-five! What is the secret of her youth and power? It is what a great many people would like to know. In the first place Patti's fine mental and physical condition is the result of Patti's own applied intelligence and will power. When she was a mere child she said to herself: "I will be young as long as I live," and she has bent every energy and purpose of her life toward the fulfilment of that resolution. She has from her earliest youth been a great stickler for outdoor exercise. The winds have blown upon her, the sunshine has bathed her. She knows what it is to be in close and loving touch with the dear old Nature whence comes the ozone of life. She has never allowed herself to become sour or cynical. She has always been able to see a little bit of blue in the darkest sky. Her philosophy of things has been solidly optimistic. She has ever believed that there was more good in the world than evil, more beauty than ugliness, more success than failure, more happiness than misery, and for these "better things" she has unswervingly lived from her childhood until now.

Of the £105,000 required for the successful endowment of the Birmingham bishopric, over eighty thousand pounds has been subscribed.

THE COST OF A CLUB.

A great club is not run on nothing, but some figures to hand from one of the largest clubs in London will surprise many people. It costs over a thousand pounds a week—£170 a day—to maintain a club not a hundred miles from Whitehall-place, and here are some of the main items of expenditure in a year's accounts: Salaries, £11,254; rates and taxes, £2,646; gas and electricity, £5,083; stationery and newspapers, £1,476. Ice stands in the accounts for the surprising sum of £3,327, plants and flowers for £94, and water for £294. A profit of a hundred pounds a week is made by the sale of cigars and wines and provisions, upon which the members spend over thirty thousand pounds a year, and another £1,200 is paid for the use of the billiard tables.

LIKE THE LORD MAYOR, BUT QUITE HARMLESS.

The following good story is retold in view of the approaching holidays:—A Londoner, just arrived at a Scottish town, and on his way to an hotel, addressed the porter who led the way: "Not a large place this?" "No verra," was the answer. Next question came: "Has it a Corporation?" "A what, sir?" inquired the baggage bearer. "I mean, who rules it?" "Rules it? Jist the Provost." "Ah, the Provost. Like our Lord Mayor? Has he got any insignia?" remarked the Cockney. "Insignia! What d'ye mean?" quoth the puzzled Scotsman. "Yes, insignia; that is to say, has he a chain?" the polite visitor hinted. Whereupon the almost dumbfounded native gasped out: "A chain, sir? The Provost chained? Na, na! He gangs loose; but dinna be feared, he quite harmless."

A TENNYSONIAN CORRECTION.

The original rough proof sheet of "The Charge of the Light Brigade," with Tennyson's corrections, will be sold next month as part of a private library. It is interesting to know (says "V.C.") that originally the lines:

Flash'd all their sabres bare,
Flash'd all at once in air,
ran in the first sentence:—
He saw their sabres bare,
Flash all at once in air.

The alteration far more graphically describes the two motions.

WHERE WE BEAT AMERICA.

Mr. Barnes, a member of the Mosely Commission which visited America, speaking at a meeting of members of the Co-operative Printing Society on Saturday, declared that he saw slum property in New York, Chicago, and Pittsburg fouler than anything to be seen in England. The street paving was most primitive, and sanitary arrangements were ignored. America was a purgatory for the poor and weak, but a land of milk and honey for the rich and strong.

Forty-eight persons have been found frozen to death as a result of the recent severe snow-storm which passed over Germany, and many are still missing.

In a number of cities in the Western United States school teachers have been ordered to wear short skirts. The idea is to prevent the distribution of tubercle germs through the skirts sweeping along the dusty floor.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 123

SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1903.

THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE, CHELTENHAM.

To-day at 2.30 and 7.45.
Miss Julia Neilson's Company in
"SWEET NELL OF OLD DRURY."
Great attraction for Next Week:—
D'OYLY CARTE OPERA COMPANY.

PRIZE PHOTOGRAPHY.

The Proprietors of the "CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC" offer a Weekly Prize of Half-a-Guinea for the Best Photograph the work of an Amateur. Any subject may be chosen, but Photographs of local current events, persons, and places—particularly the former—are preferred.

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

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

The winner of the 121st competition is Mr. S. A. Isles, of 17 Gloucester-crescent, Gloucester-road, with his Stanley Pontlarge picture.

PRIZE DRAWING.

A Weekly Prize of Half-a-Guinea is also given for the Best Drawing submitted for approval.

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

Drawings must be in Indian black ink on Bristol board, and should not be larger than 10in. by 7½in.

The winner of the 32nd competition is Mr. G. J. Cox, of 15 Priory-terrace, Cheltenham, with his drawings of old and new Cheltenham.

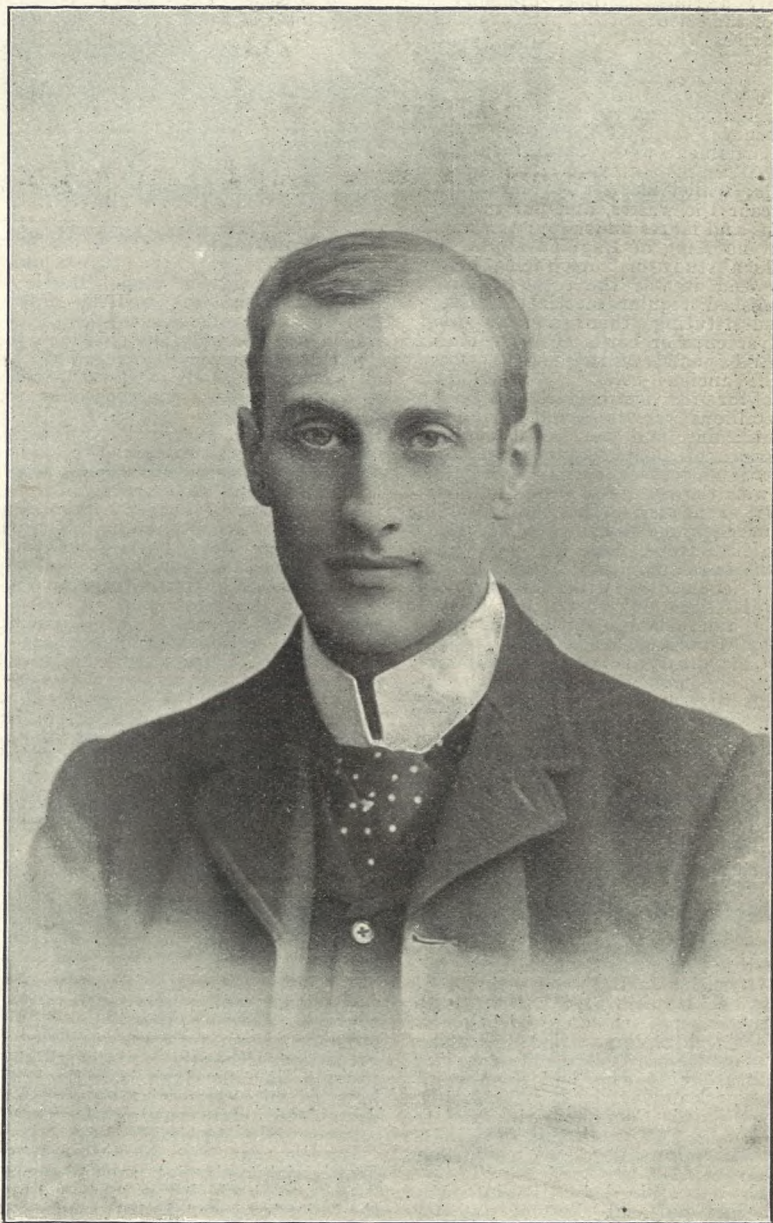
PRIZE SERMON SUMMARY.

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 one 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 fourteenth competition is Miss M. Williams, 12 Rodney-terrace, Cheltenham, for her report of the sermon by the Rector of St. Matthew's 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



CHELTENHAM'S NEW TOWN CLERK.

MR. R. OWEN SEACOME.

PHOTO BY H. W. WATSON, CHELTENHAM AND GLOUCESTER.

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CHELTENHAM TOWN CLERKSHIP.

TWO OF THE CANDIDATES.

King Edward VII. and the Turf.

By EDWARD SPENCER

(Author of "The King's Racehorses," "The Great Game," "Bits of Turf," etc.).

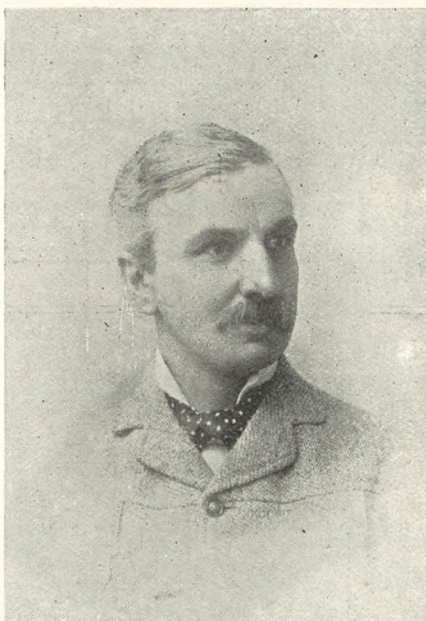
NO royal personage in the history of England has patronised the national sport of horse-racing more liberally or persistently than his Majesty King Edward VII.; and not one has had as large a share of success, although in 1788 the then Prince of Wales carried off the Derby by the aid of Sir Thomas, and the Duke of York ("jolly, cursing, courageous Frederick," as Thackeray calls him) was successful for the great race in 1816 and 1822, with Prince Leopold and Moses respectively. In the time of the second Henry, from whose reign dates the establishment of the British Turf, it is perhaps needless to say that the "great game" was played in very primitive fashion, and was merely a rude pastime, probably as destitute of the science of the present system as of the vices which are too freely engendered by it.

FORMER MONARCHS AND HORSE-RACING.

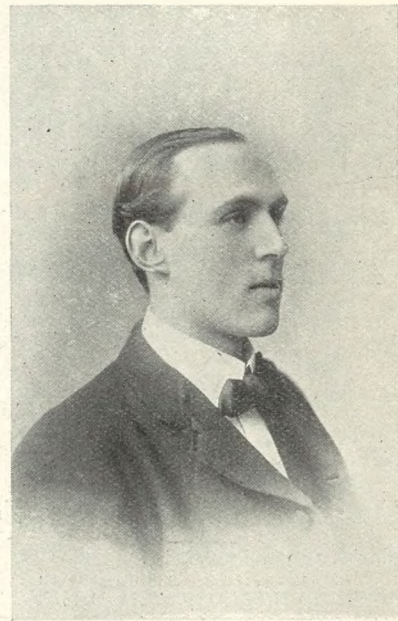
In the reigns of Henry VII. and his successors, Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, several Acts of Parliament were passed to prevent the exportation of horses to Scotland and other parts; whilst magistrates were authorised to scour the wastes, and put to death all stallions and mares under fourteen hands high. But no King of England appears to have made a study of horse-racing before James I. And it was the second Charles who established regular meetings at Newmarket, substituting there and at other places silver cups or bowls of the value of one hundred pounds apiece for the royal gift of the ancient bells. William III. cared not for the sport, although many valuable stallions were imported during his reign; but Anne and her royal consort, George, Prince of Denmark, took great interest in all matters connected with trials of speed—with the reverse of profit, however, to the royal exchequer. With the exception of the monarch who was known as the First Gentleman in Europe, none of the Georges favoured horse-racing, but it may be said that in his connection with the turf the character of George IV. stands out framed in a bright and pleasant setting, for there he was always seen at his best.

Whereas his great uncle was in his first youth when he won the Derby with Sir Thomas, his present most gracious Majesty was not destined to taste many of the sweets of victory until past his fiftieth year. His racing colours were registered early in the century, and were first worn by Captain Wentworth Hope Johnstone, late of the Fifth Dragoon Guards and of the 7th Hussars, on a hunter, who won a steeplechase at Aldershot. But before that victory—and this fact is not generally known—King Edward VII., when Prince of Wales, was, with the late Earl of Aylesford, joint owner of Regal, who won the Grand National Steeplechase of 1876. During that year the Prince, with his intimate friend, Lord Aylesford, was travelling in India; and as one of the results of his visit to the Orient, we find him running an Arabian steed, Alep by name, in a match at Newmarket against an English horse named Avowal, the property of Lord Strathnaim—who had done great and gallant work during the Indian Mutiny, and was afterwards Commander-in-Chief to the forces in the great continent of Hindustan. Avowal won easily, and no further attempt to race Alep was made.

The Arab was trained by the late Mr. Fothergill Rowlands, at Epsom, and for some years after that gentleman's death the Prince had steeplechase horses in the "salts town," trained by John Jones, formerly head lad in Mr. Rowlands' establishment, under the supervision of Lord Marcus Beresford, who from that time forward has continued to advise his Majesty in all matters connected with the royal racing and breeding studs.



MR. S. P. RYLAND.



MR. ARTHUR LAMB.

SOME WELL-KNOWN RACERS.

Foremost among the Prince of Wales's steeplechasers were Magic, Hettie, Hohenlinden, and The Scot; and the occasion when Mr. Coventry rode the last-named at Baden-Baden was the only one on which the royal "purple and scarlet" colours have been seen on a racecourse out of Great Britain. The said colours were not especially fortunate in the dear homeland, more than one attempt to win a Grand National proving disastrous, and towards the end of the eighties his Royal Highness determined to try his fortune at what used to be called the "legitimate" branch of the sport—flat-racing. With the aid of Lord Marcus Beresford and Mr. John Porter, a few two-year-olds were got together, and placed under the charge of that eminent trainer. They were fillies for the most part, it being in the mind of the Prince to form a breeding stud on his own estate at Sandringham; and in this project he was largely assisted by Mr. Porter, who subsequently purchased for his Royal Highness the mare Perdita, who proved a veritable gold mine, in breeding, amongst other lesser lights of the turf, Florizel, Persimmon, and Diamond Jubilee.

A filly named Counterpane was the first animal to carry the royal colours to victory on the flat. But shortly afterwards she came by a tragic end, falling dead from heart disease on Stockbridge racecourse, in June, 1886, whilst the head of the field in the race for the Cup.

Strangely and sadly prophetic were the following words, made use of by the Prince, to a racing friend, not long before this sad event:—

"I have only won one race myself under Jockey Club rules, but, far from being discouraged, I still continue racing, and hope one day to own a Derby winner of my own breeding; although I really think at the present time my luck is so bad that if a horse of mine were winning a race it would drop dead before passing the post."

HIS MAJESTY'S GAINS.

In the year 1889 the stakes won by his Royal Highness's flat racers amounted to £204, a total which was increased to £694 in the following year. In 1891 the sum of £4,148 in stakes won stood to the royal credit; but in 1892 no more than £190 was won. It was after this season that the Prince's racehorses were removed from Mr. Porter's training quarters at Kingsclere, Hants, to the colossal establishment of Mr. Richard Marsh, at Egerton House, Newmarket. The stud of the late Baron Hirsch also left Kingsclere for Egerton House at the same time. Not that

his Royal Highness ever had the slightest disagreement with his former trainer; but Newmarket is much nearer to Sandringham than is Kingsclere, and whilst the Prince had every reason to be satisfied with the great care and attention paid to his horses by Mr. Porter, the length of the journey into Hampshire and back was apt to convert a pleasure into a toil. Moreover, the breeding stud at Sandringham had become a going concern. Perdita, after a chequered career on the turf, had been purchased by Mr. Porter, on behalf of the Prince of Wales, for £900, and her first union with St. Simon proved the turning-point in the royal road to success on the turf. Of St. Simon, a lineal descendant of both the Flying Dutchman and Voltigeur, it could be said that Matthew Dawson, his experienced trainer, never knew how good he was. Not only was he never beaten in public, but under all sorts of weights he won all his races at his ease. No penalty could stop him, and it was calculated that he was a better horse by three stone than Harvester, who ran a dead heat with St. Gatien for the Derby in 1884. It was well for the owners of those dead-heaters that the awfully sudden death of Prince Bathynany, the breeder of St. Simon, prevented that horse from taking part in the Derby!

The initial result of the mating of St. Simon with Perdita was Florizel, who, being a weak, somewhat overgrown two-year-old, was not raced at that age. His three-year-old running showed considerable merit, and his performances later on proved him to be a genuine stayer. In fact, Lord Marcus Beresford to this day blames himself for not having entered Florizel for the Ascot Gold Cup of 1895, in which race he would "most certainly have beaten Isinglass." Since being put to the stud, Florizel has proved an enormous success in his first season, some proof of which was given in the Derby of 1901, when his progeny finished first and fourth, the second and third places being filled by a son and a grandson of St. Simon respectively. Subsequently, in the Doncaster St. Leger, two sons of Florizel, in Doricles and Volodyovski, finished first and second.

Two years after the birth of Florizel—his dam, Perdita, having been barren in the interim—Persimmon saw the light, a horse who won for the Prince of Wales no less a sum than £34,731 in stakes during three seasons. Like his elder brother, Persimmon was not unduly hurried during his early career, and to this careful handling was due his magnificent appearance, when, at four years old, he "set the seal on his fame"—to quote a favourite expression of that most absorbing turf chronicler, "The Druid"—by winning

CHEL TENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC, MAY 9, 1903.
NEW ROSELEIGH CRICKET PAVILION IN CHELTENHAM.



OPENING CEREMONY, MAY 2, 1903.

PHOTO BY E. M. BAILEY, CENTRAL STUDIO, CHELTENHAM.

the Ascot Cup. In the early part of 1896 Persimmon was sorely afflicted with his teeth, and it was not considered advisable to prepare him to run in the Two Thousand Guineas Stakes. The removal of three loose "crowns" relieved the trouble, and patience was rewarded by his winning the Derby from his great rival, St. Frusquin (also a son of St. Simon), fairly and squarely. His St. Leger victory was gained in a somewhat slovenly manner, but owing to the hard ground his preparation between June and September had been a light one; and the wonderful scene of enthusiasm which greeted horse and royal owner at Epsom also awaited them on Doncaster Town Moor.

Out of £98,021 10s. won by the Prince of Wales's racehorses from the year 1889 to 1900, inclusive, no less than £72,847 5s. were won by three sons and one daughter of Perdita. The last of her progeny to take high honours was Diamond Jubilee, a colt built upon somewhat smaller lines than either of his brethren, whom, being what is known as a "mealy" bay, he failed to resemble in colour. And of such a wayward disposition was he whilst racing that his running throughout was most contradictory, some of his finishes being fought out in the gamest possible manner, whilst at other times he displayed no extreme desire to win at all. Still, with one victory at two years old and five at three years old, he managed to win the respectable sum of £29,185 for his royal master. At four years old, from one cause and the other, he failed to get his head in front, and was, like Persimmon, retired to the stud the next season, when he had many good mares sent to him. The value of descendants of Diamond Jubilee is, of course, in nubibus at present; but it may here be said that Persimmon's stock is most promising, the foals, many of them, being magnificent specimens, although the best-looking of them all, Pole Carew, a bay colt out of Laodamia, proved a "splendid failure" during his two-year-old season, and has been degraded to hurdle racing.

Whilst Persimmon and Diamond Jubilee are located at the royal stud farm at Sandringham—which shelters 16 brood mares—Florizel is at Heath House, Newmarket. A very fine institution is the Sandringham stud farm, with plenty of good grazing for the inmates and most careful supervision by a practical stud-groom in Edmund Walker, who once managed the select stud of the late

Frederick Archer, and who was taken on here on the recommendation of Mr. John Porter; whilst Lord Marcus Beresford is the responsible authority over all, the choice of mares and their mating being left to his judgment. Mares from a distance are stabled in special boxes close to Wolferton Station, some miles from Sandringham, and at Wolferton also are accommodated the stallions during the season; and by this arrangement any danger of infection being imported is reduced to a minimum.

GREAT STEEPLECHASERS.

Just to show that he had not forgotten his "first love," steeplechasing, the Prince sent to Ireland, the land of jumpers, for a horse likely to win the Grand National, and in the result purchased for £500—cheap enough—Ambush, by Ben Battle, who was also the sire of the once-celebrated flat racer, Bendigo. About the early career, the former ownership of Ambush, much might be written, but space forbids. Suffice it to say that on his first attempt to win the "cross-country Derby" he was generally voted overdone in training and "dried-up" in condition. Still, although not successful at the first time of asking, he ran well; and in the following year, with far more substance on his frame, he bore the royal colours gallantly to victory at Aintree, amid the yells and vociferous cheerings of the on-lookers, many of whom, as is usual on a Grand National day, hailed from the sister isle. Only three days later a dastardly attempt to assassinate his Royal Highness at the railway station at Brussels most mercifully failed.

Whether or no Ambush would have been successful over the Liverpool fences in 1902 can never be known. An accident which took place whilst pulling up after a gallop at Newmarket only a week before the race, in the shape of a split pastern, effectually prevented his presence at the starting-post; and this contretemps, together with the successive defeats of Diamond Jubilee and Pole Carew the previous season, showed conclusively that the "royal luck" was once more "out." The present year may witness a reversal of that luck; but, in any case, it will hardly discourage his Majesty from indulging in the game which he has played so wisely and well for the best part of a quarter of a century. As good a sportsman as was George IV., he has always proved himself a large-hearted antagonist, ever ready to accept the sweets of

victory without undue demonstration of delight, or reverses with the same stiff upper lip which was preserved when his first winner, Counterpane, met her death on Stockbridge racecourse.

"Servare mentem
 aquam memento rebus in arduis."

The old Horatian motto has been followed up by his Majesty throughout his career on the turf—a career which has been free from suspicion or blemish; a career which in itself gives the lie to the turf's detractors, who in their ignorance and malice aforesaid would have the world believe that everybody who touches the sport of horseracing must of necessity become defiled.

Next week: "Wild Animals in Captivity."
 by C. J. Cornish.

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 by D. T. Pierce.]

AGAINST SPEED.

The "Monthly Review" for May—an excellent number—contains a delightful song against speed, by Mr. E. V. Lucas. It will appeal to many who continue to find joy in the old-fashioned ways of "merrie England":

We wait the poet fired to sing
 The snail's discreet degrees,
 A rhapsody of sauntering,
 A gloria of ease.

Consider, too, how small a thing
 The highest speed you gain;
 A bee can sport on gauzy wing
 Around the fastest train.
 Think of the swallow in the air,
 The salmon in the stream,
 And cease to boast the records rare
 Of paraffin and steam.

The turnpike from the car to fling,
 As from a yacht the sea,
 Is doubtless as inspiring
 As aught on land can be.
 I grant the glory, the romance;
 But look behind the veil—
 Suppose that while the motor pants
 You miss the nightingale!

TRAINING COLLEGE PRACTISING SCHOOL.

A NOTED LOCAL PRIZE WINNER.

Mr. J. H. Watterson.

Mr. J. McFee.

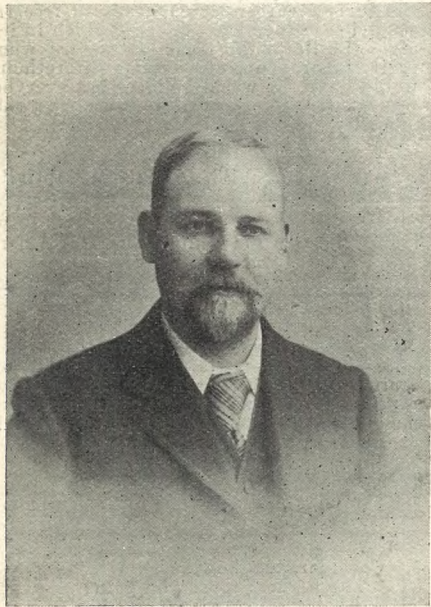


AWARDS GAINED BY MR. W. THEOBALD, BOURNSIDE, CHELTENHAM, FOR CANARIES, &c.



W. D. McLean. T. H. Taylor.
F. R. McLean. A. Harper.
WINNERS OF SCHOOL SHIELD AT CHELTENHAM ATHLETIC SPORTS ON EASTER MONDAY.
PHOTO BY E. J. WINTER, CHELTENHAM.

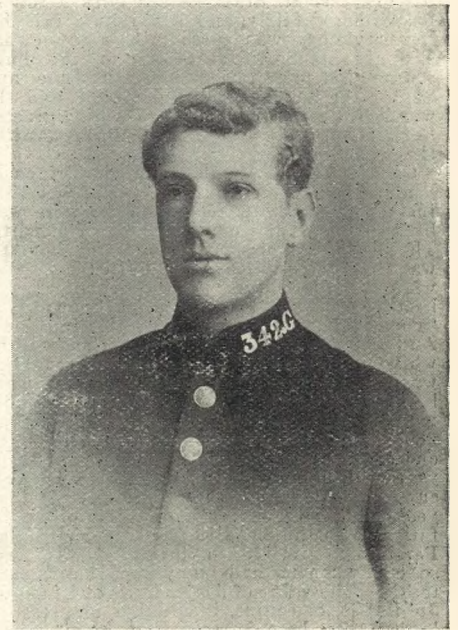
CHELTENHAM POLICE PROMOTIONS.



INSPECTOR LANE.



SERGEANT HODGETTS.



SERGEANT BUNKER.

Exhibition of Etchings, Drawings and Publications by Edward J. Burrow, and Ladies' College Pupils, etc., at the Fine Art Society's Rooms, 386, High Street, May 20, 21, 22.

To be opened by the Mayor of Cheltenham, at 3 p.m., on Wednesday, May 20.

AN IMPERIAL BRACELET.

The Kaiser not very long ago presented a curious bracelet to his Consort. It consists of seven oval medallions about the size of a shilling, jointed and framed in gold, set with diamonds. Each medallion bears the enamelled portrait of one of the royal children, so arranged that Princess Louise Victoria, the only daughter, is in the middle, and on each side three sons. Hanging from the middle portrait is a heart-shaped pendant bearing the portrait of the Kaiser.

MAY DAY MARRIAGE PORTIONS.

A curious May Day custom was observed at Sutton Coldfield on Friday, when four "poor maidens" received marriage portions of £24 each. Applications for the gifts are made a year in advance, a condition being that they marry within a year of election and conduct themselves to the satisfaction of the trustees. The ages of the recipients varied from 29 to 21 years. The charity dates from the granting of a charter to the town by Henry VIII., in the year 1529.

LECKHAMPTON HILL DISPUTE.



Ballinger. Heaven (wearing light cap).

MESSRS. HEAVEN AND BALLINGER SURRENDERING, MAY 4, 1903.

PHOTO BY W. MOORMAN, CHELTENHAM.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

SO Cheltenham is not to have an alternative route of direct railway communication to Stroud, not yet at all events. Twice within the space of nine months have the hopes of Cheltonians in regard to the projected light railway between the two towns been dashed to the ground, firstly, by the decision of the Light Railway Commissioners at Gloucester, last August, and, secondly, by the finding of the House of Commons Committee on the first of May. In both cases the opposition of two of the heavy railway companies to these light railway schemes was put in full force, and in the latter case the "wreckers" were materially assisted by the half-hearted way in which the promoters (a different body to the Messrs. Nevins, the light railway pioneers of this county) presented their evidence. The alternative scheme, on which they were particularly keen, was for electric trolley cars on the plain main roads, the cost of this being only £1,000 per mile, as compared with £7,000, that of the ordinary tramway. As I take it, the Commons Committee have passed the tramway in the Stroud Valley between Chalford and Stonehouse, and trolley cars between Nailsworth and Caincross, and also Stroud and Painswick. The promoters are evidently going for the several thousand pounds that the late Mr. Gyde left for opening up communication with Painswick, but

I always thought it was for a railway. Still I hope they will get it, as it wants circulating, and may encourage and assist them to extend their system to Cheltenham, if Parliament be willing. At any rate, it is open to some enterprising firm to run a service of self-contained motor-cars between Cheltenham and Painswick, calling at the Cross Hands, where the electric cars will come out from Gloucester. Who will be first in the field?



The fight in the Commons' Committee-room had one effect—that of throwing some light upon the intentions of the Great Western Railway Co. in the immediate future in this county. According to their General Manager they have determined to interpolate between the ordinary traffic on the Chalford-Stonehouse length of line an hourly service of two self-contained steam cars, each carrying about 52 passengers. This was put forward as one reason why the tramway scheme should be thrown out, but the Committee did not see it. These cars, it seems, are to run as soon as the line is free of South Wales trains, sometime between July 1st and August 1st next. This experiment will certainly be watched with great interest, and it may be that the Stroud and Cheltenham scheme will indirectly turn out to be a blessing in disguise to the G.W.R. Co. as providing the impetus to the introduction of a cheaper means of locomotion for light passenger traffic on their less-crowded lines. Great revolutions certainly seem to be

impending in the system of traction on railways generally, but the public must reap the benefit in the long run, and I hope the companies will get their fair share. I am afraid that Gloucester will again suffer, as it did through the opening of the Severn Tunnel, by this further diversion of South Wales traffic across the new line in South Gloucestershire. I believe the dining-car will soon be a thing of the past at the longest station on their line, as I hear that the one due there at 8.52 p.m. will go the new route instead. So that the millionaires of the old city and Cheltenham and the City Fathers who go out at the expense of the ratepayers on deputations will have in the near future to finish their dinners before the "diner" reaches Swindon. The cry of "Change here for Gloucester and Cheltenham" will soon be heard once more.

GLEANER.

HIGH PRICE FOR JEWELS.

At the sale of the jewels of the late Lady Henry Gordon-Lennox, at Christie's, on Friday, some extraordinary prices were realised. Lot 166, described as a magnificent five-row pearl necklace, composed of 287 large round graduated pearls, and with a large circular pearl and brilliant cluster snap, was bought by Grayson for the large sum of £25,500; lot 165, a pearl and brilliant tiara, was knocked down to Jones for £5,700; lot 163, a ruby and brilliant bracelet, realised £1,600; lot 164, a brilliant tiara, £1,400; and lot 161, consisting of a ruby and brilliant ring, £1,500.

Through England in Rags.

AN AMATEUR VAGRANT'S
EXPERIENCES OF ROAD LIFE.

HOW TRAMPS ARE MADE,
AND WHENCE THEY ARE RECRUITED.

FIFTY thousand tramps, it was estimated some years ago, live at the expense of the general public! While I was on the road I pondered a good deal this stupendous and appalling fact. Fifty thousand tramps! Whence is the army constantly being recruited? and how is it that it is increasing rapidly? I partly satisfied myself on these points, but I am afraid I cannot here answer the questions as adequately as they are capable of being answered. Let me say at once that my observations tend to show that the principal factors in the production of tramps are inherent laziness, Poor-Law administration, and our short-service system.

Other causes, as a matter of course, also go to the making of habitual vagrants. I met roadsters who blamed drink, and nothing else, for their position, and others whose lives had been wrecked by a false-hearted woman. Then, again, trades die out and throw on the road those who follow them. There are no hand-loom weavers or wooden whistle makers roaming about now; but you can find any number of men who have been supplanted by machinery. Pit sawyers alone would, I should think, form a crowd of respectable dimensions. Lastly, a number of vagrants are necessarily produced by vagrant stock.

I say a number; that there are very many I do not believe. I saw a pair dragging six little children after them—which, by-the-by, means a daily expenditure of at least 1s. for lodgings alone—but such a brood is very rare. "Couples" do not usually have large families, and a good number of their offspring get off the road somehow.

In one lodging-house where I stopped an old man spent the greater part of an evening in teaching his son arithmetic and spelling, to fit him, as the father said, for "something better." I heard a good deal, too, about tramps' progeny being adopted by childless couples of the middle class. Many of the "trade" in the South of England can point you out a fine, strapping young fellow whose mother sold him for 5s. to a lady living near Dartford. The maternal parent, it is said, is not allowed to speak to her boy, while of her he knows nothing whatever.

For these and other reasons I do not think that a large proportion of tramps now on the road are of vagabond parentage. The generality of those I met, at all events, were individuals with a past.

Some of these merit no sympathy. They are born vagrants—men who, like a certain Birmingham edge-tool maker I dropped across, have in them a double dose of laziness and of the rambling spirit.

"I've been up to Sheffield," he said; "that's the only place where there is work in my trade besides Wolverhampton. The missus told me to go, and I went, as I've done afore. I tried to get my watch out of pawn, but I couldn't; so I took hers, and I'll show her the pawnticket when I get back. I expect I shall get the sack. I don't know though. I owe the boss £20, and he won't lose that. What do you think? But if the missus says anything—if she tells me to go again, I'll say, 'Give us a clean shirt, and I'm off'; and I will go, too."

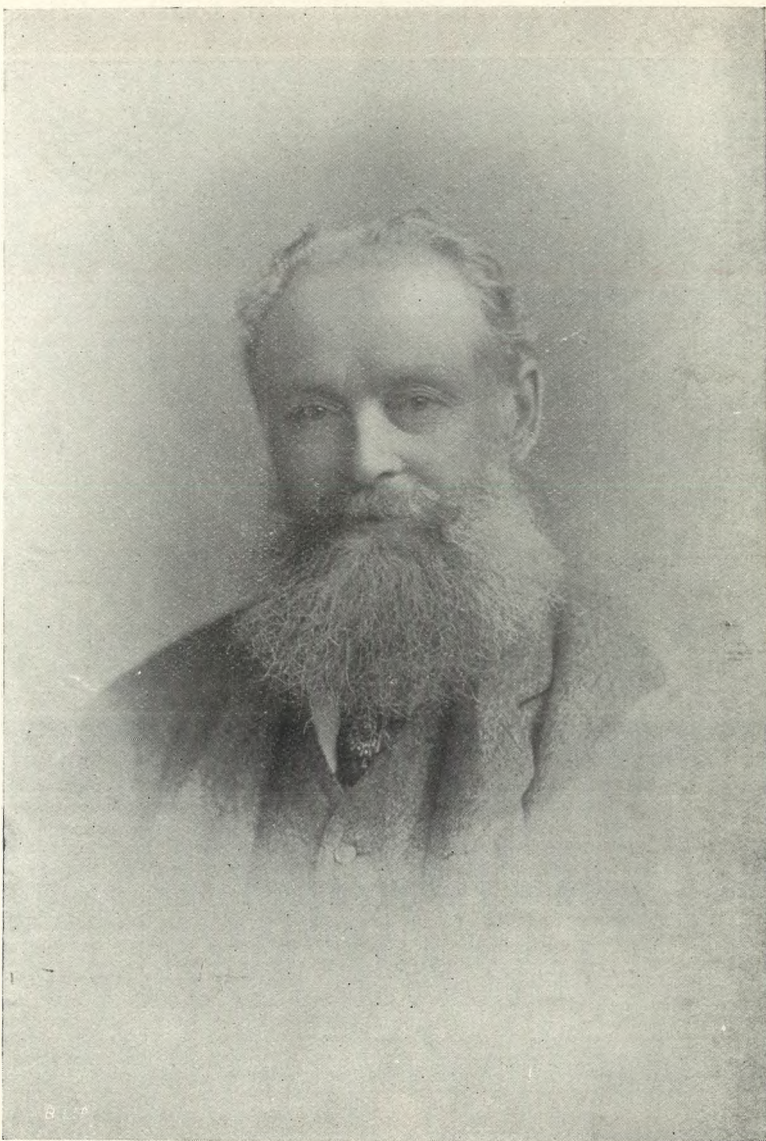
"And how long have you been leading that kind of life?" I asked.

"Oh, for over thirty years," he replied carelessly. "I've cook to the roads hundreds of times."

It is men such as he who help to swell the ranks of the vagrant army. They drink, neglect their work, get discharged, and, with or without their wives, take to the road, which they never leave. Daily, at times hourly, I heard women hawkers rating their husbands, whom they supported, because the contemptible wasters would not look for employment.

But those who are driven into trampism are heartily to be commiserated. This, alas! is a large class. It consists of honest men who, often through no fault of their own, are obliged to travel in search of work.

I do not mean trade unionists. They have



MR. WILLIAM WRATHALL, OF CHELTENHAM.

DIED APRIL 29TH, 1903.

a travelling allowance from their several societies that is sufficient to keep them, and consequently they are, while in benefit, the gentlemen of the road. I am speaking of those who do not belong to any labour organisation.

Nearly all or such men start on their journey without money, and with as great a horror of begging as of stealing, and, if they think about theft at all, are as firmly resolved against descending to the one as to the other. Vain resolution! If they go to the casual ward, the result of their experience of the Poor-Law is in general similar to that in the case of a musician who for some years was solo clarinet player in a regimental band. This is the story of his road life, as it was related to me:—

"After I left that (the band) I worked for three years at —; but I broke down, got drinking, and ended up by pawning my clarinet. I thought I could get work at Liverpool; so I left London on tramp. The first night I stopped in the casual ward at St. Albans. Of all the—well, there, when I got out I swore I'd never go in another; no, not if I slept in the gutter. I plucked up my courage and started begging, and I begged my way right through. At Liverpool I shipped on a steamer bound for Alexandria, at £4 a month. It nearly killed me, stoking did, and when I got back I'd only 35s. to draw. I thought, 'Well, I musn't carry this, or it'll

go'; so I posted it to the pawnbroker in London, and set off and walked back. I got my clarinet out, and since then—it's over two years—I've blown for a living. When I shall get any work again I don't know—never, I sometimes think; but I'm sick of this life. I can get a bare living, and that's all."

As in this case, so in very many others; one night in the casual ward is sufficient to lead to the conclusion that begging is much the lesser of two evils.

But if a man is able to tolerate the discomforts of the casual ward, and if, after some practice, he can get through the task without much trouble, he is still driven by hunger to beg.

In those counties where what is called the "ticket system" is in force, casuals are allowed bread in the middle of the day, and if a traveller should pass through a town which possesses a charity organisation society, he may, should he by any chance hear of the existence of that agency, be able to obtain half a loaf. But in general the Poor-Law gives him nothing but six or eight ounces of bread, with the inevitable gruel or water, night and morning, unless he is kept in the casual ward through the day; and therefore, as I have said, he must beg or drop. A Succé could not live and walk on such a diet.

So that, no matter whether a man begins soon or late, no matter whether he enjoys the comforts of the casual ward for one night or

for many nights, to begging he must come at last.

Now, anybody who knows anything of the road will tell you that a respectable man will endure much before he will beg for the first time. I met scores of poor fellows who, having set off with the determination that they would neither beg nor enter a casual ward, were literally starving, and yet would not go to a cottage and ask for food.

I remember one in particular. He had been on the road three days and two nights when I came up with him. Once he had slept in a partly-built house, and on the other occasion in a brick-yard; and of food he had had none save a few half-ripe blackberries. His clothes were wet, and his eyes fierce and bloodshot, and those fantastic delusions which are the curse of semi-starvation had taken possession of him.

I urged him to "mough"—it was the only thing I could do. Beg! No; not he. Couldn't people see he was starving? If they could, they ought to give him food without waiting to be asked; if they couldn't, no power of his would move them. Anyhow, he would not beg; and from that resolution I could not shake him. Nevertheless, I feel sure that that night or next day he made the first dreaded step, and that after that everything was comparatively easy.

If, however, a man once begins to beg—well, he gradually loses his self-respect, and you never know where he will stop. That is why the inefficiency of our system of relieving casual paupers is so deplorable. It is, in fact, nothing but blind, heartless Bumbleism that is responsible for the conversion of hundreds of honest men into lazy, disreputable vagrants.

Nor must it be overlooked that Poor-Law administration helps to foster mendicancy in another way. The public has so great a horror of it, that if a man says he has been, or will have to go, to the casual ward, he makes a most effective appeal for sympathy and assistance, and consequently the undeserving—the deserving rarely think of playing this card—find begging easier than they would if a more humane system of relief were in operation.

The third of the three principal factors in the production of tramps—our short-service system—is, perhaps, the most prolific of all. Every year about 17,000 men are discharged from the Army and thrown on the labour market. What becomes of them? Some—perhaps the majority—obtain work; but very many descend till they reach the road.

I saw on tramp several Reserve men wearing their "Martini-Henry" suits—as the clothes given them on discharge are called—a proof that they had embraced the profession of an "asker" almost straight away. One soldier told me, indeed, that £50 which he had when he returned to civil life lasted him only a few weeks; that he then tramped for seven months; that he had just done a fortnight's field work near his native village; and that he was off again.

But, as a rule, the fall is not so rapid as in this instance. Finding themselves adrift in the world, with nearly £20 deferred pay, the men go in for a "glorious spree" till their money is spent. Then they slip gradually into vagrancy, looking forward to nothing but pension day and its attendant debauch.

The number of Reserve men and old soldiers now on the road is enormous. When one cannot do a day's tramp without meeting several; when one cannot find lodgings without having at least two or three to share them; when nobody can raise any military subject in general conversation without three or four voices chiming in with an anecdote; when you read, as I remember reading the other day, that more than one-fourth the whole number of tramps who passed through a certain casual ward in the last quarter were soldiers, it cannot be otherwise. And under present conditions the number must increase rapidly year by year—a cheerful look-out for half-pay officers, whose doors are already besieged by Reserve men.

The title of the next, and concluding, subject in this series will be:—"Everyday Life as a Tramp."

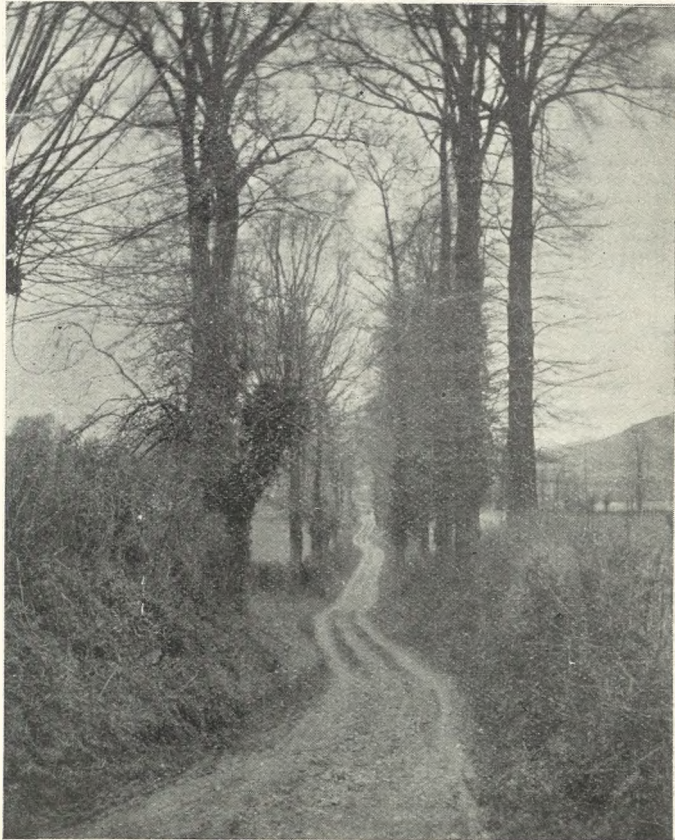
NEW WESLEYAN CHAPEL AT CHURCHDOWN.



OPENING CEREMONY, APRIL 30, 1903.

PHOTO BY F. C. A. JAYNES, CHURCHDOWN.

THE PRIZE PICTURE.



LANE AT STANLEY PONTLARGE, NEAR GRETTON.

PHOTO BY S. A. ISLES, CHELTENHAM.

Petrol and Pictures.

[By ARIEL.]

WASHERS.

Solid washers made of pure aluminium are being used lately in the place of the combination copper and asbestos ones. It is said that the aluminium is sufficiently soft to give, under the pressure obtained by screwing up the sparking plug, to make a tight joint, and that the aluminium does not become useless so quickly as a combination washer. It is no uncommon occurrence to find a motorist stranded by the roadside through the failure of a packing washer, and without a spare one in the tool-bag. A good temporary job can be made with an ordinary piece of copper wire about one-sixteenth of an inch thick. If this be bent round in a circle so that the ends overlap, and screwed up tightly beneath the collar of the plug, it will be found to make an efficient joint, and one which can be safely relied on for a considerable period.

WANTED, A PERFECT SILENCER.

Much of the prejudice amongst the general public against automobiles is owing to the noise they make whilst running. Too little attention has been paid by manufacturers to the silent running of their cars or motor-cycles. Their chief consideration has been to obtain power, and consequently great speed. The perfect silencer has yet to be invented. The great difficulty to be overcome is to effectually deaden the noise of the explosion without creating a back pressure that absorbs the power of the motor. Just in the same manner as we take away the power of the motor by throttling the mixture of petrol vapour and air admitted, so also the power of the motor is modified by the method of silencing the exhaust. A fortune awaits the man who can solve the silencing problem, and it is well known that many clever men in the motor world are at work on the question.

THE PARIS-MADRID RACE.

The above race starts on May 24th. Several well-known motor-cycle manufacturers in England are entering machines for this important race, including Humbers Limited, who make a chain-driven machine, the Ormonde Motor Co. Limited, and the Bat Motor Co., who have entered two machines.

THE ELIMINATING TESTS FOR THE GORDON-BENNETT CUP RACE.

I have referred before to the eliminating tests to be held to decide which cars should represent England in the above race. These tests have been decided under the auspices of the Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland on the private track belonging to the Duke of Portland at Welbeck. The track was in splendid condition, and the conditions were very favourable to the attainment of high speed. Only members of the Automobile Club were allowed near the track. A large number of leading motorists witnessed the trials. The three Napier cars were driven by the Hon. C. S. Rolls, J. W. Stocks, and Mark Mayhew. The Star car was driven by J. Lisle. The course allowed of a flying kilometre trial and a standing mile. J. W. Stocks did the best times by all accounts; but this is not absolutely certain, and the opinion is expressed that the cars will have to be subjected to more extended trials shortly.

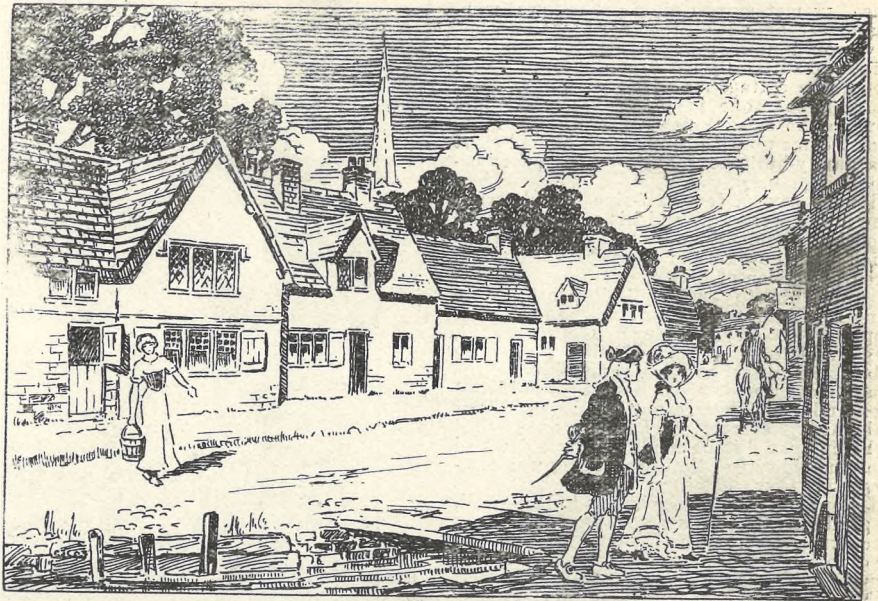
MOTOR RACING IN CHELTENHAM.

The five miles motor-cycle race proved a great attraction to the crowd of people who witnessed the sports held on the Athletic Ground. The speed attained by several of the machines caused astonishment to the spectators. W. O. Garbutt gave a fine exhibition of the power of the 2½ h.-p. Excelsior motor-cycle, whilst G. Cottrell on a 2 h.-p. Millionmobile may be congratulated on a very good performance, and would have ran into second place had his driving belt not slipped off the pulleys. One thing I noticed was the great interest displayed by the onlookers when machines of equal power were pitted against each other. Were the heats generally so arranged, motor races would be much more interesting, for then the skilful driver would shine.

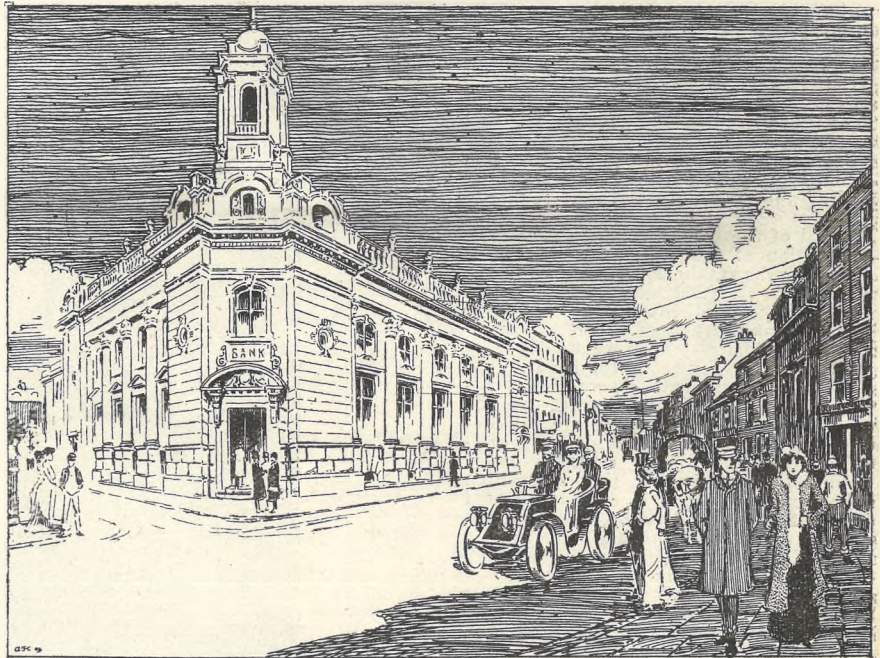
FILM NEGATIVES.

One minor advantage which films possess is that they can be stored in such a small space. The simplest and best way of storing films, especially the thick ones, is to get a good sized strongly-bound note-book. Cut out every

THE PRIZE DRAWINGS.
Cheltenham High Street in Two Centuries.



EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.



TWENTIETH CENTURY.

DRAWN BY G. J. COX, CHELTENHAM.

third leaf, and then paste together the top and bottom edges of each pair of the remaining leaves, thus making pockets, in which the film negatives can be kept. It is a good plan to number each pocket and make an index at the end, so that any negative can be found without having to look through the whole collection.

A TIP FOR TIME EXPOSURES.

When making time exposures of several seconds, it is a good plan to count one, two, three, four, five, etc.; every five, counted as rapidly as possible, will be found to give one second.

COLD VARNISH FOR PLATES OR FILMS.

Every good negative should be varnished. The town photographer will find it cheaper to buy the varnish from a photographic dealer; but there are some amateurs who work in out-of-the-way places to whom the following recipe may be useful. It was given in the "British Journal of Photography."

Take four ounces of shellac, in thin flakes, and twenty ounces of water; raise to the boiling point, and when this is reached add a few drops of a hot saturated solution of borax, stirring vigorously with a glass rod till the shellac is dissolved, which will be in a few seconds. Don't use too much borax, but add it slowly, and stop short of complete solution rather than the other way. After this filter through charcoal, and the water varnish is ready for use. After the negative has been well washed, and while it is still wet, immerse it in a dish of the cold varnish. Plates treated with this cold varnish are said to be absolutely proof against such silver stains as are commonly met with. Films, after development and final washing, may be soaked in this varnish whilst still wet, and then hung up to dry.

["Ariel" will be glad to answer any question on these subjects.]

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 124.

SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1903.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE, CHELTENHAM.

BOVLY CARTE OPERA CO : This Afternoon—"PATIENCE,"
This Evening—"YEOMEN OF THE GUARD."

Next Week:— MOODY-MANNERS' OPERA
COMPANY IN A ROUND OF GRAND
OPERAS.

Prices as Usual.

PRIZE PHOTOGRAPHY.

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

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

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

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

The winner of the 122nd competition is Mr. C. T. Deane, of 5 Orrisdale-terrace, Cheltenham, with his picture of Southampton Water.

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 winner of the 33rd competition is Mr. Frank Rogers, of "Bitterne," Tivoli, Cheltenham, with his Tivoli sewer cartoon.

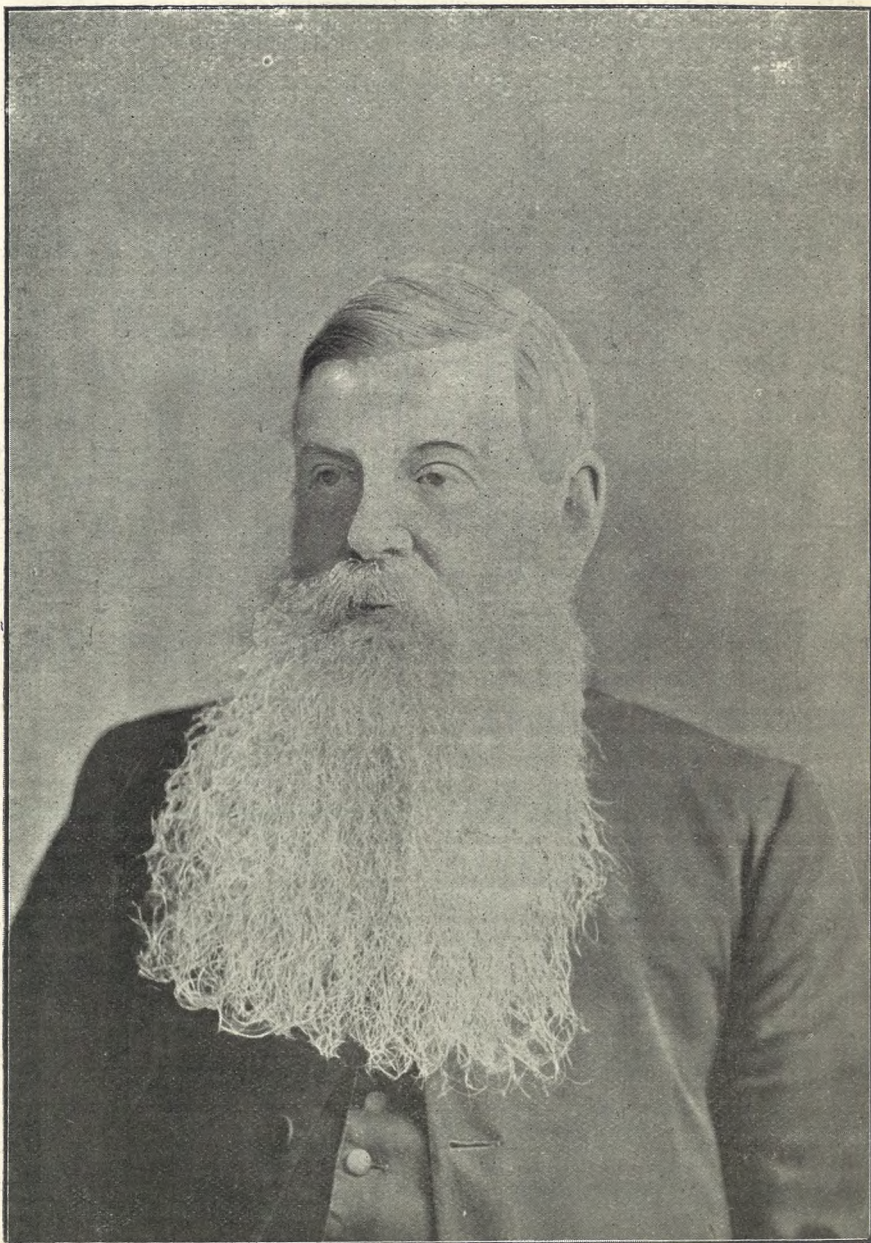
PRIZE SERMON SUMMARY.

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 fifteenth competition is Miss Mary C. Inman, of 3 Oxford-parade, Cheltenham, for her report of the sermon delivered by the Rector to the Boys' Brigade.

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.



REV. CANON HENRY SEWELL, M.A.,

22 YEARS VICAR OF WOTTON-UNDER-EDGE AND THE VICAR-DESIGNATE OF SANDHURST, NEAR GLOUCESTER.

Through England in Rags.

AN AMATEUR VAGRANT'S
EXPERIENCES OF ROAD LIFE.

EVERYDAY LIFE AS A TRAMP.
SUMMING UP AND CONCLUSION.

THE time has come when all that remains for me to do is to sum up. My first thought, in considering the tramp as a whole, is naturally of the thousands of homeless wanderers with whom I associated for a brief spell. I found that the men are all right—when you know them—but that the women are, with few exceptions, intolerable and not to be endured.

One characteristic of female vagrants as a class is their amusing ignorance. For instance, when I happened to mention to a roadstress (if I may use the word) whom I met in Kent that I had come down from the capital of the woollen trade, she enquired after the hops "round that country." Richer still was the question of a Leeds girl. As we passed a hayfield she asked me quite seriously what the crop was used for, and when I told her she remarked that she thought that was the "stuff bread was made from."

Ladies of the road are also terrible spongers. They smoke to a woman—smoke anything, from rank thick twist to common brown paper. They often appealed to me therefore for tobacco, which being generally refused, they pleaded for a "draw." Then I sometimes gravely took my pipe from my mouth, and, strictly in accordance with the etiquette of free-and-easy society, wiped the stem on my handkerchief, after which I handed it over. Silence, punctuated with puff—puff—puff, followed. The woman invariably sucked away till only two draws (never more or less) remained in the bowl, when she repeated the wiping process and handed me back my pipe, with the remark that she could not smoke at all that day.

About road life in general—the next point that occurs to me—I have a few remarks to make. In the first place, it is doubtless a healthy existence. Ill-nourished as your body is, it defies cold. One Thursday I was drenched to the skin, and, as there are no facilities in lodging-houses for drying clothes, I was obliged to put my things on wet on Friday morning, while they were not thoroughly dry when I donned them on the Saturday. And this, I may say, happened again and again—I mean that I was often wet through. Yet I experienced no ill effects whatever. The fact is that the constant exercise in the open air seems to render you proof against contracting a cold.

If a tramp should fall ill, he must go to the casual ward, whence he is passed into the hospital. When I parted from an old hawker he was shivering and shaking by the fire and complaining of pains in all his joints. On the Thursday before-mentioned he had, like me, been wetted to the skin, and at night he drank too much beer and slept in his wet clothes. He had begun to pay the penalty for his folly. His condition and his distress at the thought that he would be sent to the parish hospital were pitiable to witness; and as I left the house he was giving away his stock to the landlady and her relatives in order to propitiate that dame and induce her to take pity on him. I am sorry to think that in all probability his efforts failed. Generally, however, the tramp who feels it necessary to see a doctor does not wait to be sent to him; he goes to the casual ward in search of him.

But road life, nevertheless, requires an apprenticeship before it is worth living. To the beginner, unless he happens to be a cripple, or can pose as such, it is horrible indeed—ever-present anxiety and insatiable hunger, weary days and sleepless nights. A week or two of this sort of thing is simply killing. The vitality becomes so low that, as I know from painful experience, it takes one day to recover from a long walk without food or from living for about thirty-six hours on nothing but bread and water.

As the tramp requires experience, his position improves as a matter of course. He gets to know the "good" houses, the position of

all the monasteries and nunneries, the breweries at which beer is given to all comers, and such useful information as that in a certain town a good meal can be obtained for a penny or twopence. If you go to the pie works there, and represent that you are on the road, you can obtain a ticket for a copper that will entitle you to more broken pie than you can eat at a sitting, while for twopence you are given a quantity of brawn or jelly.

But at best he can rarely, by his unaided efforts alone, gain more than the barest of livelihoods. It is the so-called "hawkers" and the "couples" who do pretty well on the road, not single men or single women who rely on straightforward begging; and in the case of the latter class there are natural reasons, as well as others, why this is so. For one thing, these pairs can adopt methods that appeal with irresistible force to housewives, who, after all, are the best friends that beggars have.

Nothing, for instance, could be more effective in softening a woman's heart than a "couple"—he with a basket over his shoulder and an apron round his waist; she neat, clean, and wearing her begging expression of countenance—accompanied by a ramshackle perambulator in which a child sleeps peacefully. It is an affecting living picture of Looking for Work; it is a picture that possesses every element calculated to come home to one's feelings; and who can wonder that the average woman, when she sees it, sighs deeply, and, thinking of her own maternal troubles and her own little ones, gives her fallen sister something, if only a slice of bread and butter?

She would not believe that the "dolly," as the perambulator is called, the clean apron, the neatness, and all the rest are merely "swag"—are things and qualities adopted for the express purpose of gulling the public. Such is, nevertheless, the fact.

On the whole, I agree with the conclusion which I heard expressed by intelligent vagrants themselves. The road has its fascinations. It provides constant change of scene and of company; it gives you the precious blessing of abundant fresh air; it ministers to that love of ease which is more or less ingrained in every one of us; and to those who know its ways it affords a living. But the life of the road is nearly the worst of all possible lives; and there are, believe me, many thousands of vagrants—men who are initiated in all the mysteries of trampism—who would gladly leave it if they had the chance.

Turning to personal matters, I often had occasion to reflect during my tramp on a thought more or less obvious to many roadsters. How little, it frequently occurred to me, the average man knows of the vileness and the goodness of human nature! I did not look so very disreputable when I started. To be sure, I dressed the character; but I made up so that I could pass for either a travelling tradesman or a professional vagabond, as circumstances might require. After I had had about a fortnight on the road, however, I should have made an admirable understudy to a scarecrow, and I understood the reason why there are no looking-glasses in lodging-houses: it is a precaution against suicide.

A proof that I had degenerated rapidly is that I met scores of persons who ought to have recognised me, but that very few did so. I doubt, too, whether of the thousands of vagrants I mixed with, more than one man suspected the object I had in view. The fellow I refer to was in the lodging-house where I stopped while in Mansfield, and there is no doubt in my mind now that he had seen me many times previously in my everyday garb. He, however, said no word to lead me to suppose that he thought he might know me till we began to chat about a certain institution. When I remarked that I should like to get into it, "just for the fun of the thing," he fixed his eyes on my face, and observed with much significance—

"It wants showing up."

This was a very cunningly-set trap; but it did not catch me. I made some careless remark, and then I saw by the man's manner that he had come to the conclusion that he was mistaken.

From first to last, however, I saw mankind from the tramp's point of view, and a very curious point of view it is. The first thing that strikes you is that ladies ostentatiously draw aside their dresses to allow you to pass, or hasten to give you the footpath, and that superfine gentlemen are most anxious that you will not get between the wind and their nobility. Once I so far forgot myself as to ask one of these superior persons to direct me. He started, and hurried on as if he was afraid of catching the plague.

Later on come other evidences that you are in rags. Policemen try to perform that operation known as "staring one down"; cycle cads whizz noiselessly past within an inch of you, just for the pleasure of seeing you jump; dogs come snapping at your heels; all the twopenny-ha'penny jacks-in-office strive to outvie one another in insulting you; and in a thousand ways you are made to feel your position.

I remember that when I was in Kent I went to a dairyman's intending to buy a pennyworth of milk, for which I had at that time, being weak and ill, an insatiable craving. I knocked at the door, and through the glass I saw a man lean back in his chair and look to see who wanted him; but though I stood there patiently for some minutes, and knocked many times, he would not come.

He thought, I suppose, I was begging. Had he known I wanted to spend a penny with him, he would have almost fawned on me.

You daily realise in your own person, on the other hand, the blessed goodness of the human heart, meeting as you do with a perfect charity and a perfect sympathy—principally from the poor and the homeless—the act as balm to the outraged spirit and quickly heal the wounds inflicted by the opposite qualities in mankind. Of this I have already given many instances; but I have not mentioned more than one-half of those that I could adduce without going beyond my personal experiences. For all such kindnesses I again record my most grateful thanks.

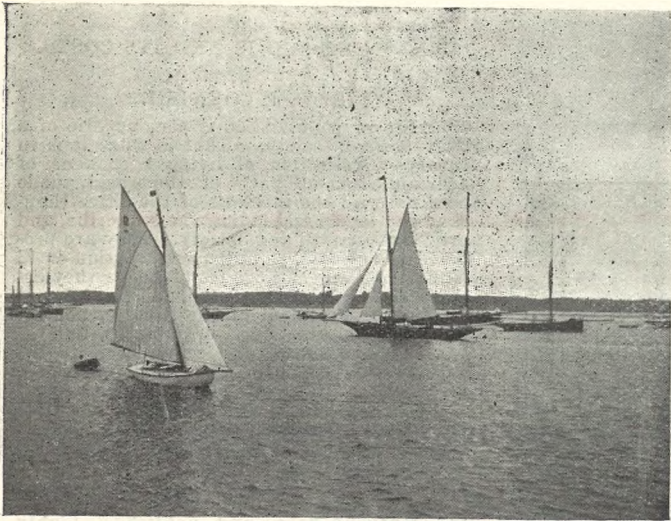
With this glance at the tender side of the road I bring these articles to an end. Before I drop my pen, however, I may remark that all I have written is strictly true as far as I know. I accepted nothing at second-hand that I could find out myself, and I am not aware that I have adopted a single fact of the slightest importance without having verified it in some way. I may also observe that during my journey I made notes in all sorts of places—by the roadside, in ditches, lodging-houses, free libraries, public-houses, and so forth—and posted them as soon as possible after I had finished them, and that it is from these memoranda, aided by memory, that I have written the articles I now conclude.

THE LADY COOK.

NEW CAREER FOR WORKING GENTLEWOMEN.

Educated women of gentle birth, instead of devoting themselves to the ill-paid work of governesses, are now embracing the calling of cooks. Many mistresses have lately specially asked at the registry offices for lady cooks. The secretary of the Central Bureau for the Employment of Women in Southampton-street, Holborn, says there is a demand for cooks who are gentlewomen by birth and education. But there are difficulties in the way unless mistresses are able to promise certain privileges which the ordinary cook, much as she may appreciate them, does not stipulate for. Some lady cooks, for instance, object to mix on terms of equality with domestics who are possibly grades beneath them educationally and by birth. Hence, as a rule, lady cooks accept situations only in houses where there are lady parlourmaids and housemaids. There are, however, a few cases in very large establishments where the cook is a lady and the rest of the servants are of the usual domestic class. A very desirable situation was refused by one lady cook recently because her employer stipulated that she should take the head of the table in the servants' hall.

THE PRIZE PICTURES.



"IN SOUTHAMPTON WATER."

Photos by C. T. Deane, Cheltenham.

Tour of Our Churches.

ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST, TREDINGTON.

THE names of villages are often confusing. For instance, in the neighbourhood of Cheltenham we have Taddington, Teddington, Toddington, and Tredington—only about one letter different in each name.

I was at the latter place, which is situated half-way between Cleve railway station and Tewkesbury, on Sunday morning last, and attended service at the Parish Church. There was a small congregation. It is true the whole parish numbers but one or two over a hundred souls; but even out of one hundred there ought to be more attending divine service than I saw.

To help the congregation there is a good American organ and a fair choir. They go in rather extensively for singing and organ accompaniment in the Confession, Lord's Prayer, creeds, responses, and amens. This was the more noticeable because the Psalms were read in the old-fashioned style. One would think it would be better to dispense with a little of the singing in the responses, etc., and put it into the Psalms. They chanted the Venite, Te Deum, and Jubilate very well, and with a little practice could surely manage the Psalms. I throw out the hint.

The Litany was read in a quiet and solemn manner, with little help from the organ. Following this was the hymn "Disposer Supreme." In the Ante-Communion Service a pretty kyrie was used, and before the sermon "Through all the changing scenes of life" was sung with considerable spirit.

The Vicar took for his text St. Luke xiii., 24—"Strive to enter in at the straight gate." While journeying to Jerusalem our Lord was asked, the preacher said, "Are there many that shall be saved, or is the number of those who shall make their calling and election sure a small one?" Our Lord did not see fit to make a direct answer to such an enquiry; but he set before his hearers an exhortation, reminding them that it was of little consequence how many were saved, but it was of the very greatest moment how each individual sinner might enter the right way—might enter in at the straight gate, the narrow way of life, through repentance and faith. This could not be effected without a struggle; the narrow way was beset with enemies and temptations; much must be left undone, worldly practices and habits broken off, faults overcome, or there could be no salvation. If their first parents had continued in a sinless state, all their posterity would have walked in the way of life; but when Satan turned man from his Creator, his true Friend, his real Benefactor, then came ruin to body and

soul. The straight and narrow way had been prepared by God Himself for the rest and delivery of His people. God's son came down from heaven to open the gate and smooth the way for all to everlasting life. There were many who called themselves followers of Christ who would attempt by some means of their own to enter the holy state, to carve out for themselves the path to Heaven. Leading good lives, taking part in forms and ceremonies—making heaven a thing wrought out partly by themselves, seeking to enter by a way of their own; but failure was the result. And when the doors of mercy were shut they began to cry "Lord! Lord!" They sought to enter, but were not able. All must look to themselves during their day of grace while the door was open. "Christ crucified" should form the ground of all their confidence; they must be content to enter Heaven on the merits of their Saviour only. They must pray earnestly that they might conform their lives to that divine Example; and if they sought to enter in through Him, they could not fail.

The church of St. John the Baptist is an interesting one, built in the Norman style, with some bits of decorated added work. The chancel is noted for its length for so small a building. On either of its sides is a Norman window filled with stained glass. The Communion rails are of the time of Archbishop Laud, and the sacred table is of good workmanship. A stone seat, or sedile, runs nearly the whole length of the northern side of the chancel; but it is partly covered with one of the choir wooden seats. If this was intended for the Bishop's sedilia, it is on the opposite side to that on which such are usually to be found. A massive wall divides the chancel from the nave, the entrance being through a generous Norman archway. The seats and the pulpit are of good massive oak. On the plaster ceiling of the nave are some figures and flowers cast in the plaster—a very unusual thing. There is a memorial window and some modern brasses to members of the Surman family, who for centuries inhabited Tredington Court. Over the entrance doorway, inside the porch, there is some really good Norman work. This porch was added in 1624. The church dates from the 12th century. The northern wall is bricked up, but in the tympanum are to be seen three figures, the meaning of which seems known to no one. The members of an archaeological society at a recent visit could not explain them. The tower is a wooden erection, which is disappointing in connection with such a good substantial stone building. In the church is a fine old chest, with a 14th century fastening to it. In it is stored, with other things, a brass which had become detached from an "altar" tomb in the churchyard. The epi-

taph on this tomb commences:—

If teares of friends may be a pollincture
To make my dust to after times endure;
and there appears to be much discussion as to the meaning of this word pollincture. I would suggest that it is a corruption, or misreading, of the word palimpsest, which is applied to parchments or brasses when lettering upon them has been erased to allow of another inscription being put upon them. In the churchyard is a fine cross with an exceptionally lofty shaft.

I have written enough to show that a visitor to Tredington church cannot fail to find much of interest.

CHURCHMAN.

Exhibition of Etchings, Drawings and Publications by Edward J. Burrow, and Ladies' College Pupils, etc., at the Fine Art Society's Rooms, 386, High Street, May 20, 21, 22.

To be opened by the Mayor of Cheltenham, at 3 p.m. on Wednesday, May 20.

CARLYLE'S IDEA OF "REAL WORK."

It is not generally known that Mr. Balfour Browne, K.C., the present eminent leader of the Parliamentary Bar, once seriously thought, when he was a briefless barrister, of entering the field of literature as a means of earning a livelihood. He wrote a book, and, thinking it a masterpiece of style and ingenuity, he sent a copy of it to Thomas Carlyle. There came back this cryptic reply:—"Devote yourself to some real work." The author felt hurt, because, as he tells the story, "I thought it so good and clever." However, young Balfour Browne took the sage of Chelsea's hint, and devoted himself to law. His briefs are marked at a higher figure than those of almost any other man at the bar, and his earnings probably exceed £30,000 a year.

CHAMPION BENEDICK.

An inhabitant of Cregligen, Wurtemberg, claims to be the champion benedick of the world. He has been married no fewer than eleven times. His first three wives died young, the next two were drowned, one committed suicide, three died of pneumonia, the tenth was gored to death by a bull, and he has just married the eleventh. She has had a leg cut off by a railway train.

ROYAL GLOUCESTERSHIRE HUSSARS IMPERIAL
YEOMANRY AT BADMINTON CAMP, MAY, 1903.

Wild Animals in Captivity.

WHAT THE ZOO IS AND ITS COSTS.

By C. J. CORNISH.

THE ever popular Zoo is a menagerie of a learned society. That is what it is in theory—a collection of living specimens of animals from all parts of the world, made nominally in the interests of the three thousand gentlemen and ladies who subscribe, and are "Fellows" of the Society. They are proposed and elected, paying a subscription of £3 a year, and an entrance fee of £5, or they become life members for £35. The Duke of Bedford is President of the Society, not because he is a great territorial noble, but because he has begun and carried out in his park at Woburn Abbey the most extensive experiments in animal acclimatization ever made in this country. He had at one time more than 300 foreign deer of all the known varieties in the world in this park, and his collection of birds was scarcely less remarkable.

The Society have also a magnificent library in Hanover-square, and publish a highly scientific and costly work annually, called the "Zoological Record," a summary of the work done by zoologists all over the world, as well as accounts of the "proceedings" and scientific papers of the Society. At the Zoo itself there is also a very useful department, presided over by Mr. F. E. Beddard, a Fellow of the Royal Society, who is a kind of universal anatomist, for which the opportunities at the Zoo are great, and who has published among many other learned books the standard work on the structure and classification of birds, from the result of his studies there.

This useful side of the Zoo is not obtruded, and consequently not so well known as it should be.

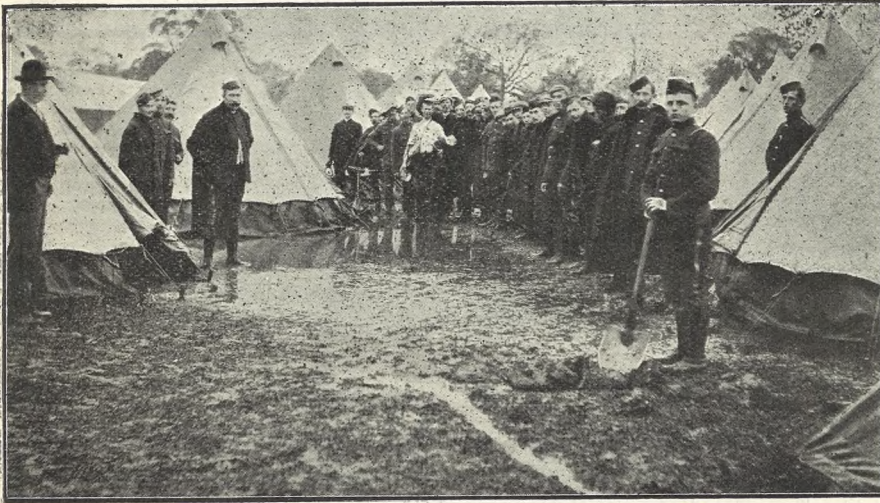
EXPENSES OF THE ZOO.

The magnificent menagerie contained recently 2,656 birds, beasts, and reptiles, besides a floating population of exquisite butterflies and tropical moths. Its maintenance costs more than £3,000, the provisions for the animals nearly £4,000, salaries for the keepers and office £5,500, and new animals and their carriage £2,326. Gardens, rates, taxes, and clothes for the keepers amount to another £1,300, and building to any amount which the Society can afford, and there is a large item for work and materials. Altogether at the Zoo and at Hanover-square, from purchasing animals to paying for books, or subscribing to scientific objects, the Society spends nearly £30,000 annually.

As the members' subscriptions do not amount to more than some £5,000, the balance is made up by what the public pay as entrance fees. It is in this way that the Zoo has become the semi-public institution which it is. It speaks volumes for the good sense of its general management, and for the good feeling which is reciprocated by the public, that it is, without exception, the least hampered with regulations and prohibitions, and on the whole the most popular of all sights in London which can be enjoyed by payment. It is the Society's menagerie; but they continue to let it be the people's Zoo.

PRIVATE BENEFACTORS.

It has also in a measure accommodated itself to what the practical wants of the public are. In the early days of the Zoo the main object of the collection was to judge what useful animals could be acclimatized here, as well as to show what the creatures of distant lands were like. But the early promoters, men like Sir Stamford Raffles, the brilliant founder of what has become our empire in the Far East, and Sir Humphrey Davy, were thoroughly representative Englishmen, and those who have followed them are like unto them. When it seemed that the "utility" was better served by improving our unrivalled breeds of domesticated animals than by introducing new species, such as armadillos, to take the place of rabbits, or crossing wild species with our domestic cattle, they gradually tried to make



"SPADE AND TRENCH WORK" TO RUN OFF FLOODS.



"BUCKET PARADE."

Photos by Maurice Hack, Cheltenham.

STROUD LADIES' CHOIR.

the Zoo as far as possible a representative collection of the fauna of the world. There are always gaps, at present there are some very large ones, but on the whole the society manages to maintain a sound and varied collection, kept on rather old-fashioned lines, and recruited from time to time by energetic and costly expeditions. The animals are also contributed, sometimes on a great scale, by private friends, who take the opportunity of doing a public service in an unostentatious way. Chief among the present benefactors of the Zoo is the Hon. Walter Rothschild, M.P. When a particularly fine specimen or rare animal is brought to England it is usually offered to him by the owners, as a matter of business. If he thinks it good enough for his museum at Tring he often purchases it, and leaves it at the Zoo "on deposit" till it dies, when the skin or skeleton goes to Tring. At the moment of writing, for example, there was in the snake house a large "king cobra" and a python larger than that which recently died, spending their days in the Zoo, the property of this eminent Fellow of the Society. Among the apes there is a very large orang-outang, and in the new ostrich house a whole series of the rare cassowaries from New Guinea, lent by the same owner.

NATURAL INCREASE OF THE STOCK.

Part of the menagerie maintains itself, for there are species which breed regularly, and others which have young occasionally, in the gardens. The year 1900, for example, was remarkable for the natural increase of the stock. There was a young puma, a leopard cat, an African wild ass, and a most beautiful zebra foal (the Burchells variety), a zebra hybrid, and a young English wild bull. Wild cattle, wild sheep, and deer always do well there. Wateman, the late keeper, who had an early training in looking after the best class of Suffolk cattle and livestock, managed the cattle and deer as cleverly as if he were looking after a home farm. In a single year there were born a yak, a gazal (a huge wild ox which the Assam tribes reclaim from the jungle and domesticate), thirteen lambs from different breeds of wild sheep, and ten fauna and calves by different herds of deer. These animals are valuable. A yak, for instance, will sell for £30, and a wapiti deer for £20. But all the creatures bred in the Zoo during the year would not, if sold, go very far to pay for a new giraffe, or to keep up the beautiful flower gardens, which are now one of the most charming features of the place. Gardening at the Zoo is done as well as in the grounds of some fine country houses, and the rich beds of cannas, cockscombs, and later in the year the chrysanthemums, add greatly to its attractiveness. Who, then, pays for the upkeep of this unique institution? Two-thirds are paid by the public, whose shillings one year amounted to the great sum of £17,192. The rest is enjoyed "gratis" from the balance contributed by the society. In other words, every visitor who pays a shilling enjoys four pennyworth of added pleasure for nothing. For that they have to thank the Fellows of the Zoological Society and the donors and depositors of animals.

Another advantage enjoyed by the present generation of visitors to the Zoo is that the menagerie has been so long established, that any defects and gaps are quite well known, and are gradually filled up from time to time. There is a "house" ready and waiting for nearly every large and interesting animal in the world. If it happens to be vacant the latch is a reminder that that creature is "wanted." The Zoo is like a cabinet, with compartments, which, if empty, merely need time to be filled. The management of every creature is pretty well understood, and the wants of the Society are known to most of the dealers and collectors in foreign parts, who notify them if they have a chance of obtaining the desired specimen. Some creatures never seem to do well there; the great koodoo, the finest of all African antelopes, is an example. But it would be difficult to name any land animal in the world larger than a rabbit which has not, at some time or other, been shown to the visitors to the Zoo. The Liberian hippopotamus and the wild camel are the only instances to the contrary which the writer can recollect.



CONCERT IN CONSERVATIVE CLUB ROOM, MAY 5, 1903.

(Mr. J. Edis Tidnam, conductor.)

Flashlight photo by H. J. Comley, Stroud.

WHAT ARE THE SERVICES RENDERED BY THE ZOO?

It may be asked what are the real services which the Zoo does, either to knowledge or to the general improvement of the public? They are great and easily indicated. The actual presence of the creatures enables their colour, size, proportions, weight (if any would take the trouble to ascertain it, which they do not), their tempers, rate of growth, and some of their habits, to be accurately known. After they are dead, the exact enquirer has opportunities for dissection and comparison of the animals of the whole globe. To give a concrete instance of what this means. Mr. Beddard, the prosecutor, desired to classify the whole race of birds on a definite system, by the difference in their anatomy, that is, not only by their skeletons, but by the minute differences in their muscles, organs, and general interior structure. He did so, in his recently published book, largely by the facilities offered at the Zoo. The birds not available there are procurable preserved in spirits from the countries in which they are found. But the Zoo offered a suitable centre and a considerable source of supply for material for work of this kind. Its chief benefit, however, is the suggestion of new ideas, new forms, new colours, beauties of shape, of tint, of texture, and of motion, by the animals themselves. People who live in a little island in the West Atlantic, with its limited number of birds and beasts, and still more those who live in cities in such an island, derive actual benefit from all these fresh and suggestive sights. Imagination, curiosity, sympathy, wonder, are all awakened by a visit to the Zoo. If we can only dimly realise the possibility of other worlds than ours, we can at least see the forms and faces of beings which have other shapes, and other minds than ours, brought over distant oceans to our doors. They are examples of the natural inhabitants of the world, proper subjects for the knowledge and curiosity of the owners of a world-wide empire.

C. J. CORNISH.

[THE END.]

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

CAN BRITAIN BE INVADIED?

In France the Napoleonic tradition of the mastery of the Channel for three days, followed by invasion, lies at the root of every scheme against us. As for Germany, we have only to read Moltke's views, expressed in the course of the campaign against Denmark, to perceive the same identical ideas prevailing—all the risks thoroughly understood, but the stupendous results of success warranting almost any conceivable risk to attain it. We may reserve our opinion on the probability of success; but let us admit that Napoleon and Moltke, in their prime and according to their lights, were fairly respectable authorities on questions of strategy; or let us at least acknowledge that no one, in their respective countries, has sufficient weight and authority to destroy the legends they have bequeathed to their descendants and successors. What is the lesson for us? Six hundred thousand men at home, and forts on the Surrey Hills? Nothing of the sort! If there were no Channel we should be forced to resort to conscription; but as there is a Channel, and as the sea is the element upon which we happen to be supreme, it is there that the Empire must be defended. But an invasion of England, to have a vestige of a chance of success, must be strong in numbers, and must consequently utilise many ports of embarkation; each port can only contain a certain number of ships, and from the great majority of ports only a certain limited number of vessels can steam out at each tide. It is not absolutely inconceivable that some unhappy fragments of the new Armada may reach our inhospitable shores in blissful ignorance of the fate of the rest. Hence our Home Militia must be organised in small and handy units as a mobile force, to act against these and other raiders; for the threat of invasion must not induce us to keep idle the striking force of regulars destined to complete the action of our Navy on the enemy's coast—action which in all probability will of itself, if well planned and vigorously conducted, strangle at its birth in its maritime cradle all idea of invasion from over-sea.—From "Imperial Strategy," by a Staff Officer, in "Blackwood's Magazine" for May.

This will disturb the gossips of Thrums. Mr. J. M. Barrie has bought a motor-car!

GLOUCESTERSHIRE GOSSIP

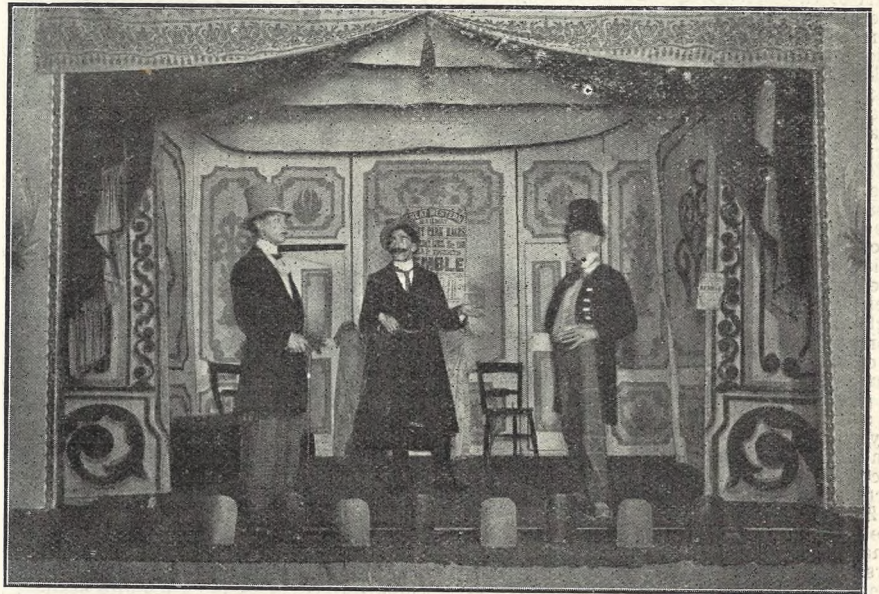
A **N**OTHER chapter—probably the last—is about to be written of the local history of the Boer War, for the County Committee have decided to erect in the Chapter House of Gloucester Cathedral a stained-glass window in memory of Gloucestershire men who succumbed to wounds or disease in that terrible campaign. Yes, the aspiration, "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori," is respected in good old Gloucestershire. I feel peculiar satisfaction at finding things are to be as now arranged, having from the first advocated a county memorial, and that it should be placed in the Cathedral, and then throwing in my opinion in favour of the window being put in the Chapter House, as against the proposal to have it in the sequestered Cloisters. I now have pleasure in commending the project to the liberality of the "Graphic" readers, for at least £250 is still required to make up the total cost (£550). The Yeomanry have come out splendidly with money (some £200), as they did with men for the war. Subscriptions can be sent to Mr. J. Manners (hon. treasurer), National Provincial Bank, Gloucester. I see that the names of two officers and 260 rank and file who fell have been sent in, but I think the local secretaries would find the lists of the deceased as given in the "Echo" and "Cheltenham Chronicle" last summer most helpful in compiling a complete list.

An interesting incident occurred at the above meeting, following upon a remark by Mr. Hicks Beach that he hoped the vergers would not "expect a small tip" for showing the window to relatives of the heroes. The Cathedral dignitaries present assured him that this would be strictly forbidden, and the Dean caused much amusement by adding that he himself had once been offered a shilling, and he was sorry he did not take it as "an interesting relic." The "Dean's shilling" would certainly have made a capital curio. I trow this able cicerone of the grand old Minster could have extracted many and many a shilling from the pockets of the numerous parties he has voluntarily conducted over it and delivered to them "sermons in stones."

The Royal Gloucestershire Hussars Imperial Yeomanry might as well have been away in South Africa as in camp at remote Badminton, for but scant notice has been taken of them in the Press. I should have thought that the Bristol newspapers, at least, would have taken the Yeomen under their special wings in their own particular districts. As it is, the regiment has been experiencing a few of the discomforts of real campaigning (for the weather again has not been of the "merry month of May" character), but still doing some of their country's work ungrudgingly. The camp is a veritable quagmire, and last Saturday it was so flooded that a plough had to be used to cut furrows so as to let the water run off. I hear that one officer paddled himself in his bath in front of the officers' tents. There is certainly no playing at soldiers now, as was too often the case in the days of yore. It is "stables" three times a day, commencing at 6 a.m., and very hard work between, such as drilling, attending lectures on reconnaissance, outposts, etc., attacks on a sham enemy, and defence of convoys. The Morris tube range is much sought after to kill time and improve shooting. If some of the old "Yeomanry Cavalrymen" could come to life and be dumped down at Badminton, they would be astonished to see the R.G.H. in khaki, with blue facings, Bedford cord breeches and puttees, and slouch hats, while the work and routine would fairly stagger them. I wonder, too, what the rollicking evergreen lieutenant, who once rode on to parade with his grey horse's tail painted pink, would think of the new order of things? But it is well that the change has taken place.

I have had occasion once or twice to suggest that certain "Many happy returns" men of the London Press should keep their birthday books revised up to date, for some unpardonable blunders in regard to deceased local personages have been committed by them. Another flagrant instance of carelessness—to use a mild term—has just occurred in "Lord Encombe, aged thirty-three," being congratulated on May 8th last. Yet his lordship, who was the son and heir of the Earl of Eldon, of Stowell Park, died on August 18th, 1900, aged 30 years.

GLEENER.



Trinity Church (Stroud) Young Men's Club Theatricals, May 7, 1903.

Flashlight photos by H. J. Comley, Stroud.



BRIMSCOMBE FOOTBALL CLUB.

(WINNERS OF STROUD & DISTRICT LEAGUE CUP.)

Team (left to right from top):—E. Budding (linesman), P. Kimmins, A. Hampton, W. James (sec.), H. Dickenson, F. Hook, W. Aldridge, G. Emblin (captain), D. Peyton, J. Shewell, H. Poole, A. Rowle, F. Roberts, F. Johnson, and F. Munday.

Photos by H. J. Comley, Russell-street, Stroud.



THE CUP.



ST. PAUL'S SUNDAY SCHOOL, GLOUCESTER.

This photograph of the 1st Class boys and their teacher (Miss C. Knight) was taken some little time ago to send to friends in South Africa. At the annual prize distributions the boys invariably take 1st prizes and certificates for knowledge of the Scriptures and good conduct. The boys' names are (reading from left to right):—Lionel Allen, Charles Connock, William Morgan, Richard Harding, Ernest Connock, Sidney Stephens, and William Hobbs.

Photo by E. Price Conway.



**NEW SHELTER FOR WATER DRINKERS AT ALSTONE SPA,
GREAT WESTERN ROAD, CHELTENHAM**

(Erected by C. England, Portland Street.)

Photo by E. W. Ride.

Petrol and Pictures.

THE PRIZE DRAWING.

[By "ARIEL."]

FOR BEGINNERS ONLY.

MR. ETHELBERT HENRY, in his "Early Work," gives the following advice to beginners in the art of photography:—If you wish to be an all-round slipshod dabbler, try every different make of plate, paper, developer, and toning bath that each of your friends recommends—of course before mastering any of the technical details of photography. But, on the other hand, if you wish to become a clean and careful worker, capable of producing excellent results, stick to one brand of plates, one formula for developer, and one toning bath until you understand them thoroughly and can produce a good negative and a good print every time, or else know the exact cause of failure. When you can do this the field of experiment is ready to offer you a welcome. I can endorse this advice from personal experience.

LOADING DARK SLIDES.

When on a tour it is not often possible to obtain the use of a ruby lamp for plate-changing, and consequently this operation has frequently to be performed at night. This is, after a little practice, very easy to perform. Most of the plate manufacturers pack their plates film to film, and if this is remembered it is a very simple thing to change the plates in total darkness.

DENSE NEGATIVES.

These are caused by over-development, and are very often so dense as to require several hours' exposure to sunlight to obtain a print. This fault can be remedied as follows:—Dissolve thirty grains of potassium ferricyanide in an ounce of water, and add to it three ounces of fresh hypo-bath of the usual strength: this forms the reducer. If the negative is dry, it must be well soaked in water or in the fixing-bath, and then put in a white tray and covered with the above solution. The dish must be rocked to prevent uneven action, as this solution acts very rapidly. Remove the negative when nearly thin enough to a tray of clean water, and wash it thoroughly. In this way many a negative which otherwise would be practically unprintable can be made to print satisfactorily.

THE CARRIAGE OF MOTORS.

The railway companies have revised the charges for the carriage of cycles and motor-cycles by passenger train. The charges are as follow:—Any distance up to 25 miles for motor-cycle 1s., ordinary bicycle 6d., motor-tricycle 2s.; above 25 miles the charges remain as before, i.e. a motor-cycle charge is twice that for a pedal machine, and a motor-tricycle twice that for a motor-cycle.

A DESCRIPTION OF A MOTOR-CYCLE.

The following was overheard recently:—"Yer see, Bill, when 'e pulls that there faker an' shoves that there jigger down, an' pedals like mad, the bloomin' thing starts snortin' like a moke with the 'oopin' coot'."

USE DRY BATTERIES WHEN STRANDED.

The "Motor-cycle" gives the following good advice to prevent being stranded through the accumulator running out at a critical time:—Where the accumulator has run down in the vicinity of a town, the motor-cyclist can easily secure a substitute in the form of three dry cells, as used for electric bells, etc., which can generally be obtained in any town. These should be coupled in series (positive and negative), each cell showing, when in good condition, 1.5 volts. Thus coupled together, they show 4.5 volts. Of course, they cannot be placed in the frame case, but a neat parcel can be made and the cells strapped to the rear of the saddle over the mudguard. Detach the wires from the spent accumulator, and with an extra length of wire join up to the positive and negative of the dry cells respectively. These cells will carry one some thousands of miles provided no shorting takes place.

THE CHELTEMHAM AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE AUTOMOBILE CLUB.

The members recently met at the British Camp Hotel, Malvern Wells. There was a very fair muster of members, notwithstanding the threatening aspect of the weather.



"STRUCK WITH STERILITY."

Pearson Thompson (originator of Tivoli sewers): What! you still alive!

T. S.: Yes; but struck with sterility.

Drawn by Frank Rogers, Cheltenham (the portrait of Mr. Thompson is a copy).

Amongst those present were the president, Dr. H. P. Fernald (Oldsmobile car), Messrs. Bennett and Dyer (2½-h.p. Excelsior, with Million trailing-car attached), Mr. Bullock (2½-h.p. Excelsior), Mr. Stretton (2-h.p. Millionmobile), Mr. and Mrs. Sanders (Regal car), Mr. Hughes (2¼-h.p. tricycle), and Mr. Wyatt (4½-h.p. Benz car). The roads, except in a very few places, were all that could be desired, being quite free from dust, that enemy to the motor-cyclist. The steep rise to the British Camp was a severe test of the hill-climbing capabilities of the motors, but they all succeeded in gaining the summit. This part of the Malverns is an ideal place for a meet, and well deserves a visit, some fine views being obtainable from the summit. The weather looked so threatening towards 5.30 that it was deemed advisable to start the motors for home. The return journey was made via Upton and Tewkesbury, Cheltenham being reached about seven o'clock.

* * *

["Ariel" will be glad to answer any question on these subjects.]

THE WORLD'S DESIRE.

"What the world wants," said Mr. Balfour, replying to the toast of "The Houses of Parliament," at the annual dinner at the Cecil on Friday night of the Iron and Steel Institute, over which Mr. Andrew Carnegie presided, "is a greater production of the things mankind requires. Disputes as to the division of the results of work are relatively insignificant compared with the interest involved in making the work of the world profitable and efficient." He profoundly distrusted the creed that the prosperity of one nation was the adversity of another. The opposition of interests was a small matter beside the great community of interests in which that opposition should be lost and forgotten. "We cannot do without capital, or labour, or business faculties," added the Premier, "but what we also need is scientific research on the part of men working with no thought in their minds that fortunes might be made out of this or that discovery."

* * *

In Paris last week there were registered 585 marriages, 1,060 births, and 1,119 deaths.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 125

SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1903.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE, CHELTENHAM.

MOODY MANNERS OPERA CO: This Afternoon— (2.30),
"FAUST," This Evening—"MARITANA"
Next Week: F. R. Benson Co. Monday,
"Taming of the Shrew"; Tuesday,
"Paolo and Francesca"; Wednesday
(7.45) and Saturday (2.30), "Macbeth";
Thursday, "Twelfth Night"; Friday,
"She Stoops to Conquer"; Saturday
(7.45), "Merchant of Venice."
Prices as Usual.

PRIZE PHOTOGRAPHY.

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

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

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 winner of the 123rd competition is Mr. A. Bamber, of Leckhampton-road, Cheltenham, with his photos of "A September Gale at Morecambe."

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 winner of the 34th competition is Mr. Wilson Fenning, of Leckhampton-road, Cheltenham, with his Bencian cartoon.

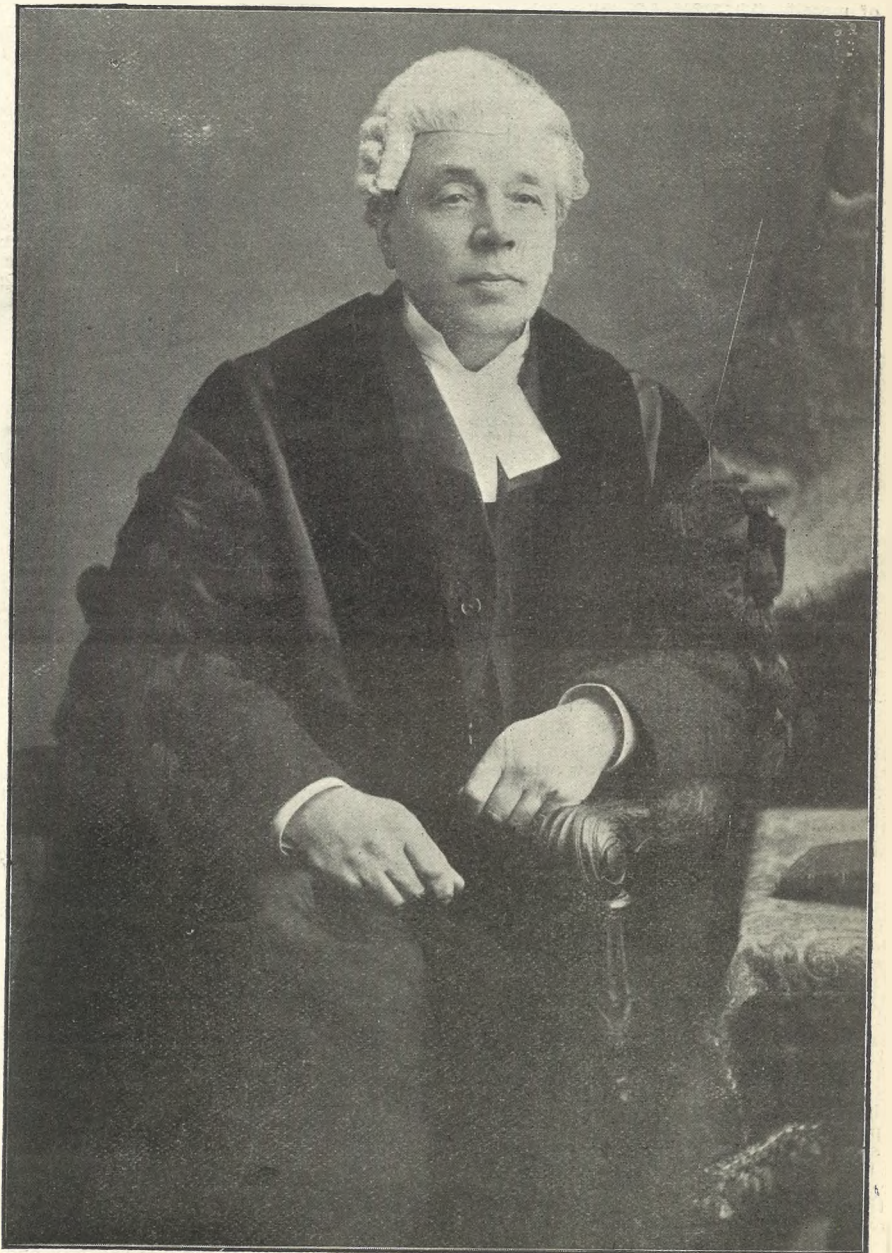
PRIZE SERMON SUMMARY.

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 sixteenth competition is Miss M. Williams, of 12 Rodney-terrace, Cheltenham, with her report of the sermon by the Rev. Percy Waller at Holy Trinity, Cheltenham.

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

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



THE TOWN CLERK OF CHELTENHAM

(Mr E. T. Brydges), Died May 14, 1903.

A Substitute for "Selina Jenkins."

ANOTHER HANONEMOUS LETTER.

Lor', says the British Publick, is this another from Silina (as the Ancient Britians remarked summit to like effect when Julius Cæsar had 'em served for about the third time with notis to quit their dessert ile)?

"So they say," as that 'ere Mary Corelli remarked, "God created the world, etcetera, etcetera," so they say.

Well now, to go back to the beginning, as the story books say, I began this some days ago now. It was about that time—as we was a-going to our breakfast, when in rushes a friend hard by and said, says she, "Did you happen to here that funny noise last night as ever was?" "Lor', no," says I, a-scratching me nose with me only emty hand—as I was holding the toasting-fork with the other, and a-taking no notis for a minit down went that bit of bread into the ashes, the grate not yet being swept up, and it being cooked fit for a duke—"what in the world might it have been?" "It was the eddetotal staff a-sighing." "The what?" I asked, quite startled out of meself. Then she egsplained that she had heard that they had been heard a-sighing most awful, and upon inquiry it was a-sa-tained that it was all for—what do you think? Why, because one of S. J.'s (meaning Selina Jenkins's) letters was not to hand. So, upon a-hering which, I sits down right there (not a-troubling about me own or anyone else's breakfast) and starts upon a werry kind and simpathectic letter to the unhappy staff. I can quite imagine the editor rubbing his hands when the post comes, in joyous antisipation—the other times when he rubs 'em is: 2ndly, when "the day is dark and damp and the wind is high and cold," and he is a-sat before a good fire, which, as you may say, well compensates for most of the rest. Now this 'ere bit in hinverted comas strikes me as being very good, a'most as good as some of that werry fine poetry as that dear old man, Silas Wegg, with the wooden leg—well, now, I do believe as I've dropped into poetry again: leg, Wegg—see?—used to give Mr. Boffins a-mixed up with weal and hammer pie and the Rooshun Hempires. And then, 3rdly, because he had just been a-looking through his draw of photos, which the generous B.P. (meaning the British public) had showered on him by the aid of the postman (poor postman, says I, he ought to get a rise) since his valuable little "Graphics" had come into existance, and which he hoped to paste in some pretty halbums and send to different hospitals—provided he could buy enough on 'em (the halbums) in the town to hold 'em all; also provided the price of paste did not go up sudden, like the poor little children's sweets (which I calls a crying shame), owing of this 'ere late war

Well, now, the editor having read this—and, I 'opes, passed it—I begins. How will this do for a sort of hopening text: Friends, Romen and countrymen, lend me (now don't ye turn pale; it en't the lone of five pound I am a-going to axe for—only your ears, that's all; I 'ave chilblains on mine that bad I dunno what to do)—well, lend me 'em for a minute or two.

Now here's an interruption in the shape of Mrs. 'Arriet Rose Primrose Smith, who just popped her 'ead over me shoulder and says: "What, writing again? You are always a-writing." "My dear," I answers, "it is good for the stationers, if no one else. Everything as happens in this werry world is good for trade." Then she says, quite rude: "You ought to use your Dick-John-'Arry to greater advantage; it gives the newspaper staff so much trouble." Says I: "Never you mind, the printer's divil will see to that." "Well," she says, "if you are going to use language like that, I shall go. But I allers did think there must be some wicked, wicked creatures on the newspapers. Why, don't you read a'most every day in some of them London dreadfuls such 'orrid things as en't fit for grow'd-up folk to read, much less children? I allers hide 'em away from mine—soon as I reads 'em meself. I often wonders as those as writes so much about the moral tone of the times don't see as this sort of thing don't tend to emprove matters." With that she

wisks herself out of the house, she not having been as nice as she might 'ave been, owing to a little speech of mine the other day, when I said: "My dear, you en't over young, but from your name one would think you was a young 'oman." "Why so?" says she. "Why," said I, in my young days children 'ad common names and common cense; now they have rare and fance names, and it en't my fance when I says most of 'em rarely 'as any common cense (except what the free schools give 'em); leashtways, you might call it uncommon cense, but it en't the sort to do 'em much good."

I supposes she took it as a reflection on her, or the way she 'ad brought hers up. In course, I hadn't her in me mind's eye at all, as the saying is.

Well, now, again me dear friends, Romans, and all the rest of it, as Cæsar's bosum friend said after he 'ad run up just too late to stop the willans a-murdering the poor old man, I will just relate a few things as has struck me and me better half at different times. Now I must leave it to you to sort out what he relates and what I does; but let me tell you, between ourselves, that he is very impolite for a man, and a Britain born at that, "for," says he, "the public will be wise to take all you says with a pinch of salt." That's w'ere he's wrong, 'cos my mind is as good as 'is, only, in course, he won't have it. However, what do you think he has the impence to tell me—that he sums up all I say under three heads: lying, boasting, and sarkism.

I am now going to draw a few comparisons, which you may say is overdrawed; but I says "It is English, quite English, you know." Well, there's the cottager in the country and in the town. The garden of the country cottage is, of course, a wilderness of pansys and old man, and old women, and polyanthus, and tyme, sage, and cabbages, which, although they're all mixed up together, represents a very pretty appearance and 'as a old-fashioned air, which you don't get, 'cept it's miles from a town.

If you knows the people, you 'nock, and are asked inside. As you go in, you fall over the wooden curb, wich is put there to keep drafts out. Next you strikes your head again the top of the doorway—it being very low—which hurts you, if bald or otherwise. Then, being 'arf stuned, you fall forward and damage your nose 'gainst the old-fashioned settle. Then, having stanched the flow of blood and wiped your eyes, you takes a look round. Facing the door is the dresser, on which is arranged all the 'ousehold china. On each side of that is a chair. On one side of the fireplace is an old armchair, with ancient padding; on t'other a small round table. The mantelpiece is a thing of beauty hand a joy for ever: it is hedged with a very bright bordering of coloured roses, which stands out bold on a plush kind of ground, much the same as some folks ave their best chairs up'olstered with; and then there are a lot of bobbly things a-anging from the end—very like it came some time from some of the gentry's 'ouses around. On each side of this just-mentioned mantelpiece is sitting an impossible dog or cat for ever a-looking at each other and a-smiling a most impossible smile, and painted the most impossible colours—sometimes blue and yellor, red and green, with jest a shade or two of black and white. The makers of these 'ere china hanimals never seems to like to leave out the black, so I supposes they thinks it gives han air of seriousness and respectability to their works of art. Then there is the children's cups—not heg cups, but drinking ones—which was given to them at their baptism. Next comes a china shep'erd, as is a young 'oman; while in the middle there is a clock. Oh! what a wonder it is, for it is guaranteed to go for a whole year and was given in with a pound of 1s. 6d. tea. The grocer, in strict confidence, told the missis that he really stood to lose by it, as the tea cost nearly as much as the clock (he said the clock cost nearly as much as the tea, but it don't signify which way I puts it). And lastly, there is han idol and a piece of the tooth of the once seen never to be forgotten real, live sea serpent. "These were brought all the way across from China by me son Harry," you are informed. You naturally ask how he is, and at once wish you had not, for then you are bound to listen to

his adventures from the day of his birth to the present time; also the whole family istory, not forgetting that of the cat and the dog. You start up and say: "Well, really I must be going"; but, the tea being ready, the missis dusts a chair with her apron and insists on you a-drawing up to the table, which, in course, you does, and says it was just what you was a-longing for. Before she begins a-carving the bread, she smells it, turns it all round and round in her hands to see if it is good bread; then perhaps she puts her nose in the milk-jug; also in the teapot—as her cense of smell, being very fine, she says, she can at once detect anything 'rong, w'ere han ordinary individual would take no notice. It kind of reminds me of the Revinoo officials' doings when anything is being brought into this country, for they pokes their noses into everything to see if you have anything hid away that you ought not to have inside summat which you may have. Some of the ought not's which them officials are very keen a-looking after are 'bacco, tea, and whisky. I can remember once a-smelling a tin of this foreign milk. It was bad; so was I, for many an 'our atter. Oh! never, never again, said I. As to the tea—well, I dunno if she suspected her husband of 'aving whisky in it on the sly. He would 'ave had a precedent for so doing, for, if I remember a certain Mrs. Gamp used so to do, especially when her friend Mrs. 'Arris or Betty Prig dropped in. Perhaps she used gin; but it's all much of a muchness, en't it.

Well, to return to the p'int, as the two old men in the pub. said, after they had been argying hard on religion and politics and had become very dry.

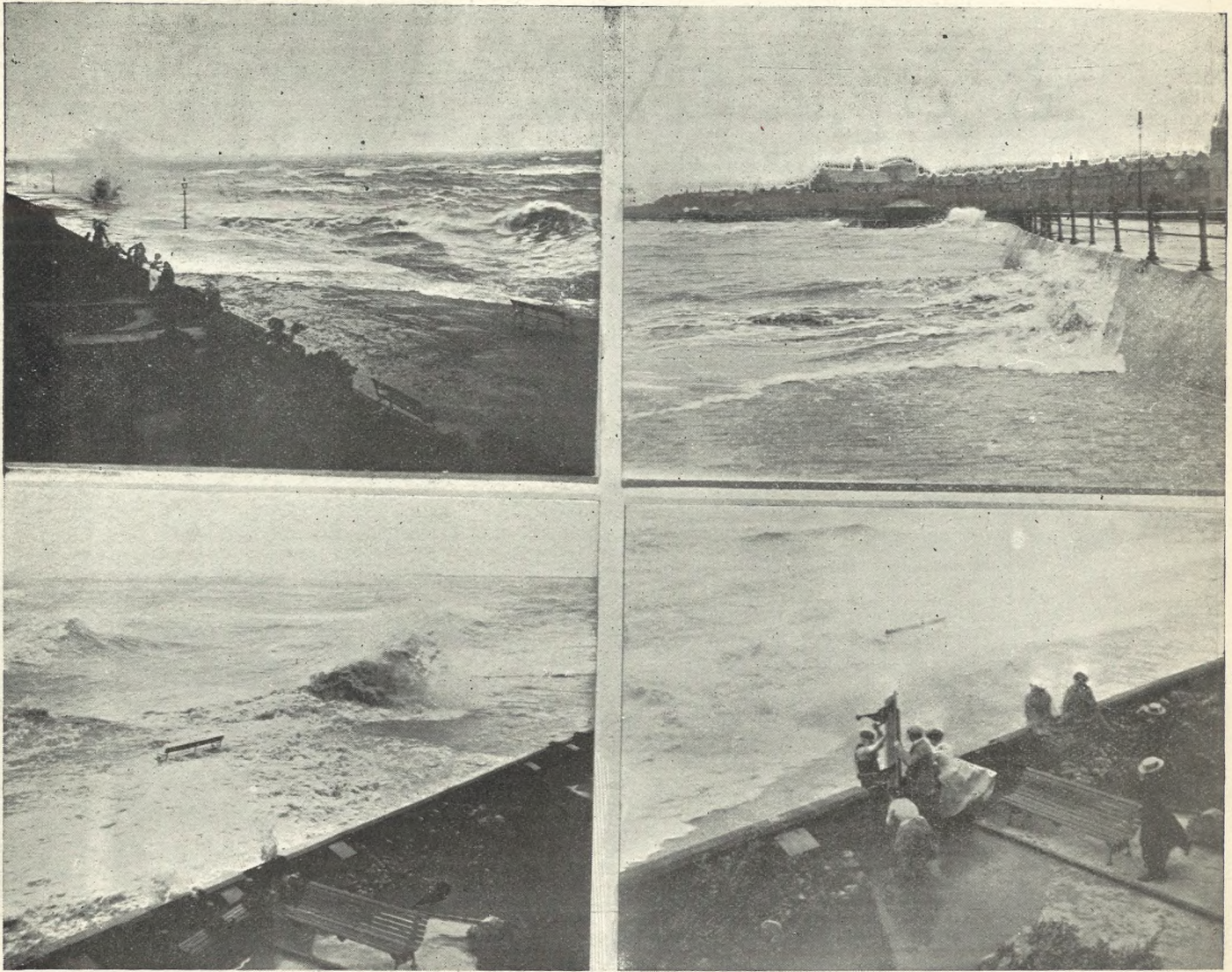
What was I a-saying? Oh, yes. Well now, there en't much to tell you about the town cottage; and I couldn't say 'ow it was furnished. But, being a teacher in our Sunday School I went there. The garden worn't worth the mention. Certainly, there was a few worn-out gilly flowers under the parlo'r window; there was some grass at one time, long ago, but it was so trodden that I defys anyone to find it now. However, here goes, thinks I. So, having 'nocked, the lady of the 'ouse comes to the door. "Is this w'ere Mrs. White lives," says I, polite like (how inappropriate some folks is named—she had not made friends with any soap and water for many a day, I am sure). "It is," she replies; "I am she." "Oh," says I, "quite took aback (she looked so stern and savage). "What does you want?" "Is—is your little boy acoming to school any more; he ain't been these three Sundays" (me teeth a-chatterin' and me knees a-knockin' together all the time at sight of her). "Tain't my falt," snaps she. "Ask his pa, I'm busy," an' with that she slams the door in my face, and I sees her no more.

Then there's the country man in want of a match. He says, "Got a match, guv'ner, you can 'blige me with?" You gives him one, an' he says, "Thank ye"; while the city factory 'and says, "Got a match?" You says, "Sorry I as not." He says, "You are the third, etc., etc., cove I've asked that arn got nern." "Matches is cheap henough."

Then there is tramps and there is tramps. Some of them in the country will sometimes accept some bread and cheese. The one in town prefers money—or beer. Food he gives his little daug; if he don't possess such a thing he throws it away first chance. A penny he turns hover several times, bites it, then inquires if he had better invest it in railway shares or buy an annuity.

Then there are erand boys and erand boys—the town sample accepts a penny "long as its you." As often as you like—or at Xmas for shrieking carols in a blasphemous tone. The country or village boy will, wonderful to say, accept an orange, and even the clergys blessing, but, sad to say, with a somewhat martyred air.

You all know there are barbers and barbers—we have all suffered at their 'ands some time or other. Lor! I could write vollums and vollums, but I ain't got the time, and can't afford the paper, unless the editor treats me to some. However, heres to say much as I can 'bout 'em. Well, to make a long story short—; well, what does the village barber talk of? Why he mostly gives you the weather and the weat crops, and all the other



Photos by A. Bauber, Cheltenham.

A SEPTEMBER GALE AT MORECAMBE.

crops, except a decent crop, for he cuts your 'air in notches, till your 'ead looks like a little schoolboy's does after his mother's been cutting and a trimming of his 'ead up by means of putting a plum-pudding basin on top. As soon as he 'as taken off all he wants to, he blows all the loose 'air as far down your neck as he possibly can, at the same time you fancy—and its a fairly strong fancy—that he must have 'ad onions for dinner.

Next we comes to the City Barber (you see, I puts capital letters for 'im, he being of more importance than the aforementioned), who, to make a good start, covers you all up in a imence sheet and tucks it down your neck—fit to well nigh strangle you. Then he begins 'is talking. "Terrible news from the front" (this is while the war was on). Don't know—have not seen to-day's paper. "Oh, sir" (reads the 'eadings while you wait—and wait—and wait. "British defeat—Lord Kitchener on the mobile collums—no cooking ranges or pianos allowed, etc., etc. Seen to-day's racing? Lord Rosebery still going it strong. The war, did you say, sir? Why, yes, it is a hurful thing. What's that you say, sir? Ought to be put an end to? Yes, sir, quite true. Bay rum or bear's gruel?" "Bay rum." "Thank you, sir? Shave?" "Not to-day." "Thank you. Going a little thin on the top. Try our 'air restorer, 1s. 6d. per bottle?" "Not to-day." "Used by all the crowned 'eads of Europe, sir." "Not to-day, thank you." (Removes the cotton wool from back of your neck. The boy helps you on with

your coat). "We keep a box for the boy at Xmas. Thank you, sir" (as you place therein some coin). "George, open the door!" (George does so). Hair cut, 6d. (news thrown in). "Thank you, sir. Good day."

On Xmas and New Year's Days the city youths wish you "all 'appiness," and wait for it to be returned—not in kind, but in coppers. You can see from their faces they are not wishing for your good, but their own. The country youths, if their 'opes are disappointed, go away looking saddened. It is said that the reason why the city youths stoop so is because they are always a-looking at the ground, in hope of picking up perhaps a stray £5 note. The country stoop is caused in the women by the heavy milk churns, etc., and farmhouse work; in the men by carrying heavy sacks up the many steps to their granary.

I now says Finis to this, 'oping to write you again later on.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Berwick-on-Tweed.—At present suffering from brain fog, but hopes soon to be convalescent.

On Tuesday afternoon, at Messrs. Sotheby's, a first edition of "Robinson Crusoe," in two volumes, was sold to Mr. Bernard Quaritch, the great book expert, for £307. This is a record price, and double the amount that a similar, but slightly imperfect, copy realised last week.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST LIVING MEN.

Following the example of a Berlin paper, which recently instituted a competition among its readers on the subject of the most celebrated women of the time, the Russian papers are now asking their subscribers to name the greatest men. The readers of the "Novosti Duja," a Moscow paper, consider that the following are the greatest men of the age:—Tolstoy 830 votes, Edison 679, Gorky 650, Marconi 549, Röntgen 541, Ibsen 430, Herbert Spencer 426, Mommsen 325. The "Peterburgskaja Gazette" confined its competition to Russian great men. Again Tolstoy came out on top with 977 votes. Gorky and Tschekow paired with 613 votes each. The painter Wereschtschagin was sixth on the list with 295 votes.

A tablet was unveiled in St. Katharine's Church, Northampton, on Sunday, by the Rev. Hugh C. Jenner, M.A., vicar of Faldfield, Gloucestershire, to the memory of the late Prebendary James Lunt, rector of Walcot, Bath. The Rev. Hugh C. Jenner was formerly Mr. Lunt's curate, and married his daughter. Prebendary Lunt commenced his ministerial career at St. Katharine's.

Archdeacon Bowers will be consecrated Suffragan Bishop of Thetford at Lambeth Palace at 11 o'clock in the morning of June 29th.



**GRINLING GIBBONS PANELLING FROM WINCHESTER COLLEGE,
NOW ON VIEW AT THE WINTER GARDEN.**

The above is an illustration of the chief portion of the unique oak panelling from Winchester College by Grinling Gibbons, and which the firm of H. H. Martyn and Co., Ltd., of Cheltenham, was specially selected to restore in a strictly conservative manner. The panelling has a decidedly interesting history. The whole of the work, erected in

the 17th century, occupies a space of 65 feet long by 30 feet wide, and the screen, practically forming the west end of the work, is double worked, most of the carvings, with the exception of the drops, being on both sides. The panelling was removed from the college in 1879 by Mr. Butterfield (architect), and was purchased by a Bishop, and was

afterwards sold to Lord Heytesbury. Negotiations were next entered upon to sell it to an American gentleman for £25,000, but, owing to the death of the agent, these fell through. We understand numerous wealthy persons are desirous of securing the famous panelling, the quoted purchase price being £37,500.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE GOSSIP.

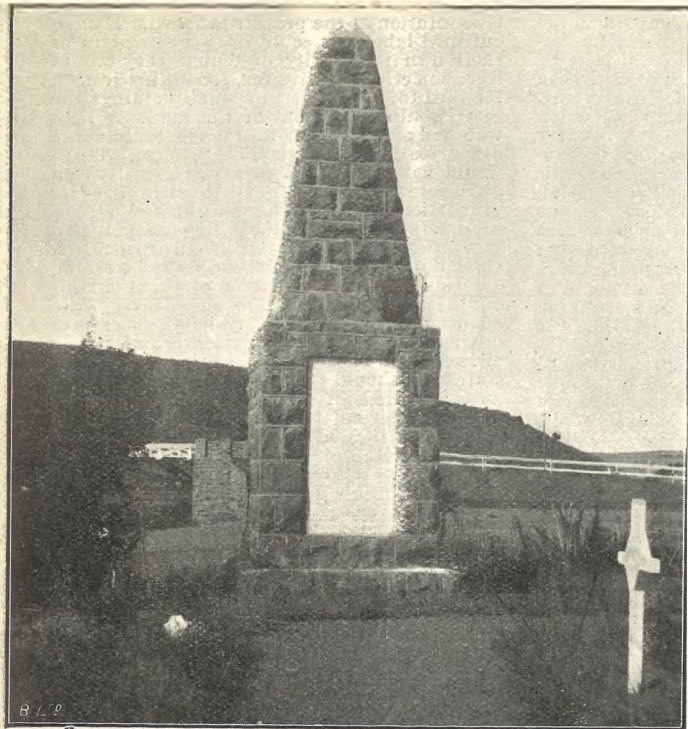
THE "Bounteous Baron," as the Baron de Ferrieres was aptly and alliteratively called in the first number of the "Graphic," has given yet another proof of his bounty exercised in a practical and most acceptable way to many of his neighbours. The public all know of his munificent gifts in the past of the de Ferrieres Art Gallery, and stained-glass windows to the Parish Church, the Lady Chapel of Gloucester Cathedral, and Cheltenham College Chapel. The latter was given to celebrate the very interesting event of the Baron's golden wedding, and was unveiled and dedicated on February 21st, 1901. Now Leckhampton Church has come in for a share of his pious generosity, for he has had several of the windows filled in with beautiful stained glass, the two chief ones being in memory of his father, who died in 1864, and of his only son (the donor). The inscription says: "Both buried in God's acre," but there is a necessary, though significant, blank left as to the date of death and age of the latter. "Long

may that blank space remain there," say I, and I believe that sentiment will be generally and heartily re-echoed in Cheltenham. I have ventured to describe the worthy Baron as "Magistrate, Mayor, M.P., municipal mediator, and munificent memorialist." Permit me to add to this list "Mark Master Mason," in the operative and decorative sense of the title.

Reference to Leckhampton Churchyard reminds me that the desire on the part of wealthy Cheltonians to be buried there has become so absorbing that they or their legal survivors willingly pay the £50 fee for the cost of a grave in it, this big price having been put on by the church authorities as a measure of protection to the parishioners, because the burial accommodation is but limited. Passing on to the last quarterly report of the Registrar-General to March 31st, I find that the Cheltenham district still occupies a foremost place in the county as regards salubrity, the death-rate being 15.8 per thousand, or on a par now with Westbury-on-

Severn, which just beat it last quarter. Still, Tewkesbury and Cirencester are the lowest this time, 14.5 in the first case and 13.6 in the other. Stroud is the highest, with 21.9. As regards the birth-rate, Cheltenham stands lowest, with 22.3, as against 22.4 for Cirencester, though, for the second quarter in succession, it shows an improvement, namely 17.8 and 19.7. A noteworthy feature of these vital statistics is that for the third successive quarter no infant has died in Minchinhampton. Evidently those whom the gods love do not die young there. The longer I live the more I am struck by the fact of the great ages to which many of the inmates of our local public institutions attain. Only a few days ago two inmates of Cheltenham and Gloucester Workhouses died aged 90 years. A medical friend once told me that the cause of longevity of many of the charges on the ratepayers was "no work or worry, and warmth and a sufficiency of wholesome food regularly."

GLEANER.



To the glory of God and in memory of the Officers N.C.O. and men
of the
1ST BATT^N GLOUCESTERSHIRE REGIMENT
WHO WERE KILLED, OR DIED DURING THE BOER WAR, 1899-1900.
KILLED AT RIETFOONTEIN, 24TH OCTOBER 1899.
COLONEL E. P. WILFORD

CORP. E. CARR	PRIVATE B. OFFER	PRIVATE C. MILES
L. T. BRADLEY	J. SHELLEY	C. PENNY
PRIVATE H. CRATCHLEY	H. THOMAS	W. STONE
W. GUBBINS	F. GOUZENS	W. WHATLEY

KILLED DURING THE SIEGE OF LADYSMITH

CORP. H. OXENHAM	DRUMMER J. HORNER	PRIVATE H. GORE
L. T. E. ROBINSON	PRIVATE T. BAYLISS	W. SIMS
W. LEIGHTON	W. NICHOLLS	C. WHITE

DIED DURING THE WAR

SGT. MAJOR B. GRAY	PRIVATE G. BALL	PRIVATE T. COX
C. SO. D. DENNARD	A. BAYLISS	W. LOVE
T. BRICKNELL	J. BURNETT	H. MARTIN
SO. C. PARKS	C. BYGRAVE	F. MAUNDERS
J. BANKS	W. AGOTT	J. NELMES
CORP. A. COLES	C. BASSETT	F. OFFER
L. T. O. EDMUNDS	F. BEARNE	C. SALCOMBE
C. STAINER	W. BUTLER	F. SMITH
A. PIGEON	G. GARLAND	A. STEVENS
PRIVATE W. DAVIS	W. GREGORY	H. WAITE
H. EDWARDS	F. HAWKINS	H. DAYKIN
F. FARR	H. KING	E. EMERY
H. FOWLER	E. HALLIDAY	C. LUSTY
W. FIDO	C. HOOPER	W. MILES
W. GABB	G. LISTER	R. MOTT
W. CRAINCER	H. SMITH	W. TRACEY
H. OBORNE	G. PACET	E. SQUIRES

ALSO TO THE MEMORY OF
39 N.C.O. AND MEN WHO LIE BURIED NEAR NICHOLSON'S NEK,
WHOSE MEMORY IS PERPETUATED BY A MONUMENT ON THAT BATTLEFIELD.
ERECTED BY THE OFFICERS N.C.O. AND MEN OF THE
1ST GLOUCESTERSHIRE REG^T

1st BATTALION GLOUCESTER REGIMENT.
Memorials to Departed Comrades.

The accompanying pictures are photographs of the memorials erected to the officers and men of the 1st Batt. Gloucestershire Regiment who lost their lives during the Boer War. The first is of that in Ladysmith Cemetery, the purpose of which is sufficiently explained by the enlarged photograph of the inscription. The second photograph is of the memorial erected to the 39 N.C.O.'s and men who fell at Nicholson's Nek.

Among the Cheltenham men whose names appear in the list are Lance-Corporal T. Bradley and Private W. Stone (killed at Rietfontein),

Private C. White (killed by a shell during the siege of Ladysmith), and Sergt.-Major B. Gray and Private H. Waite (died of disease). Among others whose names appear in the list are Private W. Gubbins (France Lynch), Private H. Gore (Winchcombe), Private W. Gabb (Gloucester), Private H. Fowler (Bushley), Private C. Hooper (Charlton Kings), Private W. Love (Leonard Stanley), and Private C. Salcombe (Gloucester).

On the tablet (undecipherable in the small photo) of the Nicholson's Nek memorial are the names of Sergt. Agg (Winchcombe), Privates F.

Drew (Cheltenham), W. Davis (Cheltenham), W. H. Smith (Maisemore), and Giles (Cirencester).

For the photos we are indebted to Mrs. Higson, 55 Waterloo-street, Cheltenham, to whom they were sent by her son, Mr. Robert Higson, now in the employ of the Natal Government.



THE PROBLEM OF THE LAND.

TALK FOR A QUIET HOUR.

By SILAS K. HOCKING.

I LISTENED to a discussion the other day on the rush to the towns. It was opened by Mr. Rider Haggard and continued by Sir Robert Ball, Mr. Carruthers Gould, Mr. George White, and Mr. Wilson, members for East Anglia, and other. Mr. Haggard, as many of my readers are aware, has made a study of most questions relating to agriculture and to agricultural life. He is a large farmer himself, and takes a deep interest in everything relating to the land. He spent two years in travelling up and down the country gathering information and interviewing people. The information he gathered during that time he embodied in a series of articles which he contributed to the "Daily Express." These articles have since been added to and elaborated, and presented to the world in volume form. I fancy Mr. Rider Haggard regards this book as his *magnum opus*; at any rate he has established himself as an authority on this particular question.

During the debate two or three facts came out very clearly. In the first place, all the speakers were agreed that the agricultural labourer is a very much maligned individual. The term "Hodge" has become the synonym for stupidity and thick-headedness, yet those who are best acquainted with the agricultural labourer and with agricultural life admit that "Hodge" is by no means a fool. He may not be as quick-witted as his brother who lives in the city, his brain perhaps moves more slowly. He lives close to nature's heart, and consequently takes after nature more than the man of the city does. Nature is never in a hurry; she moves slowly and will not be driven. After the seed is planted you have to wait nature's time for the harvest to appear, and in the rush of modern times the methods of nature seem exceedingly slow. But the agricultural labourer, though he may be slow in his movements and slow in his thoughts, nevertheless thinks quietly upon the problems of life and comes to his own conclusions. He may be shy of strangers, and not disposed to confide his thoughts to others. Mr. Haggard admitted that the agricultural labourer as a rule refused to be interviewed, but, said Mr. Haggard, "he is not a fool on that account." Some of us would be glad if there were less interviewing than there is.

But the point which was most strenuously insisted upon by all the speakers was that the main reason why Hodge leaves the country for the town is because of the hopelessness of his existence. In the country there is little or no chance of his improving his position. Once an agricultural labourer, it would seem, always an agricultural labourer. There is nothing to look forward to but long years of grind and poverty, and at the end the cold comfort of the workhouse. Very few labourers in the country can ever aspire to the position of a farmer. It costs a good deal of money to stock a farm, and there is no chance out of fifteen or eighteen shillings a week of ever acquiring sufficient capital to become the possessor of stock and implements of husbandry necessary to start farming on his own account. For that reason he looks with longing and hopeful eyes towards the towns. It is quite true he knows that there are failures there as elsewhere. He reads in the newspapers about the overcrowding, about the scarcity of work sometimes. On the other hand, he hears of men who have gone from the country and have succeeded in a wonderful degree, have managed in some instances to build up huge fortunes and become men of position. Naturally, he thinks, what has been done by others he may accomplish. At any rate, there are a few prizes in the towns, there appear to be none in the country. And so he resolves to take his chance. Life may be a lottery, but in the turn of the wheel a prize may fall to him, and in the hope of that prize he leaves the quiet of the country and seeks the noise and bustle of the city.

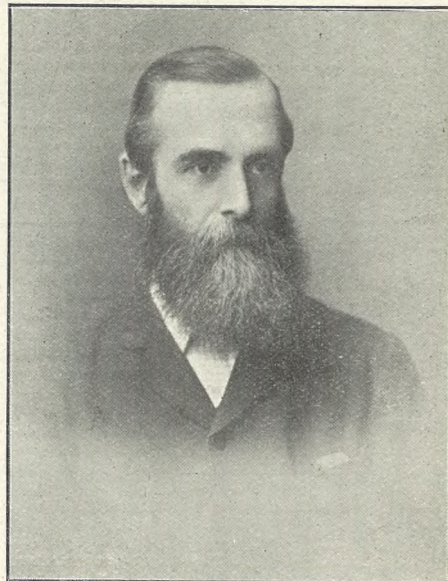
One of the speakers pointed out that girls leave the country for the towns in large numbers. The only chance of domestic service such as they will tolerate at all is to be found in the towns and cities, and so girls in large numbers come up to London every year, and, of course, if the girls flock up to London the young men will follow. So the country is gradually, yet surely, becoming depopulated, and the best of its blood and sinew is finding its way into our big towns and cities, and when ancient cottages fall into ruin no new houses are built to take their place; so the fair Auburns of the vale are becoming depopulated, the hamlets are becoming more and more lonely, and life increasingly dull and uninteresting. I cannot help thinking myself that the dulness of village life, the lack of company, the absence of things that interest and stimulate and inspire, must be reckoned among the reasons why people steadily leave the country and flock away to the towns, where at least there are people, where there is something to interest. In the winter-time country villages are stagnant, the lanes are dark and empty and desolate. There is no place but the village smithy or the public-house where there is any life or warmth or fellowship, and as man is a gregarious animal naturally he seeks his kind.

Well, all this is bad for the country—I do not mean for the agricultural districts simply, but for the country as a whole. The land is the true source and spring of all our wealth, and the more thoroughly the land is cultivated—the richer the harvests which spring out of soil—the wealthier do we become as a nation. We cannot eat gold or diamonds. If the harvests fail everything fails. The tiller of the soil is the first prime necessity. Unless the trees and the fields yield their increase and there be flocks and herds upon the hills, other industries will come to a standstill. Only the glutton lives to eat, yet we all of us have to eat to live. Hence the depopulation of the country and the congestion of our towns and cities is a problem that goes very near to the root of our national existence. At the present time, we are told, the land of England is not producing one quarter of what it might do under a proper system of cultivation. Farmers at the present time have a difficulty in getting the labour, the race of farm-labourers appears to be dying out. The majority of people in England would not know a turnip from a mangold-wurzel if they were to see them growing side by side, or a field of oats or barley from a field of wheat. We are producing no agriculturists to-day, our population is almost exclusively urban.

Strangely enough, the increase in the number of wealthy people in the world has had something to do with the diminution of crops and herds in this little island. Not only Englishmen who have grown rich, but American millionaires have bought up large estates, and are keeping them simply as pleasure grounds. Year by year less of the land of England is brought under cultivation, while at the present day there are some 50,000 acres, I believe, of land that is entirely uncultivated, land that might be made to yield good crops and now lying waste. And yet, notwithstanding this fact, and the other fact that certain landowners are crying out that they can get no tenants for their farms, it is almost impossible for an agricultural labourer to get a small holding in most parts of England. Within my own recollection small farms have been thrown into large ones. I have known several cases where small farmers have had to leave the country and go to Australia or to the United States simply because when their lease was out their farm was thrown into some large farm which was contiguous. Consequently, instead of their being three or four small farmers making the most and best of the land, one large farmer had the whole lot, and in some instances farmed it not to the best advantage.

Mr. Rider Haggard strongly contends that the only remedy for the present evil is to induce landed proprietors to break up their estates into small holdings. He regarded Mr. Jesse Collings's idea of three acres and a

cow as a very excellent one, and indeed as the true solution of the present problem. If agricultural labourers could have a few acres of their own with fixity of tenure they would have something to live for, something to look forward to. Moreover, by small holdings the most would be got out of the land. A man who had only three or four acres would cause every foot of it to yield its utmost. There would not be a corner or a ditch or a patch anywhere but would have to yield its fair proportion. But with a man who had a thousand acres there would not be the same incentive to cultivate every nook and corner. In these days, when the food supply is becoming a serious problem, and tens of thousands of our healthiest young men are leaving the country for other lands, while the less promising of our rural population crowd to our cities, it is absolutely necessary that our statesmen should face this problem. To fling away hundreds of millions to acquire barren countries beyond the sea, while the land of England is allowed steadily to go out of cultivation and the cities of the land to become more and more steeped in poverty, is surely the height of unwisdom.



MR. J. T. NORMAN, OF CHELTENHAM.
DIED MAY 13, 1903.

THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE ON TRACTS.

The missionary breakfast of the Religious Tract Society was held at the Holborn Restaurant, London, on Tuesday. The Lord Chief Justice presided, and there was a large attendance. The Lord Chief Justice said he had never written a tract which had been published by that society, but he had read a great many. He hoped no one would be foolish enough in the present day to belittle or underrate the good work and influence of such publications as those from which the society originally took its name (hear, hear). He could say a word in support of the good old tract. It had happened to him in his professional life to have a good deal to do with persons who had not kept within the bounds of the law, and in some instances, though callous and indifferent to religion, when they died, or after long incarceration, there was found folded up in their papers a tract or page. He trusted, therefore, the society would never be induced by any ridicule or depreciation to abandon that class of publications which had done so much good for many years past. In 1887 he presided over a great colonial gathering of Bishops in honour of the Queen's Jubilee. Those ambassadors of Christ did not receive the honours which they ought to receive; they were not decorated with ribbons and stars, but they had the nobler decorations which their work gave them.

Petrol and Pictures.

[By "ARIEL."]

THE ILLUSTRATION.

The motor illustrated is the invention of a local firm, Messrs. Hughes, and has caused a great deal of attention. It will be observed that the machine has three wheels, being steered by the two front ones. The engine is a De Dion of 3 h.p., water-cooled, with natural circulation and special radiators. The machine is fitted with two-speed-gear, which is bolted direct to the crank-case, thus avoiding all twisting strains on the bearings of the engine and gear associated with the usual method of bolting the engine and gears separately on to the frame. The footboard will be noticed. On this there are two pedals, which when pushed forward disconnect the clutch and put on the band brake on the rear wheel. The rider is insulated from practically all vibration by means of coil springs in the steering-head and the fitting of a spring seat-pillar. The carburetter is a very efficient one, the throttle being controlled from the handle-bar. The steering is easy. The silencer is very efficient, consisting of really two silencers connected together. These render the noise from the exhaust nearly inaudible, and at the same time put no back pressure on the motor. Everyone interested in motors should make a point of seeing this one.

FOR THE NOVICE: ELECTRICAL TROUBLES.

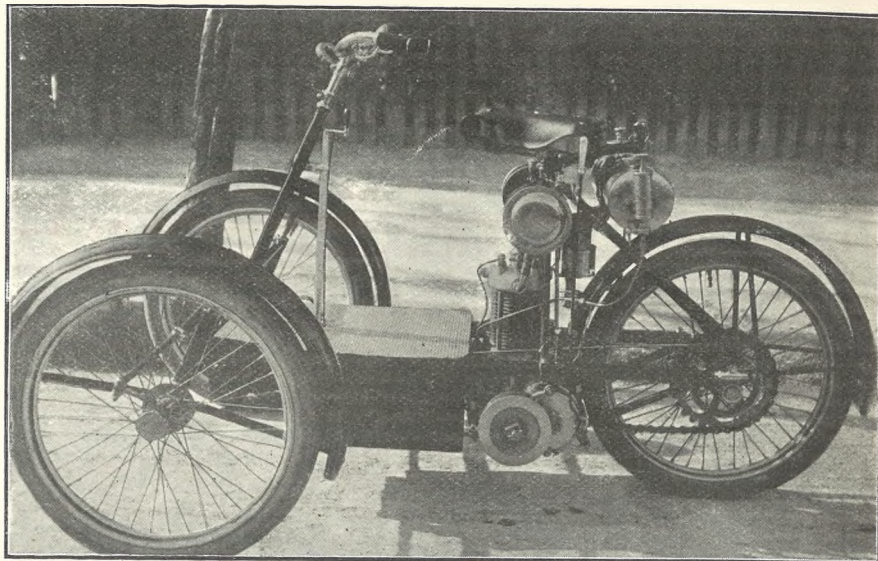
Novices frequently find trouble in starting a motor-cycle. This trouble arises in nine times out of ten from little faults in the ignition, which are easily put right in a few moments by the experienced motorist, but which are very puzzling to the novice. It only requires a little patience to discover these faults. If no explosion follows the first revolutions of the pedals, stop at once. It is useless to keep on pedalling and exhaust oneself. Take out the sparking plug (of course the switch handle will be turned off or the interrupter plug removed) and connect it up to the high tension wire from the coil. Lay the plug on the engine, switch on the current, and vibrate the trembler blade. If there is no spark across the points of the plug, one of the following things has happened:—

- (1) The insulation of the wiring has broken down; look to the high tension wire especially.
- (2) The accumulator is discharged, and needs recharging.
- (3) One of the terminals may have broken or jolted loose.
- (4) The porcelain of the spark plug may be broken or cracked.
- (5) The interrupter plug may not make good contact.

The wiring and accumulator can best be tested by means of a 4 volt test lamp, a very handy pattern of which I described in a recent issue. It is very easy to be deceived by an accumulator. When down as low as 3.60 volts it will always spark at the plug if removed from the head, but not with a strong enough spark to leap across the points under compression. A breakage with the stranded wire is very rare, but frequently the insulation will get worn through by friction and the current will then short-circuit. Do not use cheap spark plugs. They will cause trouble. A genuine De Dion is as good as any plug on the market. Always make certain that the interrupter plug makes good contact. It should be a tight fit. In conclusion the novice to motor-cycling may think that the pastime is full of worry, but after a month he will laugh at a good many of the little things which caused his motor to stop work. A novice would be well advised to join a club, for in a few minutes' friendly conversation he will learn more than if he studied books on the subject for hours.

A NEW V BELT.

I was shown recently a new V belt manufactured by Lycett and Co., of Birmingham. It seemed such a good idea that it well deserves mentioning here. The belt is the usual built up pattern of three layers of raw hide. The unique point about it is the method of fastening, which is exceedingly simple. Each end of the belt is provided



with eight eyeleted holes. A special hook is used to connect the two ends by means of these eyelets. To shorten the belt it is only necessary to cut away one eyelet and fix the hook into the next. This hook is claimed by the makers to be unbreakable. The eyelets are placed exactly in the centre of the belt, a short space intervening between each one, and they will not pull out. Every belt is specially dressed, stretched, and run on pulleys before leaving the works. One great advantage of this belt is that there are no holes requiring to be punched and it is not necessary to carry tools for that purpose; and, moreover, the belt can easily be shortened without soiling the hands.

MOTOR-CYCLE VOLUNTEERS.

The 26th Middlesex is celebrated throughout the cycle world as being the only regiment composed solely of cyclists. The commander, Major C. E. Liles, had several motor-cyclists attached to his force during the Easter manoeuvres, and he was so greatly struck with their usefulness that he determined to enlist as many motor-cyclists as possible. The men enlisted will be specially trained in scouting and despatch work, and will work as a separate body in the field. A sum of £1 per annum will be given to each man to partially cover wear and tear. Free petrol will be supplied, and kit, arms, and uniform, with compensation for all reasonable damage to the machine if done on duty, are the terms on which the men will be enrolled. Why should not a section of motor-cyclists be attached to the Cheltenham Cyclist (L) Company of the 2nd V.B.G.R.? I have no doubt several motor-cyclists, whom I personally know, would be pleased to join if suitable terms could be arranged. The company is one of the smartest in the kingdom, and should not be left behind by others, who are including motors.

QUESTIONS.

B.C.A. sends the following queries:—

- (1) On what principle does the self-sealing air-tube act. Could you recommend them for motor-cycles?
- (2) What is the license for a motor-bicycle fitted with fore-carriage?
- (3) Which is the best motor-spirit to use with a motor-cycle?
- (4) What is the meaning of specific gravity or density as used in connection with petrol?

ANSWERS.

- (1) Inside the air-tube is a strip of special rubber, which before being put into position is stretched to a very high degree, and in this condition is secured to the inside of the air-tube. It thus puts the outer strip into strong compression; hence, if the air-tube gets punctured, it seals up owing to the contracting force applied round the cut.
- (2) The license for a motor bicycle fitted with fore-carriage is 15s.
- (3) Carless, Capel, and Leonard's petrol.

(4) The specific gravity or density of a liquid is simply a figure indicating its relative weight compared with that of an equal volume of water. Petrol is lighter bulk for bulk than water, about 7-10ths the weight. The density varies with the atmospheric conditions. In hot weather it is lighter than in cold. The best results are obtained by using petrol of a density of .680.

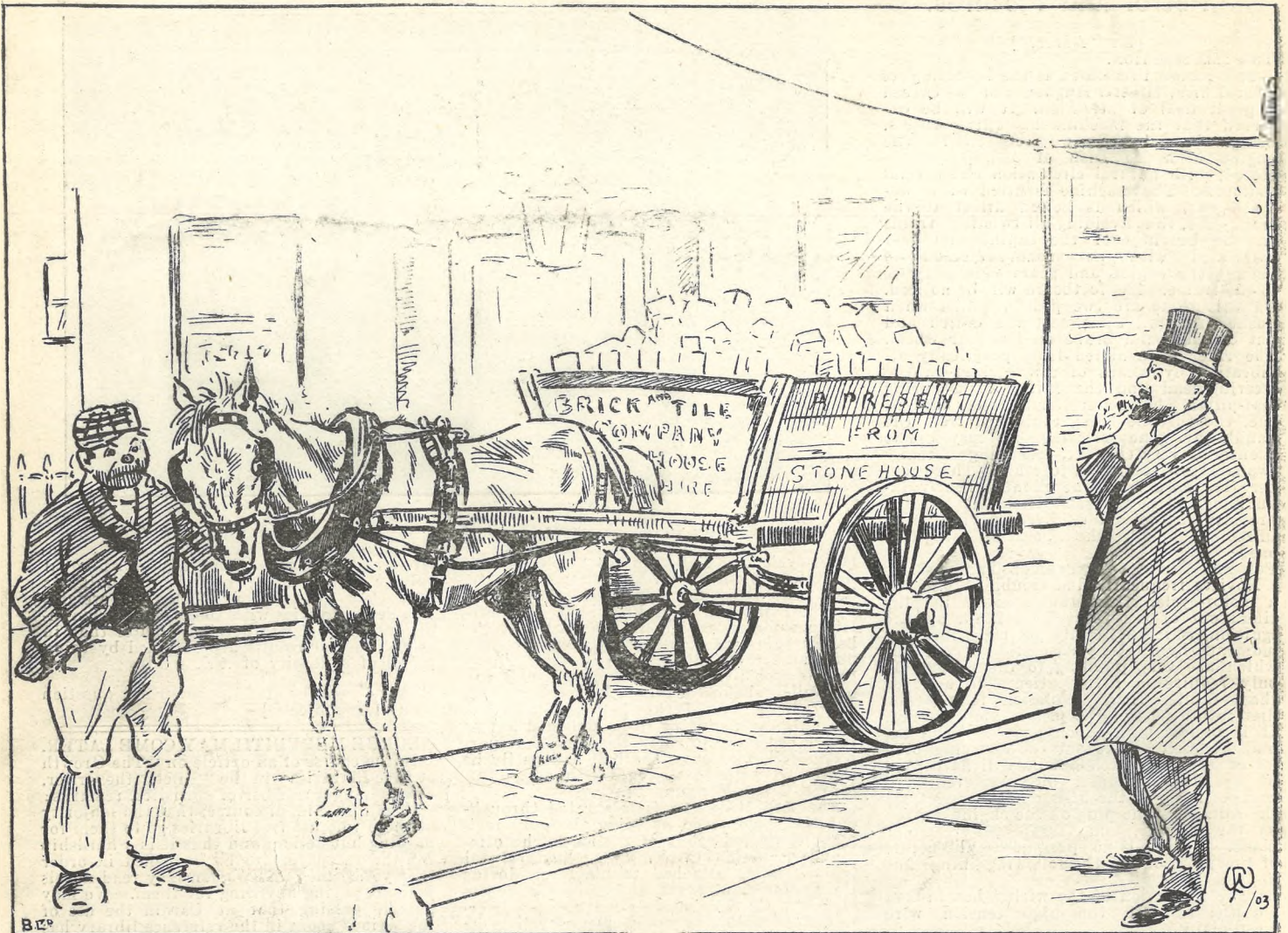
["Ariel" will be glad to answer any question on these subjects.]

GEORGE MEREDITH MAY COME LATER.

In the course of an article on "The Growth of Free Libraries" in the "Pilot," the writer, after giving a number of statistics, remarks: "It will be said, of course, that the majority of those who use free libraries go to them for nothing but fiction, and that it is a hardship for the ratepayers to be burdened in order that young men and women may read novels without paying anything for them. We may note in passing that at Cardiff the use of the serious books in the reference library has increased even more rapidly than the fiction issued; also that as a scientific or historical work takes perhaps five times as long to read as a novel, this ought to be allowed for in any comparison of issues of 'fiction' and 'non-fiction'; also that, while the novels figure so largely in the circulation returns, their share of the book bill is often insignificant—at the last library at which we inquired no more than 12 per cent. But all these observations savour of excuse and palliation, and is it after all so certain that either excuse or palliation is needed? It is not merely that a good many ratepayers, it may be hoped, would be as willing that the library should provide a tired shopgirl with a novel to lighten her evening as that it should help her brother to learn French or geography. Unless we are justified in this one instance in restricting the idea of education to what pays commercially, surely novels, even the novels of Hall Caine and Marie Corelli, are as educative as grammars and geographies. It is as idle to expect a tired shopgirl to read George Meredith as to work at French; but if you persuade her to read Hall Caine instead of the penny novelette, which makes her dream of being a duchess or marrying a millionaire, you have done something to educate her imagination, and that is just the one form of education which nowadays is most needed. George Meredith may come later."

"I hate to hear the name of that Act because I am afraid it encourages many persons to commit crimes," said the West London magistrate to a prisoner who asked to be dealt with under the First Offenders Act.

Mr. Osbaldeston, for many years chief messenger to the Government Whips, who was sentenced recently to six months' imprisonment for embezzling Treasury funds, died on Monday in the prison infirmary.



Councillor B—ce is dubious about accepting the gift to Cheltenham Corporation of bricks from the Stonehouse Brick and Tile Co. (See "Echo" report of Council meeting.) Drawn by Wilson Fenning, Cheltenham.



MR. F. R. BENSON'S VISIT TO CHELTENHAM. Scene from "The Taming of the Shrew" on Monday next.

Just Published !

Under the Auspices of the Corporation and Chamber of Commerce.

Burrow's
"Cheltenham, THE GARDEN TOWN."

160 beautiful pictures and two maps in blue canvas boards.

ONE SHILLING.

"The handsomest book of its kind in Great Britain."

"Marvellous Value" The Daily News.

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Of all Cheltenham Booksellers and the Railway Bookstalls or of the Publisher, Edward J. Burrow, Royal Publishing Offices, Cheltenham.

Printed and Published by the Cheltenham Newspaper Company, as a gratis supplement.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 126

SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1903.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE, CHELTENHAM.

The F. R. BENSON CO.—This Afternoon 2.30 "MACBETH,"
This Evening (7.45) "MERCHANT OF VENICE."

Whit Monday and during the week, the
New Musical Comedy,

"ALL AT SEA."

Ordinary Times and Prices.

PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

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.

The winner of the 124th competition is Miss F. Agg, of Denton Lodge, Oxford-street, Cheltenham, with the Croquet Tournament photos.

A Weekly Prize of Half-a-Guinea is also given for the Best Drawing submitted for approval.

Drawings must be in Indian black ink on Bristol board, and should not be larger than 10in. by 7½in. Half-plate photos are best.

The winner of the 35th competition is the author of the slab factory cartoon.

A Weekly Prize of Half-a-Guinea 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.

The winner of the seventeenth competition is Miss Humpidge, Swindon, near Cheltenham, for her report of the sermon by the Rev. Charles Spurgeon at Salem Baptist Chapel, Cheltenham, on Sunday morning.

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

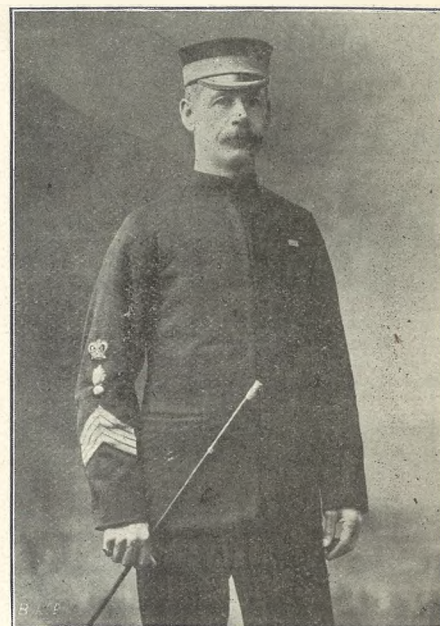
In the photograph and drawing competitions entries close on the Saturday morning and in the sermon summary competition on the Tuesday morning preceding each Saturday's award.

All photographs, drawings, and sermon summaries sent in will become the property of the proprietors of the "Chronicle and Graphic," who reserve the right to reproduce the same.

The Queen, who takes the deepest interest in all that pertains to the Queen Victoria Jubilee Institute for Nurses, has given one thousand pounds towards the provision of a new habitation for the Institute, the work of which will receive considerable impetus now that the Women's Jubilee Memorial Movement has further endowed it with some eighty-four thousand pounds.



AS CORPORAL.



AS SERGEANT-MAJOR.

SERGEANT-MAJOR BROWN, R.E.,

A Veteran Volunteer Instructor.

Sergt.-Major G. W. Brown, R.E., was specially enlisted in the Royal Engineers on May 26th, 1866, at the age of 15 years and 2 months; appointed lance-corporal-bugler May, 1869; posted to the ranks as a lance-corporal (at 17 years of age) March 10th, 1870; promoted second corporal 1st February, 1872; promoted corporal (and Volunteer instructor) 15th May, 1872; promoted sergeant 1st November, 1876; promoted company-sergeant-major 27th May, 1887; appointed sergeant-major 1st G.R.E.(V.) 8th July, 1899. Sergt.-Major Brown has the unique distinction of having been specially selected for Volunteer instructor at 19 years of age, and without having to pass through the usual courses of drill and

field works. He is also a well-known shot in this district, and in 1894 and 1895 specially distinguished himself at Bisley, and proved himself one of the "crack shots" of the Army, having fought his way into the "Army Eight." He is well known as an ideal instructor, and had he chosen to return to regimental duty when asked, would without doubt have obtained his commission. He has now served for 31 years with the 1st G.R.E.(V.), and for 37 years in the Royal Engineers, and holds the highest testimonials from various Commanding Royal Engineers and from the Adjutants (Regular officers) under whom he has served.

The Rev. Herbert Vaughan, son of Colonel Vaughan, of Courtfield, Ross, and nephew of Cardinal Vaughan, has left the English College, Rome, for England, where he will take up missionary work in the Archdiocese of Westminster.

The University of Cambridge have now fixed the date for the honorary degrees for the Duke of Connaught, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Baron Grenfell, Sir George White, Admiral Sir Edward Seymour, Sir John French, and others for June 12.

A DISTINGUISHED CENTENARIAN.

Shoals of congratulatory letters and telegrams were received by Viscountess Glentworth, at Marham, on Tuesday, on the attainment of her 100th birthday. The King and Queen sent a lovely bouquet, with a graceful message, and many other presents have been received. The distinguished centenarian is in excellent spirits, and went through the gardens in a bath chair on Sunday and Monday.

THE WORLD'S CIVILISATION.

TALK FOR A QUIET HOUR.

By SILAS K. HOCKING.

It is generally admitted, I believe, by those who have made a study of the subject, that civilisation is steadily advancing; that the world is growing better by slow degrees; that humanitarian ideas and principles have to-day a stronger hold upon the hearts of the people than they ever had before; that there is less disposition to inflict suffering; that every form of cruelty awakens in the hearts of the people generally a feeling of abhorrence. This is no doubt all to the good. Someone has said that despair is man's worst enemy, and if we ever despaired of the world getting better that in itself would be the greatest obstacle in the way of betterment. While we believe in the possibility of ultimate good we strive for it. If we lost faith in the redemption of the race our efforts in that direction would come to an end.

But while we admit that civilisation is advancing, we are bound to admit also that its advance is much like the incoming of the tide. There are constant recoils—the waves run back on the beach. To the onlooker it seems that the tide is retreating rather than advancing. In the progress of civilisation there are always periods of backwash when, for a time, great principles that lie at the foundation of all true progress are for the moment forgotten, when the savage instincts of the race come to the top, when reason gives place to passion, and humanitarian principles are submerged in a tidal wave of cruelty. These periodic outbreaks are not only witnessed in the lives of uncivilised nations, but even among nations who have reached the highest point of civilisation yet attained. The cruelties of the Turk have become a proverb as well as a byword. The periodic atrocities committed under Turkish rule have almost ceased to excite alarm. The history of Armenia and Bulgaria repeats itself so often that we are in danger of treating it as we treat earthquakes and storms. We say the Turks are uncivilised ruffians, and that nothing better is to be expected from them. So it is to be feared we dismiss the subject from our minds, and turn our attention to other and more pleasant things.

But if barbarities existed only under Turkish rule, if only uncivilised nations indulged in cruelties, we should be able to look more hopefully at the condition of the world than we can do at the present time. Looking back over the history of the last few years, what do we find? We find this: that charges of the most abominable cruelties have been levelled against every civilised nation of the world. Take the case of Spanish rule in Cuba. The Cuban war was felt to be a disgrace to civilisation. General Weyler, unable to subdue the Cubans by ordinary methods of warfare, swept the women into concentration camps, a thing that revolted every sense of honour and chivalry; while the attempt to starve the men into submission awoke such a feeling of indignation in America that at length the United States declared war against Spain, and swept the Spanish power from that great possession; and yet, curiously enough, when America was trying to subdue the Filipinos the atrocities they committed were little if any less abominable than those committed by the Spanish forces in Cuba. Naturally those in authority hushed up the affair as much as possible, but the tales that filtered through, in spite of press censorship, were of such a character that the moral sense of the world was outraged, and the better minds of America felt that the whole country was stained and degraded by the things that were done by the American troops.

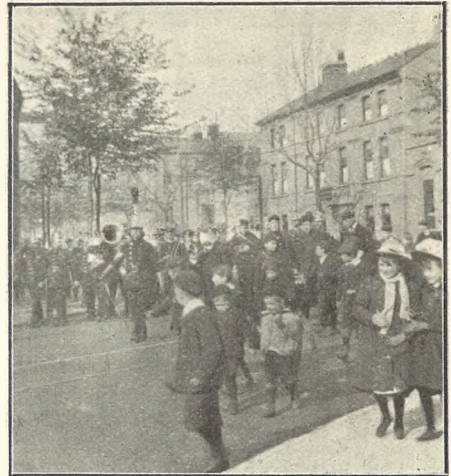
But alas! the story does not end there. A little later came the story of Pekin, and what the soldiers of the allied troops did in that great city. War correspondents, as a rule, are not particularly sensitive. They are inured to scenes of suffering, and they know very well that a war cannot be waged with rosewater; and in the main they keep

everything that would reflect on the humanity of their countrymen out of their communications. But the scenes of horror witnessed in Pekin which were perpetrated by the soldiers of the allied troops were of such a character that the correspondents could not keep silent, and a number of newspapers printed their communications. On whom rested the chief burden of blame it is not for me to say. The French blamed the Japanese, the Japanese declared that the Germans were the chief culprits. The Germans, on the other hand, said that the English soldiers were the most cruel of all. Perhaps the blame will never be properly apportioned, but the fact which I wish to point out is this—that among the soldiery of the most civilised peoples of the world there were plenty of men to be found who stopped short at nothing. Indeed, it would appear almost as though officers and man alike became intoxicated; that the sight of blood and suffering awoke in them their dormant savagery; that the thin veneer of civilisation was suddenly torn off and cast aside, and for the moment they became no better than the unspeakable Turk or the wild North-American Indian. This is not a pleasant subject to dwell upon, I admit, and I refer to it now because the epidemic of savagery has not passed away. Like the plague, it seems to break out simultaneously in different parts of the world, and in countries widely separated from each other.

We have been horrified of late by stories that have reached us of atrocities committed in Congoland. For the last eight or ten years whispers have reached this country of what was being done by the traders in that part of Africa. Representations have been made again and again to members of the English Government. Missionaries have returned, and have told stories which they have heard, and which to them were well authenticated; but it is only just recently that the subject has come to a head. These stories at last have been gathered up, the whisperings have grown into clear, emphatic utterances. Men have returned who have had the courage to declare what they had seen. I referred to this matter a month or two ago, and so I am not going to enlarge upon the subject again to-day. I hope, however, that our own Government, as one of the Powers that consented to the formation of the Congo State, will take some action in the matter. It may be quite true that Belgium is the most deeply implicated in the crimes that are being committed in the Congo basin. But all the Powers that agreed to the formation of that State are more or less responsible, and it is quite time that they took united action, and put an end to the abominable and unspeakable cruelties that have been inflicted upon the natives there during the last ten years.

But alas! the tale of "man's inhumanity to man" is not completed yet. From what has recently appeared in the newspapers, it is much to be feared that there has been a very serious massacre of Jews in certain parts of Russia. The Russian peasants, as well as the soldiery, have become maddened for some reason against the Jewish population; and if the statements of correspondents to the press are to be relied upon, the soldiery and peasantry alike have wreaked their vengeance upon these defenceless people—have murdered the children, have outraged the women, have killed the men. The authorities have been represented as looking on as if approving, making no attempt to check the excesses, and even conniving at the abominations that have been perpetrated. How far these stories are true it is not for me to say. It is quite possible that some of the accounts that have appeared in the papers have been greatly exaggerated. People in times of panic sometimes imagine that things are worse than they really are; but even if only a tithe of what has been told is true it shows that a wave of savagery has swept and is sweeping over certain portions of Russia to-day, and that the Jews are the chief victims of outrage.

Well, bad as these things are they should not cause us to despair. As I said at the



CHELTENHAM FIRE BRIGADE BAND.

outset, they are only the recoil of the wave. The tide is surely advancing; the world, in spite of what we see and hear, is growing better. The very fact that we are so shocked by the tale of these things is a good sign in itself. If we are to believe what our historians tell us, there was a time when people could listen to these things without evincing any horror, and when the masses of the people revelled in excesses of abomination. The evolution of the human race may be a very slow movement. Moral principles have always advanced slowly. It takes a long time for the seed to germinate and to ripen into fruit. Each generation, instead of starting where its predecessors left off, begins again with the very alphabet. But human nature is steadily moving upward to its predestined altitudes. There is no occasion for despair, but there is a strong need for earnest effort, for patient zeal in the cause of truth and humanity.

Of late there has been much too great a disposition to rest on our oars and to thank God for what has been accomplished. Instead of looking at what remains to be done we have rather prided ourselves on what has been wrought. So in contemplating the advance from the earliest dawn of history until the present time we have lost sight of the fact that there were vast leagues beyond us which we have yet to travel before the race can reach its true ideal. This is not the time for apathy or indifference. This is the time for earnest work, for fearless advocacy of the truth, for loyalty to conscience, and for untiring devotion to those great principles of righteousness and humanity which have made England in the past the greatest civilising power on earth.

IONA TO REMAIN INTACT.

Archæologists and lovers of places of historical interest will be glad to know that although the sale of the island of Iona is being negotiated its historical associations are not to be affected. The gentleman who wants to buy it from the Duke of Argyll has informed the National Trust for the Preservation of Historical Buildings and Places of Interest that he will in no way interfere with the ruins. He merely requires the property as a shooting preserve. Iona is about 2,000 acres in extent, and with it is to be sold the Ross of Mull, which covers about 28,000 acres. There is no building on the island dating back farther than the 12th century, but Iona was the seat and centre of Christianity long before that time, as St. Aidan set forth therefrom to convert the heathen English early in the seventh century. The burial place of the Scottish kings, the nunnery, and the cathedral were handed over to the Church of Scotland by the late Duke of Argyll.

The will of the late Mr. W. S. Caine, who died on March 17th, has been proved. The deceased's gross estate is entered at £2,501 3s. 4d.

Tour of Our Churches.

STOKE ORCHARD CHAPEL OF EASE.

NO idle lives have the worthy Rector of Bishop's Cleeve and his assistant priest in ministering to the spiritual wants of this very large, widely-scattered parish, with the mother township and some four or five hamlets, four churches, and half-a-dozen services on a Sunday.

I attended service at Stoke Orchard on Sunday last. This chapel of ease can be allowed an afternoon service only, with an early morning celebration once or more a month. There was a rather small congregation, the most noticeable feature being the sparsity of the man-kind. I suppose there are men in the hamlet; but they would not seem to attend church very regularly. The curate conducted the service, and a daughter of the rector presided at the small organ. I was previously told that the assistant was coming, and that he ran through the service quickly; but I was not prepared for the way in which he rattled off the prayers and exhortations. In the portions the congregation had to read with him, difficulty was experienced in keeping his pace. The Psalms were read, and the minister's verses were ejaculated in double quick time. The congregation tried to imitate his pace, but were not quite successful. The lessons were read at the same high rate of speed. The Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis were fairly well chanted. The only slow portion about the service was the singing of the hymns. Here a little of the minister's haste might well have been introduced; but there was little or no choir, and one knows it is hard work pulling on the singing of a village congregation, with no lead. The hymns were Nos. 150, 501, and 148 (A. and M.)

We had a sermon based on I. Corinthians xiii., 13—a mortal's greatest gift being charity. The preacher pointed out that St. Peter exhorted them, above all things, to have fervent charity among themselves. Charity covered a multitude of sins, not only of their own, but of others also. It was sad to see how clever some people were in ferretting out other people's sins—even the dead in their graves were not always exempt. To conceal the faults of other people was to have a Christ-like spirit, to resemble Him very forcibly. Cases would arise when faults had to be brought to light; but even then they should be very careful to bear in mind the golden rule of charity. Above all, they should be quite sure that it was their place to find out the faults, and not do it for the mere gratification of any private matter, malice, or prejudice. Our Lord addressed the Scribes and Pharisees as hypocrites; but how often He passed over their faults, and made excuses for them! The preacher drew attention to two such instances. The woman taken in the deadliest of sin was not upbraided by the Saviour; but was simply told to go and sin no more. His loving mercy and tenderness were reproaches enough, so anxious did He seem not to take the office of Judge. On the Cross Christ had eyes and ears for everyone; but none for His tormentors' sins. "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do"; and one sentence from the penitent thief was reparation for a life-time of sin. One marvelled at His wondrous charity—bearing their sins in His body on the tree, and hiding them in His very heart—casting His mantle of love over the faults of others. All must see that nothing separated them from the love of Christ; they must take heed that they were closely united with Him in bonds of charity and love. "Herein is love, herein is charity. Not that we first loved Him, but that He first loved us."

After the sermon, the minister did a little posturing before the altar, and this, and crossing himself at the Glorias and in other places, showed he was of ritualistic bent; but his High Churchism was not very pronounced at Stoke Orchard.

The church is an old, but not very interesting building; there is too much plaster and whitewash to suit an antiquarian. A former curate scraped the whitewash off in several places, showing mural paintings and letterings underneath. If this scraping were persevered in, doubtless it would expose to view

more interesting work. Most of the windows are of the narrow Norman type, except a particularly ugly one, added to light the pulpit. The east end wall has been rebuilt. There is a lovely, though plain, piscina, pure Norman; and the font is good and quite in character with the style of the building. J. H. Parker, of Oxford, in his "A.B.C. of Gothic Architecture," honours Stoke Orchard with illustrations of the bases and capitals of the pillars of its chancel arch. The church consists simply of chancel and nave; a great improvement would be an entrance porch.

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Under the Auspices of the Corporation and Chamber of Commerce.

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160 beautiful pictures and two maps in blue canvas boards.

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"The handsomest book of its kind in Great Britain."

"Marvellous Value" *The Daily News*.
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POETRY.

THE SEVEN SPRINGS
(A PLEA).

There is a spot on Cotswold Hills
Where seven springs form seven rills,
All purling from the banks so cool
Into a darksome, silent pool;
These bubbling springs, how great their worth—
They give a mighty river birth.

Blank disappointment meets us here,
For all around there's nought to cheer;
The trees they bow their heads for shame,
The flowers on the banks the same;
There melancholy hangs around
This well-known spot of classic ground.

In looking round 'tis here we see,
Where all should be open, fair, and free,
Unightly walls with prison bars,
Upon our nerves and senses jar,
Our river choked with blocks of stone;
'Tis this sad fate that we bemoan.

A noble river's birth like this
Should be as free as air;
No walls of brick, no walls of stone
Should stop its progress here;
No iron bars should bar its course,
Or aught obstruct its flow;
The view from here should be all clear
Into the valley down below.

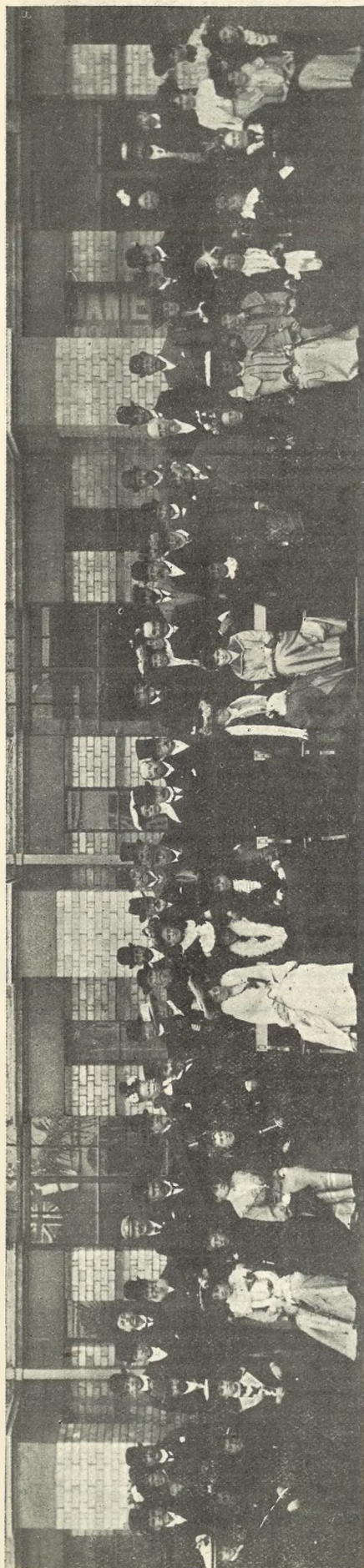
Remove the bars, remove the wall,
And freely let its waters fall;
Make us a path beside the stream,
Where we can wander, ponder, dream;
Let youth and age together there
Enjoy the prospect ever fair.

Our river on its mission flows—
A volume greater as it goes—
Till when it meets the rising tide,
Ships on its bosom safely ride;
All nations' flags are there unfurled,
And it is free to all the world.

Then we appeal—grant us this boon—
Aye, don't be long, but do it soon;
It is a standing, deep disgrace
To make of this an ugly place;
Make it a place of beauty rare;
Let one, let all, its pleasures share.

J. STEVENS.

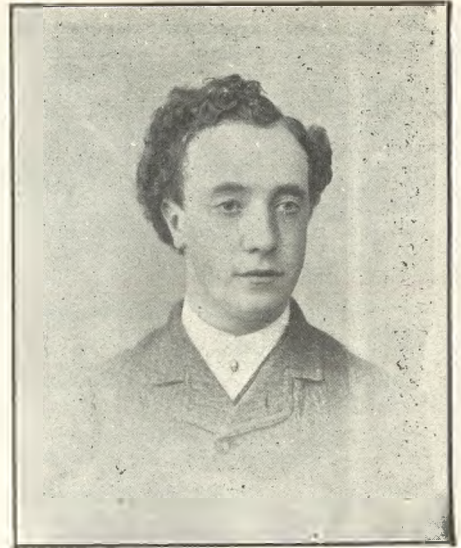
Cheltenham, May, 1903.



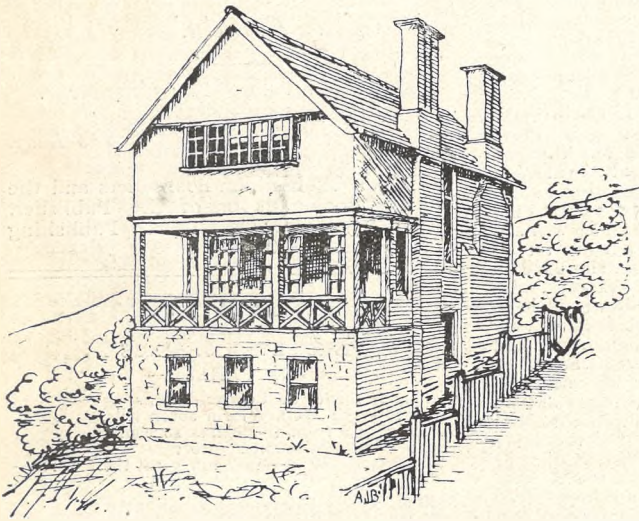
CHELtenham BOWLING CLUB: SEASON 1903. OPENING CEREMONY, MAY 20, BY LORD ELCHO.



CHARLTON KINGS CRICKET CLUB NEW PAVILION,
OPENED MAY 23, 1903.



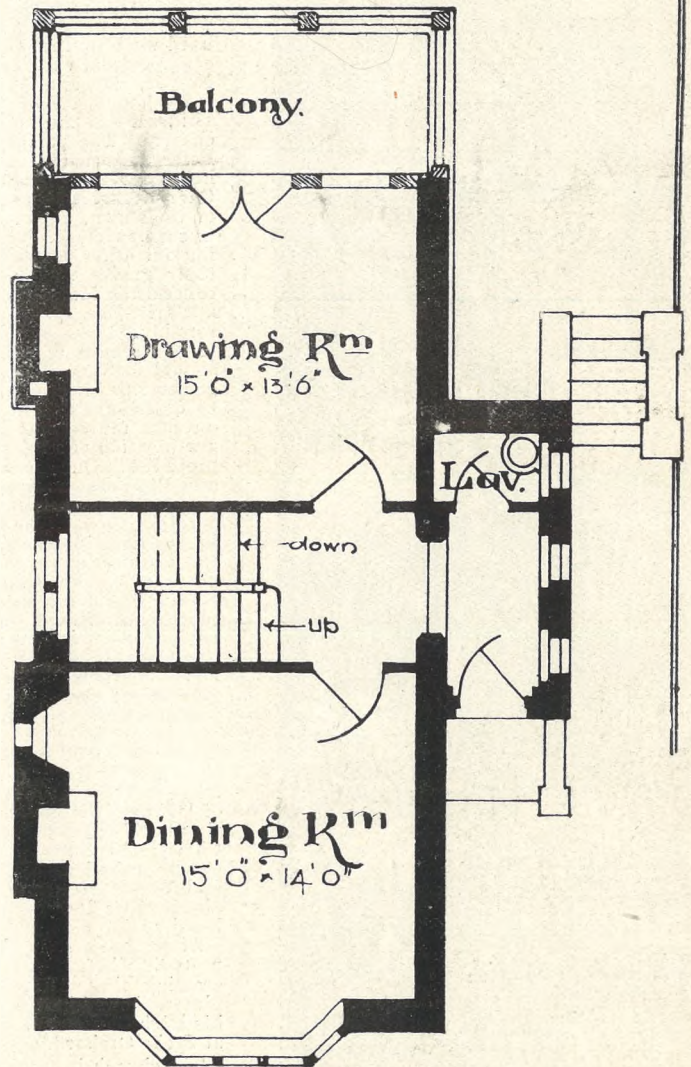
CHARLES COCKS,
Of Brunswick-street, Cheltenham,
Died May 22nd, 1903, as the result of a
motor-cycle accident.



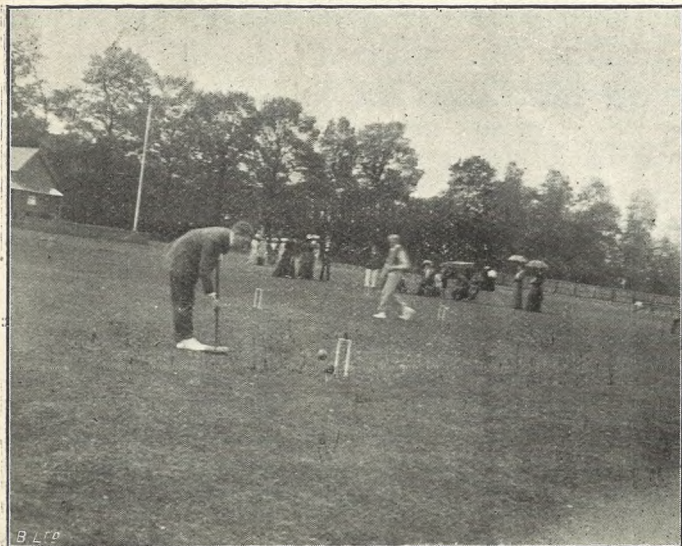
TYPE OF HOUSES PROPOSED FOR
THE WICKFIELDS ESTATE,
CLEEVE HILL

(Mr. J. Hall, Lloyds Bank Chambers, Architect),

to be sold on June 11th, and which will be erected complete at an inclusive sum, if desired by purchaser of land. The Sites are 700ft. above Sea Level, and command extensive views over the Valley of the Severn to the Welsh Mountains. Full particulars are advertised in the "Echo."



4 Bed Rooms, Bath Rm etc



THE PRIZE PICTURES.

Croquet Tournament
(*East Gloucester Ground*)

Won by Miss M. Lousada in Class 1.

Photos by Miss F. Agg, Cheltenham.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

THE minds of the million and odd members of the Manchester Unity of Odd-fellows will be concentrated on the meetings and doings of the A.M.C. (which to the uninitiated means the Annual Moveable Committee) at Cheltenham during the next seven or eight days. It is certainly a feather in the cap of Gloucestershire to have had within the short space of 15 years the assembly on two occasions of the annual Parliament of the Manchester Odd-fellows and also the High Court of the Ancient Order of Foresters located for one year in its midst. Whether this close attention by the two greatest friendly and benefit societies in the world is connected with the fact that this county is the birthplace of the now very vigorous, friendly competitive, and flourishing Holloway benefit societies that are a power in the land, I cannot say; but I would venture to suggest to the A.M.C., as I once did to Deputy Grand Master Eastwood and several of the leading officials at the Gloucester gathering in 1888, that both Oddfellows and Foresters would probably make even still greater progress everywhere if they were to forthwith adapt their rules to those of the more equitable and safe Holloway system. At all events, I join in the welcome to the delegates, whom I regard as of the salt of the earth, and trust that their visit to good old Gloucestershire will result in benefit to their society and be enjoyable to themselves. They certainly could not have come at a more promising time.

The parishioners of the picturesque hamlet of Bentham, nestling under Crickley Hill, have my heartiest sympathy in the long-drawn-out impasse in Church affairs that unfortunately still exists there. It would, I think, puzzle a Philadelphian lawyer or a jurisprudent of the calibre of Jeremy Bentham to remove the deadlock which, as regards the central figure, is somewhat analogous to the Tamworth Mayoralty. The crux of the whole situation appears to be that there is no regularly appointed vicar yet of the parent parish of Badgeworth to exercise the necessary authority to bring peace and concord once more into the beautiful church of Bentham, whose congregations and collections, I regret to hear, are getting smaller by degrees and beautifully less, and whose choir, once a credit to it, is still "disbanded."

"Oh! law ecclesiastical,
Slow and fantastical,
Oft past enduring,
But laymen of Bentham,
Naught can prevent them
Waiting, maturing."

I suppose it is not generally known that there is now a camp of regular soldiers in existence in Gloucestershire, but this is so, the Telegraph Battalion of the Royal Engineers having on May 22 gone under canvas at Lechlade, a remote part of the county well suited for their scientific operations. I observe that one of the officers is Major Godfrey-Faussett, which used to be a name well known in Cheltenham. The "Sappers" are desirous of drawing the public with their band, and to play a cricket match to the finish with any club that will engage with them. I should like to see more of these encampments in our midst, especially as we appear to have lost for an indefinite time even the Militia and Volunteer camps. I daresay the Stroud people would like on Minchinhampton Common another such martial assemblage as the 3rd Division of the 5th Army Corps that was mobilised there, under General Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, in July, 1876. The gathering of 5,000 men and 150 horses meant the expenditure of much money locally. As showing how keenly some people look forward to a military camp in their midst, it may be mentioned that a few days ago a visit of the Cheltenham Tactical Society to the old battlefield and Deerhurst meadows was quickly, but erroneously, interpreted by the natives to foreshadow the coming again of the Engineer Volunteers to encamp there.

GLEANER.



MILSOM STREET SCHOOL, CHELTENHAM. MAY QUEEN FESTIVAL.
Photo by R. Winter, Cheltenham.



GLOUCESTER ST. MICHAEL'S A.F.C.

Winners of Gloucester and District League (2nd Division) Cup and Medals.

SEASON 1902-3.

Matches Played 27, Won 19, Lost 6, Drawn 2. Goals for 78, against 33.

Top row, from left to right:—Geo. Bond (hon. treasurer), D. Phelps, T. A. Blakemore, H. Clifford, J. Blakemore, G. E. Rust, C. Butler (linesman).

Second row:—G. R. Arnold, J. R. Jordan, J. E. Palmer (capt.), A. H. Smith, W. J. Lewis.

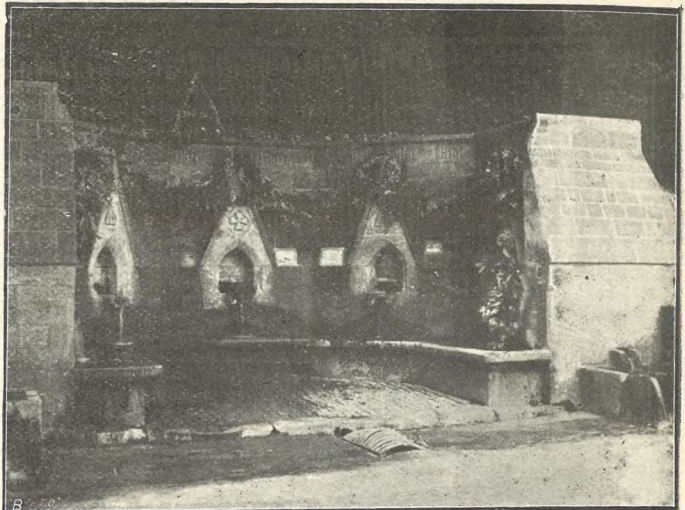
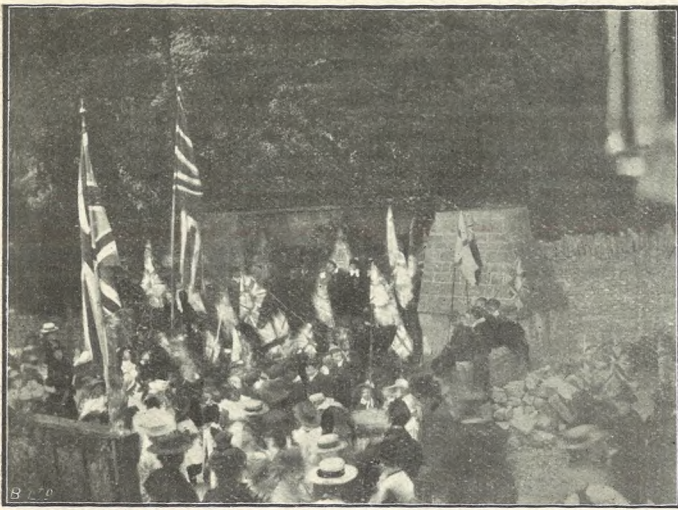
Third row:—T. H. Rust, W. Smith.

Photo by Paul Coe, Imperial Buildings, Cheltenham.

Of the older Colonial schoolboy, sterling common sense is the leading characteristic, says a writer in the "Cornhill." In a history examination, in reply to the question "Had you been living then, which side would you have fought for, Cavaliers or Roundheads? Give your reasons." I had the following delightful answer from one young New Zealander: "I should have fought for the Roundheads. They were rather too fond of religion; but that is better than being drunk."

Lord Milner's recent illness was due to a mild attack of appendicitis, which may necessitate a slight operation during his forthcoming visit to England.

A usually well-informed Berlin journal declares that the health of the ex-Crown Princess of Saxony is quite satisfactory, and adds that if in the near future she should enter a convent or asylum, this step will have been forced upon her without her own consent.



ASCENSION DAY AT BISLEY: SCHOOL CHILDREN DECORATE THE SPRINGS.

Photos by W. F. Lee, Stroud.

Petrol and Pictures.

By "ARIEL."

THE CHELTENHAM AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE AUTOMOBILE CLUB'S DOINGS.

ON Wednesday, May 20th, the club held a meet at Newnham, and in the evening, by invitation, at Witley Court. The return journey was made via Gloucester. An attractive tour through the Wye Valley has been arranged for three days at Whitsuntide. On Saturday the club will meet at Ludlow, proceeding from there on the Sunday to Montgomery, via Shrewsbury, and then on Monday the return journey will be made via Hereford. The board at the railside at Lansdown, wishing in large letters "Success to the County Automobile Club," has caused a good deal of notice. Those not in possession of motor vehicles, but who are interested in the spread of the automobile movement, will be pleased to hear that the club is in a flourishing condition, and promises to be the most influential in the West of England. The next general meeting is fixed for Wednesday, June 4th, at which the proposed legislative measures affecting automobiles are to be discussed.

THE DISTANT FUTURE.

Mr. G. R. Sims is writing some amusing contributions to the "Referee" re the "Automobile Speed Problem." He suggests that the problem will only be solved by motorists betaking themselves to the air, and the following is his vision of the future:—

THE SKY POLICEMAN'S STORY.

A.D. 1950.

'Twas yesterday, your Worship, a little after two, As me and P.C. 60 was in our air canoe, I see the private airship Two-seven-six-ought-A A bein' druv'n reckless the wrong side of the way. I'd just time to holler "Steady!" took up my megaphone, When into me he smashes, and out we both was thrown; I come down on the pavement—my air-suit broke my fall, Which bein' blown-out rubber, I bounded like a ball.

The fixed point airboat see it, and started in pursuit, An' come up with defendan' about the Kyles o' Bute; We took defendan's number, and brought him down to earth, Him all the time a swearing for all as he was worth.

I've cautioned him, your Worship, for furious sailing twice, And all he said in answer was "Bobby, what's your price?" To all the sky policemen he's well known everywhere; "Sam Salloway," they call him, "the Terror of the Air."

AN ACID FIXING BATH.

This bath combines the following advantages:—It remains clear after frequent use; does not discolour the negatives; forms no precipitate upon them; and hardens the gelatine to such a degree that the negatives can be washed in warm water, provided they have been left in the bath a sufficient time. Prepare two solutions—(A) Hyposulphite of soda 4oz., water 15oz.; (B) water 5oz., sulphuric acid 30 minims, sulphite of sodium crystals 240grs, chrome alum 180grs. After the ingredients are dissolved, pour B solution into A. The plate should be allowed to remain in the bath five to ten minutes after the bromide of silver appears to be dissolved. The permanency of the negative and freedom from stain, as well as the hardening of the film, depends upon this. Wooden boxes with vertical grooves to hold a number of plates will be found both convenient and economical for fixing. When the bath becomes weakened by constant use, it must be replaced by a new one.

HOW TO REMOVE VARNISH FROM A NEGATIVE.

It is sometimes necessary to remove varnish from a negative in order to modify it by intensification or reduction. This is best done by placing the negative (varnish upwards) in a tray and covering it with methylated alcohol, to each ounce of which is added about twenty drops of liquid ammonia. Wipe the film occasionally with a wad of cotton wool, and when the varnish has apparently disappeared, transfer the negative to a tray containing water and ammonia in the same proportions. Finally, well wash in plain water.

A PLEASANT RUN TO MALVERN.

On Saturday afternoon, the weather being so glorious, myself and two friends determined on a motor run to Malvern. I rode a 2-h.p. Millionmobile, and towed a trailing-car with passenger, and my friend rode a 2½-h.p. Excelsior. After a preliminary oiling up and a look over all nuts, the machines were headed for Tewkesbury, which was reached without incident. The Mythe Bridge crossed the steep incline known as Mythe Hill faced the machines. However, the machines took no more notice of the incline than the riders, and, travelling up to the legal limit, soon reached Upton-on-Severn. From that town to Malvern the machines simply romped along, and Malvern was reached in time for tea, which, owing to the dust, was very welcome. After a stroll round the town, the return journey was commenced, after giving the engines some needful lubrication. Cheltenham was safely reached without a hitch of any sort—indeed, the motors worked grandly. This was the first occasion on which I had had the opportunity of testing the power of a 2-h.p. motor-bicycle with trailer attached. The route is a very fair average "give and

take" one. The result confirmed me in my opinion that, for all ordinary purposes (not racing) the 2-h.p. engine is quite powerful enough to suit anyone. On most of the inclines the 2-h.p. will take a trailer with no assistance, and quite steep rises can be surmounted with help from the rider. For ordinary riders the 2½-h.p. machines are a great deal too heavy, and in my opinion will eventually give place to the machines of less power and consequently less weight.

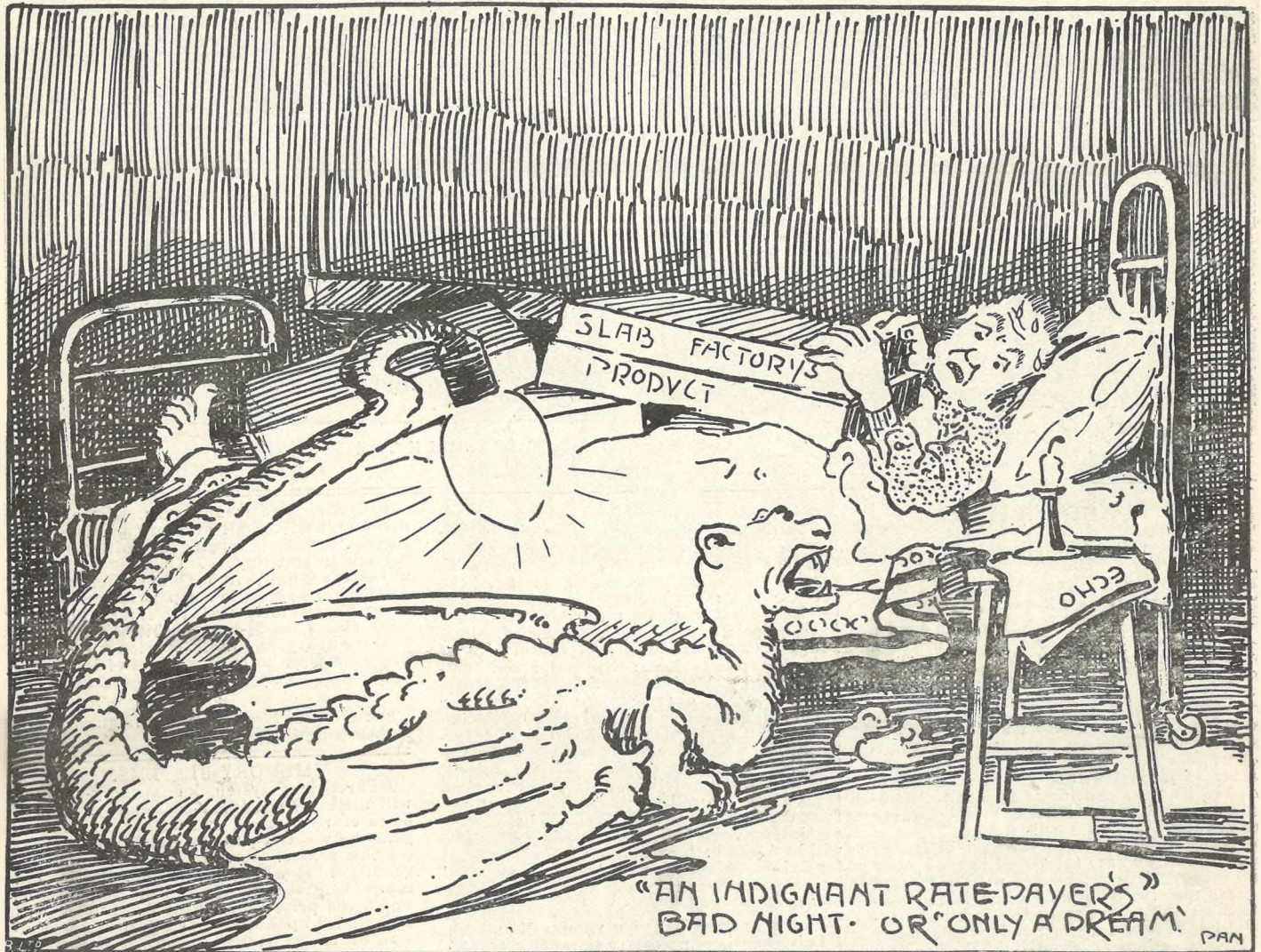
["Ariel" will be glad to answer questions on these subjects.]"

MEMORY SYSTEMS.

A first-class system of memory-training will neither be random nor clumsy. It will be carefully planned and worked out so as to gain the greatest possible end by the smallest possible means. It will be full of minor ingenuities. It will be adaptable, elastic, and comprehensive. And it will probably be worth the price charged for it. But—it will be founded upon the principle of the association of ideas; it will not be a miraculous discovery capable of transforming a brain of lead into a brain of gold, and its success will depend upon the energetic thoroughness with which the learner puts into practice. I know that many people embark upon memory-training with the idea that a good memory can be bought with money. It cannot. It can only be bought by work. Money may buy the tools, but it will not buy the labour. In answer to requests for an expression of opinion, I will unhesitating say that a genuine memory-system may be of real use, both directly and indirectly. Most memories are inefficient simply for the reason that they are never used. They lie idle, and their owners show a naive disgust because they are out of condition! Such is human nature. As to the relative importance of the faculty of memory among intellectual faculties decidedly I do not rate it very high; but, on the contrary, rather low. I do not think that, after the first few rungs of the ladder are climbed, it will help the man to rise who without it would not have risen. I do not think that rooms full of prodigious memories in Lombard-street, St. Paul's Churchyard, and Downing-street will diminish the peril of international competition. Still, other things equal, Datas should be a better man than the husband who cannot remember his wife's birthday. —From "Savoir-Faire Papers," in "T.P.'s Weekly."

Mr. John Morley has, it is stated, finished his "Life of Gladstone," and is busy with the proofs of the work, which will be published in the autumn.

THE PRIZE DRAWING.



THE OPEN-AIR TREATMENT OF CONSUMPTION.

In the June number of the "Pall Mall Magazine" appears an interesting paper describing the experiences of a patient who has been cured by the open-air treatment of this terrible disease, a subject which the King has made so many efforts to draw public attention to. "What is the open-air treatment? It means," says the writer, "(1) That the patients shall breathe nothing but pure air throughout the whole twenty-four hours of the day. (2) That the diet shall be carefully adapted to each individual case; and that, as regards amount, it shall not be roughly guessed, but shall be carefully calculated upon a basis of the patient's body weight, and its modification regulated by scientific principles. The assertion that three pints of milk are exactly suitable to every case of phthisis—equally to the slender maiden of tender years and to the portly bishop of full dimensions—is alike at variance with the laws of physiology and the teaching of daily experience. (3) It includes the daily and hourly supervision of a skilled and experienced mind—one qualified, by training in the schools of medicines and in the wider arena of life, to deal with the various physical and mental phases of the disease as they present themselves. (4) It requires particularly skilled experience to guide aright the exercise that should be taken. (5) Above all, it means the inclusion of every agent which medical science can bring to bear upon the case to increase the resistance of the individual and to lessen the virulence of the bacillus—be it

high-frequency treatment, X-rays, hydro-pathy, or therapeutics. When these elements can be secured under good climatic conditions, then consumption, in a large proportion of cases, becomes curable."

The King has presented his portrait to the 1st Dragoon Guards in the German army, of which regiment he is an officer.

Hard pressed by a hawk, a pigeon took refuge on a loco notive which was ascending Beattock summit, just over the Scottish border.

The Home Secretary has decided to move a new clause to the Employment of Children Bill, which will make it possible to utilise the services of boys and girls on the stage, provided they are upwards of nine years old.

Three children were found by a platelayer at St. Arnaud, Victoria, placing threepenny-bits on the railway lines. When asked their reason, they said they wanted a train to come along and flatten them into sixpences.

The servant problem is being solved at Tunbridge Wells by the employment of young men from Germany. They not only act as waiters, but cook, scrub the floors, and make themselves "generally useful."

It has been represented to the military authorities that the cavendish tobacco supplied to soldiers on active service is too strong. Opinions and recommendations on the subject have accordingly been invited from officers in command of troops.

IS THE ENGLISH RACE DETERIORATING?

Speaking in London, on Saturday night, Lord Londonderry (Minister of Education) said there was an impression, which he feared was too well founded, that the English race was deteriorating in physique, and if they visited the slums of any large town they could not help realising that the physical standard of the inhabitants was a low one. Moreover, returns as to recruiting seemed to leave no doubt that a very great proportion of those who offered themselves for service in the army were undersized, and the proportion of rejections seemed on the increase. The obvious remedy was a universal system of physical education. Every advantage should be taken by teachers and managers in their efforts to develop the physique of children, to strengthen their limbs, and to increase their vital capacity. Teachers themselves should be thoroughly instructed in what they had to teach, and in the meantime there should be some simple system of physical education, so simple as to be easily learned by the smallest and most delicate children. All these questions would be considered by the Inter-departmental committee, which was to sit, and care would be taken that all opinions should be represented. He trusted very earnestly and with some confidence that a solution of the problem would be arrived at which would be generally satisfactory. They would then be in a position to prosecute with vigour their efforts to make a general improvement in the health and physique of the rising generation, who would then become more fit to take their part and their share of responsibility as citizens of our great Empire.