

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 135

SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1903.

THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE, CHELTENHAM.

RE-OPENING ON BANK HOLIDAY,
and During the Week,
THE GREAT MUSICAL SUCCESS,
"SAN TOY."

Matinee on Saturday next at 2.30.

Chandos Grammar School, Winchcombe, near Cheltenham.

An Excellent Education. Home Comforts. Careful Training.
Highest References from Parents of Past and Present Boarders.
Moderate Fees. Charming Neighbourhood. NEXT TERM
BEGINS SEPT. 15th.—Apply to

T. C. WEBB, Headmaster.

THE WALKING CRAZE IN INDIA.

In India the walking matches which are so popular at home appear to have gained an equally firm hold. Pedestrian contests are being organised all over the country among both Europeans and natives. As a rule these take place in the cool of the evening, as to compete during the heat of the day would be almost tantamount to committing suicide. Even as it is, a good many casualties have already occurred among the walkers.

ESTATE OF SIR JOSEPH L. WILKINSON.

Letters of administration of the estate and effects of Sir Joseph Loftus Wilkinson, of 31 Gloucester-terrace, Hyde Park, who died on the 16th June last, aged 58 years, intestate, have been granted to his widow, Dame Kate Mary Wilkinson, by whom his estate has been valued at £7,068 18s. 1d. gross, including £5,850 in net personalty. The late Sir Joseph L. Wilkinson was general manager of the Great Western Railway, a member of the Army council and the Institute of Civil Engineers, and Lieut.-Colonel of the Engineer

HONOURING A HERO.

On Monday night, at Broadplain Mission House, Bristol, Wm. Edwin Jewell (15), whose bravery in saving seven children from drowning in the river at various times has attracted widespread attention, was presented with the bronze medal of the Royal Humane Society, the gold medal of the Life-Saving Society of France, and other awards. The case was brought to the notice of King Edward, who sent a message of appreciation, and suggested that the boy should join the Navy. The mother, who is a widow with a family, would not consent, and the youth will be apprenticed as a carpenter. A sum of £60 which has been subscribed will be paid in weekly instalments.



REV. CHARLES SPURGEON,

(SON OF THE LATE C. H. SPURGEON).

Pastor of South-street Baptist Church, Greenwich, since 1879, and pastor designate of Salem Church, Cheltenham.

SPLENDID GIFT BY MR. G. WHITE.

The members of the Bristol Stock Exchange were entertained at dinner on Wednesday night by the President, Mr. George White, to commemorate the opening of the handsome new Stock Exchange. Mr. White, two years ago, undertook, by the request of members, the whole duty of selecting a site in the centre of the city, and of building and furnishing the Exchange, it being intended that members should, as in other towns, subscribe the necessary capital, and he was to have submitted a scheme at Wednesday's gathering for carrying out this idea. To the pleasurable surprise of his fellow members, however, Mr. White handed over the deed of gift of the new Exchange completely furnished.

Lord Dalmeny, son of Lord Rosebery, is resigning his commission in the Grenadier Guards.

TOWN WITHOUT CHURCH OR CHAPEL.

A Co-operative Society formed at Plumstead has just acquired 150 acres on the Bostall Heath Estate, on which a new town is to be erected; 3,500 houses will be laid out in streets. A peculiarity of the new town will be the absence of churches of any kind, the committee having resolved not to grant sites for any kind of ecclesiastical building in connection with any denomination whatsoever.

Lord Cromer has left Cairo for England, travelling by way of Port Said and Brindisi.

Sir A. Conan Doyle, at the Atlantic Union banquet at the Hotel Cecil on Tuesday night, said Great Britain was undergoing a quiet annexation by America.

Prince Sliman, brother of the Bey of Tunis, died suddenly on Tuesday morning at the age of thirty-five.

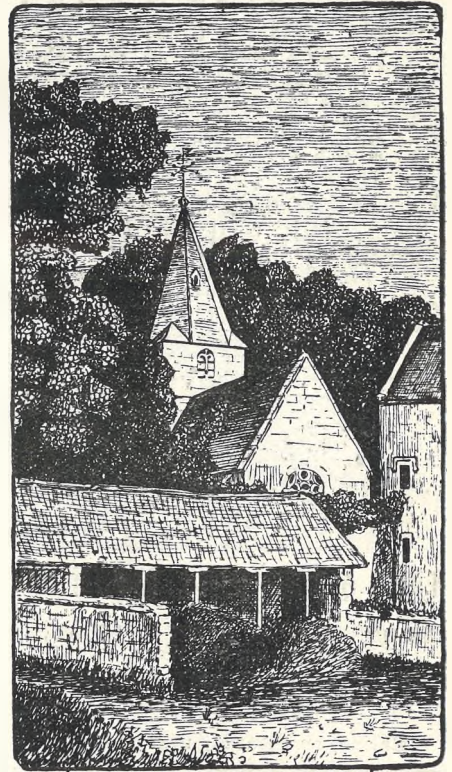


OVERHEARD AT A RECENT MONTEPELLIER POPULAR NIGHT.

HE AT THE REAR (to no one in particular, and faintly hoping that he may get through the turnstile in time for the last item): "Havn't moved a yard the last ten minutes! Shocking management! Just like Cheltenham! Now if this were Manchester!" etc., etc.

LADY (soothingly): "Slow and sure, you know."

HE: "H'm! Don't know much about being sure: they're beastly slow."



DOWDESWELL CHURCH FROM AN ADJOINING FARM-YARD.

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 133rd competition is Mr. W. Walton, London-road, Gloucester.

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

The winner of the 44th competition is Mr. G. J. Cox, of 15 Priory-terrace, Cheltenham.

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 26th competition is Miss F. Winter, 15 Cambray, for her report of the sermon by the Rev. A. C. Woodhouse at SS. Philip and James, Cheltenham.

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

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

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 Peterborough Cathedral Restoration Fund Committee have received one thousand pounds from the executors of the late Rev. William Henry Cooper, of St. Martin's, Stamford.

Jenatzky, the victor in the Gordon Bennett Cup race, has netted some £8,000. He received from the manufacturers of the Mercedes about £6,000, from the Continental Tyre Company £1,000, and a motor racing car of the value of at least £1,000.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND ENGLAND

The possibility of a visit of President Roosevelt to this country is not, says the "St. James's Gazette," out of the question. The matter has been mentioned to the President, and he has said that nothing would give him greater pleasure than to come to England. There are two difficulties, however, in the way of an early visit. It is an unwritten law in the United States that the President shall not leave the country during his term of office. This obstacle, however, might be got over, as no serious objection, it is thought, would be raised to his absence for a short period if other conditions were favourable. But the moment is not opportune for considering this aspect of the question in view of the Presidential election next year. It would be very inconvenient for the President to get away, as he is already engaged in the preliminary work connected with the event of 1904. Should, however, he be re-elected next year—and his many friends in this country feel confident that he will—the question of a visit to this country will be again raised, and it is hoped that he may be induced to come over.

Mr. William Wheeler, perhaps the oldest solicitor practising, died at Chatburn, near Clitheroe, on Monday, in his eighty-eighth year.

Mrs. Jane Cobden Unwin, daughter of the late Richard Cobden, in a letter expressing regret that her husband and herself were unable to attend a Free Trade meeting on Friday night in Manchester, declared her belief that the country would never again return to the "hungry forties."

ARTISTIC PRINTING

AT THE

"Echo" Electric Press.

A VEGETABLE CURIOSITY.

From Rothbury, near Newcastle-on-Tyne, is reported the curious fact of a potato that has grown, not out of a horse's tooth, but on to it and around it. The tooth had been in the ground when and where the infant tuber came into being; and since the latter, which must needs have room to grow, could not push the tooth out of the way of its growth, it has just grown on to and around it, giving the appearance as if a living horse had stuck his tooth into a growing potato and left it there.

MEETING OF KING AND KAISER.

The "Berliner Neueste Nachrichten" (says a Berlin telegram), commenting upon the announcement that King Edward and the Kaiser will meet in the autumn, thinks the meeting can be no more than a private visit of the Emperor to his uncle, as "we do not know what reason German policy has to take the initiative. Moreover, a State visit on the part of the Emperor cannot be recommended, as no guarantee exists that by the autumn the unfriendly and even hostile feeling in England against Germany will have disappeared."

PSYCHOLOGY OF MOTORING.

One of the by-paths of science now attracting interest among French savants is named the "Psychology of Automobilmism," and occupies itself with the sensations of rapid movement. Dr. Valentin, who has made a speciality of the new science, has committed himself to one or two curious conclusions. That rapidity of movement has different effects on different temperaments may perhaps be dismissed as fairly obvious. Dr. Valentin, however, it may be noted, considers the nervous temperament more liable to accident than the phlegmatic. He also claims to regard it as proved that automobilists should possess, not only a certificate of efficiency, but also one of "moral health."

Among the successful students from Northampton at the recent London University Matriculation Examination was a workhouse lad who was boarded out by the Northampton Guardians, attended a Board school in the town, and gained a maintenance scholarship at the local grammar school.

THE POWER OF THE PRESS, TALK FOR A QUIET HOUR.

By SILAS K. HOCKING.

It is a matter for congratulation that the printing-presses of the country are engaged in something more noble and elevating than the issuing of daily newspapers. I used to think that the daily press was an infinite blessing to the community, a genuine educator of the masses, a great instrument for the enlightenment and uplifting of the people generally; but I had considerably to modify my views on this question. My faith in the value of the daily newspaper has decidedly weakened. I can conceive of no more melancholy reading than that supplied by the newspaper press at the present time. It may be smart and clever and up to date, but it is a daily witness to the extent to which men have lost faith in each other—not faith in each other's sagacity or wisdom, but faith in each other's honesty and sincerity. Indeed, sincerity appears to be entirely discounted. Every man believes that every other man is actuated by selfish motives. On every hand it appears to be a case of diamond cut diamond. Men are valued not for their integrity but for their smartness. A stranger reading our newspapers would be led to imagine that the government of the country is reduced to a mere scramble for office, that the happiness and wellbeing of people as a whole was a matter of third or fourth rate consideration, and that the main duty of legislators was to look after their own interests and the interests of their friends.

I was reading a Government journal the other day in which the Opposition was represented as a pack of hungry wolves howling and clamouring for the sweets and spoils of office. That the Opposition had any principles, any convictions that were sacred to them, any desire for the better government of the country, any anxiety for its wellbeing or prosperity, was denied. Its only concern was to get into office. It was angry with the more fortunate party that they had enjoyed the sweets and spoils of office so long, and was eager to move them out of their position and take the good things themselves. Well, this on the face of it seemed a humiliating statement. Are the spoils of office such that they tempt legislators? Is it a fact that the loaves and fishes are so big and so fat that they obscure principles, that they throw ideals into the shadow, that they turn honourable men into mere opportunists, and that when men get into office the feast is so fat and abundant that they desire nothing better, and they become so selfish that they will not allow their opponents even a crumb that may fall from their table?

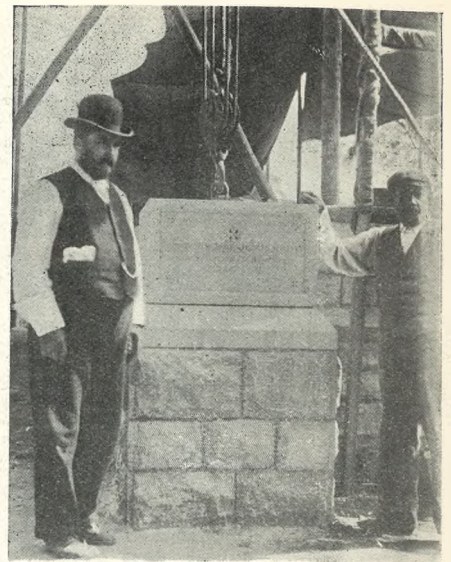
If what Nonconformists are saying all up and down the country be true, then their brethren of another Church have gained an unfair advantage over them, have tricked them out of their birthright, have cheated them by a series of manoeuvres out of what was due to them, and inflicted upon them the grossest and most palpable injustice. A man like Mr. Meyer, for instance, one is led to infer, believes that his fellow-Christian ministers, who stand on the platform at Keswick and plead with him for the cultivation of the higher life, have been guilty of most unworthy conduct, have pursued a tortuous way to get an unfair advantage, have schemed and intrigued that the Church might get the upper hand of the chapel. Of course I am not saying that these surmises or that these conclusions are correct. All I am contending for is that the daily newspaper is a record of how far men, not only in Parliament but in the Church, have lost faith in each other.

Moreover, within parties and coteries bearing the same name we find the same record of jealousies and recriminations, the same suggestion of unfair dealings, of back-stair methods, of underhanded ways. By one section of his party Mr. Chamberlain is regarded as the greatest empire-builder of the age, and by other members of the same party

as the greatest empire-wrecker that the country has ever known. But the saddest thing of all is that nobody seems to believe—even his nearest friends—that he is actuated by purely altruistic motives. He is a great tactician, we are told, a great Parliamentarian. He may in the end dish the Whigs, or dish the Tories, or dish the Unionists, or dish the Radicals; but for what purpose nobody seems quite clear. One grows somewhat weary of this attempt to turn the Empire, with its multitudinous interests, into a kind of shuttlecock to be banded about from one point to another, as though the Government were a mere matter of sleight-of-hand. One grows weary also of this eternal upsetting of time-honoured institutions, this destruction of organisations that have performed for a generation beneficent work on behalf of the people. Take the London School Board for example, the greatest instrument for the education of the people ever known in this country. Why should it be destroyed? Why should the splendid machinery be broken into pieces and thrown upon the scrap-heap? The newspapers unfortunately throw no light on such questions as these. The only answer is somebody, or some clique, or some Church desires that it should be done, and forsooth the newspapers representing that clique or party are bound to approve. If a man wanted to become an out-and-out pessimist I cannot conceive of any more effective way than for him to confine himself to the melancholy outpourings of the daily press.

As I have said, however, at the outset it is a fortunate thing that the printing-presses of the country are not exclusively devoted to the issue of daily newspapers. Good, helpful, inspiring, and informing books are being continually issued, and at a price within the reach of every man. Among the very best of these little books are those issued by the Simple Life Press. They are beautifully printed and daintily bound. I have already referred to "Tolstoy and His Message," "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam," "The Duty of Civil Disobedience," and now two other books of the same series have come into my hands—one entitled "The True and False Life, Christ's Message to Man," by Leo Tolstoy, and the other "Man the Reformer," by Ralph Waldo Emerson, and these gems of literature can be had for 3d. It may seem a long cry from the daily newspapers to Leo Tolstoy, from the cynicism of Mr. Balfour to the stately arguments of Ralph Waldo Emerson, and from the doctrine of retaliation and the big revolver to the teachings of Christ's Sermon on the Mount.

I am not sure that Tolstoy as a writer is likely to be appreciated in England at the present time. Our thoughts are too much diverted by other things of far less moment. Tolstoy is one of those seers who bring us back straight to first principles—a man who tolerates no compromise with evil, a man whose philosophy of life is based upon the literal teaching of Jesus of Nazareth. This little book, "The True and False Life," which I have before me, is literally a paraphrase of the sayings of the Master. Let me give an illustration of its style: "Blessed are the poor, the propertyless, because they are in the will of the Father. If they hunger they shall be filled. If they grieve and mourn they shall be consoled. If men despise them and turn from them now, and everywhere drive them away, let them still rejoice, for the men of God were always so persecuted, and received the highest compensation. But woe to the wealthy, because they have received already all they desire, and they will receive nothing more. Now they are filled, but they shall be hungry; now they rejoice, but they shall grieve. If men extol them woe to them, because only deceivers are extolled by everyone. Blessed are the poor, the propertyless; but blessed when they are not only poor externally, but poor by their spirit, their desire. As salt is good not when it looks like salt, but only when it has saltiness in itself so you, the poor, the propertyless, are the teachers of the world. You are blessed if you know that true happiness consists in being poor and propertyless; but if you are poor only outwardly, then, like salt without salt-



FOUNDATION STONE OF NEW CHURCH OF ST. ANDREW AT CHURCHDOWN.

Photo by F. E. Pearce, Cheltenham.

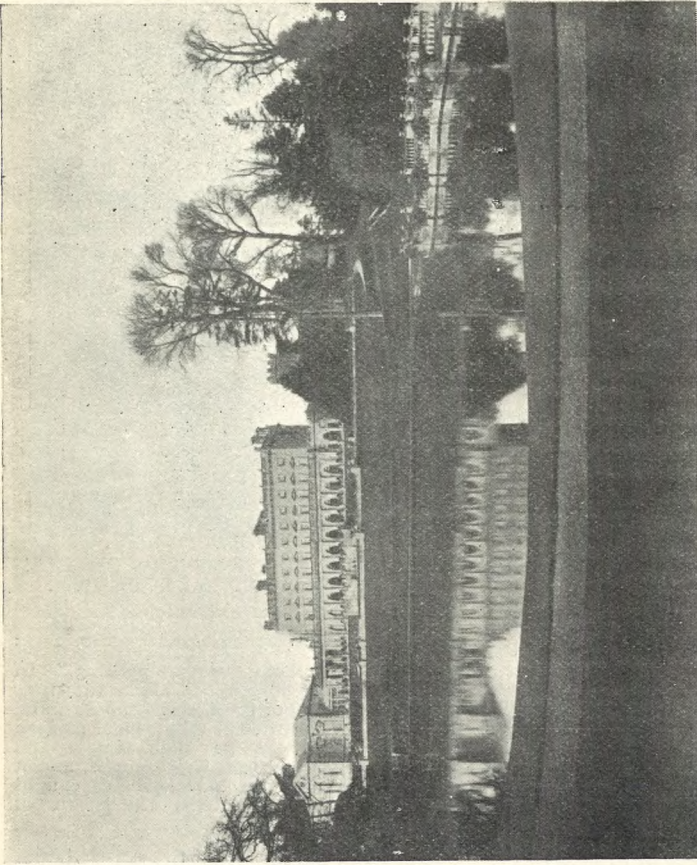
ness, you are already good for nothing." In this way Tolstoy goes through the four Gospels, picking out the sayings of Jesus, and translating them into the language of modern time. Nothing can be more simple and direct than the language Tolstoy uses, and it seems to me that the translator has caught with wonderful correctness the spirit of Tolstoy's words.

Take this further illustration: "Of the body the light is the eye, of the soul it is the heart. If thine eye be dim then all thy body will be in darkness; so also if the light of thy heart be dim then all thy soul will be in darkness. You cannot serve together two masters. One you will please, the other you will offend. So one cannot serve God and the flesh. Either you will work for the earthly life or you will work for God. Do not be worried, therefore, about what you will have to eat and drink and how you will be clothed. Life itself is far more wonderful than food and dress, and God has given you them." If I started to quote from the other little book, "Man the Reformer," by Emerson, I could quote the whole. It is full of beautiful thoughts beautifully expressed—thoughts that uplift the soul, that awaken in the heart the highest and truest emotions, that help to call away our affections from low and base and vulgar things, and centre them on those ideals which are imperishable and eternal. The publication of books of this kind must prove of great value. They are not books of a party. They do not deal with mere questions of the hour. They deal with those eternal truths which lie at the foundation of all true human progress, and are the basis of all that is enduring in our national life.

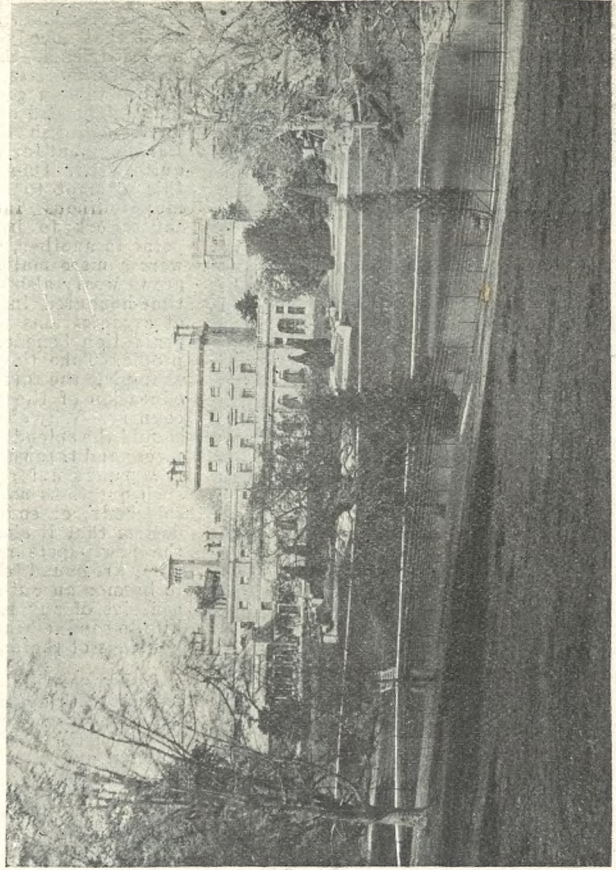
BOURTON'S MEMORIAL OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

The clock which has been placed on the front of the Victoria Hall, Bourton-on-the-Water, has now been set going, and it forms a very handsome addition to the hall, which is the Diamond Jubilee Memorial of the late Queen Victoria. The clock (one face) was made by Messrs. J. Smith and Son, of Derby (makers of the clock in St. Paul's Cathedral), and it strikes hourly. The face is of cast iron and measures 3ft. in diameter; the pendulum ball weighs 1cwt., the bell 1cwt. The work in connection with the turret has been executed by Messrs. A. Clifford and Son, of Bourton, the builders of the hall.

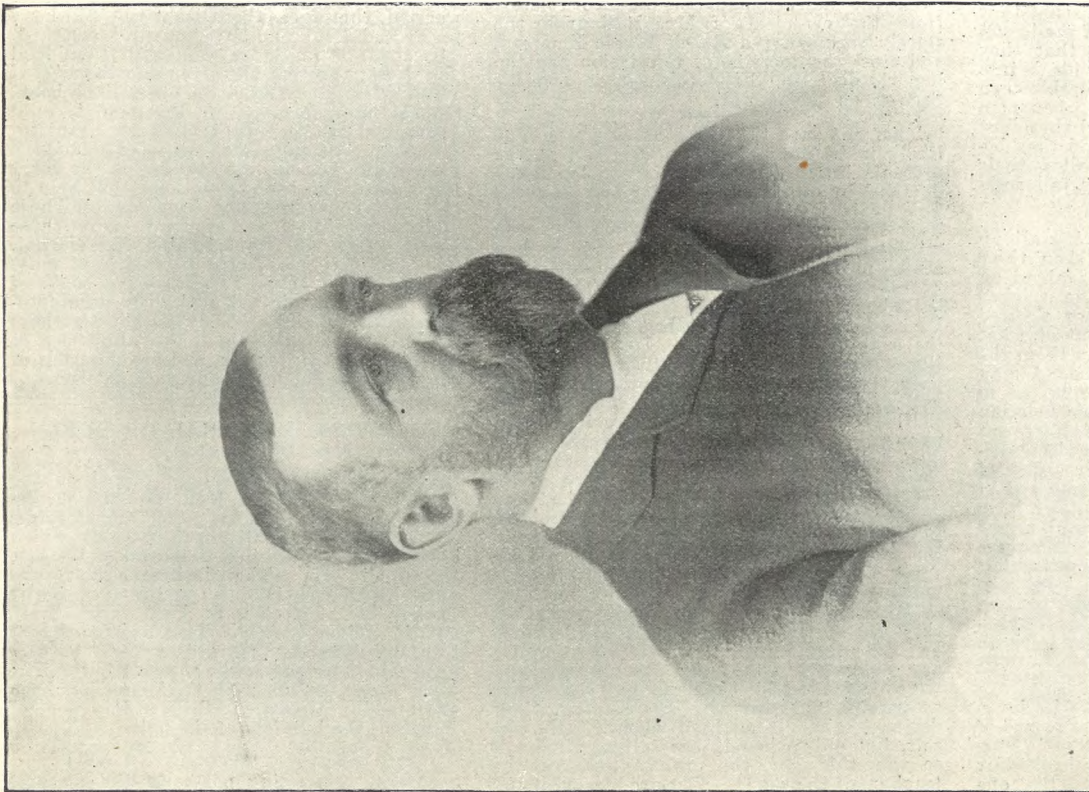
Several interesting portraits and pictures connected with the visit of the Gloucestershire Root and Grain Society to Cowley Manor will appear next week.



EXTERIOR OF ENLARGED MANSION.



THE MANSION BEFORE ENLARGEMENT.



MR. JAMES HORLICK, J.P., D.L.,
*Whose beautiful seat at Cowley Manor, near Cheltenham,
was visited by the Gloucestershire Root, Fruit,
and Grain Society, July 31st, 1903.*





1. MR. HORLICK'S PRIVATE ROOM.



2. DINING-ROOM.

From photos lent by Messrs. H. H. Martyn and Co., Ltd., Cheltenham, who executed the beautiful ceiling, carving, and panel work in the rooms.



COWLEY MANOR.

A MODEL MANSION.

Cowley Manor (at which the members of the Gloucestershire Root, Fruit, and Grain Society were yesterday the guests of Mr. James Horlick on the occasion of their "field day") is one of the largest and finest and most up-to-date of mansions on the wide Cotswolds, and art allied with nature has greatly enhanced the charms of its very picturesque surroundings. Since his return to his native county, in the year 1895, by becoming the owner and occupier of the Cowley Manor estate, Mr. Horlick has made his country seat a model mansion, and has generally improved the farmhouses, cottages, and agricultural buildings on his property. The mansion has been almost doubled in size, and its interior considerably beautified, and the many fine rooms fitted with all the latest appliances, including an installation of the electric light, the motive power for the machinery being provided by a turbine fixed in the adjacent stream from the Seven Springs (one of the tributaries of the Thames), or, in the alternative, by a 12-h.p. oil engine. The gardens, in terraces, are laid out with exquisite taste, and the stream referred to, running through these and the grounds, has been enlarged into ornamental ponds and lakes, in the waters of which black and white swans and Muscovy ducks, with their little broods, and a large quantity of fine trout, swim about, while rustic and other pretty bridges cross the stream and waterfall in it. There are, in fact, quite eight acres of water in the grounds. A very striking vista is obtained from the mansion front in a straight avenue extending up grass slopes to a distance of nearly a mile and a half in the direction of the Birdlip-Cirencester-road; and interesting facts in this connection are that to celebrate Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee in 1897, and also Mr. Ernest Horlick's coming-of-age later on, this avenue was strengthened by the planting of additional trees. The views that we give this week of the exterior and interior of Cowley Manor will convey some idea of its grandeur.



"Selina Jenkins" Letters.

THE "INTENSE CORDIAL."

By SELINA JENKINS.

I can't say as i 'olds with furriners, not in a general way, wich is very well as organ-grinders or hicc-cream barrows and sich-like, but can't be trusted with the rains of government, as the sayin' is, as we all knows from the French Revelation, where there was such a lot of haristocracy cut off that the pertikler brand with blue blood in their vains 'ave been scarce ever since over to France.

Still, I spose furriners 'as their rites so well as we, and I don't know as I should go so far as pore Jenkins, as went over to "Gay Paree" on a 2-days' Polytechnic trip, and saw everythink there was to be seen in a decent respectable way (wich wasn't over much, and could jest as well 'ave been patternised in London, so I considers); 'owever, when Jenkins returned, rather the worse for wear, 'aving been a martyr to "mal demare," as they calls it on the French coast, I asked 'am what 'e thought of France as a nation, taking it on the whole, after 'is 2 days' trip. So 'e says to me, says 'e, in a very injured tone of voice, "Selina," says 'e, "the country's all right, and I wouldn't go so far as to say that Paris isn't a very tidy place; but I considers as France 'ld be a site better hoff if there weren't so many furriners there! Why! they reg'lar swarms the streets! even the little street 'gammons,' as they do call 'em, is furrin right down to the 'sabbaths,' as they do call their wooden boot things; and I certainly considers as France 'ave a great future before it or 'er, as the case may be, if 'it or 'er' do leave hoff talking furrin langwidges and do speak 'onest English, as never threw man in the mire, so Shakespeare says."

'Owsomdev'r, that's neither 'ere nor there, as the sayin' is, 'cos i s'pose they finds it pays to use the French langwidge, or else they wouldn't never take the trouble to master it, 'ceps for the convenience of being able to use strong words in a langwidge as is spoke so fast, a Frenchman being able to get in 20 strong egspressions where a Englishman would be only thinking about the first; but wot I were about to remark was this:—I was uncommon pleased to see President Loobey invited over to our shores to tea, as you mite say, by the King, not to speak of all them French Depyties as come over the other day and put up with British cookin' and bad French speeches by our leaders of Parleyment for the sake of peace and quietness.

And only just to think of it! Why! 'twasn't so very many months ago as we was going to fite France and any more as liked to come and be smashed up, over about $\frac{3}{4}$ of an acre of mud swamp out in Fashoda, wich I 'aven't the slightest idea where the place is, not meself, through the map of Hindia bein' a-tored out of the blottin'-pad as was gave me by a grocer in this town 3 years ago come next Christmas, with 'is compliments and "'oping to be favoured with Mrs. Jenkins's kind commands, wich shall 'ave my best personal attention"! and very useful it 'ave been, too, and fairly makes a body's 'eart swell with pride when you looks at the map of the world and grasps wot a powerful lot of "coral strand" and "icy mountains" belongs to our great British Hempire, wich is now about to be made into a union of 'earts regardless of expense by Joseph Chamberlaine, Esq., M.P.

But, speaking of our little quarrels with the French, we've agreed never to mention that there Dreyfuss again, not even in a furrin langwidge, and our French nevbors 'ave settled not to make remarks about Boers and gold-grabbing, putting wich little annoyances a one side, we shall be the best of friends till 'e falls hout again, I don't doubt! And it appears that all the time we've been quarrelling and spending perdidigious sums of money in getting ready to fite one another, we've both of us been laboring under a "hoptical illusion," as they do call it, and while we was both ready to shake 'ands and make it up again (like in them old days when we fought in the Crimea together and took them guns from the Rooshians as now ornaments the houtside of the Queen's 'Otel), while we was both ready to shake 'ands neither of us liked to be the first to 'old out the 'and. But then, that's just where the



BALLROOM, COWLEY MANOR.

Photo by Messrs. H. H. Martyn and Co., Ltd., Cheltenham.

King comes in, bless 'is 'eart! and who wouldn't say but what it's a more nobler undertakin' to go about makin' peace, as the King 'ave been doin' lately, than for to talk about "long spoons" and "sands running out" and "retaliation," and sich like, and so forth, and so on. I considers the King is doin' the 'andsome in travelling about and patching up the Government's quarrels in France and Ireland and elsewhere, wich I shall always sing "God save the King" in a hextry loud tone of voice in the future, 'e 'aving proved 'imself the rite kind of a monarch—a peacemaker, not a fire-eater, bein', so far as I can tell, the first king in English 'istory to take a little trouble in smoothin' over quarrels instead of makin' them; not but wot 'e 'ad a good example in 'is pore mother, bless 'er!

'Owver, the quarrels of nations is very similar to the quarrels of individooals—namely, there ain't much in either of 'em, if you comes to the kurnel (or colonel, bein' a word I never can't be sure about the spellin' of, not since the spellin' B's 'ave been done away with). For instance, there's Mary Ann Tomkins, as 'ave been out of friends with 'er brother and 2 sisters for very nigh 18 months over a little matter of 'er sisters 'aving a canary left them by a distant aunt, wich it were always understood were to be Mary Ann's on the old lady's disease, and I will say that there willed canary 'ave been a reg'lar curse to the whole famby; as won't speak to each other in the street, and is at daggers drawn, as the sayin' is, over this 'ere 'retched bird, wich after all turned out to be a pie-bald hen, and not a syllable of song in 'im, besides littering their front room hup with bird-seed somthink awful, thro' a bad 'abit 'e 'ave got of throwin' the 'uskeses out of the cage on to people's 'eads, just to show 'e's there, so I s'pose!

I were talkin' to Mary Ann about it the other day, and it 'orrified me to 'ear 'er, as is a very decent body (most times), and not given to vilent langwidge, fair breathing fire and slaughter on to 'er own kith and kin, and all over a pie-bald canary! I told 'er that I knowed it was very difficult to forgive one's relations—if 'twas anybody else it mite be different—but one's brothers and sisters, if they be at all inclined to quarrel—well, it's generally a 15-horse power quarrel and more bitter becous they knows more nasty things to say about you than outsiders would!

'Owver, it come out that Mary Ann 'ad 'ad about enuff of bein' out of friends, and was quite willin' to forgive and forget if the others would do the same, but "she wasn't goin' to make no advances, no, not she! She 'adn't done nothink, and 'twasn't for 'er to eat 'umble pie," etcetera, and so on. So I thought of the King, and 'ow 'e managed matters, and I just says nothink, but puts on me bonnet, and takes a rock-cake or two for the children (bein' me own bakin', and so good as any pastrycook's, 'ceps when they be caught a bit, as can be easily scraped off, if required), and sallies 4th up to Mary Ann's brother and sisters' house, one of the sisters bein' married to a Mr. Knibbs, as is a cabinet-maker by perfession, with a famby of 8 little cabinet-makers, all under 12 years of age.

So I gives the little ones their cakes to keep them quiet, and just starts arbitrating at once, sayin' as 'ow, if they was willin' to shake 'ands and be friends, why, so was Mary Ann, wich I could see they was very glad, but was just as "ikey" as she, and said they wasn't goin' to say they was sorry, seein' as they 'adn't done nothink, and couldn't 'elp 'avin' the canary left them by Aunt Maria. So I thinks about the King and President Loobey and them Sennators, and I sees the way out; wich I hups and I says, "Well, now, perhaps you'll do me the favour of takin' a dish of tea with me, all of you, next Wednesday afternoon, and Mary Ann will be there—then you can shake 'ands and let bygones be bygones; I'll see as she buries the 'atchet, as the sayin' is, and you must bury the canary, so to say." Wich they agrees to, so pleased as Punch, that I will say, and that's a good job done, as made me feel that proud you can't think, to be able to patch up sich a famby "food," as they be called in some parts.

SELINA JENKINS.

P.S., N.B., B.Sc.—Just a line to tell you we've 'ad that tea-party, and hunder the influence of the cup that "cheers but not inebritates" they be all the best of friends again, and as I writes these last few words one of the little cabinet-makers comes runnin' round with the news that the next-door neybour's cat, bein' of the Chinchiller persuasion, 'ave killed and eaten Aunt Maria's canary, sc that, at one fell blow, the cause of quarrel's removed and the 'atchet is buried. All of wich is due to the King's good example as a peacemaker. "God save the King."

The Prize Pictures.



THE NELSON FOSTER MEMORIAL AT GLOUCESTER.

DRINKING FOUNTAIN, UNVEILED JULY 20, 1903.

- 1 and 5. The Ceremony (Mr. J. H. Jones speaking).
 2. The Memorial.
 3. After the Ceremony.
 4. Before Unveiling (the Mayor speaking).

Photos by W. Walton, Gloucester.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

It now only remains for the cricket week to come and go, and thus formally wind up the Cheltenham season of 1902-3. But practically it is over at present. The colleges and seminaries have broken up, and the closing of these institutions is generally the signal for "society," and, indeed, all persons who can, to make for the seaside, the moor, or other place of their selection, at which to spend the vacation or as much of it as circumstances will permit. Not a few pupils at the College will have a longer holiday than usual, owing to their having been removed from school before the appointed time, through the alarm felt by some parents at the unfortunate outbreak of scarlatina, involving the death of one student, in boarding houses. As showing the precautions taken to prevent the spread of infection, I may mention that, although the boys at the College and at Dean Close School sat simultaneously for the usual educational examinations, they entered and left the library by separate doors and were studiously kept apart. The chief outside event at the College was the unveiling, on June 25th, by General Sir A. Power Palmer, of the Eleanor cross memorial to the 54 O.C.'s who fell in the Boer war. And at

the Ladies' College the principal event (though without ceremony) was the commencement, in the spring, of the building of its new annexe, for a science department, which it is intended shall be ready to mark the Jubilee of this great seminary next year. It was a gay time with balls, the New Club ball being one of these society functions revived. In the matter of entertainments, Albani, Kubelik, and Sousa have been the "stars." The chief body of visitors, though not of the usual class patronising Cheltenham, was the delegates of the Manchester Unity of Oddfellows, whose A.M.C., held during Whit-week, was truly "A Memorable Conference." A run of low temperatures and an excess of rainy days during the spring and early summer unfortunately gave a set back to trade and to the success of outdoor entertainments.

Mr. E. Boyce Podmore came to Cheltenham from Basingstoke in right good style, in a special G.W.R. train containing his family, household, horses, and the thousand and one things that go to make up the large establishment of a gentleman and master of hounds. Charlton House, the late residence of Mr. T. Rome, is his new home. Mr. Podmore left the Vine Hunt and the inhabitants of Basingstoke, among whom he lived for several years, on the very best of terms, as was evi-

denced by the reciprocal marks of good feeling shown there prior to his departure. It appears that we have not only a very good sportsman but a capable amateur fireman amongst us, and no doubt the latter fact will be especially noted by the Charltonians. The advantages of having a permanent resident Master of the Cotswold Hounds will be considerable, and by no means the least benefit would be, I should say, his personal supervision of the erection of the new kennels on a site at Seven Springs, above Mr. Fane-Gladwin's residence.

Reference to the Seven Springs reminds me that last Saturday afternoon I was passing by there and saw a few of the Cheltenham Rifles firing with their machine gun at the range, and I could plainly hear the bullets rattle against the butts. It speaks volumes for the enthusiasm of our Volunteers that they will travel considerable distances, involving personal expense and loss of time, in order to practice shooting at ranges. And I regret that the Yeomanry have to pay for the use of the Seven Springs range as much as £5 per diem when they have the four targets and markers. And yet, despite this handicapping in the matter of money and time to learn to shoot, I am glad that the R.G.H.I.Y. pulled off the Yeomanry Inter-Regimental Cup at Bisley last Saturday.

GLEANER.

The Prize Drawing.



HATHERLEY v. TEWKESBURY CRICKET MATCH.

Tewkesbury team taking tea at Hatherley (W. W. Jackson third from right).

Photo by C. T. Deane, Cheltenham.

Petrol and Pictures.

[By "ARIEL."]

GRINDING EXHAUST VALVES.

After grinding in the exhaust valve in some cases the compression of the engine does not seem to have been improved, but is poorer than before. This may be due to uneven grinding, so that part of the valve does not fit closely on its seat, with obvious results. To test for this, smear the valve-seat with a very thin coating of oil coloured with red lead, and place the valve gently in position. Then remove the valve, and notice whether the coloured oil is uniformly marked round it. If any part shows clear of oil, this indicates the portion of the valve which fits badly. The only remedy is to re-grind the valve, giving even pressure so as to remedy the defect.

A CURIOUS INCIDENT.

A friend of mine had a curious incident happen to him recently. His machine, a 2½-h.p. Minerva engine, was towing a trailer in which was comfortably installed a friend. Suddenly, owing to the vibration, the interrupter plug fell out, and, curiously enough, dropped into the hand of the passenger seated in the trailer. The combination must have been travelling quite up to legal limit.

"LITTLE TYRES!"

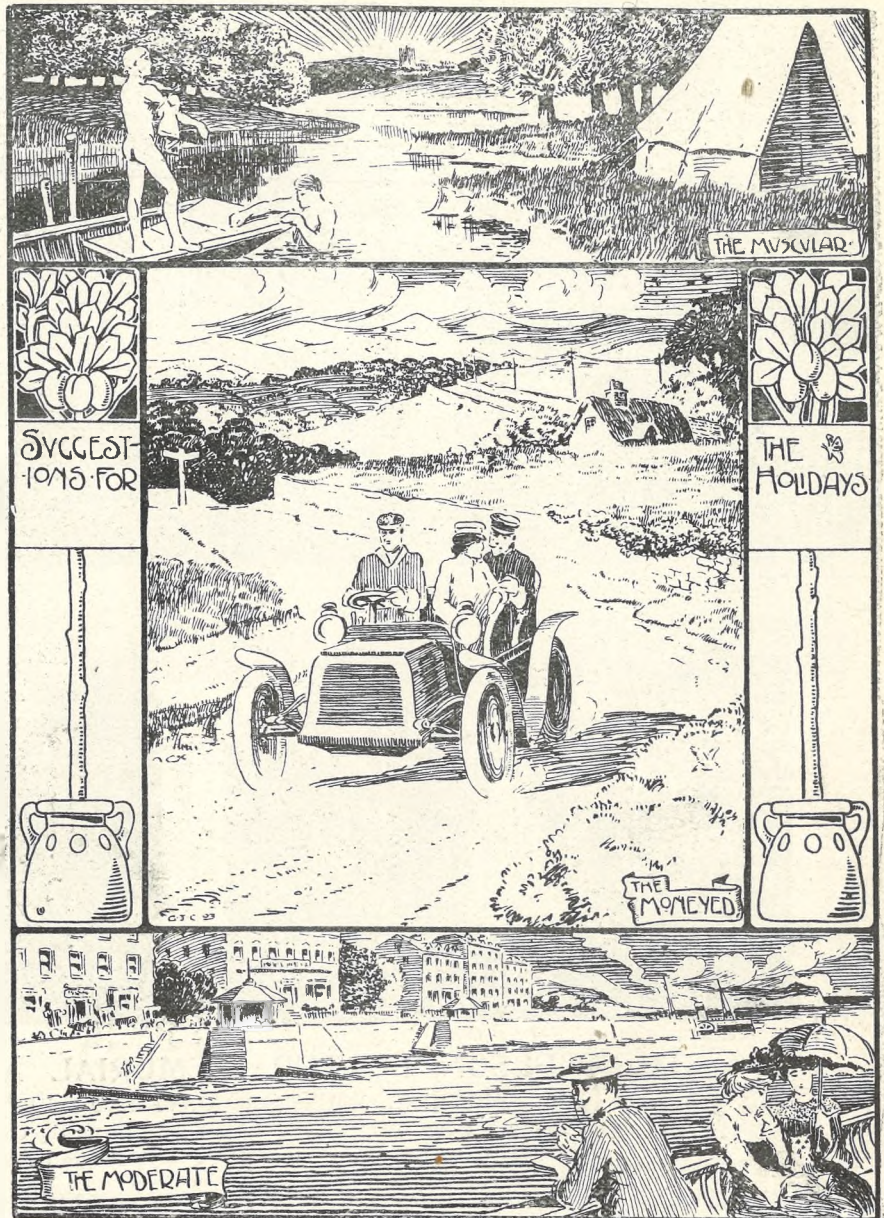
A correspondent of the "Motor Cycle" says that recently he took the round belt of his motor-cycle off to effect a small repair. A tramp who was looking on sympathetically, remarked, "Them little tyres be a great nuisance, mister!"

A NEW USE FOR THE MOTOR-CAR.

On the Belgian frontier the motor-car has been pressed into the service of the frontier smuggler, and the smugglers seem to have been successful in outwitting the Customs Officers on several occasions. On one occasion the officers drew a rope across one of the roads, but the wary smugglers, perceiving it, took a side turn and escaped by bye-roads into France. With the development of aerial navigation the Customs authorities on the Continent will find themselves in a very embarrassing position. Whilst on the subject of airships it is amusing to read that the Prefect of the Paris police is attempting to draw up a scheme of police regulations for the atmosphere. This is rather discouraging, for I have been looking forward to the time when airships will be common, because of the unrestricted freedom in the blue from the gentleman in blue.

AUTOMATIC IGNITION FOR PETROL MOTORS.

A very simple system of automatic ignition for petrol motors has been invented by an



experimenter in France. He places across the points of the sparking plug a small spiral of rhodium-iridium wire. A small dry battery or accumulator is connected up to the plug, and a switch is provided to enable the current to be cut off as the motor is started. The current, of course, raises the spiral wire to a white heat, and this fires the first few charges of gas. The current is then cut off, and the spiral automatically retains its white heat by the compressed gases at each impulse stroke of the piston.

SHORT TIPS ON ACCUMULATORS.

- (1) Be sure that the acid covers the plates of the accumulator. If it does not some distilled water should be added. Do not add acid unless the accumulator cells are leaking or have split. The right proportions are one part of sulphuric acid to six of water. The acid should be added to the water.
- (2) Be very careful to keep accumulators charged up. The cells are ruined by being left standing uncharged. It is impossible to overcharge an accumulator. By overcharging is meant charging for a long time, not charging at a high rate. The latter causes buckling of the plates.

- (3) The life of an accumulator, if well looked after, is about seven years.
- (4) It is a very bad plan to "spark" the terminals of an accumulator to test for voltage. A great deal of current is wasted if this is done. The proper instrument to use is a voltmeter or a 4-volt testing lamp.

RESIST RUST.

Collan oil will be found well worthy a place on the motorists' shelves. If applied to the plated parts of a machine it acts as a protector against rust and damp, and therefore should be found very useful just at present. This oil is also quite equal to castor oil for use with driving belts. It makes them waterproof and also thoroughly pliable, thus making the belts thoroughly efficient.

A negress has been elected president of a penny savings bank at Richmond, Virginia, U.S.A., the first case of the kind in the United States.

New buildings will shortly be erected at University College, Reading, for which £80,000 is required. Of this amount £30,000 has already been contributed by five donors, including £10,000 given by Mr. G. W. Palmer, M.P., and £10,000 by Lady Wantage.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 136.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1903.

Our Portrait Gallery.

THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE, CHELTENHAM.

THIS AFTERNOON AND EVENING:
"SAN TOY."

NEXT WEEK: WILSON BARRETT'S
GREAT SUCCESS:
"THE LIGHTS O' LONDON."

Chandos Grammar School,
Winchcombe, near Cheltenham.

An Excellent Education. Home Comforts. Careful Training.
Highest References from Parents of Past and Present Boarders.
Moderate Fees. Charming Neighbourhood. NEXT TERM
BEGINNS SEPT. 15th. - Apply to

T. C. WEBB, Headmaster.

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 134th competition is Mr. S. Sheen, 2 Alpine-villas, Gloucester-road, Cheltenham, with his Angling Club pictures.

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

The winner of the 45th competition is Mr. J. A. Probert, 8 Brighton-road, Cheltenham, for his drawing of Coberley Court.

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.

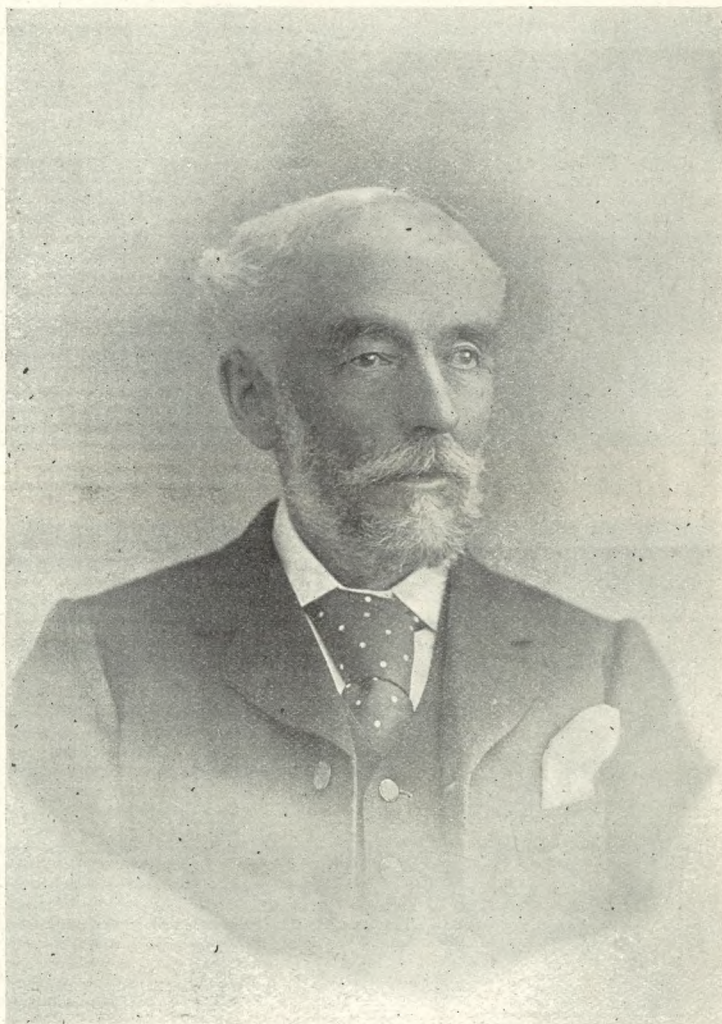
The winner of the 27th competition is Miss M. Williams, 12 Rodney-terrace, Cheltenham, for her report of a sermon by the Rector at St. Matthew's Church.

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

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

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.



MR. WILLIAM PRIDAY, J.P.

Mr. William Priday, of Brockworth Court, is an original member of the Gloucestershire Root, Fruit, and Grain Society, and its chairman for eighteen years. Since 1877 he has made a record by attending 78 out of the 80 committee meetings held. Mr. Priday is at present a magistrate and alderman of the

county, and chairman of the Gloucester Union Board of Guardians, and on the committee of the Gloucestershire Agricultural Society. He has been president of the Gloucestershire Chamber of Agriculture and chairman of the now superseded Gloucester District Highway Board.



GLOUCESTER NURSES' HOME BAZAAR.

July 28, 29, 30, 1903



THE COMMITTEE OF LADIES.



FIRST DAY.—OPENING CEREMONY BY THE DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT.

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

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC, AUGUST 8, 1903.

GLOUCESTER NURSES' HOME BAZAAR.

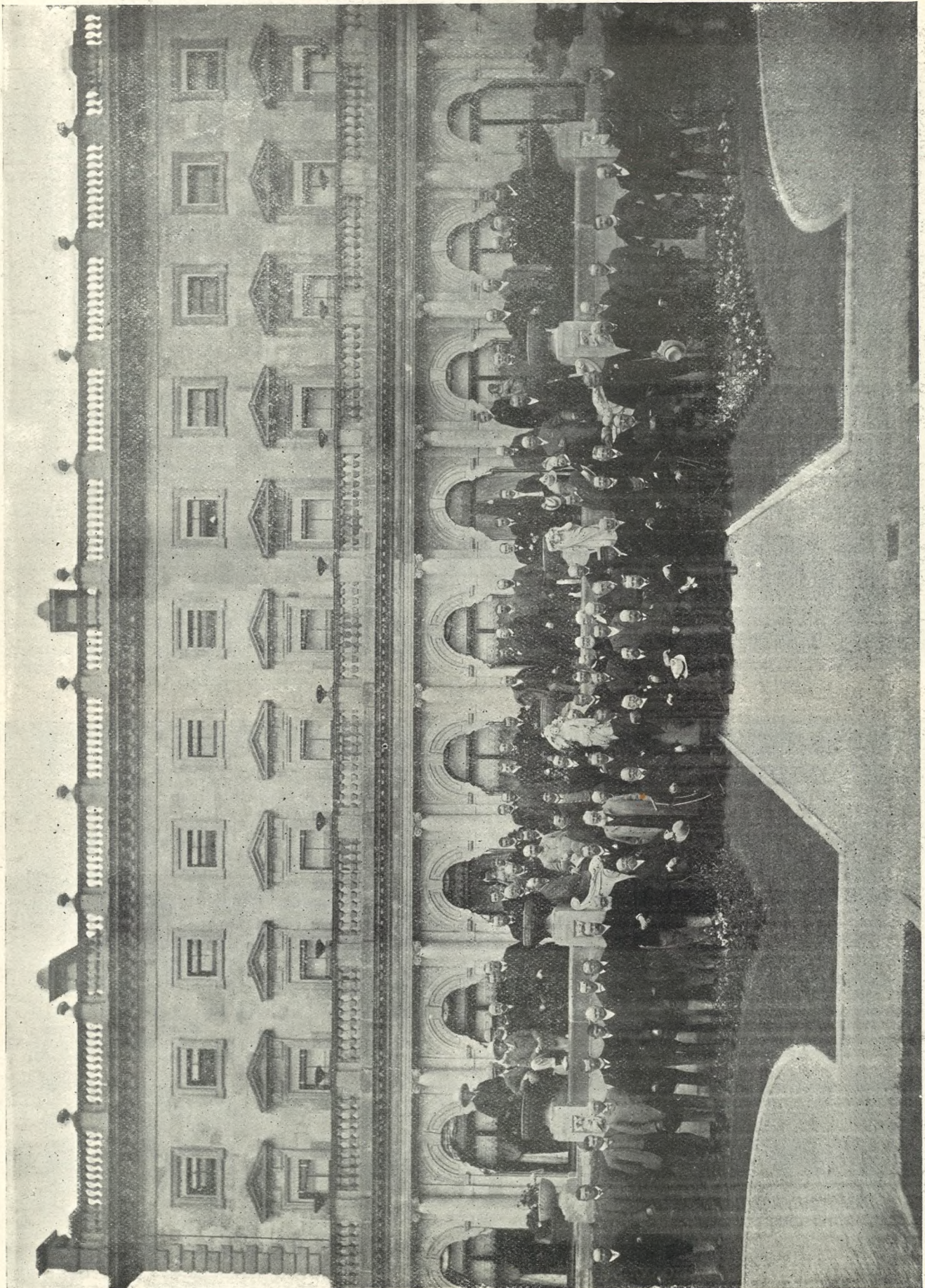
July 28, 29, 30, 1903.



SECOND DAY.—OPENING CEREMONY BY LADY LUCY HICKS BEACH.

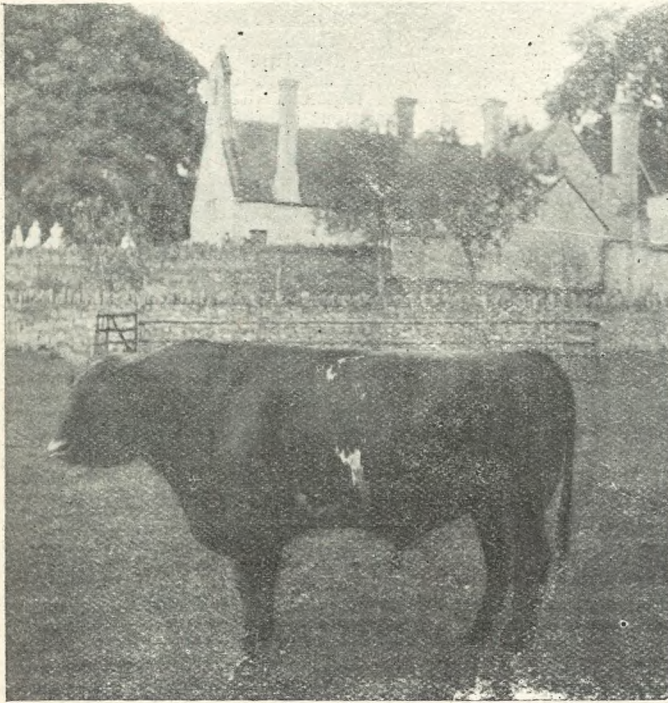


THIRD DAY.—OPENING CEREMONY BY THE MAYORESS OF GLOUCESTER (MRS. E. S. HARTLAND.)

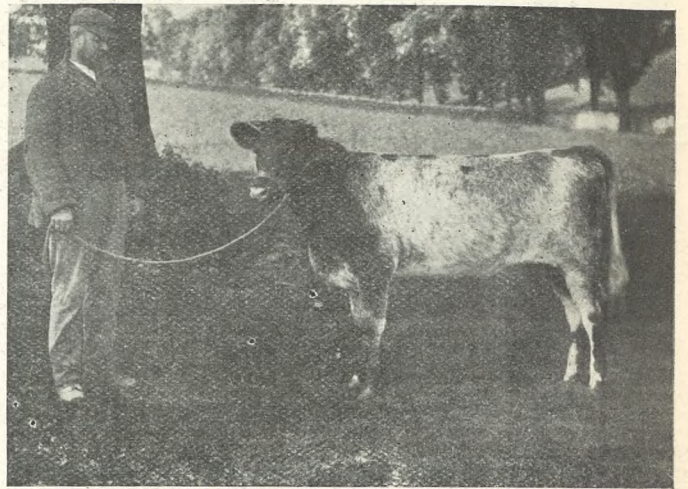


GLOUCESTERSHIRE ROOT, FRUIT, AND GRAIN SOCIETY AT COWLEY MANOR, JULY 31, 1903.

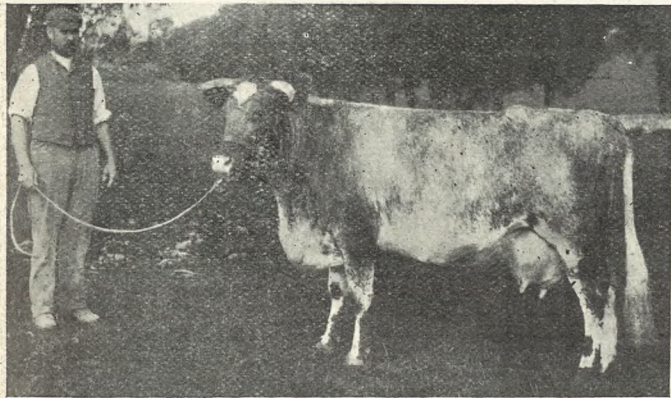
Cowley Manor Prize Stock.



"CORNELIAN."



"LADY DIANA."



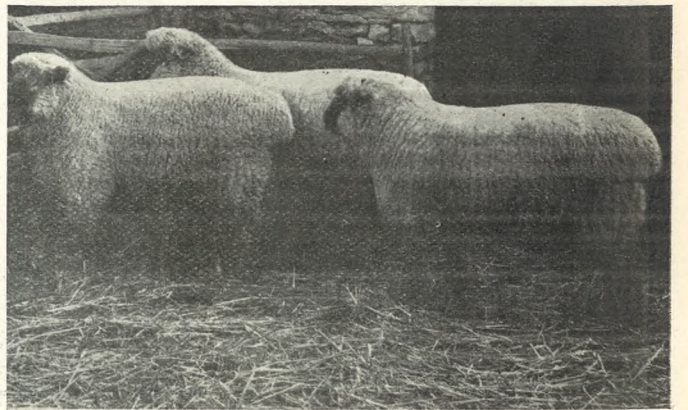
"ORANGE BLOSSOM."



"STOCKWELL."



"SHERBORNE RUTH."



OXFORD DOWNS.

Photos by Norman May & Co., Cheltenham.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE ROOT, FRUIT, AND GRAIN SOCIETY.

"FIELD DAY" AT COWLEY.

With the new century this society made a fresh departure in its useful career by holding a "field day"; and its success then, in a region of the Forest of Dean, led to a repetition in the second successive year, facilitated by the kind invitation of Mr. James Horlick, the locale of it being at Cowley Manor, on the last day of July. The society was indeed fortunate in being able to combine much personal enjoyment, under favourable climatic conditions, with utility from an agricultural point of view. They saw very up-to-date and successful farming on a large scale, upon what is erroneously supposed by many to be the bleak and barren Cotswolds.

It was in October, 1895, that Mr. Horlick took possession of his recently acquired property, and he was happy in his choice of so able an estate agent as Mr. William Henry Hitch has proved himself to be. During that gentleman's term of office "Advance agriculture" has been his motto, and he has lived up to it. With nearly 1,800 acres of land in hand, it can well be understood that he has had his hands full of work. Chief among the structural improvements effected upon the estate have been the comprehensive enlargement of the mansion and its grounds, the building of a new farmhouse at Stockwell, and of six pairs of cottages at Cowley, and the replacing of the thatched roofs of the old cottages by tiles, the enlargement of the village school and the general overhauling of the farm buildings. Electricity, too, has been brought into service for lighting and machinery purposes.

And in the breeding of pedigree Shorthorn cattle and Oxford Down sheep, Mr. Hitch has made his mark. He laid the foundation of the herd (now consisting of 60 head of cattle) in the year 1900 with judicious purchases from the late Mr. F. H. Butt's Haresfield stock and from that of Mr. J. T. Hobbs (Maiseyhampton), Messrs. Garne (Aldsworth), Lord Sherborne, and Mr. Atkins (Westmorland). The strains are the Bates and Cruikshanks. The principal bull now in service is Cornelian bred by Mr. Deane Willis, of Brampton Manor, and this animal is a well-known prize winner. Among the cows, the best are Orange Blossom, which has won the Shorthorn Society's special prize at the Royal Counties show, and two or three second prizes, including an award at the recent Cirencester show; and Sherborne Ruth, a roan, with white calf, well to the front in the show ring. As showing the value of the stock a young bull has just been bought at 100 guineas for South Africa. Mr. Hitch has recently christened a promising bull calf "Edward VII.," which he bought at the King's sale for 23 guineas.

As for sheep, there are about a thousand on the estate, including 650 in the registered flock. A commencement was made with these in 1900 with purchases of Oxford Downs from the well-known breeders, Messrs. Hobbs, of Maiseyhampton, and on August 6th, 1901, Mr. Hitch gave the record price of 170 guineas for a grand ram, which he named "Lord Salisbury," from this flock. This animal won first at the Royal two years ago, and took first and championship at the Oxford show. Drafts of ewes were subsequently added from the flocks of Mr. Adams (Faringdon), Mr. Eadie (Burton), Mr. Albert Brassey, M.P., Mr. Stilgoe, and Mr. G. Fisher. The progeny has turned out remarkably well, as last year the average price fetched for the shearlings and lambs was nine guineas.

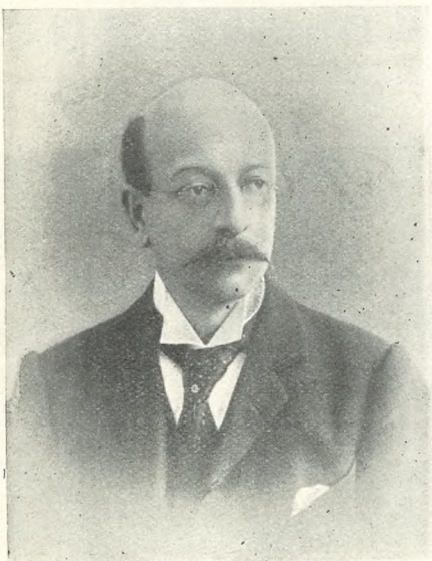
As for roots, the fact that Mr. Hitch has during the last four years taken at the Cheltenham and Gloucester shows 33 prizes, all firsts, for specimens and heaviest crops, speaks volumes for his attention to this important branch of agriculture. Altogether his awards for cattle, sheep, and roots exhibited total 113, showing signal success in a very few years.

The labour on this estate is done by about 80 employees and 35 horses. In fact, Mr. Horlick, under the supervision of Mr. Hitch, practically keeps the village of Cowley going in work and prosperity.



MR. SIDNEY S. STARR, OF GLOUCESTER.

SECRETARY OF THE GLOUCESTERSHIRE ROOT, FRUIT, AND GRAIN SOCIETY.



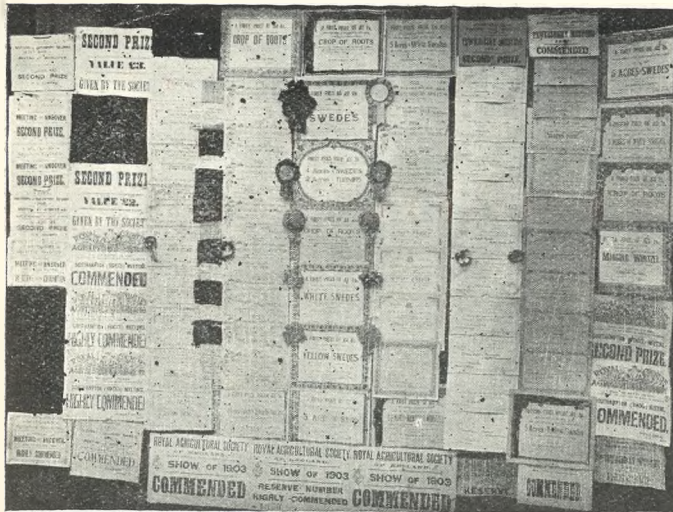
MR. J. A. SMITHIN, GLOUCESTER.

Hon. Treasurer of the Gloucestershire Root, Fruit, and Grain Society.

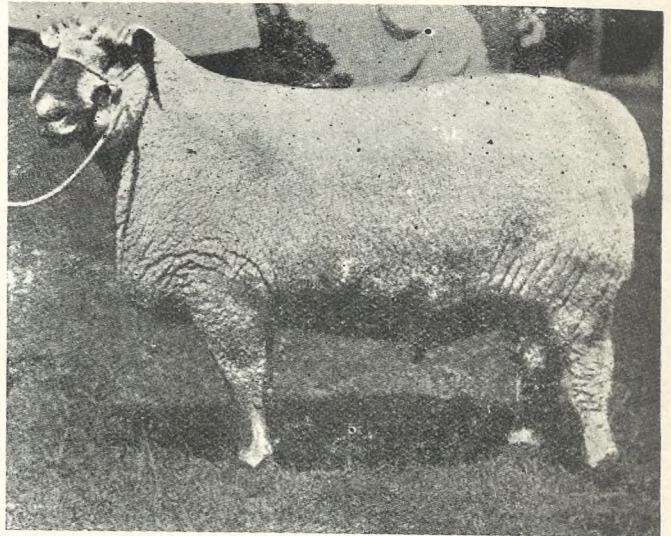


MR. WILLIAM HENRY HITCH,

Agent for the Cowley Manor Estate.



A FEW OF THE AWARD CARDS
GAINED BY COWLEY MANOR STOCK.



"LORD SALISBURY," OXFORD DOWN RAM.
Bought by Mr. Horlick at Cirencester at record price of 170 guineas.

THE PRIZE DRAWING.



Drawn by J. A. Probert, Cheltenham.

Coberley Manor House has, Mr. Probert says, long ceased to exist. The drawing is taken from a very old print. The parish is now generally called Cubberley, and is about four miles from Cheltenham. In the reign of Edward the Confessor it was spelled Coberlei, and in the Domesday Book is mentioned as Culberlege. The manor and house has been in the possession of several notable families, including those of Berkeley and Chandos. Early in the seventeenth century it was purchased by Mr. J. Dutton, of Sherborne. He

gave it in marriage with his daughter Lucy to Sir Thomas Pope, Earl of Down. During his possession of the manor in the years 1643 and 1644, King Charles I. visited here. After the battle of Worcester Charles II. fled here, and was concealed for a night in the parsonage house. Cubberley Court Farm, in the occupation of Mr. Organ, is built on or near the site of the old mansion. The river Churn rises in the parish at the Seven Springs, which is the source of the Thames.

POETRY.

LINES SUGGESTED BY FINDING A DEAD
JAY NAILED TO A TREE.

Alas! my gaily feathered friend,
Why do I find you here?
The murdering gun of keeper
Has shortened thy career.
Ah, cruel, murdering, horrid gun,
To arrest you in your flight,
The callous hand that fixed you here—
A most distressing sight.
An ignorant hand, if deadly eye,
For certain fired the shot;
And character misunderstood
Is thy unfortunate lot.
Alas! the fiat has gone forth;
Repute says you're a thief,
Hence every hand's against you,
And your career is brief.
Now, is this so? And is it true
That pheasants' young you steal?
Sometimes, when you're hungry,
Off one you make a meal?
If so, then keeper's anger,
For vengeance, dire and soon,
He'll shoot thee down without remorse,
And that is soon thy doom.
But if it's true you pheasants steal,
Why, why, should there be ruction?
Why should man's hand against you rise
To covet your destruction?
You are his friend, his greatest friend—
Aye, this is proved with ease.
You do not take a healthy bird,
But one suffering from disease.
By doing this the rest you save;
By one and all you should be blest.
For future, keeper, do not kill,
But let him now for ever rest.
When in the covert prowling fox
Or stealthy poacher is close by,
Then flying round the tall tree tops
He gives you note by warning cry.
Then, keeper, spare him, spare him, do,
This is my earnest prayer,
And when I wander in the wood,
You'll place me then in happy mood
If I only find him there.

J. STEVENS.

The large photograph of the group at Cowley Manor, on Page 4, is by Mr. H. E. Jones, of the Northgate Studio, Gloucester.

ARTISTIC
PRINTING

AT THE

"Echo" Electric

Press.

Passengers on the railway should beware of the man who suddenly finds a sovereign on the floor of the carriage. A well-dressed man entered a carriage containing several gentlemen. On the journey he suddenly stooped and picked up what was apparently a sovereign. He asked one of his fellow-passengers whether it belonged to him, and on receiving a negative answer offered to go halves. The passenger agreed, handing over 10s. in exchange for the coin. The man alighted at the next station, leaving his victim to discover that the coin was counterfeit.

The Coventry coroner suggests that children from the elementary schools should be taught how to walk properly along the pavements. An official message from Cuba contradicts the rumour, originating in New York, that the island is in a state of insurrection, asserting that "perfect order reigns among the populace."

Preaching in Canterbury Cathedral on Sunday to the friendly societies of the town, the Archbishop said that nothing was more calculated to increase mutual respect and care for one another, and for the sick and suffering, than the great system of friendly societies.

Gloucestershire Sossip.

Last Saturday's cruise of the North Ward Conservatives revealed to them personally during the voyage down the Gloucester and Berkeley Canal several interesting links of connection between Cheltenham and the port of Gloucester. For instance, the voyagers saw at Llanthony a timber wharf and section of the Great Western Railway that were built up with a large quantity of the "freehold of Cheltenham" soil excavated from the site of the company's new station in St. James's square, and trucked over in trains; then, lower down the canal, they passed a Cheltonian's steam launch, and also a solitary swan, banished some time ago from Ullen Wood. I remember that I was much struck with the pertinency of some remarks by a Cheltenham tradesman a few years ago, anent the business relations between the city and the town. He pointed out that as, against the money spent by Gloucesterians in retail shopping in Cheltenham, a very much larger sum must have been laid out wholesale by traders of the Garden Town with timber and corn merchants of the port. Without attempting to go into figures, I should say that the balance of trade is largely in favour of Gloucester. The North Warders did not after all see the Severn at Frampton, neither did they go down the Green far enough to gaze at the old half-timbered house wherein, as tradition says, Fair Rosamond was born. A curious coincidence in connection with Saturday's visit was that of the heads of two of the principal county breweries being on the Green at one and the same time, though quite accidentally. I refer to Mr. Agg-Gardner, M.P., of the Cheltenham Brewery Company, there on politics intent; and to Messrs. Frederick and Egerton Cripps, of the Cirencester Brewery Company, on cricket bent.

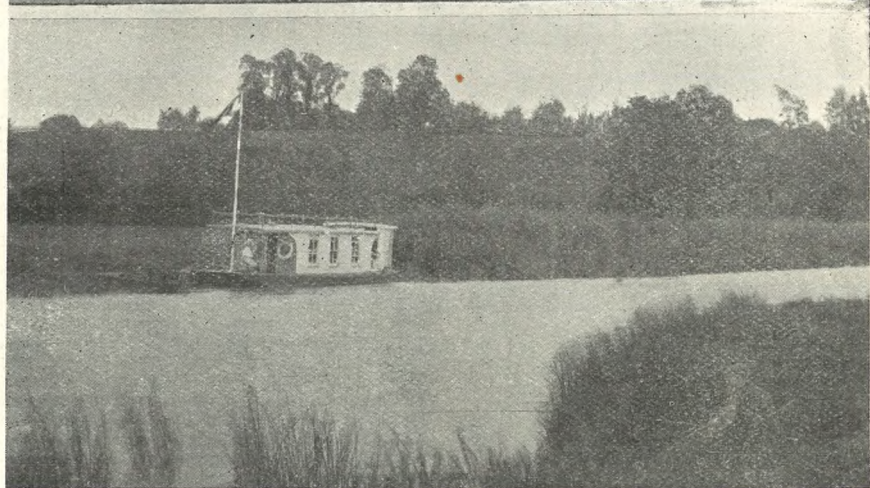
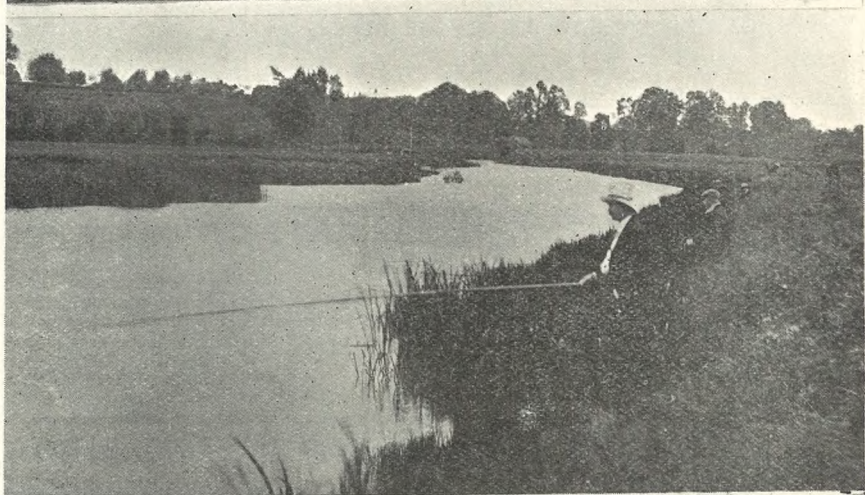
The Great Western Railway Co. have been soundly beaten in the House of Lords in their renewed opposition to the Stroud and District Tramways Bill as amended by the Commons. This is as it should be. Whether the G. W. R. will now put on the Chalford-Stonehouse section of their line the two motor-carriages that are being built at Swindon to carry 50 passengers each remains to be seen, but October 1st is the most recent tip as the date of their advent. The late Sir Joseph Wilkinson stated before the Commons Committee that they would be put on as soon as the line was free of a great deal of the South Wales traffic. Well, that has been free since July 1st last. But railway companies do not move in a hurry when they have a monopoly. I say "Let 'em all come"—motor-carriages, electric tramcars, and rail-less cars for the public benefit at the risk of limited liability companies owning and running them.

I should say that the promoters of the bazaar and fete held on behalf of the Gloucester Nurses' Home established a record—certainly locally—in having secured the graceful services of three ladies who could and did make neat speeches at the opening ceremony on each of the three days that the praiseworthy venture was running. The Duchess of Beaufort, Lady Lucy Hicks Beach, and the Mayoress of Gloucester (Mrs. Sidney Hartland), each in her turn gave practical contradiction to the proverb, "Speech is silver, but silence is golden," for they verbally set the show going, which brought in the substantial number of 1,250 golden sovereigns, at least.

It would be well if the ratepayers of Cheltenham could wipe out their 7s. 3d. per pound as easily as the gratuitous reminder of them on the big black board over-looking Lansdown Junction was obliterated by the wet weather. The action of the rain in the not very warm weather had a curious effect upon the paper letters on the board in question, as the original legend, "Our fiscal policy is 7s. 3d. per pound," thereby became converted into "l p icy per pound."

GLEANER.

THE PRIZE PICTURES.



CHELTENHAM ANGLING CLUB.

COMPETITION AT BREDON, JULY 25, 1903.

Photos by S. Sheen, Cheltenham.

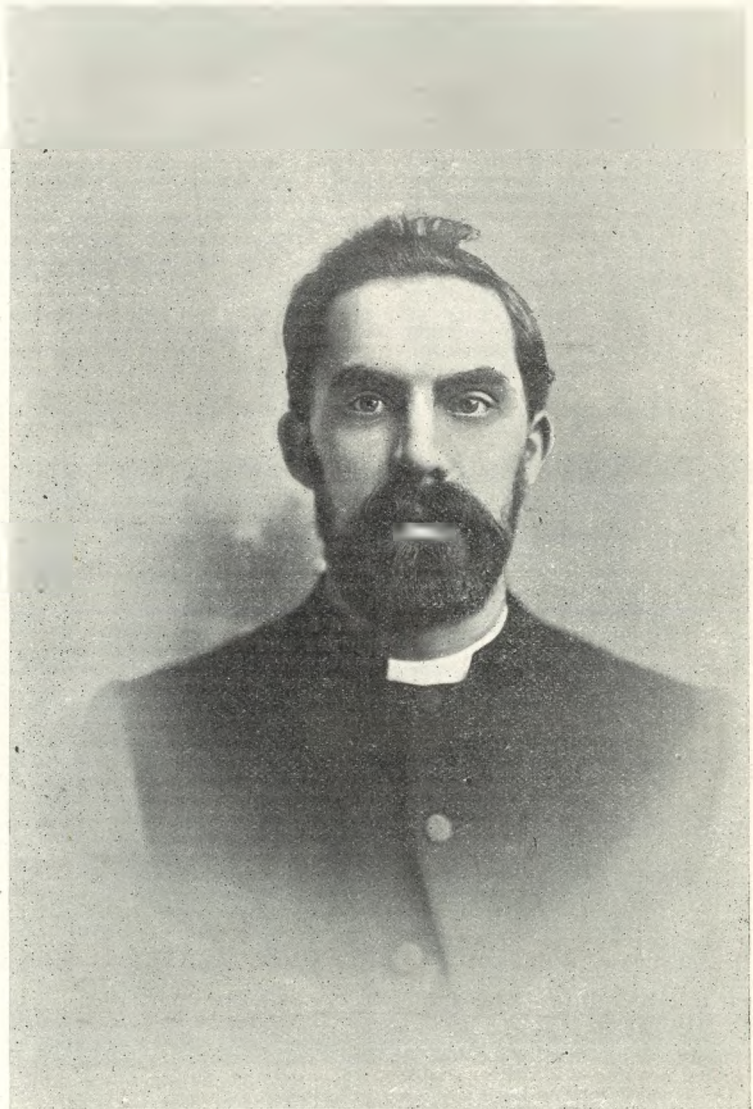
THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 137

SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1903.

Our Portrait Gallery.



Rev. H. Walker Blott,

*Retiring Minister of Royal Well Chapel, Chairman of Cheltenham
Free Church Council, and Chairman of the
Passive Resistance League.*

Photo by E. M. Bailey, Central Studio, Cheltenham.

THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE, CHELTENHAM.

TO-NIGHT,
THE WORLD-RENOWNED DRAMA—
"THE LIGHTS O' LONDON."
NEXT WEEK.—RETURN VISIT OF THE
POPULAR PLAY—
"TWO LITTLE VAGABONDS."
TIME AND PRICES AS USUAL.

Chandos Grammar School, *Winchcombe, near Cheltenham.*

An Excellent Education. Home Comforts. Careful Training.
Highest References from Parents of Past and Present Boarders.
Moderate Fees. Charming Neighbourhood. NEXT TERM
BEGINS SEPT. 15th.—Apply to
T. C. WEBB, Headmaster.

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 135th competition is Mr. G. H. Martyn, of Cheltenham, with his Rifle Volunteer pictures.

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

The winner of the 46th competition is Mr. W. Thorne, Bafford House, Charlton Kings, for his drawing of Tintern Abbey.

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 28th competition is Mr. R. Arthur Godman, 25 Bath-parade, Cheltenham, for his report of a sermon by the Rev. Henry Varley at Highbury Congregational Church.

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

Drawings must be in Indian black ink on Bristol board, and should not be larger than 15in. by 7½in. Half-plate photos are best.

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 BROTHERHOOD OF NATIONS. TALK FOR A QUIET HOUR.

By SILAS K. HOCKING.

It has often been a matter of surprise to me that the legislators of the world—or the men who, for the sake of courtesy, we designate legislators—seem so utterly incapable of looking at any great national or international question from a moral standpoint. With the exception of Turkey, Europe boasts of being Christian. In one or two countries Christianity is established by law, and splendid churches and cathedrals are erected in the name of Jesus Christ. In our own country the heads of the Established Church have seats in the Upper House of Legislature; yet it seems to me that in England, as well as in other countries, our statesmen appear utterly unable to rise above the low level of party expediency or national ascendancy. Indeed, nearly all great political questions are treated as though they stood outside the moral law, as though they bore no relation whatever to the Ten Commandments, and did not come within the scope of the Sermon on the Mount. Religion is made a matter of domestic or private consumption. It has its part to play in family and social life, but in the larger affairs of Empire, in questions relating to kingdoms and races and nationalities, the purely ethical aspect of the question is left entirely outside.

Let me try to illustrate what I mean by reducing the thing to a somewhat smaller scale. I will suppose that a man of the name of Jones leaves behind him half a dozen sons. All these sons marry and set up establishments of their own. Each has an estate, each a family, each is engaged in the manufacture of some article, each of the families has some interest that is common to all. But these several families, though closely related by ties of blood, though living near to each other with their said estates contiguous, each growing something that the others want, manufacturing something that the others need, instead of living together amicably, helping each other on every possible occasion, and so contriving matters that the well-being of one shall be the well-being of each and all, begin to erect barriers, to put up barbed wire fences between the different estates: begin to intrigue, to retaliate, to take an unfair advantage, to lose sight of the welfare of the whole in a selfish desire to feather their own nests at the expense of all the rest.

On the Sunday, however, these several families go to church, worship before the same shrine, repeat the same prayers, listen to the same exhortations, admit by lip service their duty to each other—the duty of brotherliness and kindness and good-will and charity. "How inconsistent such people are," we should say; "how utterly lacking in the first principles of the Christianity which they profess." Now, for the word families substitute the word nation, and we have at once a picture of the civilised nations of the world to-day; the idea of a brotherhood is relegated to the limits of exploded superstition. Each nation plays for its own hand, seeks its own gain at the expense of the others, will sometimes even spite itself to do its neighbour a bad turn. These nations profess the same religion; the teaching of their Founder is clear and definite. We are left in no doubt as to who is our neighbour or what our duty to our neighbour is; and in our more restricted family life we make some attempt to discharge that duty. But when we get to the larger life of nations and empires we ignore the whole idea of the New Testament. We practically deny the brotherhood of the race. We have no neighbour to whom we owe duty or obligation. We play the part of the robber rather than of the good Samaritan. We say with David Harem: "Do unto your neighbours what you think your neighbours would like to do to you, and do it first."

In saying this I am not overlooking the interchange of courtesies that goes on continually. We give great receptions to the statesmen of other countries when they visit

our shores, and if any of our royal personages visit other countries they are welcomed in the most cordial manner. If humbler individuals travel abroad they are treated with every courtesy. An Englishman in France or a Frenchman in England is treated just as well as he is in his own country. We trade with each other and trust each other, and are as willing to do business with a foreigner as with a member of our own family. But directly we get into the realm of politics all this is changed. Diplomacy may know a good deal about courtesy and polite language, but it appears to know nothing about trust or confidence. Indeed, it appears to outsiders that the man who can lie the most successfully or who can use one form of words while he means another, or who can so manipulate the resources of language that black is made to appear white, is considered the greatest diplomatist. The ordinary diplomatic courtesies are continually passing between Governments, and yet all the while we are raising barbed-wire fences. We are doing things that constantly provoke each other; we carry on an eternal war of tariffs; we try to take unfair advantage; we constantly scheme for our own hand; we talk about retaliation as though it were a virtue, and we lose sight of our Christianity, which we keep purely for domestic consumption.

At the present time a great controversy is raging in all parts of the country, a controversy which hinges on our relationship to the other countries of the world, but particularly to Europe and the United States. But what is the key-note of that controversy? Does anyone ever attempt to lift it to the regions of high morality? I take it that the gifts of nature are for all men, irrespective of colour or language. But the gifts of nature are scattered over the whole habitable surface of the globe. One country is destitute of what another country has in abundance. In one land corn is grown, and in another oil, and in another wine. This land bears minerals, and that bears fruit. In one country coal is found, and in another precious stones. The tropics lack what the temperate zones are able to supply. And it seems to me that the whole teaching of nature is that there should be no restriction to the dissemination of these gifts. I have more than I need of one particular commodity; my neighbour has more than he needs of something else. I need a portion of what he has in abundance; he equally needs what I possess in great profusion; and surely the sensible thing, and the moral thing, and the Christian thing, is that there should be the freest possible exchange. And he who erects barriers around his own garden and keeps out the rich supplies of other parts of the world, or admits them only under very stringent conditions, is not only doing an ungenerous thing to his neighbour, but an equally ungenerous thing to himself.

But the one thing aimed at in these restrictive tariffs is that we may benefit ourselves at the expense of our neighbours. It may be said, of course, that our neighbour builds higher walls and uses more barbed-wire than we do; but if he does, that surely is to his own disadvantage. For my own part, I want the way made free and open for the best that the world can produce. But what I am pleading for is that those who are responsible for the government of the country should try to get above the sordid grounds of mere opportunism. Because my neighbour forgets the first principles of the moral law, that furnishes no excuse for my departure from it. It is righteousness that prevails in the end. It is righteousness that exalts a nation; and I would like to see this great fiscal controversy raised above mere party strife and the question argued on high ethical grounds. A Government surely does not exist merely to raise taxes. To say that we will get old age pensions out of the pocket of the foreigner is about as sordid an argument as we can use.

Can politics find no surer ground on which to rest to-day than mere opportunism? Is the doctrine of retaliation and the big revolver a worthy cry for a great and a Christian nation? Does brotherhood stand

for nothing? Is humanity to be left out of the reckoning? Must the appeal of politics be ever to the lowest, the most selfish, the most sordid instincts and passions of human nature? Is there no living voice amongst us that will lift this fiscal question into the light of moral duty and obligation? There is surely a place for the Golden Rule somewhere in national affairs. And until the statesmen of some Christian country will make an attempt to raise all national and international questions to the level of abstract righteousness, and illumine them with the principles of our common Christianity, we shall look in vain for the dawn of that golden age of which prophets have dreamt and poets sung.

WESLEY'S TRUE MONUMENT.

Methodism is very strong in Australia, and the bi-centenary of its founder has been celebrated with great enthusiasm. The Rev. W. H. Fitchett, who is known on this side of the equator as the author of "Deeds that Won the Empire" and various other picturesque studies in British naval and military history, has taken a prominent part in the proceedings. He has for many years been a leading Wesleyan minister in Melbourne, and the president of the local Methodist Ladies' College. He says Wesley's true monument is not the Church that bears his name, but the England of the twentieth century. Wesley had no touch of genius, did not disturb the Christian world with a new heresy, or adorn it with a new doctrine. He rediscovered Christianity and translated religion into terms of living human experience. What Wesley did was to pour the electric current through the calcined fibres, and so turn the blackness into flame. In discussing the question whether John Wesley or Cardinal Newman had the more profoundly affected the religious life of the English-speaking world, Mr. Fitchett naturally decided in favour of the former.

A UNIQUE ESTATE.

Lord Biddulph of Ledbury is the happy owner of an estate in Wiltshire (Kemble, near Cirencester) which contains within its bounds the source of the Thames, the site of a Roman villa, the remains of a large Anglo-Saxon village identified as the Hunlaf's seat of Doomesday Book, a Druidical altar in excellent preservation, and a curious relic locally known as "the hoar stone," which is said to have been the boundary mark of an ancient British tribe. On this estate Lord Biddulph (says a contemporary) has acted the part of a beneficent seigneur in providing an admirable water supply pumped from the Thames springs for the two villages of Tarlton and Rodmarton, the cottagers gladly paying a halfpenny a week per cottage for the accommodation, while the farmers pay from £10 to £12 per annum.

KING AND QUEEN AS SPONSORS.

The King and Queen and Princess Victoria left London on Tuesday afternoon to attend the christening of the infant son of Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark at Sandringham. His Majesty wore a light grey frock coat suit and the Queen was in a dress of light material, trimmed with mauve. Princess Victoria wore a gown of corn flower blue. The christening ceremony was a private one. The King and Queen were both sponsors. Dr. Sheppard, though attending the service, took no prominent part, the whole of the baptismal service being conducted by Canon Hervey.

AN M.P.'S PROPHECY.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., at Liverpool on Sunday said the Irish Land Bill opened visions of happier times for Ireland, and was the greatest peaceful revolution ever carried out in the history of a country. If Britain wanted a strong and united Empire it would not be by carrying out Mr. Chamberlain's programme of taxing food but by settling the Irish question. He ventured to prophecy that before five years had passed away a British Minister would be found to stand up in Parliament to propose Home Rule.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE WILLS.

MR. A. J. FOXWELL.

The late Mr. Andrew James Foxwell, for 40 years manager of the Chipping Sodbury branch of the National Provincial Bank, who died at his residence, Tyndale Lodge, left estate of the gross value of £7,975 18s. 2d., of which £7,920 12s. 9d. is net personalty. The will has been proved by Mr. Henry Arthur Foxwell, of 15 Sandford-terrace, Cheltenham, bank clerk (son), Miss Ada Foxwell, and Mrs. Emily Woodbridge (daughters). Mr. Foxwell was a musician and composer of considerable merit, some of his published works having a large sale.

MR. H. T. RUDGE.

Mr. Henry Thomas Rudge, L.R.C.P., M.R.C.S., one of the best known medical practitioners in Bristol, who came of an old and respected Gloucestershire family, and who died on the 16th of April last, at the age of 50, left total estate of the value of £6,686 13s. 7d., including net personalty £5,007 9s. 7d. Probate of the will has been granted to Mr. Parry Burges, solicitor, of Bristol, and Mr. Edwin Light Wyatt, accountant, of Bishopsworth. Mr. Rudge, who died whilst away on a holiday in Pembroke, practised at 5 Colston-parade, Redcliff.

MR. B. PRINCE.

Property of the total value of £1,083 2s. 6d., including net personalty £942 10s. 3d., has been left by Mr. Benjamin Prince, wollen warehouseman, who died at his residence, Ivanhoe, Cainscross-road, Stroud, on June 18th last, aged 60. Probate has been granted to his son, Mr. Arthur Annott Prince, assistant mill manager, probate being reserved for the widow, Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Prince. The deceased gentleman was well known in the West of England cloth trade, having held important positions at Trowbridge, and also at Messrs. Strachan's mills at Stroud.

MR. M. BIDDLE.

Probate of the will of Mr. Matthew Biddle, of Wotton-under-Edge, who died on March 14th last, has been granted to his widow, Mrs. Matilda Amelia Biddle, the sole executrix, by whom the estate is valued at £5,442 6s. 11d. gross and £4,283 13s. 10d. net.

RETIREMENT OF SIR KENELM DIGBY.

We are officially informed that Sir Kenelm Digby will retire next month from the post of permanent Under Secretary for the Home Department, which he has held with a special extension for two years since January, 1895. The Home Secretary has appointed in his stead Mr. M. B. Chalmers, Parliamentary Counsel to the Treasury.

Sir Kenelm Digby, who was born in 1836, became a barrister of Lincoln's Inn in 1865, and a Bencher of the Inn in 1891. From 1868 to 1874 he was Vinerian Law Reader at Oxford, and for two years, 1892-94, was County Court judge on the Derby circuit, which includes Burton-on-Trent. He married in 1870 Caroline, daughter of the first Baron Belper.

MOTOR CHAIRS.

The motor bath-chair, which has long been prophesied, will be an accomplished fact at the World's Fair at St. Louis next year. Each chair will hold two persons, and will be propelled by electricity. Its speed will be three miles an hour on the level, uphill, or on the down grade, and the occupant has only to sit still and steer, and operate a small lever which turns the current on or off. An important part of the design of the auto-chair is a swinging guard-rail which projects a foot in front of the machine. Directly it touches any person or object the pressure of a few ounces pushes it back and automatically cuts off the current, so that the chair stops instantly before it has had time to strike the object. The auto-chair will probably before long become a popular vehicle at seaside resorts, and the bath-chair man must recognise in it a serious competitor.

For embracing a lady by putting his arm round her waist Arthur Hockham was fined £5 at Lewes on Tuesday. His excuse was that he thought from the back view that she was his wife.



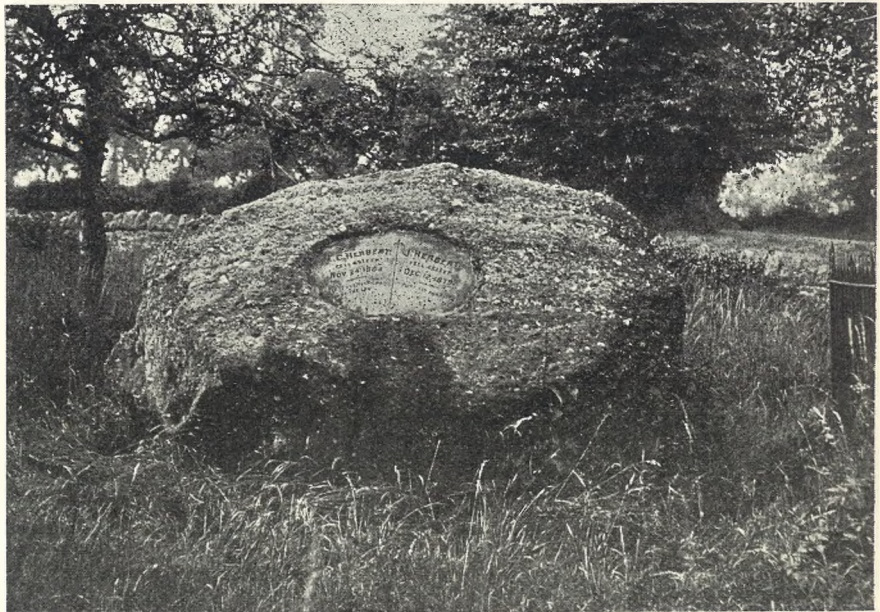
TESSELLATED PAVEMENT AT CHEDWORTH ROMAN VILLA.

Photo by Frank Webley, Cheltenham.

Chedworth Roman Villa is four miles north-east of Northleach, its post town, eleven miles south-east of Cheltenham, and seven miles from Cirencester.

In the parish of Chedworth a remarkable discovery was made in the year 1866 by Mr. James Farrar. In digging out a ferret some tesserae were brought to light. Mr. Farrar's attention having been called to this, he undertook to prosecute the matter, and uncovered a large area of land, which was then a coppice, and exposed to view the remains of a fine Roman Villa. There have been no less

than forty Roman Villas discovered in this country. This villa contained forty rooms, and the tessellated pavement shows the patrician character of the owner. Articles found in the villa garden consisted of old horsehoes, curling tongs, compasses, and broken pottery. The cost of the excavations and the substantial coverings for the protection of this work of antiquity was defrayed by the Earl of Eldon, upon whose estate it is situated. An interesting museum of objects brought to light is attached, and is constantly being added to.

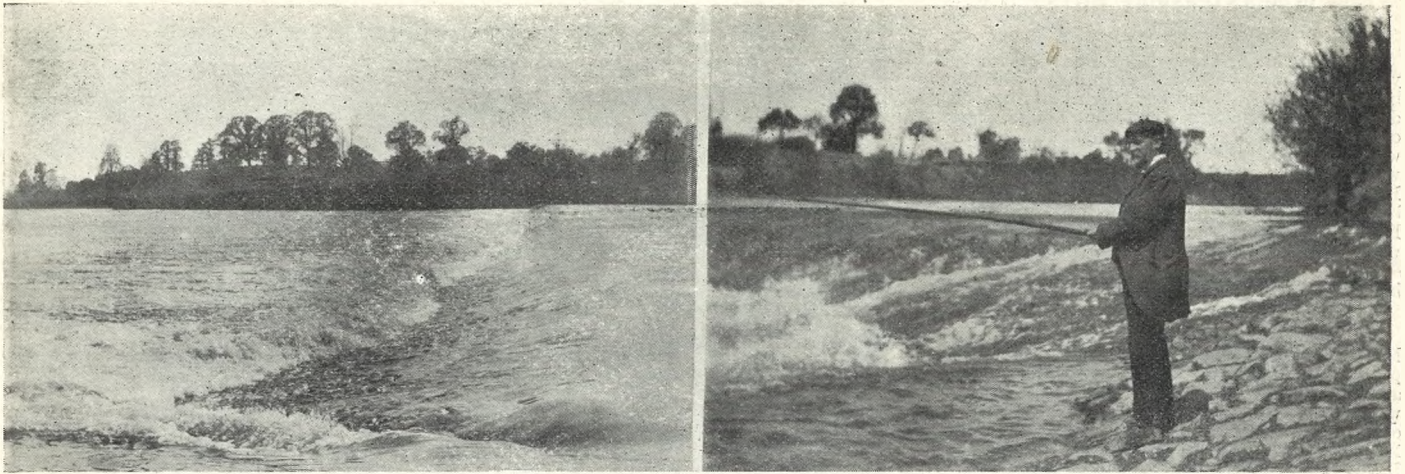


A CURIOUS TOMBSTONE.

Photo by F. E. Organ, Gloucester.

This curious tombstone may be seen in the old churchyard on the hill at Goodrich. The history of it is interesting. A clergyman was one day walking on the banks of the Wye at Whitchurch, and espied this great boulder. He was much struck with it, and expressed a wish that when he died he might be buried at Goodrich, and that this great stone might

be placed over his grave. At his death his wish was carried out; but such was the enormous weight of the stone that it required three teams of horses to remove it from where it lay to the churchyard, where it may now be seen. The above information was given to the person who photographed it by an old resident of the district.



Fishing at the Salmon Shoot, Severn Weir, Tewkesbury.

The above pretty spot is one of the favourite retreats of local anglers, often affording excellent sport with a variety of fish, including the migratory twaite and salmon. Local professionals also sink their wicker-work traps in the rapid water of the "Salmon Shoot" for "royal" lampreys, always locally known as "lamprons," a name recognised by the dictionaries. The arrival of the twaite is an interesting event. These fine fish shoot the waterfall with great ease, but large numbers are taken with landing nets

as they dash up the "shoot" (a part of the weir constructed to facilitate the journey of the salmon up stream during the spawning season). The Severn salmon has, unfortunately, long been a decreasing quantity. A century since parents apprenticing out their children at Tewkesbury though it necessary to include the proviso in their indentures that they should only have salmon three days a week! But tempora mutantur. Severn salmon, unfortunately for themselves, no longer retain the odium which the proviso re-

ferred to suggests. The weir, which is about 100 yards across, is set diagonally to the stream, and was constructed to raise the level of the Severn, thus rendering possible river navigation between Gloucester and Worcester. The long stretch of water dashing and sparkling in the sunshine is one of the prettiest sights of an interesting locality, whilst in quiet weather its sound may be heard nearly a mile distant.



COTSWOLD HOUNDS—"TRUEMAN," "WORKMAN," AND "HERMIT."
Photo by Miss L. Agg, Denton Lodge, Cheltenham.

COWLEY MANOR DECORATION.
Messrs. G. Jackson and Sons, of 49 Rathbone-place, London, W., wish to state that the ceilings, cornices, and deep frieze panels round Mr. Horlick's private room and the dining-room at Cowley Manor, illustrated in these columns on Aug. 1st, were executed by their firm in fibrous plaster, under the direction of Mr. R. A. Briggs, architect.

**ARTISTIC
PRINTING**

AT THE

**"Echo" Electric
Press.**

A PARADOX OF SCIENCE.
A surprising property has been disclosed in the N rays recently discovered by M. Blondlot. They have been found capable of raising the luminosity of a glowing solid or gas without raising the temperature of the luminous substance. More light without more heat is something of a paradox. The "Electrician," which reports the news, remarks that "there seems to be under the influence of the N rays some modification of the atomic vibrations, which, while leaving their energy the same, increases their frequency. In any case, the fact itself is of great interest and importance. Anything which tends to increase the luminosity of a body at the expense of its temperature brings us nearer the solution of the great problem of the economical production of light."

There is a serious decline in the number of officers joining the German army.

"LONG-HEAD" OR "SHORT-HEAD," SIR?
You need never mind being called "long-headed," says "T.A.T." The term may be a little slangy, but it is distinctly complimentary. It is the same thing, in fact, as being told that you are "no fool." It is true that the long-headed person is more likely to be clever. And he is certain to be more cautious, more deliberate, more apt to look and ponder before he leaps. And where these things are important, he will, undoubtedly, score over his short-headed competitor. But, on the other hand, the latter is more resolute, decisive, practical, and self-confident. The long-headed man often fails because he dare not trust himself; the short-headed man never makes a similar mistake.

As a rule, the people who get on most easily have short heads. The possessors of such heads are less sensitive, less firmly attached to home and friends, more readily reconciled to travel, more dogged in meeting the hostility of those about them. They are the hardy, enduring "knockabouts" of the race. Among soldiers and sailors an enormous preponderance have short heads.

The long head is the head of the thinker, the politician, the diplomatist, just as it is the head of the clerk, the shopkeeper, and the merchant, all persons who live by foresight and accurate calculation. Thus, the "long-heads," when they are successful, usually find themselves either the employers or the controllers of the "short-heads." But there are incalculably more places in the world for short-headed than for long-headed folk.

The latest story of a long lost watch comes from East Anglia. In the small village of Barnham, near Bury St. Edmunds, in the year 1880, a man named Fred Davies lost his watch whilst ploughing a field. Since then this piece of land has been ploughed, sown, and reaped many times, but the time-piece was not discovered. A few days since Davies's namesake was at work in the field, when his hoe struck against something, and, stooping down, he found that he had broken the glass on the face of what proved to be the many years buried watch, the owner's initials and other marks proving it to be the identical one. The watch, which is a silver English lever, was in a good condition, and nothing was missing, the damage sustained being wholly due to the damp and dirt.

The Prize Pictures.



CHELTENHAM RIFLE VOLUNTEERS ENTRAINING FOR CAMP.

Photo by G. H. Martyn, 4 Otago-terrace, St. Luke's-road, Cheltenham.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

That "Thatcher" tramp to Cheltenham from Bristol on Bank Holiday was interesting reading, though it was not so entertaining generally as the long series of articles on "Through England in Rags" that appeared in the "Graphic" a few months ago. The veteran Bristolian, who, for the fun of the thing, "padded the hoof" for 44 miles, had plenty of excitement crowded into one day. He certainly proved a lucky "snapper-up of unconsidered trifles" in purchasing at a cottage outside Cheltenham for 5s. an old landscape painting, which he was at once able to sell for £12 on his return home. I fancy I can picture the look of amazement on the face of the seller (an unsophisticated old woman) when she read in the "Echo" the account of the treasure she had sacrificed. I hope that Mr. Thatcher will send her a bit of the handsome profit he realised on the transaction. If he does not know her name or exact address, he might remit to her through the medium of the detective with whom he had such an amusing meeting on entering the Garden Town. It speaks well for the vigilance of that officer that, although he made a mistake, he did not allow the "tramp" from Bristol to come in unnoticed. He gained Mr. Thatcher's "sympathy and respect for trying to do his duty," although the Bristolian "felt humiliated and annoyed."

The clauses in the last half-yearly report of the Great Western Railway Co. that will be of most interest in Gloucestershire are the following:—"The Cheltenham and Honeybourne Railway has made good progress during the half-year, and a contract will shortly be let for the section of the last-named line between Winchcombe and Cheltenham. Steps are being taken for the acquisition of the land required for the Birmingham and North Warwickshire Railway, a line about 18 miles in length, running from Broadway on the Stratford-on-Avon branch to Birmingham, and forming, as the proprietors will remember, the complement to the Cheltenham and Honeybourne line." This is a

further indication that the company means business. I believe, as I intimated a year or two ago, that the complement to the new line southwards is the re-opened T loop at Gloucester. This link will form part of the fresh direct G.W.R. route from the Midlands to Avonmouth and Bristol, inclusive of the Midland from Standish Junction. And when the extra volume of traffic comes on to the joint railway between Cheltenham and Gloucester, I should say that either the one or the other of the two companies, and most probably the Midland, will, as a matter of sheer necessity, have to lay down another set of rails between these two places. I often wonder that the two companies do not widely make known the charms of Cleve Hill and give passenger facilities in connection with the light railway to it. The advantages to the three interested companies would be mutual. Excursionists who are always on the look out for fresh sights would go farther and fare worse than on Cleve Cloud.

Railway shareholders, in common with the generality of tax and ratepayers, grumble, and not without ample reason, at the upward tendency of local and Imperial taxation. The Great Western had an increase of £19,937 last half-year. No wonder attention has been called to the question in the House of Commons. A few days ago the President of the Board of Trade, in answer to a question, stated that while the total of rates paid by the railway companies in 1882 was only £1,773,634, it had risen to £2,368,558 in 1892. Last year it was £4,227,593, two and a half times as much as it was 20 years ago. Then we see that a Midland shareholder favours the not very new, but capital, suggestion that railway companies should seek representation on local authorities, and thus exert a restraining influence on expenditure. The Western Co., I know, is well represented on the Swindon Town Council, and one of the chiefs of their works is the Mayor. I should like some of the Midland and Western responsible officials to get on our local "spending" authorities. The Western is still spending money largely in new works near Gloucester, and they have a vote of £15,000 at command. This sum is being applied to building a pumping station, with up-to-date machinery, so as

to get an increase on the 90,000 gallons of water per diem that are now taken from the Severn for the supply of the Western and Midland locomotives and yards, and in additional sidings at Over, a new girder bridge carrying the public highway having already been put there.

Where does the profit come in? This is an obvious question arising on the perusal of a circular offering, conditionally on one subscribing for an encyclopædia, to supply a book-case to contain it for only 8s. 3d.! It being stated that "the oak of which this book-case is made costs, before it has even been planed, 12s., and the same book-case from the same manufacturer in Gloucester is sold in Tottenham Court-road for 45s." Of course, the profit is on the books, and not on the cases. GLEANER.

AN ARAB ROMANCE.

THE BASHFUL MAIDEN AND THE DEVOTED LOVER.

A charming little love-story reached the "live-happy-ever-after" stage at Earl's Court Exhibition on Saturday afternoon. It began in far-away Egypt, where, in a little village close by the mighty Nile dam, Hamdun Salach, a stalwart hunter, of the Bishari tribe, first met Halima Mahamed. Though Halima was but fourteen she could not withstand Hamdun's love-making, and, in direct defiance of tribal etiquette, met him several times in secret. Hamdun then sent his mother to contract a bargain on his behalf for the hand of the maiden, and a marriage was arranged. Everything was going smoothly, when suddenly there occurred a hitch in the shape of Halima's bashfulness. She expressed a determined objection to marrying anyone until a year had elapsed, and as this could not be overcome the two left Assouan in January last, engaged to visit London in the same troupe, and sailed from Egypt for Earl's Court. The strange land, the chilly and wet summer, and homesickness all combined to weaken Halima's resolve, and as Hamdun was persistent and devoted in his courting by the Great Wheel, she at last consented to an immediate marriage, which took place on Saturday afternoon.

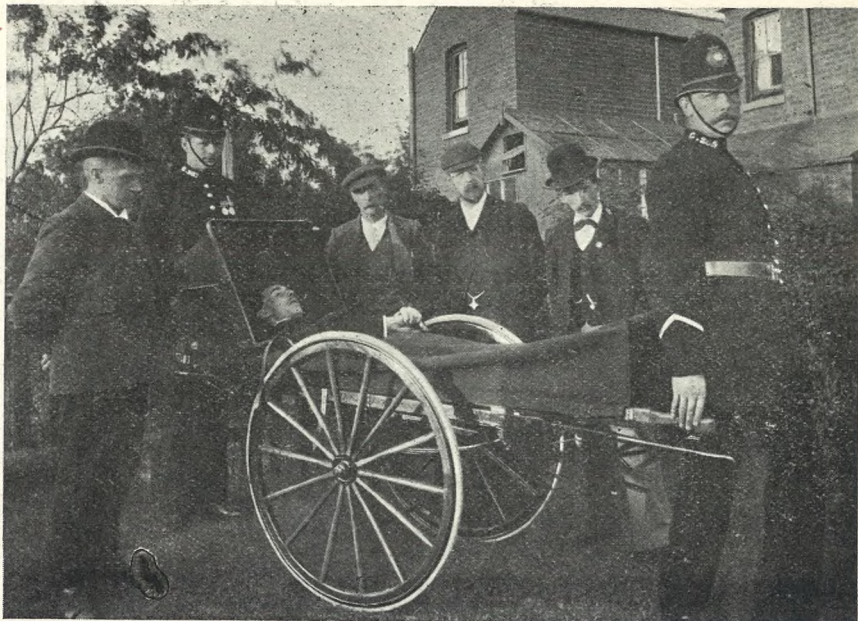
"Selina Jenkins" Letters.

"CHEESE AND PROTECTION."

The bother hevning, being acrost to the grocer's jest sampling a few bits of cheese—wich I always likes rather a strong flavor meself: one as leaves a sort of a kind of a sensation in your mouth, as goes a site farther than all this 'ere delicate buttery flavored stuff—not that I 'olds with that there Gorgonzoler, as is downrite cruelty to animals to eat—that's wot I thinks, and you don't catch me puttin' cheese into my mouth as reglar walks about the plate wile you be lookin' at it, not to mention the smell, wich is enouff to make the dead rise, as the sayin' is; and I can't abear it since the time when Aunt Maria—the same one as left the canary bird and the umberella in her will—come to stop with us for a week or two, and when she went away forgot to take a piece of this 'ere Gorgonzoler with 'er, as she'd purchased from the grocer and put away in a drawer, bein' the most 'orriblest hodor as hever human nose did smell, and cost poor Jenkins a pretty penny, as were quite sure it were somethink wrong with the drains, and 'ad them all digged hup to see where the mischief was, but weren't the slightest bit of use, being nothink but that there piece of Gorgonzoler, as fair took me breath away when I hopened the drawer, unbeknownst, a-dusting, as were noticed by folks out in the street, one of wich remarks about "the carelessness of the Corporation in allowing gas to scape like that. their bein' all of a piece with their reckless extravagance, and wouldn't never be any better till there was a Government auditor. Look at the vast sums of money spent on the Winter Gardens, etcettery, and so forth, and so on." And that wasn't the end of it nether, for, in me 'aste, I pitches all I could catch of this 'ere cheese out of the winder, and, you mark my words, if it didn't drop bang on to a perleeceman as were passing underneath, wich were very nasty about it, and said it were meant for a hinsult; altho' as I told 'im, it were only a piece of cheese, wich he wouldn't be passified till his palm were crossed with silver (like the gypsy maiden), becos he said he should certain sure get fined at the station for smelling of mitey cheese, contrary to strict orders. So you can understand I don't 'ave nothink to do with Gorgonzoler, not after that, as ought to be kept under lock and key, so I thinks, some of the stronger varieties 'aving been known to walk some distance away from where it were put of a warm summer's night!

'Owever, I weren't goin' to waste valleyble ink and paper with writing about such 'orrid stuff, as is wot they call a converted taste, similar to they as drinks methulated sperrits of wine, gin and whisky bein' 2 mild for their palates! So, as I was a-sayin' I were jest samplin' a bit of cheese at the grocer's, and I asks 'im wot he do think of Chamberlain and taxing the food, wich he drops half a pound of butter and knocks over 2 bottles of golden syrup in his egscitement so soon as I mentioned the reverend gentleman's name, and, striking a hattitood jest as hif he were Mr. Hagg-Gardner or Mr. Stroud and me a haudience of iggerant ratepayers, he fairly raves at me to the effeck that Chamberlain's the man of the hour, and we must all make honnerable and huge sacrifices to keep out the hateful forriner from our markets, wich we ought to patternize the Colonial prodooce before anything else, and 'ang the expense. Briton was the comin' nation, and there must be a hunion of British 'earts the hole world over.

"Well, well now," says I, "wot a pity I spoke, seein' as you've dropped a valleyble ½ lb. of Danish butter and broke 2 bottles of American golden syrup, not to speak of the syrup running down over all them tins of Dutch cocoa and Swiss milk, on the top of that there German glass case; and if you don't mind them tins and jars of patty faw graw and other French knick-knacks 'till tumble over into that box of Yankee cooked foods behind you! Perhaps you wouldn't mind telling me why you've got this big pile of packets of Dutch chocolate to the front marked 'Special value! Cheapest and best!"



ST. JOHN AMBULANCE ASSOCIATION.
NEW WHEEL LITTER FOR THE GLOUCESTER CENTRE.
Photo by Miss E. Lovatt Brown, Gloucester.

the whiles there's a lot of British make stowed away there fairly out of sight? And 'ow is it this 'ere American cheese is stood at the door while that there Canadiana variety is back in the corner? If that's wot you calls a 'hunion of 'earts, I don't see much in it, not meself. I spose you thinks that it's very 'andsome making sacrifices, so long as you don't 'ave to make no sacrifices yerself, only me and the rest of the hordinary public, wich you and the Cheltenham school managers, with their 300 a year rise at the ratepayer's expense, is a very handy pair. If you was to act hup to yer principles you'd refuse to sell any of these 'ere furrin goods and jest push British articles for all they was worth, even though there wouldn't be so much profit."

You should 'ave seen that man's face! He didn't like it, not a bit, and he sits down on his tall stool (made in Germany) and pulls out his stylograph pen (made in Bavaria) and writes on the back of a colored tea paper (made in Saxony) a lot of figures wich was intended for to prove to me that becos there was more money in the savings banks than ever and becos more luxuries was bein' bought than ever before at huge prices, not to speak of British ships carrying more trade than ever—becos of this it were necessary that somethink should be done at once in order that we should keep on doing likewise in the future. Besides, did I think it were likely that the Reverend Mr. Chamberlain would go to the trouble of printing 100's of millions of tracks at his own or somebody else's expense and asking the country to vote on a scheme wich isn't to be egspalined till after they've voted, for safety's sake—did I think he would risk all this if he didn't consider it were for the good of the country at large?"

"I don't know," says I. "I don't believe in yer politicians a bit. They'll pretty well all of 'em say or do anythink to get a bit of power; and this 'ere matter isn't got to be decided by sentiment and gush; it's got to be a matter of £ s. d. sure enough. And, looking at it that way, it seems to me like throwing away 3 good customers to please 1 poor relation, the 3 good customers being the furriners and the poor relation being the Colonials; besides which, no one knows wot a day may bring forth: one day flour's going to be taxed; next day 't isn't flour, but raw goods; next day 't isn't raw goods, but sugar; next day 't isn't either of the foregoing; and the day after that we read they're all going to be taxed. The fact is, 't isn't union of

'earts, not at all; it's Chamberlain as Prime Minister or as a distinguished collector of orkids at Highbury, and time will only show wich!" Having said wich, I 'its on a bit of cheese as suits me pallet and leaves Mr. G. to think it over till next time.

SELINA JENKINS.

THE UNLUCKY NUMBER.

Both at home and abroad the number 13; is held in dread by superstitious people, and it is recorded that an official at one of the largest hotels in Vienna told, in this connection, of a Dresden bank which has altered its No. 13 to 12a, and asserted that the practise is widely spread in Germany.

Since the commencement of this year 23,150 new members have joined the Primrose League.

The body of a child was found jammed between logs of timber in the Tyne at Newcastle on Tuesday afternoon.

The body of Edwin Neilson, one of the victims in the wreck of the yacht Verdandi, was found floating in the North Sea on Tuesday.

Mr. William Maylin, of Sydney-road, New Southgate, Middlesex, who has just celebrated his 100th birthday, has 236 descendants.

Mrs. May Garner, who has just celebrated her 100th birthday at Luton Workhouse, says she has only one regret—she has never been to London.

It has just been estimated that the Roman Catholic population of England and Scotland is 1,933,000, of whom 600,000 are men over twenty-one years of age.

At Bradford on Saturday, Billington, of Bacup, won the half-mile swimming championship of England in 13min. 10 3-5secs.

The death is announced of Dr. George William Balfour, aged eighty-one, one of the King's physicians in ordinary for Scotland. He was an uncle of Robert Louis Stevenson.

The ten-year-old son of Mr. Savage, the postmaster at Great Blakenham, Suffolk, fell into the river on Tuesday, and was on the point of drowning when another boy, about the same age, named George Row, jumped into the water and rescued him.

TOUR OF OUR CHURCHES.

ST. LAWRENCE, SWINDON.

I took part in a quiet old-fashioned service on Sunday evening week. The minister, a young man, had certainly not allowed the High Church Party to get hold of him. He read the priest's portions in an ordinary conversational tone of voice, and there was the old clerk to take the principal part in the responses and come in half-a-syllable behind everyone else. What a pity we cannot get the happy medium in mere-of-our village churches—not sufficiently high to be accused of ritualism, and yet high enough to be bright and musical. There is a very good little organ at Swindon, it is true, and it plays for singing the psalms, and helped in intoning the "Amens" at the latter part of the service, but it was quite silent in the earlier responses. Time was when there was a surprised choir at Swindon, and the services were, I believe, rather High, but now there is little or no choir, and not much singing is attempted. In reading the Creed even the rector does not turn eastward; the Hymnal Companion, too, is used. There are some good houses in and around the village of Swindon, but the residents could not have turned out to any extent to the service on Sunday evening, as there was far from a full congregation in the well-ordained church. Those who did come seemed to be earnest and devout, and to enjoy the service. The Magnificat and Deus Misereator were chanted, and all joined in the singing of these canticles. The hymns used were "Come gracious Spirit, Heavenly Dove," "My hope is built on nothing less," and "Praise to God, immortal praise."

The preacher took his text from I. Chronicles xxix, 9, and said this chapter recorded one of the closing scenes of David's life. He called together the rulers of Israel, and gave a charge to his son Solomon to serve his God with a perfect heart and willing mind, and mentioned the honour put upon Solomon in having to build God's house. David would have built this house, but God said unto him, "Thou shalt not build a house for Me, because thou hast been a man of war, and hast shed blood." So David left all the glories of carrying out his project to Solomon. "What matter," he said, "if it be the will of God." The preacher said his point that night was a lesson in that way, for modern religion was a shabby religion. They were all for receiving, and never for giving. They were anxious to obtain blessings, but when it was a question of returning to God it was a different matter. They shook their heads, left their purses at home, and wished to have the enjoyment of their privileges without money and without price. They took refuge under the ministry of pretences—Judas, alas, had numerous successors still. Many seeing gifts to God's house exclaimed "Why all this extravagance? Surely God can be worshipped in a plain barn!" This they said not because they would apply the money to the poor; but with some people anything seemed good enough for the Lord. In their gathering together for public worship, if all were asked severally their reasons for coming, a number of different answers would be given. One would say, "I come because my neighbours come"; another one, "I come because it is my usual custom"; still another, "I come because I do no work, and time hangs heavy on my hands on the Sabbath day"; and the more earnest ones would say, "We come here because we feel it does us good." In all these answers they would observe it was nothing but self from beginning to end. A great many came for what they could get; they did not think of God at all. Whereas the first reason a christian ought to give for his presence in God's house was, "I come here to thank God for His goodness. He is so kind, generous, and loving to me, that when I hear the church bells ringing I spring up with joy to go and return God thanks; to love and adore Him, to sing His praises, to present Him this offering of mine—worthless, it is true, but it is the best I have." That was the only way to come properly to God's house.

The sermon was full of good sound practi-



ELECTRIC OMNIBUS OF TYPE PROPOSED FOR THE STROUD AND DISTRICT SYSTEM.

(Constructed by Siemens and Halske.)

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cal christianity—worthy the attention of a large congregation.

The church of St. Lawrence is in the Norman and Early English styles of architecture. It consists of chancel, nave, and north and south aisles. The pillars of the nave are rather meagre, but for a small church, I suppose, they are large enough. They are surmounted by some grotesque corbel heads. There is some rich carving around the chancel arch, there is a piscina near the altar. The walls are nearly covered with memorial tablets and brasses, many of them being to members of the Surman and Goodlake families. Many of the windows are of stained glass, the one at the west end being the best. Most of the glass has been put in as memorials, and there is a brass which says that the north aisle was added by the Rev. W. Hayward Cox and John Surman Cox in memory of their mother, so that the building is full of memorials. Exteriorly the quaint tower is noticeable. It is hexagonal in shape, but the sides are not of equal proportions.

CHURCHMAN.

THE POPE AND THE JOURNALIST.

HIS HOLINESS'S ENGLISH.

When respectfully informed by a polite master of ceremonies that it was customary for the Pontiff, as for other rulers, to speak with the plural "we," Pius X. gave one of his genial laughs and said, "You must have patience with our inexperience. We are not accustomed to the ways of Courts. Anyway, until after the Coronation I am not really the Pope; let me do as I like until then!" This state of transition may, perhaps, be the reason why the representative of the "Pall Mall Gazette" was lucky enough to have an audience (the first English journalist, by the way) with his Holiness so soon after his election and in face of the hostility of the Vatican, who look upon journalists as other people do on mosquitoes—something to be exterminated.

I was preceded, says the correspondent, by Commendatore X an immensely stout man, who prostrated himself at the feet of the Pontiff. "Commendatore, Commendatore," protested Pius X., stretching out his hand and helping him to rise, "that is not a position for you, with your person," which caused a broad smile to appear on the faces of the entourage, and certainly proved Pius X. not a diplomat.

What shall one say of the Holy Father? He is of middle height, large and benign-looking, has a distinctly handsome face, with dark eyes, and a manner which is but an outcome of his good heart. So cordial and fatherly is he that it seems a betrayal to criticise, but the conclusion cannot fail to be that he is a Pius IX. (whom he much resembles), without the distinction of the latter. His white robes are becoming, are worn with grace, and make him a conspicuous figure, set off by the red brocade of the room.

"My son," he began, "you come from a land I do not personally know; but, on the other hand, I knew your dear Cardinal Vaughan, and in Venice I met many Englishmen. I even," he added, with a laugh, "studied English," whereupon he added a few words which I comprehended were intended to be English, but which in my confusion I could not understand at all. "Black," however, I caught, and that saved the situation, as I happened to know his teacher had been a Miss Black, so my answer fitted in well enough. After a little desultory talk about Rome, he rose, laid his hand upon my head, and said, "The English are a great people. I send them my apostolic blessing. I withdrew, wishing I had known him as Cardinal, when we might have had climbs and walks together and both been more at ease."

ENGINES FOR INDIA.

The Bengal-Nagpur Railway Company have placed an important contract with Messrs. Robert Stevenson and Co., Ltd., Darlington, for a number of powerful six-wheeled locomotives which have been specially designed by Sir John Wolfe-Barry, their consulting engineer, for working express trains between Bombay and Calcutta. Each engine will weigh 63 tons 19 cwt., whilst the tender, with a carrying capacity of 3,500 gallons of water and seven tons of coal, will weigh an additional forty-one tons, so that the engine and tender complete will have a total weight of 103 tons 19 cwt. The new locomotive will be amongst the heaviest and most powerful in the Indian Empire.

A man named Makin is lying in Manchester Infirmary in a serious condition suffering from a shock he received at the corporation electricity station through touching a lever with ungloved hands. It is feared one of his arms will have to be amputated.

THE SUNDAY CORNER.

The child thinks of its mother with perfect confidence that it has a place of refuge in times of need; but the mother thinks of her child with careful and unselfish love and keeps continual guard. Such is our childish thought, that often only turns to God in times of need; and such is the pure love of God that keeps continual watch to bring us strength and joy.

A sugared smile cannot sweeten a sour life.

When a Swedish missionary was lately summoned before King Menelik of Abyssinia, and interrogated regarding his purpose in invading that land, he ventured to say that his object was to convert Hebrews and pagans. King Menelik, who has a great aversion to the Christianising of his subjects, who, he thinks, are already Christians enough, asked the Swede: "What countries were you obliged to cross in order to come here?" "Germany, Egypt, and the Soudan," replied the missionary. "And were you not able to find in Germany any Hebrews whom you might have converted?" asked Menelik. The missionary was obliged to admit that he had seen many Hebrews in Germany. "Well," said Menelik, "first convert the Hebrews and pagans in Germany, and then come here and convert us." An hour later the disappointed missionary was being conducted to the frontier by Abyssinian soldiers.

So many shrines, so many creeds,
So many paths that wind and wind,
While just the art of being kind
Is what the sad world needs.

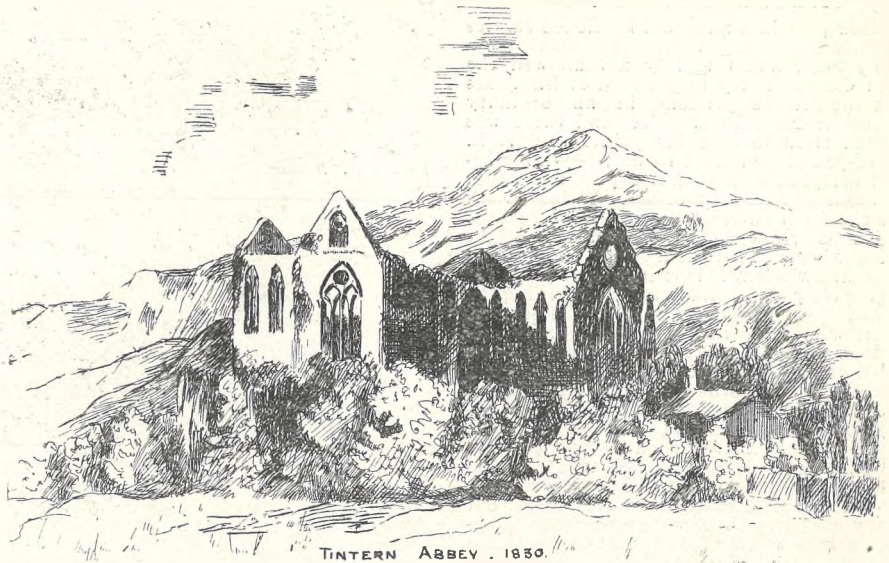
Each battlefield has perils that are all its own, says the Archbishop of Canterbury; and there are those which belong essentially to the stir and haste in which we are called to live, and even to the wideness and the speed of the knowledge which is within our daily reach. We are furnished nowadays, as men never were before furnished, from a hundred sources with new facts, almost every hour, about what is going on in the world; facts, if we consider them, whereof each carries its share of human joy and sorrow; an accident here, a shipwreck there, a fire, an inundation, a great crime, or, perhaps, somewhere far away, a famine or earthquake, or the outbreak of some petty war. We read these things daily, and we cannot, without an effort, realise that they happened only a few hours before, that the harassing anxiety, the crushing grief are, even at the moment we read, bowing the head or breaking the heart of those on whom the blow has fallen; and yet somehow we cannot bring ourselves to care very much. The unending series of facts, of human sorrows brought ceaselessly before us day by day, is apt, beyond question, unless we are kept by God, to bring a deadening of the power of God gave us of practical human sympathy, and to induce the habit of passing by on the other side.

Our lives are the little garden plots in which it is our privilege to drop seeds. We shall have to eat the fruits of the seeds which we are planting these days.—J. R. Miller, D.D.

When sin goes fast it will go far.

"Well, Hiram," said the minister, "I have come to talk with you about the things of God. I am very glad a man can be in a humble occupation and yet be a godly man." The shoemaker stopped and looked up at him and said: "Don't call this occupation humble." The minister thought he had made a mistake and quickly said: "Excuse me, I did not mean to reflect on what you do for a living." Hiram replied: "You did not hurt me, but I believe the making of that shoe is just as holy a thing as your making a sermon." The old shoemaker picked up a pair of shoes which had been left by a neighbour for mending. "If that boy should catch cold some day and

The Prize Drawing.



Drawn by W. Thorne, Bafford-road, Charlton Kings.

get pneumonia, his father, who is poor, would have a doctor's bill to pay and might lose his child. I propose to mend this shoe as though my salvation depended on it. I would not like to have to meet that boy up yonder and have to tell him that he died because I was not a faithful shoemaker."

If God, for our good, sees fit to deny us all else, may He, as His best gift of all, grant us this—to be of some real, of some deep use to our fellow men, before we go hence and are no more seen.—Dean Farrar.

When the longsuffering of God ends, then the longsuffering of the sinner begins.

The name of Millet, the painter, has been made familiar to many besides art students by his "Angelus." The most original person of the family and the one who had the most influence upon Millet was his grandmother. She was an old country-woman of intense religious faith, living in God, seeing everything in God, and mingling God in every scene of nature and every act of life. One of Millet's earliest recollections was of his grandmother waking him when he was quite a little child and saying to him: "Up, my little Francois! If you only knew what a long time the birds have been singing to the glory of God!" When he had to leave home to go to Paris, his grandmother said: "I would rather see you dead than unfaithful to God's commands." At a later time, when he had begun to make his way in Paris, she reminded him again: "Remember, my Francois, that you were a Christian before you were a painter. Paint for eternity, and think that the trump which will call to judgment is on the eve of sounding."

Heroism always bears a cross before it wears a crown.

Affection is the only remedy for diseased souls and evil characters. Now, many souls have died in impenitence who would have turned from their evil had they encountered in their path a soul who pitied them, who loved them, and had simply told them so!

It is safe up there in the heavenly places, says the Rev. Alexander Maclaren, D.D. The air is pure. The poison mists cling to lower levels; hunters do not climb thither; their arrows or their rifles will not carry so far. It is only when the herd ventures down the hill that it is in danger. But

that elevation will not lift us, so as to make up despite the paths of lowly duty. Our souls may be "like stars, and dwell apart," and yet may lay "the humblest duties" on themselves, and while we abide on the high places we may "travel on life's common way in cheerful godliness." Communion with God in Christ will make us strong, light-footed, and high-hearted, and yet it will keep us at desk or mill, or study or kitchen, or office or nursery, or shop, and we shall find that the highest places are reachable while engaged in every task of the lowliest life, and that they who, as it were, come down on life from above can strike with tenfold force. So we may live on high and work down here, till at last we hear a great voice saying to us: "Come up higher," and shall ascend to the hill of the Lord, where the upper springs flow, and where we shall fear no snares nor hunters any more for ever.

The supreme need of the world is a real God, not the great Perhaps, but the great I *Am. Not a god of yesterday, or tomorrow, but to-day. Not an "absentee" God, but one who is precisely here.

God regards not how much we do, but from how much it proceeds; he does much that loves much.

Sin always destroys. We can conserve the Divine treasures of life unwasted and unsullied only by habitual obedience to the Divine laws. Sin has laid waste whole countries, destroyed great nations, and brought down into ignominy the proudest minds. But those who follow God's ideal for their life have ever risen into beauty and strength. To believe on Jesus Christ is to commit ourselves into His hands that He may fashion beauty for our soul. An artist bought a piece of canvas for a few pence and put upon it a great picture, which was sold for £20,000. Thus the common canvas was redeemed from its seeming valuelessness and made of rare worth. So the life entrusted to Christ is redeemed—the Divine beauty is put upon it and it becomes of infinite value.

"Good Words" draws attention to the remarkable progress the Irish language is making year by year in Ireland. This revival is the work of the "Gaelic League" in propagating the teaching of Gaelic in the classes in many parts, often attended by adults who desire to perfect themselves therein.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOSHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 138

SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1903.

Our Portrait Gallery.

THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE, CHELTENHAM.

THIS EVENING
HARDIE AND VON LEER'S CO. IN
"TWO LITTLE VAGABONDS."
NEXT WEEK, THE MUSICAL PLAY,
"THE MESSENGER BOY."
TIMES AND PRICES AS USUAL.

Chandos Grammar School,
Winchcombe, near Cheltenham.

An Excellent Education. Home Comforts. Careful Training.
Highest References from Parents of Past and Present Boarders.
Moderate Fees. Charming Neighbourhood. NEXT TERM
BEGINS SEPT. 15th.—Apply to
T. C. WEBB, Headmaster.

"GIRLS OF WHOM GLOUCESTERSHIRE IS PROUD."

Such is the title of an interesting article in the September number of "The Girl's Realm," which begins as follows:—
"Gloucestershire has furnished a liberal contribution to the roll of the famous girls of England. The home of such practical philanthropists as Hannah More and Mary Carpenter, whose noble lives stand out as an example to girls of all succeeding generations; in more recent years closely associated with the novelists, Miss Amelia B. Edwards and Miss Emma Marshall; and to-day proud of its relationship to women so distinguished in their various walks of life as Miss Beale, Miss Mary Clifford, the Duchess of Beaufort, the Countess Bathurst, Mme. Clara Butt, Miss Ellicott, Mrs. Christopher Bowly, and Miss Brooke-Hunt, Gloucestershire may, indeed, claim a record surpassed by few other counties." The article is illustrated by photographs of Miss Beale, Miss Mary Clifford (the philanthropist), Mrs. Christopher Bowly (the archer), Miss Violet Brooke-Hunt, Miss Rosalind Ellicott, the Countess Bathurst, Lady Muriel Bathurst, Madame Clara Butt and her husband, and Miss Ruth Fawcett, with her greyhound; and interesting biographical notes appear with reference to these ladies and others. The other contents of the magazine are bright, varied, and profusely illustrated.

LIFEBOAT RESCUES.

The Clovelly lifeboat Elinor Roget was launched during a gale on Sunday night and brought safely ashore the captain, his wife, and the crew of three men from the schooner Mary Stewart, and three men from the yacht Gaffy.



Two well-known Gloucestershire Ladies.

The Countess Bathurst,

Wife of the Seventh Earl Bathurst, is greatly beloved
in the county of her adoption.

Miss Violet Brooke-Hunt,

Of Gloucester, who has done fine
work in the organisation of clubs
for boys and working men.

Reproduced by kind permission of the proprietors of the "Girl's Realm," the September number of which contains an interesting article entitled, "Girls of Whom the Counties are Proud."

ROYAL WEDDING-RINGS IN A PAWN- SHOP.

The wedding-rings of the murdered King Alexander and Queen Draga, which were missed from their hands after the assassination of the royal couple, have been traced to a pawnshop in the city, where one of the officers concerned in the murder had raised some money on them.

GREENOCK CORPORATION AND MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

At a meeting of the Greenock Corporation on Tuesday, a committee of local sugar refiners intimated that Mr. Chamberlain would speak in Greenock early in October, and suggested that the Corporation on behalf of the community should entertain the right hon. gentleman to luncheon. The proposal met with some opposition, in view of which the matter was dropped.

A WONDERFUL CLOCK.

The Grand Palais in Paris possesses a wonderful clock, which was shown in the Paris Exhibition of 1855. It was the work of Collin, and has just been overhauled. It is claimed for this chef d'œuvre, says the "Debats," that it does not vary more than the hundredth part of a second in a year. It is 4½ metres in height, and indicates the time of the twelve chief cities in the world, each city having its own dial. The clock not only marks the year, month, and day of the week, but its pendulum forms a barometer of singular precision.

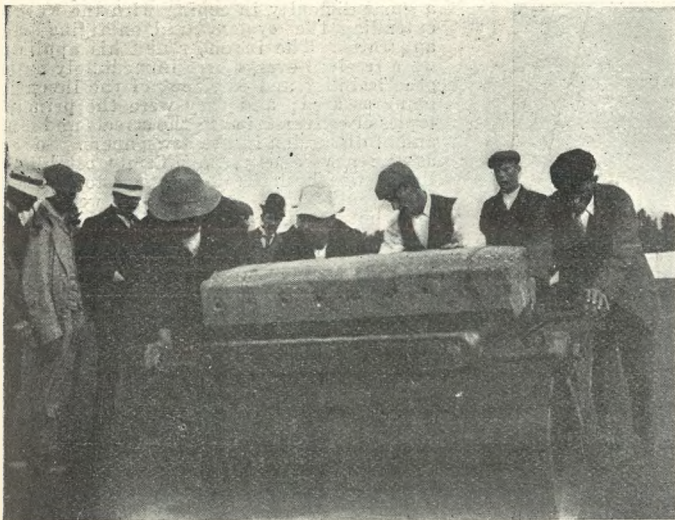
Among the candidates for cadetships under the new system of entry declared to have passed the July qualifying examination, and who will enter the Royal Naval Cadets' College at Osborne in September, are J. P. Charley, Cheltenham College; and C. H. Allen, private tuition, Cheltenham.



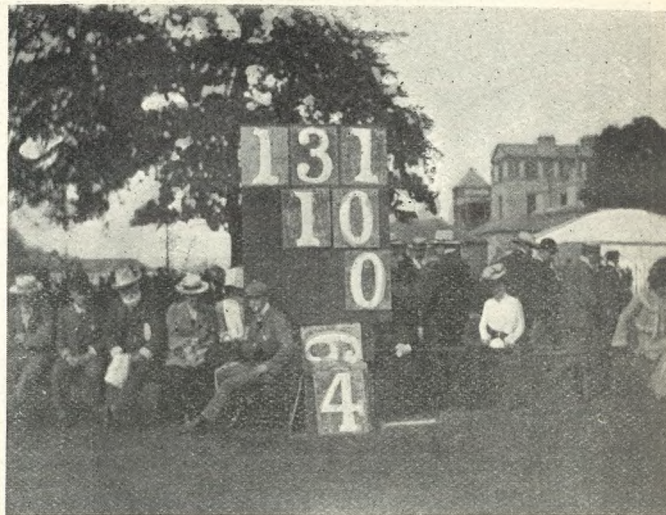
Gloucester Druids at Stonehenge, August 12th, 1903.

Photos by Messrs. G. White and W. Driscoll, Gloucester.

For description see next page.



ROLLING THE PITCH.



END OF KENT'S FIRST INNINGS.

Cheltenham Cricket Week.

GLOUCESTER DRUIDS AT STONEHENGE.

A REMARKABLE INITIATION.

(See Photographs Page 2).

Among the number of Druidical remains in many parts of the United Kingdom, the stupendous structure called Stonehenge, on Salisbury Plain, is the most remarkable. It is universally believed to be the remains of an ancient British temple, in which the religious ceremonies of the Druids were performed, and it is supposed to have been erected by Aurelius, surnamed Ambrosius, King of the Britons, about the year 475 B.C. Many authorities have written on its origin and purpose, but the temple seems wrapt in mystery, and much that has been written must necessarily be taken as mere conjecture, as implied by the words of one well-known authority—

"Yet though thy pillars undecayed we see,
Still tower, proud pile, in monarch majesty;
Time—and what cannot time?—hath round thy head

The murky gloom of wild conjecture spread,
Which, like the storm-cloud and its meteor light,
Shrouds each dark object in the depths of night,
Only to throw a mockery lustre o'er,
And leave them darker than they were before."

Probably the first initiate into the mysteries of Druidism amidst these old-world surroundings for many centuries past was Mr. W. Gavazzi King, of Cheltenham, who was installed a member of the Royal Gloucester Lodge, 96, at Stonehenge, on August 12th, the lodge having been adjourned from its usual meeting-place at Gloucester to this famous Mecca of the Order for the purpose, and this was duly reached by rail and brake. There were a goodly number of Druids present, on the invitation of Bro. H. R. Broad, N.A., and Bro. W. Driscoll, V.A., including the following officers and brothers:—Bros. George Newth and D. H. Fawkes, Past Provincial Grand Arches; T. Turner, Provincial Grand Arch; T. F. Allen, W. G. Berry, E. T. Boucher, A. Collins, A. Faville, T. Gurney, James Harris, Ralph Houldey, F. King, A. J. Lane, E. Marsh (secretary), Walter Stephens, A. Tanner, W. H. Phelps, Past Arches; and H. Brookes, G. White, —, Judge, J. Cox, T. Barnard, and W. Gavazzi King.

Two bedrooms were the only sleeping accommodation for a family of father, mother, and ten children at Greeneshall, Norfolk, and in one of the rooms three children were in bed with diphtheria, and the others sleeping in the same apartment. The erection of an isolation shed has been ordered.

SHOULD HANGING BE ABOLISHED?

It was Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, says a writer in the "Law Magazine and Review," who advocated the continuance of capital punishment for murder on the ground that it kept up the popular belief in the heinousness of the offence, and thus deterred people from committing it. There is not much force in this argument. If we wish a man to experience the deterrent effects of disgrace and popular odium his life must be spared. The man who is hanged often receives an amount of sympathy which would be replaced by aversion if his sentence had been different. And an ungrounded belief in the heinousness of any offence cannot be kept up for a considerable time, in an enlightened age, by attaching an unusually severe or disgraceful penalty to it. Public opinion and sentences, however, act and react on each other, and it is often of real importance to keep them in harmony with each other. This fact is, I fear, often overlooked at the Home Office. The object of the Home Secretary should be the public good, not the administration of inflexible justice. To fly in the face of public opinion because the Home Secretary (or, rather, some subordinate) thinks that the prisoner deserves more than the public is willing to sanction is in every respect an undesirable course—not to mention that there are many reasons for believing that the justice administered by this secret tribunal is of a Procrustean character.

The public good should be the end and aim of every responsible public official. And this remark is as true of judges and magistrates as of the Home Secretary. They were not appointed in order to give them an opportunity of airing their "fads," or of showing their determination of doing everything by machinery and disregarding the sentiments of the public whose servants they are. This, however, can be done with comparative security in criminal cases, because the facts are usually known only locally, and a Minister with a Parliamentary majority at his back can discard local opinion whenever he thinks proper to do so. But constant disregard of local opinion must ultimately range public opinion on the opposite side. The public confidence in the justice and mercy of the Home Office has been much shaken of late years, though it is still probably excessive. There is no merit whatever in rigid adherence to rule, or in the stern carrying out of retributive justice (as it is called), unless tending to the public good—but narrow-minded officials often prefer rule and precedent, and what they call principles, to the wishes and interests of their employers—the public.



THE "ORIGINAL IMPERIAL PIERROTS."

Who gave a Humorous Concert at the Workhouse on Tuesday (18th August).

Names (reading from left to right, and commencing at the back row)—Mr. Percy Bence, Mr. Harry Wagborne, jun., Miss Dorothy Channon, Mr. F. R. Bell (manager), Miss Nora Wintle, Mr. Victor Richards, and Mr. Will Bell.

Speaking at Waterford on Tuesday, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland said he was convinced it would not be long before the King visited that country again.

Leeds Corporation Tramway Committee have decided to give all drivers who avoid accidents a bonus of halfpenny per hour in addition to their wages, payable quarterly.

Mr. Balfour left Downing-street on Saturday afternoon for Stanway, where he will spend the first week of the recess as the guest of Lord and Lady Elcho. The right hon. gentleman performed a portion of the journey by motor-car.

The death occurred at her residence in London on Saturday night of Anne, the Dowager Countess of Warwick. Her ladyship was a daughter of the eighth and sister of the present Earl of Wemyss and March (and therefore an aunt of Lord Elcho, of Stanway), and was born in 1829, and married in 1852 to the Earl of Warwick, who died in 1893.



Cheltenham Parish Church Cricket Club.

Photo by H. T. Stokes, Cheltenham.



Haymaking in Charlton Park.

LECKHAMPTON HILL IN DISTANCE.

Photo by Mr. Geo. V. Bright, Woburn House, Cheltenham.

THE AMERICAN AND THE ENGLISH YOUTH.

Eustace Miles writes in "Country Life":—"So far as I could judge, the average American young man, while he played and practised for play, thought of nothing else. But while he worked at his business he thought of nothing else but that business. The average young Englishman likes his play, but does not always play or practise with his whole heart and soul—if you doubt me, watch him fielding at cricket; he does not like his work, and during his work uses only a part of his mind and very little of his heart and soul. Theoretically, the average American young man does what a good young man should do. But for my own part, to be perfectly candid and ignore some charming exceptions, I did not like him nearly as much as I like an English 'Varsity man. However, he was delightful to play against; he really cared a great deal all the time whether he won or lost. And that is the opponent one appreciates, especially if—as American players of tennis, racquets, and lawn tennis do—he takes his victory or defeat like a man."

The new motor-car service of the Great Western Railway between Helston and the Lizard was inaugurated on Monday, when two cars with passengers covered the distance of ten miles in just over an hour.

A TELEPHONE NEWSPAPER.

Two or three years ago a Hungarian mechanic named Puska came to Budapest with a small instrument—the result of great labour, perseverance, and ingenuity, amid many disappointments. This he exhibited, confidently asserting that it would furnish the newspaper of the future; but the preternaturally sage scoffed at his instrument and declared that his emphatic declaration was only the fantasy of a highly fertile and imaginative brain. But Puska was not to be denied in his confidence in the apparatus, and at last he succeeded in having it submitted to a thorough practical test. Then the "Telephone Herald" was started upon its career, which many predicted would be short and disastrous; but it did not prove a passing ephemeral toy. The promoters did not attempt too ambitious a scheme at first. A news service pure and simple was commenced, and soon emphasised its superiority over the existing newspapers in the rapid distribution of news. Its initial subscribers, who were piqued by that curiosity characteristic of anything widely divergent from the orthodox, soon realised its invaluable qualities, so far as celerity and reliability were concerned, and its fame rapidly spread not only throughout the city, but in the country districts and provincial towns. Subscribers were enrolled with

such rapidity that the company experienced a great difficulty in coping with the work of extending the system and enlarging their apparatus. The inventor and his appliance were received everywhere immediately on the practicability and efficiency of the invention being assured; and they were the principal topics of conversation in the streets and clubs and of discussion in the newspapers. So soon as the new venture was firmly established Puska was besieged with offers to purchase his invention, and many of them were tempting; but the inventor turned a deaf ear to them all. Even to-day the arrangements of the telephone exchange at the office and the methods of its manipulation are jealously guarded from inspection by any person not directly concerned in the operations. The economical working of such an enterprise as the "Telephone Herald" is obvious. There is no printing and type-setting machinery, involving the expenditure of many thousands of pounds; the plant simply comprises a telephone wire and receiver at the subscriber's residence, connected with the exchange. The staff is very similar in composition to that of the conventional newspaper office: the editor and his assistants and the usual supernumeraries for the collection of news. When there is any special item of information to be distributed, all the subscribers are simultaneously rung up and connected with the editorial sanctum, and the editor or an assistant reads over the news into the transmitter on his desk in a clear voice, so that his words may be quite audible even to the most distant listener. The items of news, as they are received in the office, are written and sub-edited in the usual manner, and condensed as much as possible, so that the subscribers may receive the intelligence in the fewest words compatible with sense and lucidity. Even the leaders and editorial comments are transmitted in the same manner.—"Chambers's Journal."

POETRY.

OH! THE SEA.

Down by the silvery sea,
List'ning to the bands;
Watching children in their glee
Paddling on the sands.

Down by the silvery sea,
Same thing ev'ry day—
Always waiting for the tide,
And pay! pay!! pay!!!

Weston-super-Mare, Aug. 18th, 1903.

S.S.

TO LIVE AND LOVE AND LEARN.

Most of the things that worry us
Don't matter much.
Too many of us fret and fuss
At every touch.
There's nothing that's of great concern
Except to live, and love, and learn.

Suppose the world don't go our way,
What of it, then?
We have the better chance to-day
To act like men,
And still insist at every turn,
We're here to live, and love, and learn.

It isn't doing what we would
That counts for most:
It's being brave, and kind, and good
Amid the host;
For better than to crave and yearn,
Is just to live, and love, and learn.

We make too much of ease and joy,
And sordid gain;
The things that vex us and annoy,
The toil and pain,
And every malady we spurn
May help us live, and love, and learn.

And there is nothing else to fear
Of good or ill
Than just the failure of good cheer
And honest will;
No loss need fright us if we learn
More power to live, to love, and learn.

Mr. Leonard Howells, assistant art master at the Lydney School of Art, was on Friday night appointed art master at the Bingley Technical School.

The Prize Pictures.



✻ ✻ ✻ Father and Son. ✻ ✻ ✻

Mr. Boyce Podmore, Master of the Cotswold Hounds, and his son, Master B. Podmore, making a call at Dowdeswell Court whilst exercising the hounds.

Photo by Mr. W. N. Unwin, Dowdeswell Court.

Book Chat.

"MAN AND SUPERMAN."

BERNARD SHAW'S LATEST.

In wit, playful irony, good-humoured satire at the expense of the Philistine multitude which "disillusionises" enthusiasts more readily than it learns from them, in sincerity of purpose, in not a little practical wisdom, and in the suggestion of lines of useful reflection on contemporary life and manners, Mr. Bernard Shaw's new work, "Man and Superman: A Comedy and a Philosophy," is equal, if not superior, to anything which that clever writer has produced; and it is none the less interesting to the general reader because of the undercurrent of sadness springing from the heart of the disillusioned enthusiast, whose natural earnestness is more or less at war with his cynicism. It is divided into three parts, viz. the playful dedication to Mr. Arthur Bingham Walkley, dramatic critic of "The Times," the comedy "Man and Superman," and "The Revolutionists' Handbook," with "Maxims for Revolutionists." The dedication, though it arose out of a challenge from Walkley to the writer to produce a "Don Juan" play, covers a very wide field, and contains reflections not only on "the eternal sex question," but also on many other things in life and literature more or less remotely associated with it. As a dramatist, the writer is much concerned for the parlous state of the contemporary English drama, "forced to deal almost exclusively with cases of sexual attraction, and yet forbidden to exhibit the incidents of that attraction or even to discuss its nature. It may, however, at once be said that, as it happens, there is little or nothing in Mr. Bernard Shaw's method of treating his subject to which prudery could take exception, unorthodox and unconventional as many of his conclusions are. It indeed requires some subtlety of intellect to see where Don Juan is a type of selfish voluptuousness, dating back to the XVI. century, comes in at all, unless very mildly and satirically in feminine guise, as it is the author's conviction that "the serious business of sex is left by men to women"—in spite of the feeble romantic convention that the initiative comes from the man. His aim is to endeavour to free the subject from voluptuous associations on the one hand and mere sentiment on the other. After a reference to the political disabilities of women, especially of married women, he goes on: "All in vain. Women must marry

because the race must perish without her travail: if the risk of death and the certainty of pain, danger, and unutterable discomforts cannot deter her, slavery and swaddled ankles will not." For the rest, his passing reflections on the body politic contain things which would have delighted Carlyle himself, and his striking parallels between men and things which appear to be so unlike on the surface are stimulating and refreshing to the thoughtful reader. The "plot" of the somewhat lengthy comedy itself, which contains not a few amusing and farcical scenes and so new and whimsical dramatic surprises, may be analysed as being concerned chiefly with the matrimonial capture of a young enthusiast with extremely "advanced" ideas by a very sensible and self-confident young woman. Fortunately, there is no doubt that she will make him a good wife, and that he has done the best possible thing for himself in succumbing under the circumstances. The dialogue is witty, often brilliantly so, and contains many shrewd reflections on society and its conventional institutions, their strong as well as their weak points, and on its shams and false standards of morality. The "Superman" is a little mysterious; and in the end we are left in uncertainty as to whether it is woman, "Life Force," or some far off, divine ideal. Don Juan, indeed, comes on the stage, but only as the shadow of a shade in a strange dream which some of the characters in the drama have while on the Sierra Nevada, of all places in the world. They dream of the nether world, and overhear a most instructive dialogue between Don Juan, the Statue (a reference to the old monkish legend), Ana, and the devil. Inferno up to date is not a place of torture, nor is there an impassable gulf between it and Paradise, the only gulf being "the difference between the angelic and diabolic temperament." "There is no physical gulf," says his Satanic Majesty to a new comer, "between the philosopher's class-room and the bull ring; but the bull fighters do not come to the class-room for all that." Mr. Bernard Shaw here teaches in prose the same lesson which Browning has already taught in verse—the supreme necessity for earnestness. In fact his Heaven, like Browning's, seems to be a place for the earnest and sincere; and his Hell a spot or rather a condition of being in which the voluptuous, the idle, and the listless are more or less "bored" throughout eternity. Some of the Devil's criticisms of mankind are very telling, especially his reflections on man's progress in the arts of death and ingenuity in the invention of instruments of destruc-

tion. The opinions put into the mouth of the fallen "Son of the Morning" are more likely to appeal to the general reader than those of the dissatisfied Don Juan, who poses as a superior person even in Hell, and who, amongst other somewhat bitter sayings, describes marriage as "the most licentious of human institutions: that is the secret of its popularity." There is also not a little bitterness against the established order of things in "The Revolutionists' Handbook." It deals from the Socialistic standpoint with a number of highly-controversial subjects; and though many readers will dissent from its conclusions, yet it contains much with which thoughtful people of all kinds will cordially agree. The essays are somewhat pessimistic in tone, as such titles as "Man's Objection to His Own Improvement," "Progress an Illusion," and "The Conceit of Civilization" show. The "Maxims" include things which would do credit to Rochefoucauld himself, and one is tempted to quote considerably, "Do not unto others as you would that they should do unto you. Their tastes may not be yours," is a mere *bon mot*; but there is serious meaning in such apothegms as "The flunkeyism propagated by the throne is the price we pay for its political convenience" and "The vilest abortionist is he who attempts to mould a child's character."—The work is published by Archibald Constable and Co.



FRED FRY,

The Cheltenham football player, water polo player, and swimmer, who on Monday last, at Weston-super-Mare, won the 100 Yards Western Counties' Swimming Championship in the record time of 1min. 9 1-5sec.

"Selina Jenkins" Letters.

SELINA JENKINS ON EXCURSIONS.

Not that I 'olds with egscursions, not meself, as a general thing, since that there time when I went to Cornwall, or some sich outlandish parts, thro' 'aving took 40 winks and passed the station unbeknownst in me slumbers, and mite 'ave been the death of me thro' catching sich a cold as you never 'eard tell waitin' for a train to bring me back, and me that subject to the astmatics that I couldn't egspine where I come from or what I wanted to do, not even when 3 individooals in gold 'ats come and interogerated me up and down as if I were a criminal or a company promoter a-fleeing from injustice! No, I don't 'old with egscursions; but when there was really one fine day, being a site we doesn't often get along now (the Fair Food and the Small Loaf controversy 'aving upset the weather somethink shameful), what could a body do better than run off to Symonds's Yat for the day, being a place as is said to rival they Swiss Halpines for steepness and precipices, all brought within reach of yer door-step, as you mite say, by the kindness of the railway companies. Of course, when I come to talk it hoyer with Mary Ann Tompkins and Amos Wilkins, they didn't consider as it were far enuff, not by a lot, they 'aving a nonsentical idea that you 'aven't enyied yerself to any extent not unless you goes hoff about 2.31 in the midnight darkness of the hearily morning and gets back about 11.55 midnight the same evening. Amos were very keen on telling up a lot of stuff about the half-day egscursion to France as he patter-nized a week or two ago, wich the steamer were delayed by the weather, etoctery, and Amos were so upshook with the motion of the waves (not seasickness, mind you, but palpitations) that he never troubled to go on shore at all for the half-hour they was supposed to spend on French soil at "Boling," or some sich outlandish name of a place, so he come back without 'aving disembarked; but he were full of the great long distance as they were took for the money—I can't tell you how many 100's of miles—wich he said it looked so ornary to go to a near-at-hand place like Symonds's Yat, as could be very nigh seen with a powerful eyesight from the top of Cleeve Hill.

'Owsomdever, we fixed it hup, and the hother morning me and Mary Ann and Amos and the two children, Sophy Gwendoline and Eric Bertie, aged 4 and 2 years of age respectably, wends our way to the station, and takes tickets for the Yat. I must tell you as we'd put hup a very tidy parcel of 'am sandwiches and bananas, not to speak of a bottle of milk and another of cold tea, 'cos you never knows wot the capabilities of these places for charging for things is, not till you gets there in August, wich the heat makes the prices rise somethink awful! All went well till we comes to Gloucester, and there two real welshers gets into the carriage, and without so much as "By yer leave," commences to light hup their pipes and puff hout smoke like a chimney a fire, as wasn't very perlite with 2 ladies in the carriage, and not being a "smoker" at all. I tried to show the young fellows me feelins in the matter by putting on a very severe countenance; but, lor bless you, I'm too good-natured, and I couldn't fix 'em a bit that way. 'Owsomdever, I remembered as I had 2 of the extry-strong variety of honions in with they 'am sandwiches; so I takes 'em forth, and gives one to Amos, with a word in 'is ear, wich we both starts a-peeling of these 'ere honions, very industrious like, until the hodor of the honions come to be quite so strong as the baccy, and everybody in the carriage was weepin' copously, includin' the 2 welshers. When we stopped at the next station, I can tell you, these 'ere 2 fellows fairly made a bolt for the door, and the last we seed of 'em they was sniffin' and wipin' away their tears on the platform, and using perfane langwidge in Welsh very free; and, in course, it served 'em right, too, wich I believes in the right of every British man and woman, in these glorious days of the dear loaf and the union



Tewkesbury Regatta.

PREPARING FOR THE 40 YARDS SWAN RACE.

Photo by Mr. J. E. Lewis, Tewkesbury.

of 'arts, to keep their carriages to theirselves at all costs.

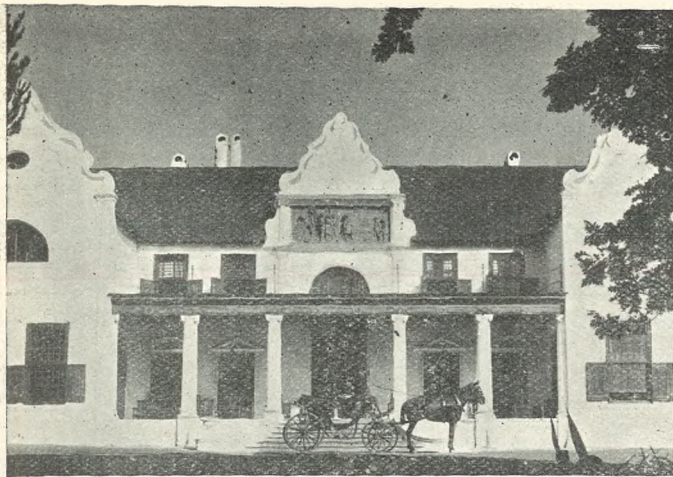
Amos tell'd me that when he were going on a day trip to Edinboro' and the Scotch Lakes with a chum of his they was a good deal troubled in their minds 'ow to get the carriage to theirselves, so after a lot of talking it hoyer they 't upon the following impediment:—Amos dressed 'is friend up with a shawl over 'is 'ead, and rubbed a little chalk on his cheeks, so as to look like a patient in the last stages of some hawful disease. Then, when a nice little crowd come surging round the door at Brummagem and some of the large stations, Amos jest quietly whispered to the foremost of 'em, "Mumps," or, if that didn't make 'em turn pale and back out of it double-quick, "Typhoid!" That melted 'em away like snow before the sunshine, as the sayin' is. Only once was Amos dumb-founded—by a disorderly-looking man pressing forward and getting into the carriage so bold as can be, even after Amos had whispered "Mumps," "Typhoid," and even said "Small-pox" out loud in a threatening tone of vice; wich the individooal turned out to be a hundertaker's man—wich, being of a very pushing style, thought it were a good chance to take a order, and were that put out, you can't think, when he discovered it were only a sham—as said he'd only jest come from a scarlet fever case that morning, wich fairly turned the tables on Amos and his friend, wich went about in fear of their lives for a fortnight afterwards, thinking every time anybody said what a colour they had it must be the first signs of the scarlet fever, and spent I don't know 'ow much in carbolie life-boy soap to scrub theirselves with.

'Owsomdever, we considered it weren't a bad idea, not the "Mumps" one, so we lies Eric Bertie on the cushion and gives 'im a horange to suck. So the next station we waits for the incomers, but there were only one old lady, with a terrible lot of hand-boxes and things tied hup in shawls and handkerchiefs, as rushed from one end of the train to the other lookin' for a seat; and, you believe me, if that there party didn't spot our carriage, and opens the door to shovel 'er packages in, one of which was a old Tom cat in a canary bird's-cage. So I says very quiet in 'er ear, "Mumps," pointing to Eric Bertie, as were covered up with my shawl, all 'eeps his face. The old lady never took no notice wotever! "Mumps," says I, rather louder. "Thanks you," says she, "I can manage it, I think." "MUMPS," I fairly screams at the top of me voice, to wich the reply were, "Yes; but I think it'll rain afore evening!"

She were deaf as a post, and so our plan 'ad failed; wich it turned hout were a very tidy old party, wich were goin' to see 'er friends at Hereford for the day, wich she'd brought 'er Tom cat with 'er in the canary bird's-cage because of the boys teasing 'im when she left 'im in charge of the 'ouse once before, and considered this were a very good way of gettin' over the difficulty. This old lady and her parcels was a perfect coff-drop, as the sayin' is. I'll be bound, she lost 'er ticket, and asked me to 'elp look for it with 'er upwards of a dozen times in half an hour's ride. Once it were slipped up 'er sleeve, another time it were on the floor, and when the ticket inspector come round she 'ad it in 'er mouth the whiles she were madly turning out parcel after parcel to get at it. Besides all of wich, the Tom cat, being placed under the seat, the ticket inspector trod on his tail unbeknownst, and the huproar for the space of a minute or 2 was undescribable, wot with the old lady shouting at the inspector and the children both crying their little 'earts out and the engine blowing off steam, wich it always does when you wants to engage in conversation with anybody. But talkin' about losing one's ticket reminded Amos of a tale he heard about 2 of the men persuasion, wich 'ad unfortunately lost their tickets, and was in the train jest comin' to the station where they 'ad to show their tickets or pay up. So one of these 'ere men, 'aving a blue-peaked cap and a long overcoat, buttons 'is coat up to 'is chin, and pulls 'is cap down to look so much like a railway official as possible, and as soon as the train slackens down out he jumps, runs along the platform till he sees a carriage with a few young fellows half asleep or dozing, swings open the door, and shouts "Tickets please!" He had 4 before you could say "Jack Robinson," and in another moment he and his companion 'ad given up the necessary tickets, and was off for their lives up the street, leaving them sleepy young fellows and the ticket inspectors to arrange matters so well as they could! Very artful, eh! but I don't agree with sich g'ins on, not meself. I consider as "'onesty's the best policy," even with these 'ere involuntary schools managers and their £800 rise at the ratepayers' expense, as I can't get out of me thoughts.

Dear, dear, though! 'Ere's all the ink used up, and I 'aven't got near to Symonds's Yat yet! but there! you knows 'ow the trains be on this line! "More haste, less speed" is their motto, and there's plenty of time to enjoy the scenery on root. I shall hope to arrive at Symonds's Yat in next week's letter.

SELINA JENKINS.



FRONT VIEW.



BACK VIEW.

The Late Mr. Cecil Rhodes's Residence, near Capetown, S.A.

Photos by Hugh S. Olive, 96 Kloof Street, Cap e Town.

Gloucestershire Gossip.

To the long list, numbering 34, of vicars of Badgeworth from the year 1270 must shortly be added the name of the Rev. J. H. Hodges, for he has been appointed to the living and will in due course be instituted and inducted to it. The benefice has been vacant since the death of the Rev. A. W. Ellis-Viner on May 31st, 1902, but, as the surviving curate-in-charge, Mr. Hodges has practically been the vicar during the interregnum. Several causes have contributed to the delay in filling up the vacancy, the primary and chief one being the belated refusal of the Keble College authorities at Oxford to take up the patronage which the Rev. A. W. Ellis-Viner had bequeathed to them, their renunciation being based on an objection to pay the succession duties on the value of the living. But after all, "All's well that ends well," for the right and acceptable clergyman for the Badgeworth people has been secured in the Rev. J. H. Hodges, the Bishop, to whom the patronage had lapsed, having acted on the nomination of him by Mr. A. T. Playne, the late vicar's trustee. Like their neighbours, the Chosen people and the dwellers at Bentham, the Badgeworth folk ought to be joyful now.

The yearly report of the directors of the Gloucester Railway Carriage and Wagon Co. must be very pleasant reading to the shareholders and to the many persons who wish well to the greatest manufactory that the Cathedral city possesses. No inconsiderable number of Cheltonians have large holdings in this gigantic concern, with a share capital of £367,888 10s., upon which the handsome dividend of 7½ per cent. has been paid for several years past. I was talking the other day to a big Cheltenham shareholder about the success of this company, and he in his enthusiasm confidently and persistently claimed that it was originally a Cheltenham business, being a development of that of Shackleford and Co., of Albion-street. My polite contradiction of this statement was of no avail, but I have confirmed it by a reference to the history of the company. It was incorporated at Gloucester in 1860, and was the first manufacturing company under the Joint Stock Acts of 1856 and 1857. The principal promoters were Mr. Richard Potter, Mr. R. Tew Smith (father of Mr. Vassar-Smith, the present chairman), Mr. W. Nicks, and Mr. E. Boughton, all of whom are now dead, but their works remain. In fact it never had anything to do with Shacklefords. I observe that the directors are now proposing, with a view to carry on the com-

pany's business more economically and efficiently and to enlarge the area of its operations, to alter the articles of association so that they can "manufacture in any part of the world." They are doubtless well advised in getting this power, but I hope it will be a very long time, if ever, before the G.R.C. and W. Co. manufacture elsewhere than in Gloucestershire. That their goods may continue to go to the uttermost parts of the world is my fervent wish.

The vital statistics of the last quarter ending June 30th for Gloucestershire are not without features of special interest for the general public. Cheltenham and the Westbury-on-Severn Unions have the lowest rate of mortality, tying with 11.8 per thousand, or four points less than in the previous quarter. Stroud is again the highest, with 21.9, or exactly the same figure. This union has also the lowest birth rate, namely 18.3, while Cirencester and Cheltenham come next, the former with 21.4 and the latter with 23.0. Tewkesbury was the most prolific, with 29.0. In the Frampton-on-Severn and Redmarley districts no infantile death was recorded. Cheltenham, Westbury-on-Severn, and Bisley had the lowest rate, but Charlton Kings is again among the places for the highest rates of infant mortality. The zymotic death rate for the whole country was 1.2, but in Cheltenham it was only 0.2, and none in Stroud. No fewer than 13 districts were entirely free from deaths from "zymotic." "Healthy Gloucestershire" is still its title.

Referring to a note a week or two ago, I regret to find that I overstated the price paid by the Yeomanry for the use of the Seven Springs Rifle Range. The information I then received somewhat misled me. The real fact is the Yeomanry have had free use of the range for practice, but a charge is made for the musketry course. My remarks did not bear the construction that the charge was not a fair and reasonable one by the owners of the range, who, I know, have been at considerable expense to provide and keep it going. I complimented the Volunteers on their enthusiasm in travelling considerable distances, involving personal expense and loss of time, to practice shooting. I have contended from time to time that it is the duty of H.M. Government to provide free of charge to our citizen soldiers facilities to learn how to shoot.

GLENER.

The death occurred at Lyndhurst, Hampshire, on Tuesday, of Mary, Countess of Galloway, half-sister of the Marquis of Salisbury.

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 136th competition is Mr. W. N. Unwin, Dowdeswell Court, with his Cotswold Hound pictures.

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

The 47th competition did not fill.

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 29th competition is Miss A. Despard, of Undercliff, Leckhampton, for her report of the sermon by the Rev. M. Urquhart at Leckhampton Church on Sunday morning.

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

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

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.

PRICE OF BREAD.

A Leeds correspondent states that the bakers of Leeds anticipate having to advance the prices of bread in the city during the next week. Had they possessed a powerful trades organisation like Glasgow, Liverpool, and Birmingham they would have added a halfpenny to the 4lb. loaf some time ago, but the dread of successful competition has caused them to defer taking such a step until moved by sheer economic necessity. Leeds, the local bakers declare, is the cheapest town in England for bread. In Glasgow a 4lb. loaf now costs 6d., in Liverpool one cannot be bought under 5½d., but in Leeds the 4lb loaf is still offered at 5d.

THE SUNDAY CORNER.

When the sailors heave the anchor, they start a song, to the music of which they keep time. When a regiment marches to battle, the band plays martial airs to stimulate and strengthen the men. When the machinery of daily occupation runs smoothly and without friction, the wheels must be well oiled with cheerfulness. "Give us, oh, give us," cried Carlyle, "the man who sings at his work! Be his occupation what it may, he is equal to any of those who follow the same pursuit in silent sullenness. He will do more in the same time, he will do it better, he will persevere longer. Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness; altogether past calculation the power of endurance!" The task may be heavy and full of drudgery, but if it be fulfilled in a brave and cheerful spirit, it will lose the greyness of its monotony, and shine with new lustre. The dull day grows bright and the dreary burden grows light with the coming of cheerfulness.

Journey on with smiling face and aching heart. Heaven is thy reward—a prize worth winning

Lord Kelvin, one of the world's most distinguished scientists, was approached by a pompous young "would-be scientist," who asked him which one of all his discoveries he considered to be the most valuable. The unexpected reply was: "I think that to me the most valuable of all the discoveries I have ever made was when I discovered my Saviour in Jesus Christ."

Great sorrow and brief joy is man's lot here below—but what of that? Life is but transitory!

The Gospel to be effective must be preached with simplicity of thought and wording. But if there is anything discouraging to a young preacher, it is the knowledge that in spite of this very simplicity which he is reaching after, his hearers will at first fail to appreciate him. Just as the old Scotch woman who went to hear the famous Dr. Chalmers, remarked, in a disappointed tone: "Why, I could understand everything he said! I don't call him a great preacher!" It is strange, but it is true, that very many persons will mistake simplicity for mental inability, and naturalness for want of expression.

There is no life perfect—no, not one, man being but a weak creature at his best.

It is safe to assume that this world, and all the other worlds and suns, and all the creations placed upon the earth and upon the other worlds, were created for some purpose. Man appeared upon the earth in a much lower condition than he is at present. Gradually he has risen in intelligence and ability until he has accomplished marvellous works. But the time is coming when man will disappear from the earth, and when the earth will sustain no form of life whatever. Thus we ask, What was all this done for? What was the purpose of the Creator in forming the earth, and then in causing all life upon the earth to disappear, and all record of life of man to disappear and everything to be as though mankind had never existed? Here, writes the editor of an American contemporary, is a thought for the philosopher to consider. It seems to me an argument in favour of the immortality of the soul of mankind. It does not seem reasonable that God would create the earth and man, developing man into that which he is at present, and that which he may be, and then destroy mankind and wipe him off the face of the earth for ever, if there were not a future life. This is a passing thought, and we leave it to you to think over.

Circumstances draw out the inner man. The true dominating spirit comes to the surface in testing relations. Conditions serve to reveal what a man really is. This appears in the business and social as well as in the religious world.



Archway forming entrance to Farmhill Park, Stroud.

The residence of C. P. Allen, Esq., M.P.

The tablets over centre of arch bear the following inscriptions:—Outside, all cut in capitals: "Erected to commemorate the abolition of slavery in the British Colonies. The First of August, A.D., MDCCCXXXIV." Inside: "Dedit deos libertatem detor deo gloria."

A fine view of Rodborough Fort may be seen through the arch from the drive.

Photo by Mr. Sydney A. Smith, 15 Dagmar-road, Tivoli, Cheltenham.

A contented mind is the greatest gift a man can have, and yet how few there are who possess it.

Do men defeat God's plans? Very often we are told by clergymen that wicked men defeat the plans of our Creator. There are clergymen who claim to know very much about God's plans. Preachers have been known to claim almost infinite knowledge in regard to God and His plans. These men should be more humble. Man compared with God is too insignificant to be mentioned. It is not possible for any man to know very much of God and His plans. Is it not folly, then, for any man to claim that wicked men, or even good men can change the plans of God? God's plans are impregnable; they are sure to be executed. Can man stop the tides of the ocean? Can man stop the rising of the sun, or its setting? Can man stop the revolutions of the earth? No! Neither can man change any of God's plans.

Up the cold, snowy, rugged path of purity must you climb if you would ascend the mountain where the soul may commune with God. There is no other way for lost Innocence to regain lost Truth.

Let us never forget that the great work itself we want done is, after all, not done by men but by God Himself, using or not using men as seems to Him good; and therefore that always our most effectual working will be prayer to Him that He may be pleased Himself to work. A single prayer offered in secret to Almighty God by some devout soul, unknown to the world, can effect more than our most elaborate articles or brilliant and stirring editorials. God loves the simple and humble, and will do anything for them. The times are dreadful, the dangers are thick and threatening. Let us betake ourselves to prayer as the surest and speediest remedy.

AN ANTIDOTE TO CARE.

Think that the grass upon thy grave is green;
Think that thou seest thine own empty chair,
The empty garments thou wast wont to wear,
The empty room where long thy haunt has been;
Think that the lane, the meadow, and the wood,
And mountain summit feel thy feet no more,
Nor the loud thoroughfare, nor the sounding shore;
All mere blank space where thou thyself hast stood.
Amid this thought-created silence say
To thy stripped soul, What am I now, and where?
Then turn and face the petty, narrowing care
Which has been gnawing thee for many a day,
And it will die as dies a wailing breeze
Lost in the solemn roar of bounding seas.
—JAMES SMETHAM.

Ruskin's Creed.—I trust in the living God, Father, Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth and of all things and creatures visible and invisible. I trust in the kindness of His law and the goodness of his work. I will strive to love Him and keep His law and see His work while I live. I trust in the nobleness of human nature, in the majesty of its faculties, the fulness of its mercy, and the joy of its love. And I will strive to love my neighbour as myself, and, even when I cannot, will act as if I did. I will not kill or hurt any living creature needlessly, nor destroy any beautiful thing, but will strive to save and comfort all gentle life and guard and perfect all natural beauty on earth. I will strive to raise my own body and soul daily into all the higher powers of duty and happiness, not in rivalry or contention with others, but for the help, delight, and honour of others and for the joy and peace of my own life.

THE CHELTENHAM CHRONICLE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE GRAPHIC

ART AND LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

No. 139.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1903.

THEATRE & OPERA HOUSE, CHELTENHAM.

THIS AFTERNOON AND EVENING:
"A MESSENGER BOY."

NEXT WEEK (First Time in Cheltenham),
MISS IDA MOLESWORTH IN THE
NEW PLAY,
"A SAILOR'S SWEETHEART."
TIMES AND PRICES AS USUAL.

Chandos Grammar School, Winchcombe, near Cheltenham.

An Excellent Education. Home Comforts. Careful Training.
Highest References from Parents of Past and Present Boarders.
Moderate Fees. Charming Neighbourhood. NEXT TERM
BEGINS SEPT. 15th.—Apply to
T. C. WEBB, Headmaster.

Eaton House, Wellington Street.

Girls' School and Kindergarten.

Principal—MISS LLOYD

At home September 10th and 14th.

The Term begins on Tuesday, September 15th.

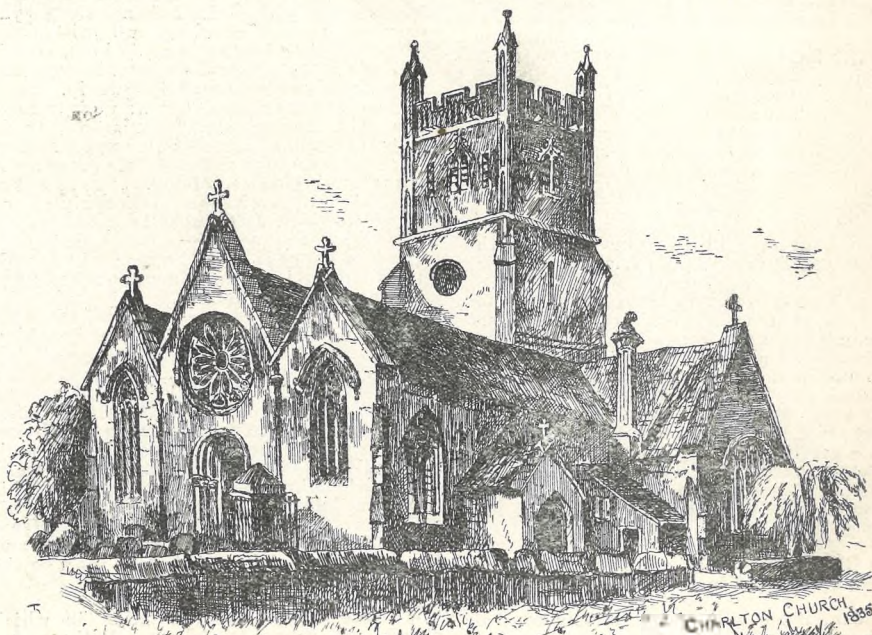
VACANCIES FOR TWO BOARDERS.

Prospectus on Application.

REAL AND SHAM ROCKS.

Sir Thomas Lipton and a friend, after having lunch at a club in New York, were wending their way through Fifty-first-street towards Madison-avenue. At the north-east corner of St. Patrick's Cathedral they stopped to examine a deep excavation then being made in the ledge of rocks upon which the church stands. Half a dozen steam drills were energetically at work preparing the spot for the masons who are soon to begin work upon the contemplated addition to the edifice. So refractory was the rock that the drill holes were put in but about three inches apart that light charges might be used in blasting without impairing the safety of the high structure adjoining. After examining the work for two or three minutes the friend remarked: "Those are good, solid, honest rocks easily enough; there is no imitation about them."

"Yes," assented Sir Thomas; "good old St. Patrick—peace to his soul—never built his churches except upon firm foundations. I doubt if ever he would have placed the same reliance upon Shamrocks that I do."—
"T. A. T."



Sketch of Charlton Church before Restoration.

Drawn by W. Thorne, Charlton Kings.

THE KILLED AND WOUNDED IN INDUSTRY.

It is strange that notwithstanding all the legislation and inspection industrial accidents do not as a rule decrease in numbers. Some years may be better than others, but any improvement is generally met in a year or two by a reversion, to say nothing of new requirements causing an apparent increase. In some cases they clearly decrease in rate owing to more persons being employed every year. In coal mining the annual number of killed remains at about 1,100, as it did in 1851, but the number of men employed is four times as large as it was fifty years ago, so that the danger has been reduced to a fourth of what it was then. And there are good reasons for supposing that similar improvement has occurred in other industries, the apparent increase being due not only to the increased number of workers, but to employers, in order to be on the safe side, reporting many things formerly thought unworthy of mention. Really it must be so. It cannot be supposed that workers are more careless than they used to be, or that all the efforts for their protection are of no avail. It is notorious that in scores of factories the machines are now boxed in as if they were clocks, and not only is this fencing applied to those previously in work, but the new machines are mostly so designed by the makers as to comply with the new conditions.—"The Leisure Hour."

RAILWAY DEVELOPMENT IN CANADA.

There are five large railway enterprises at present either actually begun in Ontario or which will be actively prosecuted in the immediate future. Each one of these roads will have an immediate and important result in opening up vast stretches of unsettled country in New Ontario. Three of these roads are "Clergue Roads," viz. the Canada Central Railway, the Algoma Central, and the Manitoulin and North Shore Railway. The other two railway projects are the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario road, now being built by the Ontario Government, and the Quebec to Winnipeg line, under the auspices of the Federal Government. The next five years will probably see the completion of all five roads, and secure the development of the vast agricultural and mineral resources of Northern Ontario. These five pending railway schemes, says the "Toronto News," are fraught with the utmost importance to Ontario, and are an augury of the rapid progress that is bound to take place in Northern Ontario during the next decade.

Major J. S. Hobbs, recently promoted in the Gloucestershire Regiment is expected to do duty with the Second Battalion in South Africa.

THE SUNDAY CORNER.

Weeds always grow faster than fruits.

Learn to take the little sweetnesses and pleasant thing of life as you go, and do not be in haste to go further, promising to enjoy the first things upon the edge as you return. It may be impossible to find them again. And when a bright little opportunity blossoms as you pass, stop to pluck and use it. You may not pass that way again.

When Grace teaches, the face preaches.

The great sin, and the great misery of man, is the forgetting of God; and the great end and use of His works and of His word is, to teach us the right remembrance and consideration of Him in all estates.—ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON.

We must answer for our riches, but our riches cannot answer for us.

Let us not bother others with our troubles. Most people have enough of their own. The one who bears in silence without complaint is a true hero. If there ever comes a time when we really have to disappoint some one, do it in a kindly way so as not to hurt their feelings, remembering a time when we were disappointed. Thus we can bring into our own lives, as well as others, good cheer. If there does come a time when clouds hang thick and dark, and the future seems hopeless, let us remember and believe better times are coming.

When you have killed your enemy with kindness you have created a friend.

There is no citizen who is such a menace to society, says a famous American, as the educated and successful scoundrel, who has no moral ballast and who is guided by no higher consideration than that of personal gain and advancement. The youth of our country must realise that smartness is not the first or the highest thing to be achieved. Parents must in all sincerity awaken to the thought that it is better that their children be fair in their dealings, and honest and truthful, than that they should be marked or distinguished for particular intelligence and brightness.

The Christian is safe in the world, so long as the world is not in the Christian.

We can, if we will, so completely control our thoughts as to be able to clear the mind of all gloom, anger, selfish or resentful thoughts, and never allow a grudge toward any one to remain in our hearts over night. In this way we can carry good cheer with us at all times, and be ready to cheer and comfort the pathway of those about us.

The flight of time ought to remind us of the coming of the time of our flight.

The secret of a quiet heart which is by no means equivalent to a torpid one—is to keep ever near God. Stayed on him, we shall not be shaken, and our "hearts shall be fixed, trusting in the Lord." We get above the fogs when we soar to God, and circumstances in their wildest whirl will not suck us into the vortex if we are holding by Him and know that He is at our right hand.—Alexander M'Laren.

He who has nothing to do in this world but to amuse himself has got the hardest job on hand.

Every evil and wasteful habit draws upon our strength and resources without making any proper return. On the other hand, every task faithfully done, every responsibility manfully borne in the path of duty, steadies us, like well-bestowed ballast. There are loads that help as well as loads that hinder. These we should cheerfully take up, and those resolutely cast off.

There can be no union between singleness of heart and doubleness of mind.

Let gratitude for the past inspire you with trust for the future. Be persuaded, timid soul, that God has loved you too much to cease loving you. Do not mistrust Him. Remember that He is the Father of mercies and the God of all consolation. He sometimes takes away His consolations from us, but His mercy ever remains.

It is well to have an aim in life, but we must expect to use up some ammunition before we hit it.

If you want to be miserable you must think about yourself, about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay you, and then to you nothing will be pure. You will spoil everything you touch, you will make sin and misery for yourself out of everything which God sends you; you will be as wretched as you choose.

When a sincere seeker reaches the station of doubt it is always safe to tell him to drive right on.

Joy is the natural and inevitable outcome of intercourse with God. It is not simply the assurance that bye-and-bye all will come right; it is the discovery that to know God is to be glad. Our greatest earthly joys are drawn from sweet human fellowship. Some people are so dear to us that we went to have them about us not simply because they do things for us or lighten our responsibility, but because we love them. Their presence is an unchanging source of joy. . . . Above all is this the case in the relationship of the soul to God.—R. J. Campbell.

It often happens that the man who spends all his energy in groans in prayer has none left for growth in practice.

In the Rev. Dr. Cuyler's study at Brooklyn hangs a portrait of Henry Drummond, the biologist and theologian, looking, as the Doctor says in his "Recollections of a Long Life," "just as he did on that stormy evening when he came into my library a few hours after his arrival from Scotland. I still recall his reply to me in Edinburgh, when I cautioned him against permitting his scientific duties to spiritualise his activities. 'Never you fear,' said he. I am too busy in trying to save young men; and the only way to do that is to lead them to the Lord Jesus Christ.'"

We are always making paths in which others are prone to follow. Fathers, remember that you are making paths which your sons will follow in the future. Mothers, your daughters will walk in the paths you make.

That religion was a protection against worldly evils was the topic of a sermon of the Rev. Dudley Osterheld, of Brooklyn, N.Y., U.S.A., in the course of which he said: Just how we know God we cannot tell, but the idea is there and we can't get rid of it. The idea which we have accomplished most astounding results. It teaches us to develop intellectually. We feel that the beauties of Nature are the manifestations of the mind of God, and we are inspired to study, to know Him. It teaches us to develop spiritually; to love, to perfect the heart. . . . It taught me to be honourable and clean, to use good language and not bad. It taught me to look neat. It taught some to quit the drunkard's life and provide for their home. It taught some to steal no more and live in freedom and not behind the bars. It brought families together and healed all differences. It gives to all a peace that is beyond comprehension. Since religion converts and sweetens, let us have more of it, and if it is called a deception then let us be deceived.

Have a heart that never hardens, a temper that never tires, and a touch that never hurts.—Dickens.

Louis Pasteur, the celebrated French chemist, was one of the great modern scientists who refused to bow the knee to the

materialistic philosophy which would deny the existence of God. He stated his views as follows: "Posterity will one day laugh at the foolishness of the modern materialistic philosophers. The more I study nature, the more I stand amazed at the works of the Creator. I pray while I am engaged in my work in the laboratory."

Worry not. Things come as they will. God knoweth best!

Sorrows, joys, worries, troubles, all look so differently when we see in them God's will—not our will, not anybody else's fault, or our own mistakes—simply this is God's will for me, this is what He has given me to do, this is what He has given me to bear.—Mrs. MARSHALL.

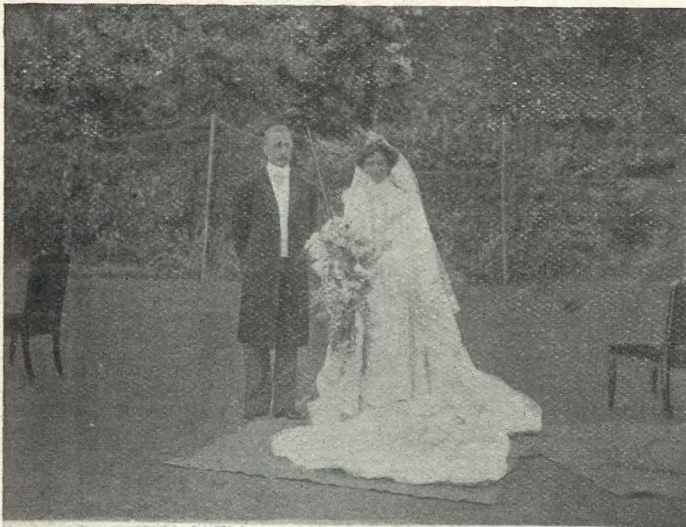
Life is too brief for bitterness.

There can be no true happiness where God is unknown.

The night is day for us when God is in our hearts, and the day is night for us when He is not there.

THE AMERICAN PRESIDENCY.

A writer in the current number of the "Forum," in an article on American politics, says:—No one will now question the certain nomination of President Roosevelt by acclamation. He has shown himself a most Conservative ruler; he has done nothing hastily. The predictions, freely made at the time of Mr. Roosevelt's accession to office, that he would soon have business unsettled and the country plunged into war, have not been realised. There has been a continuation of unwarlike prosperity. Our foreign relations have been peacefully and, in fact, most amicably maintained. From every point of view, President Roosevelt is entitled to be his party's candidate. The Republicans of Pennsylvania, under Senator Quay's leadership, have already formally declared for him in State convention. If any doubt remained as to his popularity and strength, it must have been effectually removed when the recent Ohio episode came to its climax. To rehearse this situation briefly, it may be stated that Senator Foraker announced that, in his opinion, the President should be formally endorsed by the Ohio State Republican convention. Senator Hanna, on the other hand, argued that the endorsement should be made next spring, on the eve of the national convention. Instantly there was a great outcry as to the relative merits of the two propositions. Mr. Foraker and his friends shouted aloud for immediate endorsement; Mr. Hanna and his followers were equally determined that the convention should adjourn without acting. Politicians stood wondering how the affair could ever reach a happy culmination, when suddenly, out of the far West, came the clarion voice of the President. He spoke with no uncertain sound; he left no doubt as to his personal desire. His utterance, brief but emphatic, was as follows:—"I have not asked any man for his support. I have had nothing whatever to do with raising the issue as to my endorsement. Sooner or later it was bound to arise, and inasmuch as it has now arisen, of course those who favour my administration and nomination will endorse them, and those who do not will oppose them." The air cleared in an instant. Senator Hanna, whose action was not at any time prompted by antagonism to the President, at once yielded, and the convention unanimously adopted an unqualified endorsement. Mr. Roosevelt's prestige increased with tremendous force; and in a few days Senator Fairbanks, who had been harbouring presidential ambitions, announced that Indiana was overwhelmingly for Roosevelt. His remark, although a simple statement of the truth, was significant because it indicated that the leaders were reluctantly, but surely, beginning to understand the real sentiment of the people toward Mr. Roosevelt. He is immensely popular, except possibly in Wall-street; and his very lack of popularity in that location endears him all the more to the great masses of the people.



Marriage of Mr. L. P. Jackson and Miss Elsie Cox.

St. Luke's Church, Cheltenham, August 18, 1903.

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| 1. The Bride and Bridegroom. | 3. Church Decorated for Wedding. |
| 2. Garden Party at Thirsteine Hall. | 4. Table laid for Wedding Breakfast. |

Photos by George Grant, Cheltenham.

A FAMOUS REGIMENT.

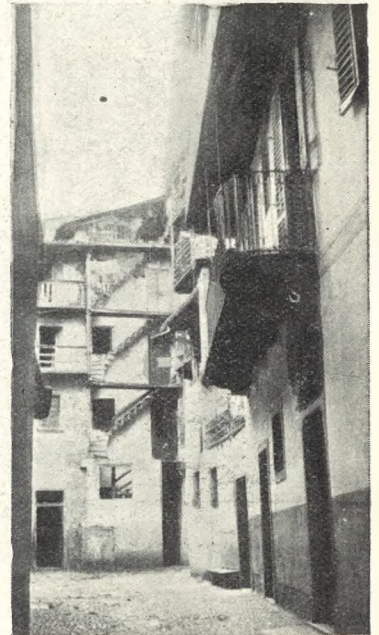
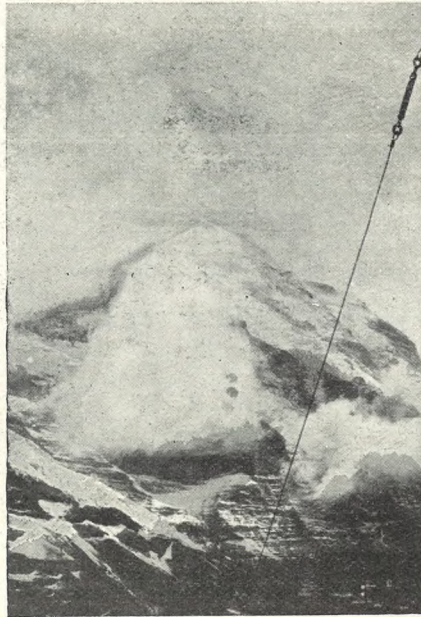
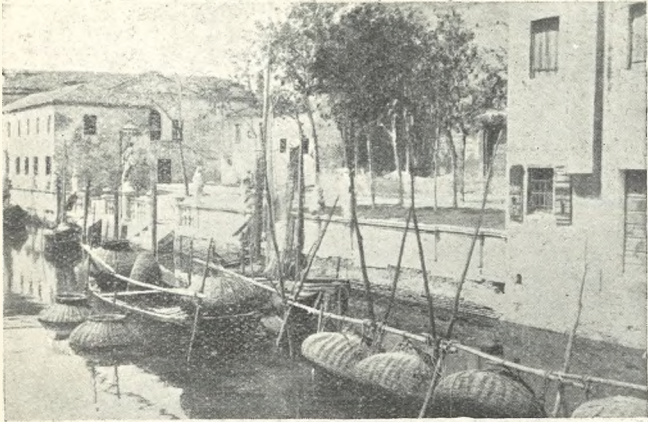
An interesting history of the Lothian Regiment (Royal Scots) which has just lost its Colonel, Sir Edward Andrew Stuart, by death, is given in the "Glasgow Herald." The regiment, says the article, which is the oldest in the British Army, traces its descent from the Scottish Volunteers who served in the armies of Christian of Denmark and Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden in the Thirty Years' War, and whose survivors were formed into a regiment in the French service in 1635, with Sir John Hepburn as their colonel. For twenty-six years it remained in that service, fighting in the victories of Conde and Turenne, till in 1661 Charles II. sent for the Regiment Douglas, as it was then styled, and gave it the rank in the British Army which, in spite of some periods of French service during his reign, it has held to the present day. No regiment has a longer or more distinguished record. The Royal Scots have fought in Tangier and at Sedgemoor, at Steinkirk and Landon, in all the victories of Marlborough, at the taking of Louisbourg, and in the battles

among the sandhills of Egmont op Zee and the Egyptian coast at Aboukir and Alexandria. It served through the great war in the Peninsula, from Corunna to the blockade of Bayonne, and did its duty as part of Picton's Division at Quatre Bras and Waterloo. One of its battalions was engaged in the defence of Canada against the United States in 1812-14, and the other, in India, had a share in the Pindaree War and the first invasion of Burmah. Both battalions were in the Crimea, the first at Alma and Inkerman, and the second in the unfortunate attack on the Redan. Since then the regiment, the Royal Scots, has served in the Chinese War of 1860 and in our latest struggle in South Africa, when the first battalion was fortunate enough to escape the early disasters and to share in the honours of Wepener and Dewetsdorp. Since 1686 the regiment has been a two-battalion corps, and during the great French war the number of its battalions was temporarily increased to four. Many distinguished soldiers have been among its colonels, and it is notable that no fewer

than five of these have fallen in battle. Its first three colonels were killed during its early French service; but the Duke of Schomberg, who was appointed to its honorary command by William III., was slain in the battle of the Boyne, and his successor, Sir Robert Douglas, fell at Steinkirk while saving the colours of the regiment. Among those who have subsequently held the colonelcy have been the Earl of Orkney, who commanded a British division at Malplaquet; a Duke of Argyll and a Duke of Gordon, the Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria; Lord Lynedoch, the victor of Barossa; Sir James Keppel, a Peninsular and Waterloo veteran; and Sir Edward Blakeney, who at Albuera commanded a battalion of one of the two Fusilier regiments that cleared the "fatal hill."

The honorary degree of Doctor of Music has been conferred on Richard Strauss by the University of Heidelberg, because, as the diploma states, "he occupies the first place among German composers of note."

The Prize Pictures.



SCENES IN ITALY AND SWITZERLAND.

Photos by the Rev. T. S. Tonkinson, Cheltenham.

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| 1. A Back Canal in the Venetian Lagoons, Chioggia. Fish creels. | 2. Chioggia. Main waterway. | 3. Lucerne from the lake. |
| 4. Burano. Children lace making. | 5. The Jung-Frau from Wengern Alp. The wire is on the new railway. | 6. Intra Maggiore. A peep in a side street. An external staircase. |

Gloucestershire Gossip.

Although the great Marquis of Salisbury was scarcely known in Gloucestershire personally—in fact, the only record of his ever having been in the county was during the autumn of 1885, when he merely passed through on the Great Western Railway on his way to and from the Conservative Conference at Newport—two of his lordship's ancestors were Lord High Stewards of Gloucester, namely Lord Burleigh, Lord Treasurer of England, appointed on December 22nd, 1580; and Lord Cecil, afterwards the Earl of Salisbury, on January 6th, 1604. And it is not without interest to point out that the present Premier was spending the first part of the Parliamentary recess golfing in Gloucestershire when he was called away to the deathbed of his uncle, the Marquis, and to attend the funeral of his aunt, at Hatfield, a few hours before the passing of her brother. Moreover, it is a curious coincidence that Lord Salisbury died on the fiftieth anniversary of his first unopposed election as M.P. for the borough of Stamford; and in this political connection I may mention that there

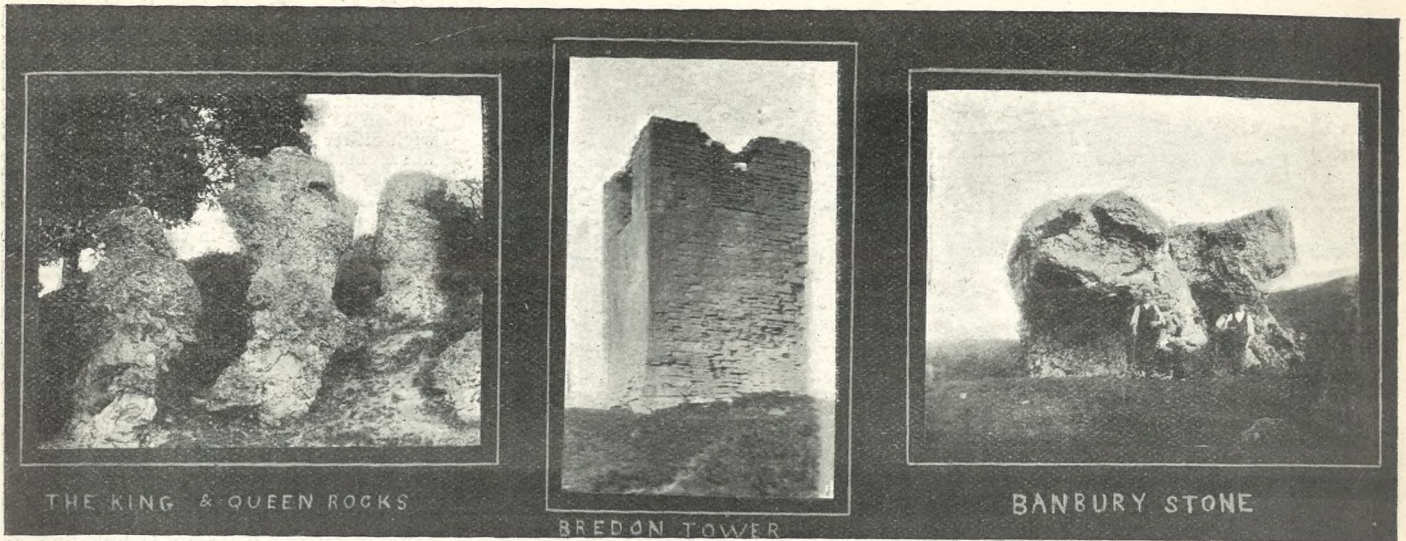
is now living just outside Gloucester Mr. William Buck, who has often referred with pride to the fact that when a youth and living in Stamford he was privileged to take a humble part in securing his lordship's first return to Parliament.

Metaphorically speaking, Gloucester Cross is paved with gold, for within the last few years the limited number of shops within touch of it that have been sold have fetched fabulous prices. The latest record there is £4,725 for a fishmonger's shop standing on an area of 675 square feet, a price equal to £63 a square yard, or a rise of £10 upon the former record, established for a shop just opposite, which the fishmonger in question had prudently bought on Oct. 30th, 1901, in view of his being dispossessed of the other. And some little time before this Mr. Edwinton Green, of Cheltenham, had bought the adjoining premises at £3,000. It appears to me that the Charity Trustees did wisely in selling the fishmonger's shop now that prices are up, for on this capital sum they will get by investing in Consols quite as much return a year as they received in the rent (£120) of the premises. The Trustees, however, have held their "Dolphin" too long, for with the pre-

sent "slump" in licensed houses on it was not such good bait for the public at large as the fishmonger's shop. This inn was withdrawn at £1,675 and yet three or four years ago a smaller beerhouse lower down the street was sold by auction at £2,050. It belonged to the parish of St. John, and the churchwardens never did a better stroke of business than getting rid of an undesirable property, which was let at £25 10s. a year, less out-goings, and now they draw from the investment of the proceeds in Consols more than double that sum, and with no deductions.

Among the Gloucestershire bridegrooms who followed the innovation of starting off on their honeymoons in automobile were the Hon. Ben Bathurst, married last year to Miss Ruby Spencer Churchill; and Mr. W. H. Harford, who married Miss Needham at Badminton a week or two ago. And, although Miss Honor Dutton, who was married to Mr. Clerk at Sherborne last week, did not go away on the fashionable car, it is evident she is going to indulge in the exhilarating pastime later on, for one of the bridegroom's presents to her was a long moleskin coat for motoring.

GLEANER.



BREDON HILL.

Photo by A. E. Lewis, Cheltenham.

Tour of Our Churches.

ST. ANDREW, HAZELTON.

I worshipped under the Rev. Canon Stanton on Sunday morning last, and had an experience which I have not previously met with in my visits to some forty or fifty of our local village churches. I entered the church in good time, and stood a few minutes looking at the building. The clerk was tolling the bell, and no one offered to show me a seat, so I took one. In most of the churches, if I ask the clerk where I can sit, he generally says "Anywhere you like." As the clergyman was donning his surplice, a man with other persons entered the church. Coming to the pew in which I was seated he leant over to me and said "This is a private pew." "All right," I said, taking my presence elsewhere. There was plenty of room, so that he had not the excuse of turning me out because he could not find room for himself and party. The church, however, filled up fairly well, but many came in late.

It was a plain service. The aged rector had a good voice, and read well, especially in the first lesson, I. Kings, xviii., which was very lengthy. The choir was composed entirely of treble voices, a lady leading them at the harmonium. The Psalms were read, and the Canticles were chanted as well as they could be in unison. It seemed a pity some other voices could not be introduced, so as to have a little harmony. The Litany was read, and the Ante-Communion Service gone through, the Kyrie not being at all a pleasing one. The first hymn was seasonable, "Fair waved the golden corn," the hymn before the sermon being "Thine for ever, God of Love."

The preacher took for his text St. Matthew xxviii., 20—"Lo! I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." This was the promise, he said, our blessed Lord made to His Apostles when He bade them teach and baptise all nations in His name. The promise was plain, and the preacher wished to consider it in the two aspects of applying to Christ's ministers and to the lay members of the Church. The Apostles ordained others to follow them, and these in turn ordained still others, and thus had been traced back the authority of Christ's ministers to Jesus Himself. By His authority they preached, taught the young, and administered His Body and Blood. It could only be by the influence of Christ's presence that the Church had stood so long and withstood the persecution at one time hurled against it. His presence would

still be with the Church, and the gates of hell should not prevail against it. "Without Me ye can do nothing," He says. It was a most solemn thing to realise that their bodies were the temples, the dwelling-places of Christ. He dwelt within them and gave them strength. If they thought more of this it would be a great means of keeping them from both inward and outward sin; and while it would keep them from sin, it would make them also humble. The best Christian was always the most humble: he knew how weak his best efforts were, and said, with St. Paul, "It is not I, but Christ that dwelleth in me." No one could have the presence of Christ in his heart without showing it. "By their fruits ye shall know them." Some said it mattered little what they did—they must look to Christ's merits, not to their own. But they must not deceive themselves. Though Christ was their salvation, and it was on Him they must depend, yet they did not believe on Him unless they strove to do what was pleasing in His sight. The presence of God in their hearts was first promised at their baptism. It was the great object of Christ's Church to keep its members within the fold, and it was for this end that the various ordinances and means of grace were appointed, and if any misused or despised them they did it at their peril. Year after year the steps of Christ's life were brought before them, that the truths of His work might be impressed upon them. It was especially for the reason of conveying to them the presence of Christ which He had promised in the Holy Communion of His Body and Blood, that this Blessed Sacrament was ordained. In that service they dwelt with Christ and Christ with them: they were one with Christ and Christ with them. Were not those who neglected that service careless about their souls? The time would surely come when they would repent of their folly and would see the force of their Lord's words, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

St. Andrew's is a small, plain, and, from an antiquarian point of view, uninteresting building. The interior is well appointed in somewhat modern style. The stonework is Norman, and consists of chancel and nave, with two bays opening into a north aisle. It has a good new stone pulpit, and an ancient font—rather out of place amongst its modern surroundings. The walls bear several texts, and there are tablets and brasses and a small stained window as memorials to members of the Minchin family.

CHURCHMAN.

SIR T. LIPTON'S CAREER.

Sir T. Lipton in a sketch of his career written for "Pearson's Weekly" says:

It was many years ago when I first thought of winning the America Cup. I have always been an enthusiastic yachtsman. In the years gone by it was in a small way to be sure, but when fortune began to smile on me, I began to think seriously that it was time for that old mug to make a return voyage across the Atlantic. Not, however, until the rumour that Sir George Newnes was about to issue a challenge did I begin to formulate plans for lifting the cup. I waited patiently until Sir George's plans failed to assume definite shape, and then in a business-like way began the work of preparation. There were difficulties in the way, but I never permit such things to interfere with my plans.

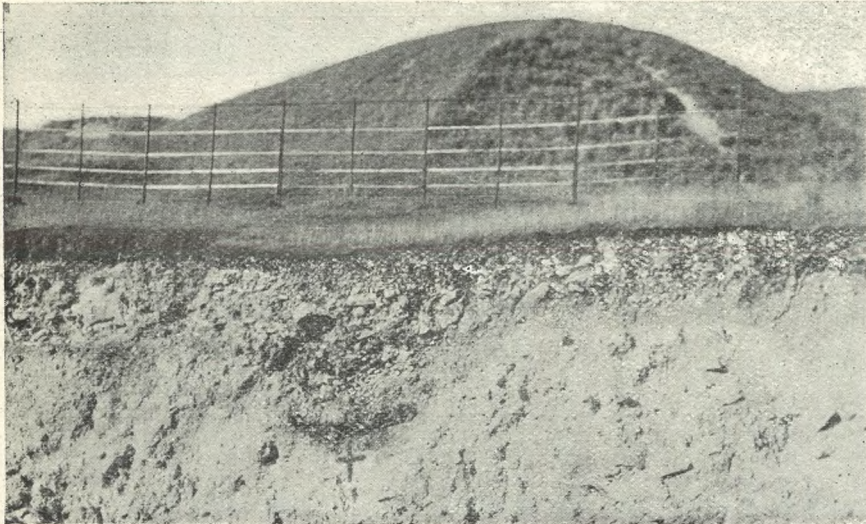
From the smoking-room of the Erin I look out upon the waters of the bay, and see my fleet anchored around, and I think of the first time I saw New York from the ocean. I was little Tommy Lipton then, a poor boy, who had attempted as a stowaway to reach the Eldorado of the New World. When I passed inside the lightship which will mark the beginning of the greatest yacht race of the century in a few days I was in the stoke-hole of a dirty tramp steamship shovelling coal.

To-day I own this yacht, two of the fastest racing yachts in the world, a great tug as large as a small ocean steamship, and charter as many more vessels, as I need them as tenders for my racers. I am contesting for the possession of the most noted sporting trophy in the world, and representing one of the greatest nations on the globe.

The eyes of that nation are, figuratively, on me and my yacht, while the best wishes of all Britons follow every movement of that beautiful craft riding at anchor within a cable's length of me. I know we shall have a fair race, and fully appreciate the honours that have fallen upon me. The two greatest nations upon earth join me in saying, may the best boat win.

It is announced that the Japanese mails are now being forwarded to Europe by the Siberian Railway.

Several students of philosophy at a Japanese university allowed their minds to become uninged by over-study and "inability to fathom the universe." One committed suicide, and his example was presently followed by eight others.



Pit Dwelling of Prehistoric Man on Cleeve Hill.

Photo by S. J. Oliver, Cheltenham.

In a gravel pit near the King's Beeches on Cleeve Hill a quantity of prehistoric remains has been unearthed. The photograph shows what is supposed by some local geologists and antiquaries to be a pit dwelling of prehistoric man. The base of the pit (indicated by a cross) was composed principally of burnt wood or charcoal. Above this was

gravel and oolitic limestone, in which were found bones and teeth, which are being sent to an authority at Oxford to determine whether they formed part of animals now extinct. Among the finds adjacent to the pit dwelling were fragments of pottery, a corn mill and corn crushers, sling stones, etc.



Conservative Benefit Society & Foresters' Church Parade.

BIRDLIP, AUGUST 16, 1903.

- | | |
|----------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. The Committee. | 3. Mitcheldean Band. |
| 2. Benefit Society Banner. | 4. Foresters' Banner. |

Photos by Mr. Brown Constable, Birdlip.

The expelled French Carthusian monks have settled in Belgium, where they have bought an old abbey.

The Prussian Government, with a view to preparing fresh legislation affecting motor-cars, has ordered statistics to be compiled of all accidents in which horseless vehicles take part.

Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal policy and Labour representation in Parliament will be discussed at the Trade Union Congress, which opens at Leicester on September 7th.

Mr. Samuel Briddon, who has controlled the rolling stock section of the goods department of the Midland Railway for forty-three years, retired on Monday.

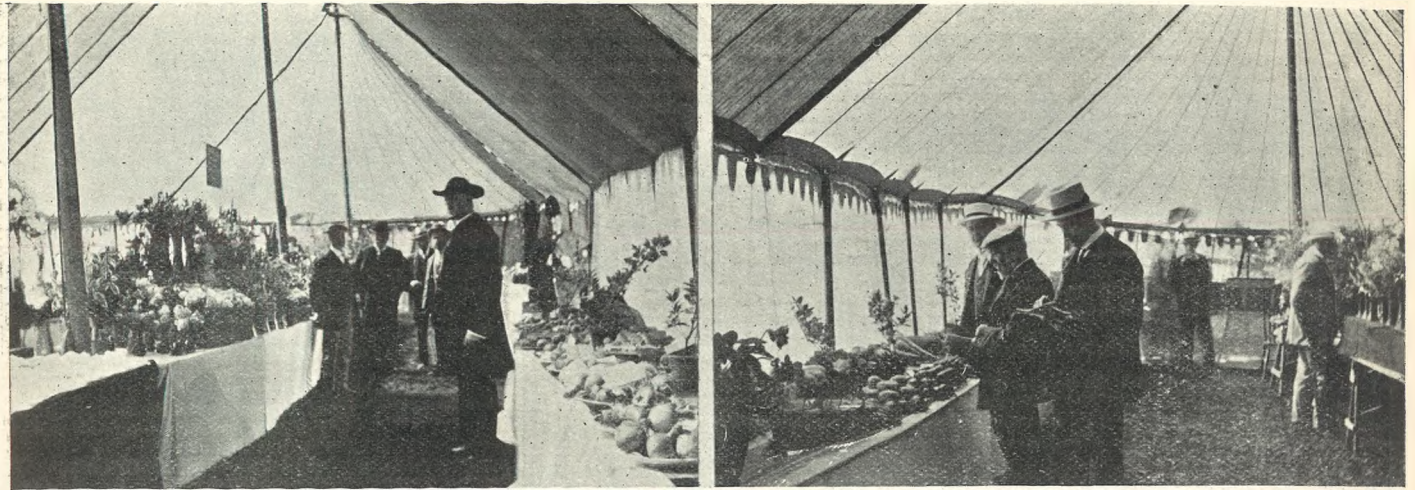
"Selina Jenkins" Letters.

SELINA JENKINS AT SYMONDS YAT.

However, as I was a sayin' last week (when me fountain pen run dry, as is a sort of invention I 'aven't never took to, not meself, wich either the hink comes out like a water-works broke loose or else you can't get the plagney thing to make not so much as a full-stop without shaking it, and blowing through it, and all sorts of fagaries, as wasn't never the case in the time of the good old quill pens, wich could be heard a-riting as well as seen)—as I was a sayin', me and Mary Ann Tompkins and Amos, not to mention Sophy Gwendoline and Eric Bertie (wich is very pretty names, don't you think?) was all on the way to Symonds Yat by egscursion train.

So to make a long story short, after 'aving narrerly escaped being tooked on to Hereford through not understanding the langwidge the name of the station was called out in to Ross, we at last arrives at Symonds's Yat station, wich consists of 3 or 4 flower beds and a very tidy lot of railings on the beach, or what you call it, of the Y river. Right down below you the river is bubbling and squeaking in its rocky bed, and on every 'and is trees and rocks in great perfusion, regardless of egspense. The inhabitants of the town of Symonds's Yat all come out to meet us, numbering 32 beings, three dogs, and 16 fowls, and was very affable in 'olding the gate open as we passed through, and sich like and so forth, not to mention 'anding us a number of cards from wich we gleaned that Symonds's Yat is noted for its boating. I don't know that I should say as they boatmen was very backward in coming forward, wich one of the young chaps, as soon as ever I asked the simple question, "Wot time do the next boat sail?" jest whipped off Sophy and Eric and reglar hustled me and Amos down into a little thing of a boat jest below without so much as "by yer leave." I never caught me breath enuff to egspress me indergeneration until we was yards from the beach, when I turns on the skipper chap and I asks 'im wot he do mean by his imperence, as simply said "bizness was bizness, and I said 'boat,' anyhow, as was good enuff for him, wich if we didn't like it on board we could get out and walk." So Amos, being of a easy going disposition, persuades me to bottle up me hanger and look at the scenery, wich was very tidy, that I will say, and reminded me of the waterfall down to Pittville Park, only more larger like. The skipper took us down along the river until we come to a place where the water was all of a shake through rushing over some stones and things, as were that wobbly I were certain sure we was going to be tipped out of the thing, as Amos said were mere nervousness on my part, not but wot I noticed he did look a bit white about the gills, as the sayin' is; but, of course, you know, I can't abear cold water, and as for its being just as dangerous in trains and sich like if you be tipped out of a train on dry land—well, there you are! But if you be tipped out of a boat into the raging deep, where are you? That's wot I says about it.

'Oweomdever, we struggles through the rapids somehow, the skipper poking us along with a stick, and sails down to a place they calls the Slaughter and another one called the Drippin' Well. I spose Mr. Symonds, as done the Yat must 'ave been in the butchery trade, 'aving a Slaughter House and a wall to store drippin' in so 'andy to one another; not that I've ever 'eard of a Drippin' Well, although I don't see why they shouldn't 'ave sich jist so much as a Ice Well, as a very useful institution, too, wich a bit of drippin' always comes in 'andy when you wants shortenin' for the cakes or somethink to fry a few potato-chips in! 'Owever, I will say I didn't see no drippin' there, nor rct no "well" neither, not meself; I were so content on balancing this 'ere equipage as we was floatin' in, and estimatin' the likely depth of the water I 'adn't got no eyes for nothink else, and every time Gwendoline or Eric Bertie moved about I thought we was over certain sure. The skipper-fellow got a bit more talkative after we give 'im one of



PRESTBURY FLOWER SHOW.

Photos by W. Slatter, Cheltenham.

our 'am sandwiches, so I askes 'im to be "speshull and careful," wich wot would 'appen if me letters to the "Chronicle" was to suddenly sieze I couldn't think, besides wich there was they 2 young children, as always screamed when they was bathed in cold water, not to speak of Amos and the 'am sandwiches, wich was a lot too precious to be wasted! So this 'ere skipper said 'is boat 'ad been patternized by Mayors and Corporations and the butler to the Duke of Somebody or Other for years and never 'adn't tipped anybody hout, wich so long as there were a lady of my weight and position in life on board we was all perfectly safe, me acting for baliast to the rest. 'Owver, we decides not to go hup they dreadful rapids again, so we lands amongst a terrible lot of stingin-nettles and bramles as big as plum-trees, under a wood. The settlin' hup for the boat sail was rather a awkward job, wot with Eric Bertie 'avin' been stang on both legs with the nettles, and Amos 'avin' stepped into a mud-hole very near hup to 'is knees, an' 'is best trousers on, too. The charge was hegstortionate; but we was only too glad to be released from sudden death as we expected every minute in that there boat; so Amos tells me its all the fashion now to camp hout by the river under a tent; wich, not likin' to be hout of the fashion, we rigs hup my umberella, as is a hextry fine size, bein' the one Aunt Maria left me in 'er will, and we gets out 'he vittles, spreads a couple of 'anderchiefs on the ground for a tablecloth, and lays hout the bananas and 'am sandwiches, and bottles of milk and cold tea, as looked very 'andy and nice there under the shade of the trees, with notwink but ourselves in sight for miles, so it seemed. All went well for a time, 'ceps Sophy Gwendoline 'avin' swallered a hextry lot of mustard, as I'd put into one of the sandwiches in me haste, and Eric Bertie 'avin' bit 'is tongue, wich is a trick he's always doin', and makes 'im very angry in a loud tone of voice. Well, then, the flies begin to 'ave a look in at our little "camp-out"; I should think them flies passed the word round somehow, that there was somethink to eat there, for you believe me you couldn't 'ardly see for millions of flies, wich was so thick round Amos he did look like one of they sticky fly-paper advertisements. Worse than that, we found we was in dangerous unanimity (wich is the word, I think) to a wopse's nest, and wot with them and the flies it sounded like the High-street electric lamps when they be first turned on of a night! But the climacks come when all of a suddint both me and Amos feel sich a nip on different parts of our system, as words can't express not in decent langwidge, and wot do you think we'd gone and done?—why, we'd actually sat down on top of a hant-'ill, and such hants as you never saw! very near

like young cock-roaches, as must 'ave been the sort the Wise Men told the sluggard to go to, wich I know jist a gentle reminder or two such as we 'ad would make any sluggard consider 'is ways and be a good deal wiser! Any'ow, I know we was, when we'd pulled the little varmint away from our systems, bit by bit, as 'olds on like grim death if they once gets a footing, bein' real British hants all over.

After this 'ere "ow-de-do," we come to the inclusion there wasn't much in "campin' out" and sich like, as is all very well in story books, but as for sleepin' hout with the hants and the wopses and other creepin' things—well, let them as likes it do it, but give me "ome, sweet 'ome," if its only a cow-shed!

'Aving some time to spare yet, we pulls ourselves together and climbs hup to the Yat, being a piece of rock of a very high nature, from wich you can see 2 4 3 counties, so they say, with the naked eye-ball; with a telescope you can discover the cliffs of Dover and the trees in Dean Forest of a fine day. I looked all about, but I couldn't see one county, not meself, not being different colours with a dotted line round like they be on the maps of England. 'Owver, it's a very 'and-some view from the top, and there was several phottygraffers taking snapshots of me and the scenery. One of 'em promised to send me tae finished pictur, being the 73rd as 'ave made me a similar promise, and not one ever kept 'is word yet. That's jist a little way they 'ave, though. While we was there, there come hup a Choir Houting of young fellows and girls from somewehers about, wich was very larky in their manners, and as jolly as crickets, laffing and joking regardless, interspersed with hymn tunes wich they did sing between each frolick jist to keep the balance even, so I 'spose. Then there was a professional gentleman singing comic songs at the back, accompanied with the fairy bells, and wot with that and the hymns we 'ad a very 'andsome time of it altogether.

I considers the Yat's a noble institution. It 'ave stood the test of time 'avin' been discovered by the Angcient Romans and the Cave Bears. Long may it continuing to exist, says I; and as for that there Symond's—in spite of the boatmen and the hants and wopses and flies—I considers he did a valleyble piece of work in leaving sich a hegcellent piece of work to bear his name down to his ancestors. The only things as ought to be altered to make it a 'Eaven below is them hants, etcettery, also the charges, wich they do say at one of the hotels they charges so much a warble for the warbling of the nightingales, and so much a 'rip' for the rippling of the river.

SELINA JENKINS.

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 137th competition is the Rev. T. S. Tonkinson, of 15 Pittville-villas, Cheltenham, with his Italian and Swiss scenes.

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

The winner of the 48th competition is Mr. Wilson Fenning, of 2 Ewlyn-villas, Leckhampton-road, Cheltenham.

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 30th competition is Mr. Frank A. Jenkins, of 2 Regent-terrace, St. George's-street, Cheltenham, for his report of a sermon by the Rev. T. Woodhouse, of Rochdale, at Salem Baptist Chapel, Cheltenham.

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

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

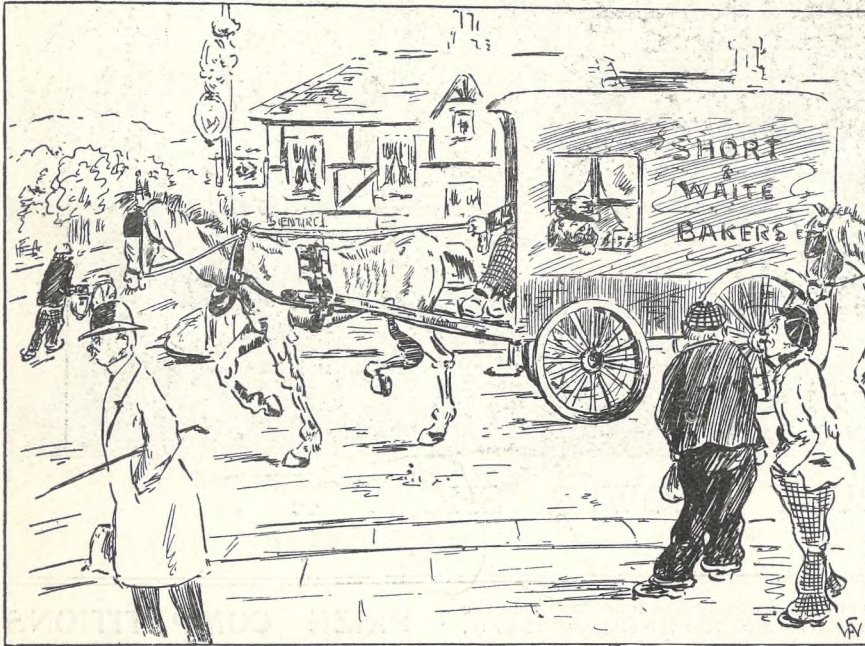
In the photograph and drawing competitions entries close on the Saturday morning and in the sermon summary competition on the Tuesday morning preceding each Saturday's award.

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 POPE'S SURNAME.

If the surname of the new Pope were translated into English it would be found to be one of the most humble and common in the Trades Directory. A Belgian Roman Catholic newspaper says that Pius X. can derive his family name from the great Florentine painter Andrea del Sarto. "Nonsense!" replies the Roman Catholic "Kolnische Volkszeitung," the "Holy Father was born a 'Sarto' without the 'del.'" Sarto, as every reader of Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus" will remember, is the Italian for "tailor." The Pope's ancestors belonged to that ancient, useful, and honourable guild.

The Prize Drawing.



The New Cheltenham Bye-law—What we may see.

“Every tradesman’s van to have side windows in future.”

Drawn by Wilson Fenning, Cheltenham.

GLOUCESTER DRUIDS AT STONEHENGE.

LETTER FROM SIR E. ANTROBUS.

Mr. George Newth, P.P.G.A., who had forwarded to Sir Edmund Antrobus, the owner of Stonehenge, a copy of the “Cheltenham Chronicle and Graphic” containing the illustrated description of the recent initiation of a Druid there, has received the following letter from the hon. baronet:—

“Dear Sir,—I am much obliged to you for sending me the paper with the account and illustrations of your meeting at Stonehenge. I have been away from home lately. I do not quite agree with the date you give for its foundation. I think somewhere about 1800 B.C. is more correct. That is the date plus or minus 200 years given by Sir Norman Lockyer, who worked it out by orientation, and also by Dr. Gowland, who discovered so many stone implements when he superintended the raising of the big stone which was resting on the Pillar Stone, which pointed out its building as previous to the Bronze Age. There was an interesting meeting held at Stonehenge by some men belonging to the Welsh Volunteer Regiment the day I left home. They claimed to be descended from the Aryan races, who they said built it. I was sorry to have missed this meeting, too.—Yours faithfully, E. ANTROBUS.—To Mr. George Newth.”

King George of Greece is to visit England when he leaves Denmark at the end of October. His Majesty will be the guest of the King and Queen at Buckingham Palace and at Sandringham for about a fortnight before he returns to Athens.

ARTISTIC
PRINTING

AT THE

“Echo” Electric

Press.

MEN WHO MAKE PUBLIC OPINION.

AN OLD CHELTONIAN.

Public opinion is being made apace in regard to the alien immigrant. Despite the rapid growth of the foreign population in some of our poorest and most congested centres during the past twenty years, it is doubtful if the people at large would have stirred themselves any more than the Government had not the vital grievance of one locality—Stepney—been taken up so thoroughly by its Parliamentary representative. Major Evans-Gordon possesses in a remarkable degree the physical and mental energies and the personal magnetism that go to the making of the ideal leader. In a day of premature hurry and passive resistance, when the passion for sitting on the fence, the desire for the quiet life, and the lethargy of philosophic doubt have found almost universal expression, he is one of the few who, with a wide experience of the world, delight in settled convictions for which they have mainly themselves to thank. To spend an hour in his company is to be convinced that after all the earth is a very good place, and life worth living if only one has energy—and sympathy.

Though still a young man, particularly as legislators go, the hon. and gallant member for Stepney can look back upon many years of useful and adventurous public work. An old Cheltonian, he passed through Sandhurst to the Madras Staff Corps, and rendered excellent service as a political officer under the Foreign Department of the Government of India. He had the advantage of accompanying Lord Dufferin on several tours, and his knowledge of boundary troubles was gained in the native States of Central India, Persia, and Tibet. When Ayub Khan, the hero of Maiwand, fled to Persia, it fell to the lot of Major Evans-Gordon to escort the Sirdar and his 1,500 followers south of the Khaibar. For the manner in which he carried out this difficult task he received the thanks of the Government of India. Later, he carried through with signal success the deposition of the mutinous Maharaj Rana of Jhalawar. Like most men who have passed

a long official career in India, Major Evans-Gordon is a keen sportsman. He looks it.

On returning to England, the subject of this brief appreciation became interested in the mixed world that exists rather than lives around the docks—perhaps to some extent he was attracted by the association of the docks with the traffic that is ceaseless between London and the East. On the death of Mr. Wootton-Isaacson, he contested Stepney in the Unionist interest, and was beaten by the narrow margin of twenty votes. Returning to the charge at the last General Election, he transformed his former minority into a majority of 1,065. He has a residence in Stepney, and no member is in closer or more sympathetic touch with his constituents, or has done more to study the needs of the locality he represents.

During the debates that have taken place in regard to Army reform in March, 1902, and in March of the present year, Major Evans-Gordon made speeches that were marked no less by their courage than by the arguments they contained (1) for going to the source of present discontents by reforming the War Office, (2) for economy in administration, and (3) for developing the latent voluntary resources of the Empire. The energy at his disposal was well displayed in the matter of the Shops Clubs Bill, a measure for protecting members of registered friendly societies from a custom which made employment in many cases dependent upon the transfer of their membership to clubs planned by their employers. His speech in moving the second reading of the Bill in the House of Commons was so convincing and clear that it disarmed opposition, and the measure came into force in January last.

But it is in his conduct of the campaign against the undesirable alien that Major Evans-Gordon has won the widest recognition, so far, during his Parliamentary career. Till he took it up in his characteristically thorough way the matter had been discussed but fitfully since 1888, when it was shown conclusively by a Committee of the House of Commons that legislation was in the long run inevitable. Mr. Balfour, in 1894, introduced a Bill which only got as far as a second reading. Lord Salisbury, in 1896, gave a place to the subject in the Queen’s Speech. In 1897, Mr. Ritchie described the Government as pledged to deal with the evils complained of. In 1898 Lord Hardwicke carried a Bill through the House of Lords, and there the problem remained until at the opening of Parliament in 1902 the absence of any sign in the King’s Speech that his Majesty’s advisers were prepared to redeem their promises induced Major Evans-Gordon to make the question of legislation against the destitute alien the motive of an amendment to the Address. This was seconded by his colleague of Bethnal Green, and led to the appointment in April last year of the Royal Commission which has just issued its report. That East London itself is awake to the value of Major Evans-Gordon’s services in bringing the alien immigrant to the bar of public opinion is evident from the proposal of an influential local journal that he should be returned unopposed at the next General Election, and thus enabled to complete the good work he has begun.—“Public Opinion.”

The Roman Catholic Archbishopric of Westminster has been conferred on an Englishman in the person of the Right Rev. Francis Bourne, the Bishop of Southwark. It is said the late Cardinal Vaughan was doubtful whether any of his clergy could properly carry on the work he must so soon relinquish, and that he consequently urged the late Pope to appoint the Spanish Archbishop Merry del Val as his coadjutor, with the right of succession. However that may be, the name of the Spanish Prelate was freely mentioned as a likely successor by the late Cardinal, with the result that the British Catholics sent to Rome such a protest as could hardly be ignored in favour of the appointment of a British-born priest, and the protest has had its effect.